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TO

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If present indications are not misleading, the subject of reforming the tariff will receive serious attention at the hands of the next Congress, or it will become a paramount issue in the elections of 1904. Tariff opinions of the stalwart Republican, high-protection type, show unmistakable signs of wavering, even among those who are still closely bound up in the fortunes of the Republican party. The reasons for growing dissatisfaction with the present tariff schedules—which promises either a serious struggle within the party, resulting in a

modified policy consonant with public sentiment, or to provide an opening for the return of Democracy to power—are not far to seek. The changes of the last three years by which the United States has become a world power, a world trader, a nation with dependencies abroad, and a breeding-place for gigantic trusts at home, could not possibly have been consummated without affecting the question of the tariff. So long as the eyes of Americans were riveted upon the exploitation of a home market, the policy of shutting out foreign competition and nursing home industries was easy and natural. Now that foreign markets are desired, export trade must be nursed through the medium of either tariff concessions or reciprocity treaties.

The operations of the trusts are also forcing the question upon us for another reason. The only method yet proposed for restraining trusts with possibilities of success is the one of placing trust-controlled commodities on the free list. It can never be more than a partial solution at best, since there are many trusts in non-protected as in protected lines of business. But there is an increasing sentiment, which can not be overlooked, that the trusts dealing in protected articles, which are enabled to pay enormous profits, and are selling their products abroad cheaper than at home, are no longer in need of tariff protection. There are many who believe that our future successful relations with our new dependencies and with Cuba, as a matter of justice and of business, depend on our willingness to buy largely from them as well as to sell largely to them, and on terms which will be advantageous to their development as well as to ours. These sentiments are permeating the Republican party, and are becoming so intense that they are narrowing down to the questions whether the modification of tariff policies is not now absolutely necessary, and whether it will not be better for the Republican party itself to be the guide toward such modifications rather than to throw the manipulation of the tariff into the hands of the free-trade Democracy.

There are undoubtedly inconsistencies, anomalies, and abuses covered by the tariff which might well be removed by Republicans—a work which can not be intrusted to the Democrats without endangering the whole bulwark of protection. The subject will occupy much of public attention, in Congress and out, during the next two years, and on the result of the discussion will probably depend the future position of the United States as a world trader, and, incidentally, the results of the national election in 1904.

The widely extended labor strikes now prevailing throughout the United States have turned the attention of philosophers—newspaper and lay—to settling strikes by courts of arbitration. These philosophers vary in their methods. Some—the newspapers—suggest "courts of conciliation"; others—usually the employers—suggest "compulsory arbitration." These methods strike us as incongruous. These phrases are, in fact, contradictions in terms. It is not the function of a court to conciliate, but to decide. It is not the function of an arbitrator to compel, but to convince. A court which is conciliatory is in its own contempt, and, what is worse, in the contempt of those who plead before its bar. The arbitration tribunal whose arbitrations are compulsory ceases to be a tribunal of arbitration and becomes a court of last resort.

How are these queer tribunals to enforce their decisions? For every court must have power to carry out its judgments. When an unsuccessful suitor is recalcitrant, the court must give to the successful suitor satisfaction of judgment by execution. *Executio est fructus et finis legum.* Behind every law there is a penalty. Behind every court there is the power of the state. A tribunal which can not enforce its own writs is not a court at all. That is why the great arbitration tribunal of The Hague is a farce and a failure. Suppose that tribunal decides that Great Britain must stop in her bloody task of crushing out the Transvaal republics. Who is to enforce the court's judgment if Great Britain refuses to obey? Until the nations of the world shall combine with fleet and armies to enforce the judgments of The

Hague court its judgments will be as naught—its writs waste paper.

How could any arbitration tribunal decide vexed questions between employer and workman? There is no way of enforcing the edicts of such a court. Failure to obey its edicts can scarcely be made penal—if they were, the workman would be jailed when he refused to work. Failure to obey its edicts could scarcely be punished by fine—the employers have money, but the workmen have none. If the tribunal should bind the parties litigant in money bonds to obey the court's orders, the employers could be held liable as being responsible financially. The workmen, being irresponsible financially, could not be so held. If a body of workmen banded in a trades-union were to be held in bonds as the employers were, the plan would fail; every workman dissatisfied with the decision could lay down his tools, despite the order of both court and trades-union, and walk out of his employer's shop. If the workman, being moneyless, were to be jailed for this money default, it would be imprisonment for debt—free labor would become slave labor and free workmen would become slaves.

It is never altogether pleasant to say "I told you so" when disagreeable prophecies prove to be well founded. It is often wholesome, however, to do unpleasant things. In December, 1890, when the question of Asiatic annexation was being actively discussed, the Argonaut warned the people of this country that there was grave danger of an invasion of Asiatic labor resulting. We pointed out that Asiatic annexation would familiarize the people with Asiatic immigration. This warning met with violent protest from the daily press when they deigned to notice it at all. It is a notable fact that the Argonaut's first note of warning was ignored by the daily press of this city. They had been urging annexation so long and so persistently that they did not dare to acknowledge the danger. The interior press was more courageous, though not more successful, in answering the warnings of this paper. One of them declared that the Argonaut "must be out of joint in reviving the old hogie of Asiatic immigration from the Philippines, since the success of restriction as against the Chinese had demonstrated the power of the American people to keep out whomsoever they pleased." It further asserted that "public opinion concerning Oriental immigration is a fixed thing." The policy of silence concerning a vital issue is a difficult one to maintain, and finally the daily press was forced into taking up the question. The Chronicle, for instance, sought to belittle the danger. The farmers and the laborers of this State had begun to realize the danger and were becoming aroused. To the Argonaut's warning regarding the competition of the Philippine sugar-growers, it gave the weak answer that the Philippine Islands produce more hemp than sugar, and that hemp is more profitable to them. The danger of Asiatic immigration the Chronicle considered visionary. The Argonaut said at that time: "We predict that the Chronicle will have to retract what it has said in favor of breaking down our American tariff wall and degrading our free American labor. It will have to swallow its own words. It will have to take the hack track." This was written eighteen months ago.

The Chinese exclusion act became a law in 1882, and its operation was limited to twenty years. Unless it is renewed by Congress it will expire by limitation on May 8th of next year. The people of the Eastern States were never very enthusiastic in support of the exclusion policy. The possession of our Asiatic islands has already made them more tolerant of the idea of Asiatic immigration. An organized opposition to the extension of the exclusion act is in progress in the Eastern States. The Chinese, emboldened by this attitude of the East, have combined in an effort to defeat any legislation inimical to Chinese immigration. They are subscribing money to the cause; they propose to memorialize Congress and to bring pressure upon congressmen. These facts have opened the eyes of the Doubting Thomases of the daily press. They realize that the danger they



sneered at is actual and menacing. Daily they devote their most prominent space to appeals for the renewal of the exclusion act. The *Chronicle*, with eleventh-hour repentance, quotes approvingly the remarks of Congressman Kahn—to the effect that there will be strong opposition to the enactment of any exclusion act on the part of Eastern people, who regard Minister Wu as the type of the Chinese we are seeking to exclude—and urging action by the people here who understand the question.

The renewal of the exclusion act is but one phase of the condition that confronts this country. There is grave danger that the exclusion act will not be renewed. There is grave danger that Asiatic laborers will invade this country to compete with free American labor. It is easier for them to come by way of our insular possessions than by way of Canada, Mexico, and Cuba, as they are coming at present. It is with no desire to tear down but rather to build up that the *Argonaut* insists upon this matter. The exclusion act should be renewed, and the provisions laid down in the bill prepared by Congressman Kahn are probably the best to accomplish the desired result. Laws should also be enacted to prevent this undesirable class of labor coming here from our insular possessions. If a constitutional amendment is necessary, such an amendment should be proposed and adopted.

For the first time the harbors and rivers of California have been inspected by a committee of congressmen from other States, and the needs of commerce in this part of the country made impressive by personal examination. The visit of the congressional Committee on Rivers and Harbors is an event of significance and great promise. Seventeen States are represented in the committee, though but one of its members belongs to the Pacific Coast. Up to this time, comparatively little has been done by the government toward removing obstructions to navigation and safeguarding the shipping of the Coast. Knowledge of the advantages and disadvantages of our waterways has been placed before Congress with difficulty, and appropriations have never been equal to the measure of our necessities. Under new conditions the western shore of the United States is destined to receive attention that has been wanting in the past, and that attention will bring results of more than local importance. The federal government is directly concerned in the needed improvements of San Francisco's harbor, in the safety and convenience of transports and battle-ships, and can not longer afford to neglect them.

Every facility for close observation has been placed at the disposal of the visiting congressmen. Members of the California delegation in Congress, representatives of chambers of commerce and boards of trade, and State and city officials along their route have been prompt in extending assistance where it could be made use of. And the committee have been thorough in their search. They are fortunate in having at their head Congressman Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, who is now serving his third term as chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, and who has a more perfect knowledge of the waterways of the United States than any other citizen. His ability and energy are assurances that the visit will be effective.

Much is to be hoped for in this connection. Dangerous rocks in the course of vessels should be removed. Shallow channels should be deepened. Harbor lights and buoys should be multiplied. Another lightship should be called to the assistance of the single craft of that description now on duty here. Mare Island Navy Yard should receive numerous benefits. And for these public works, done in the interest of the whole country, California will continue to pay into the national treasury, as she has paid for years, an annual amount which will make the most liberal expenditures here seem small. Last year the internal revenue collections in this district were more than four millions of dollars, the customs receipts more than seven and a half millions. Exports of merchandise from the port of San Francisco were nearly forty-two millions of dollars, and exports of treasure added fifteen millions to those figures. These totals will be exceeded in the report of the present year. Congress may well give heed to the modest requests of California's representatives.

The quarrel between the governor and the United States circuit judge of Hawaii is doubtless by many believed to be a personal matter. But another and similar story comes from the islands concerning the treatment of Judge M. M. Estee, United States district judge. The impression has been sedulously fostered by the Dole government that Circuit Judge Humphreys is a ruffian and a fire-eater. But Judge Estee is too well known in California to have any false impression concerning his character prevail here. Yet he has met with exactly the same contumelious spirit in his court-room as Judge Humphreys. When Humphreys sent

three leading Dole attorneys to jail for contempt they were at once pardoned by the Dole government. One of them appeared before Judge Estee subsequently, and attempted to run matters in Estee's court with a high hand. Judge Estee rebuked him sharply, threatening him with commitment for contempt, and informed him that if sent to jail by order of the district court he would stay there until released by order from Washington. The Dole attorneys have since modified their tone toward Estee.

To show how great was the chagrin experienced by the Dole crowd when they got the annexation for which they had worked, Judge Estee, we are told, was refused a courtroom, although he had an order on Governor Dole for suitable accommodations. When met with a refusal to honor the order from the department at Washington, Judge Estee ordered the United States marshal to take possession of a room in the judiciary building and keep the keys. A special agent had to come from Washington and enforce the orders of the federal authorities before the Dole government would recognize the right of United States judges to occupy United States court-rooms.

After six and a half years of litigation, the executors of the Fair estate have filed a final account and asked the court to distribute the estate to "the persons entitled to the same." They will demand that the personal property be distributed to themselves as trustees. The heirs, however, will claim the entire property, on the ground that the trust, which has been declared invalid as to the realty, is also invalid as to the personal property. As there is about six million dollars' worth of personalty it is well worth fighting for, and the executors, having lost the realty, will fight hard for it.

There will probably be no prolonged fight over the distribution of fees. Part of this matter is settled by law. The executors are allowed by law one per cent. of the estate and one per cent. of the cash handled by them. They have petitioned for an additional one-half of one per cent., which the law permits to be granted for "extraordinary services." The executors will probably receive \$100,000 each, or \$300,000 in all. The attorneys for the executors expect to receive \$300,000. The attorneys for the two daughters of Senator Fair hold a contract for ten per cent. of what they recover; it is estimated that this will amount to \$1,200,000. Of this, Lloyd & Wood and Garber, Bishop & Wheeler each assigned one per cent. to Wilson & Wilson. Knight & Heggarty—the attorneys for Charles L. Fair—are said to hold a contract for six per cent. of what they recovered. This would make a fee for them of \$360,000. James H. Budd is said to hold a contract with Charles L. Fair for \$100,000 as his fee. Put in tabular form the matter might be summed up as follows:

|   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| <i>Attorneys for Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt—</i> |                     |
| Lloyd & Wood.....                                       | \$430,000           |
| John Garber and Bishop & Wheeler.....                   | 430,000             |
| Wilson & Wilson.....                                    | 240,000—\$1,200,000 |
| <i>Attorneys for Charles L. Fair (estimated)—</i>       |                     |
| Knight & Heggarty.....                                  | \$360,000           |
| James H. Budd.....                                      | 100,000—460,000     |
| <i>Executors—</i>                                       |                     |
| T. G. Crothers.....                                     | \$100,000           |
| J. S. Angus.....  | 100,000             |
| W. S. Goodfellow.....                                   | 100,000—300,000     |
| <i>Attorneys for Executors—</i>                         |                     |
| William M. Pierson.....                                 | \$100,000           |
| Garrett W. McEnerney.....                               | 100,000             |
| George E. Crothers and R. B. Mitchell.....              | 100,000—300,000     |
| Total fees.....   | \$2,260,000         |

This makes a total of about two and one-quarter millions to be paid out for lawyers' fees in litigation over the trust will of James G. Fair. The estate is a rich one, but it could not stand much more of that kind of litigation. No wonder the lawyers are in favor of dead-hand trusts. Such wills have made many of them rich. In fact, most of the legal fortunes in California have been built up out of dead men's money. One of the attorneys in the Fair case announced when litigation began that he was going to break into the case if he had to do it with a crowbar. There is one lawyer in San Francisco who makes it his business to hunt up the distant relatives of rich bachelors dying here with brevet wives; and when wealthy foreigners die here, forgetting their European cousins and aunts, he packs his bag and starts for Europe, a new Japhet in search of an heir.

Every one to his liking, as the good man said. But we think James G. Fair would have preferred that this two and a quarter millions should go to his children rather than to even such a galaxy of deserving attorneys.

The movement looking to the attraction of settlers to this State proceeds most satisfactorily. The colonist rates inaugurated by the Southern Pacific Company last winter brought more than twenty-five thousand people here, many of whom bought small farms, which they are cultivating, or invested in oil-lands or mines. This started a movement in favor of low rates for prospective settlers that is already bearing

fruit. The Santa Fé, Northwestern, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific have entered into an agreement to sell such tickets at extremely low rates. These excursions will be run on the second and third Tuesdays of each month, commencing on the eighteenth of this month, and will be continued until the middle of September. The round-trip rate will be equal to one limited fare, with two dollars added. This makes the rate from Chicago and back \$64.50, from Kansas City and return \$52.50. For the west-bound trip fifteen days are allowed, with stop-over privileges west of Kansas and Nebraska. The return passage must be continuous, and the life of a ticket is three weeks from the date of sale. This is a plan that will be of great benefit to this State, and it proves that the railroad companies are realizing the fact that their true and permanent prosperity depends upon building up the country through which their roads run.

While the political *entente* between the United States and Russia remains apparently undisturbed, skirmishes are multiplying in the field of commercial relations. We noted, a few weeks ago, the placing of countervailing duties by the United States on Russian sugar, and the reply of Russia by announcing certain counter tariff restrictions against the United States. Another exchange of orders has now taken place. Last March the Secretary of the Treasury issued an order, said to be mandatory under the Dingley Act, applying tariff restrictions against Russian petroleum imported into this country. In consequence of this move, the Russian minister of finance, M. DeWitt, has issued an order, dated June 7th, imposing the high tariff rate of the Russian schedule upon American white resin and increasing the rate on American bicycles. This action is entirely separate from that taken in connection with Russian sugar, and is a new development in the imposition of discriminating duties by the United States and retaliating duties by Russia. The new Russian order takes effect two weeks from its date. Mr. Tower, the American ambassador to Russia, is reported to have said, in reply to an interviewer in Paris, that the political relations of the two countries were never better, and that competent tribunals would at the proper time regulate the pending commercial questions between them without any friction. The intimation seems to be that as Americans are beginning to realize the vast fields of commercial exploitation possessed by Russia, suitable tariff concessions will eventually be made to build up our export trade to that country.

The return of civil order to the Philippines seems to be gradually progressing with the submission of various bodies of insurgents, with their arms, and the establishment of practical self-government in districts released from the terrors of brigandage. Judging from the accounts of the erection of civil rule in the district of Capiz, Island of Panay, recently published, the main demands of the natives who welcome American government are for something to eat, something to do, and an order prohibiting the return of the friars to their parishes. Judge Taft has already reported to Washington his opinion that the return of the friars, who represent to the natives the oppressions and sufferings of Spanish rule, would be a grave political mistake. An order has been issued establishing civil government in the islands to date from July 4th. By its terms Judge Taft, of the Philippine Commission, is to become civil governor of the Philippines and will exercise the executive power, which carries with it the power to appoint to civil office with the advice and consent of the commission. The military governor is relieved of all civil duties heretofore exercised, except in those districts where insurrection continues to exist. General Chaffee's appointment as military governor followed closely upon the announcement of Judge Taft's acceptance of the responsibilities of the new office.

In a recent article commenting on the Hawaiian embroglio, the *Argonaut* remarked that the so-called "provisional republic" was not republican because it so closely restricted the franchise. Judge A. S. Humphreys, United States circuit judge of Hawaii, reached San Francisco last week, and in an interview made exactly the same statement. He said:

"The popular feeling is one of general satisfaction that the republic no longer exists and that the conditions that obtained under the Dole oligarchy have passed away. Under that régime a handful of men, not exceeding a dozen, controlled and dominated the islands, and sixty per cent. of the people had not even the franchise. It was strictly a military rule. The offices were parceled out to incompetent members of the families of the government. Under the Territorial form of government all the people have the franchise without property qualifications or test oaths, so abhorrent to free men. The Dole faction hoped to perpetuate under the Territory the conditions which existed during the republic, and their inability to do so has led to the friction which exists between the executive branch, in which the faction is supreme, on the one hand, and the legislative and judicial branches on the other. They have made war upon the legislature and the judiciary simply because they can not control them. If the subjects of controversy were put to vote, ninety per cent. of the people would uphold the legislature and the judiciary.

JUDGE ESTEE'S  
EXPERIENCE IN  
HAWAII.



The only way that the Dole government can regain their lost power is by having a property qualification placed by Congress upon the right to suffrage, which would eliminate a very large native Hawaiian and white vote as well. To this end charges of corruption are being made by the executive against the other branches of the government, designed to create a purely artificial sentiment against the native Hawaiians. An effort was made at the time the Territory of Hawaii was created by the last Congress to have a property qualification placed upon suffrage in Hawaii, but it failed. The same elements continue the fight. The Dole element maintains a paid lobbyist at Washington the year round. I do not think the effort to disfranchise a large body of peaceful, law-abiding, and fairly intelligent people will meet with any degree of success or favor."

Neither do we. The *Argonaut* was not in favor of annexing the islands; but, having annexed them, let us at least treat the islanders as decently as we do the negroes on the mainland.

Not many weeks ago the federal transportation officials in San Francisco were surprised by an order from Washington bidding them to supply quarters for fifty young women—school-teachers for the Philippines. The fifty came—advance guard of some thousands—for it developed that the government was engaging school-teachers for the Philippines in large numbers. Many of these teachers made their arrangements to leave at the end of their school terms, which closed in June, hence they are now arriving by scores daily. Several hundred sail on the next transport for Manila.

These arrivals and departures make apropos the question, Has California been left out? Is the government selecting its pedagogues from other States? If so, from what other States? And if so, what has California done? We do not write advisedly. It may be possible that California has her quota of pedagogues for the Philippines, but, if so, we have not heard of it.

We learn from the dispatches that Cornell University has received a call for twelve of this year's graduates to fill twelve pedagogic posts in the Philippines at twelve hundred dollars per year each. We have not heard of any such educational conscription in California. It would doubtless be hailed with joy by both presidents and graduates. For college faculties are always gratified at seeing the output of their labors utilized, although they hear with comparative philosophy the failure of their alumni to reach Parnassus heights. But we hear no call from Washington to Berkeley. No call to Stanford. There is a large batch of graduates here of the 1901 brand, and some of the crops of preceding years carried over. President Wheeler may most fitly send over a Macedonian cry. He is an expansionist and an historian of Alexander. But President Jordan, although not an expansionist, would doubtless consent to place some of his boys in the Philippines, where they could do the most good. Why does the government ignore California? What is the matter with Stanford? What is the matter with Berkeley? U. C. undergraduates may echo "She's all right," but the burden of proof is on them. Considering California's devotion to the cause of Philippinism, imperialism, and expansionism, she ought to get at least twenty-four pedagogic posts in the Philippines—twelve for Stanford and twelve for Berkeley.

One of the developments of the bitter personal and political quarrel now raging in Honolulu is the movement to annex the islands to California. Annexation seems to be the fashion these later years, but we would advise California to leave it to Uncle Sam. Upon his capacious bosom let both missionary and Kanaka weep. Uncle Sam has so many race troubles in various parts of his dominions that this little one surely can not worry him much. But mixed with California's politics, Hawaii's troubles would burn like a mustard-plaster. This is a small community, and that is a still smaller one. We in California had trouble in settling the Chinese question, and now the Eastern States are trying to unsettle it again. If we annex Hawaii, we would have our Chinese question, their Chinese question, their Kanaka question, their missionary question, their Portuguese question, their Porto Rico question, and their leper question. California has troubles of her own. Among others, she has her newspapers.

In a small way, the experience of California with Hawaii would be like that of Uncle Sam with his new island possessions. During the last three years, practically the entire time of the President of the United States, of Congress, and of most of the departments of the United States Government has been taken up with these mongrel islands. Leaving aside the question of what they cost us, they have taken up so much executive and legislative time that our own rivers and harbors, revenue laws, post-office routes, rural deliveries, post-office buildings, custom-house buildings—in short, all manner of things that we need—have been neglected. Were we to annex Hawaii, this interesting group of volcanic pustules would take up the entire time of our legislature, to the exclusion of our own affairs. It would give us one more congressional district, it is true, but inasmuch as the seven congressmen we now possess fail utterly

to get a fair amount of federal money hack in domestic improvements in return for the good money that California pays into the federal treasury for improving Pearl Harbor, Oahu, and dredging Manila Bay, P. I.—considering all these facts we think California had better struggle along without the additional congressional district and without Hawaii.

In its issue of June 17th, the *Argonaut* printed an article concerning the encouragement of Italian immigration to California. We remarked that there was at present a superior class of immigrants leaving Italy; that there were certain districts of Italy, like Lombardy and Tuscany, where the emigrants were of a very high grade; that the climate and products of Northern Italy were singularly like those of California; that the Northern Italian and the Swiss immigrants who have already come to California are thrifty and prosperous; and that further immigrants of similar character were highly desirable. This article was commented on at length by the Italian newspapers of California.

However, that is neither here nor there. The singular thing about this article is, that one week after it was published there appeared in the Associated Press dispatches a plan on exactly similar lines to those indicated in the *Argonaut* article. Not that we mean to imply it was borrowed from us, because the first steps were taken evidently some months ago. The plan was originated by the Santa Fé Company, and the dispatch runs as follows:

CHICAGO, June 20th.—The management of the Santa Fé Railway has begun to carry out a vast colonization plan which will result in bringing many thousand Italians to this country, and in locating them on lands in Southern California, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Texas. The first step in the scheme was taken when Chevalier J. Spanier was appointed general agent for the company with headquarters in Rome, Italy. Last week another agent was dispatched to Italy, and he carried with him nearly one hundred thousand books, of two hundred and fifty pages each, for distribution in various centres of the peninsula. These books are in the Italian language, and are plentifully illustrated with views taken from picturesque spots along the line of the Santa Fé in the States and Territories mentioned.

Special effort is to be made to colonize the San Joaquin Valley, which is one of the most fertile grazing regions in the West. Until recently most of the land in the valley was held in large ranches, but it is now being cut up, and it is possible to get small farms at reasonable rates. The reading matter sent to Italy tells of the advantages of farming in the San Joaquin Valley, and also lays stress upon the fruit lands of Southern California.

Another section to which attention is called is composed of irrigated lands in New Mexico, and when plans are perfected the company may offer inducements for settlement in the Arkansas Valley of Colorado. Industrial Agent Davis is of the opinion that California and Colorado have the brightest futures of any of the Western States.

It is said to be the intention of the company to extend its colonization plans to other countries in Europe after the Italian agency becomes flourishing. Regarding the plan, an official of the company had this to say: "We intend to bring over only the better class of Italians, and we hope to do a large business from Italy during the next year. By establishing agencies there and having our own men on the ground we shall be able to select our immigrants to a certain extent, and bring over only those who we feel sure will make their homes in the Western country."

It is gratifying to see that the Santa Fé Company is showing such energy toward building up the country which its lines tap. But it taps only a part of California. We hope that the Southern Pacific people will also engage in the laudable enterprise of increasing the population of a State with which their own prosperity is so indissolubly bound up.

Early in June the Pennsylvania legislature passed bills changing the law concerning franchises for street railways. These bills were rushed through, taken at once to Harrisburg, and the governor signed them at midnight. The next morning the plotters secured charters from the secretary of State before his office was opened to the public and before outsiders had a chance for applications. Fourteen bills granting franchises were passed without being printed. They included valuable rights in several cities, including Pittsburg and Philadelphia.

Mayor Ashbridge, of Philadelphia, signed twelve ordinances under these bills granting franchises to the plotters. No price, tax, or royalty was exacted for the franchises. While the bills were in the mayor's hands, Mr. John Wanamaker sent him a letter offering to pay \$2,500,000 for the rights granted by the fourteen ordinances. A copy of this letter was handed the mayor in public; but as soon as he recognized the handwriting on the envelope he threw it away without breaking the seal. Another copy was sent to the mayor's house, that he might find it there when he went home. He was informed of this by telephone, and refused to go home until the franchises were signed. His action has, of course, excited strong condemnation, not only in Pennsylvania but throughout the country in general.

Corrupt action on the part of city officials is so common in the United States as scarcely to excite comment in cities other than those affected. But the Philadelphia matter is being commented upon by the press of the entire country. One curious aspect of this affair is that it seems to be utilized by the advocates of municipal ownership. The *New York Nation* is one of the principal opponents of municipal ownership of public utilities. Concerning the

action of Mayor Ashbridge in giving away the Philadelphia street-railway franchises, that paper says:

"An aspect of the matter which has received less attention than its importance deserves, is the recruiting of the ranks of those who believe in the municipal ownership of street railways. Unquestionably this first step in socialism is regarded with favor by many more Americans to-day than ten years ago, in spite of the fact that the best and most conservative thinkers will oppose the movement. The growth of the sentiment for municipalization is not hard to understand; for the feeling is less a conviction of the advantages of municipal ownership than a dissatisfaction with present evil conditions and a readiness to seize any method of escape which offers. No sober and unprejudiced man can regard municipal ownership of street railways, and the municipal operation which would next be proposed, under the present conditions in most American cities, without apprehension; yet that is the goal toward which the political methods of Quay and his kind are driving us."

Ex-Mayor and ex-Governor Pingree first attracted public notice by his successful plan of converting the waste spaces in Detroit into potato-patches upon which the unemployed could become self-supporting. His recent death in London brings out the fact that his last days were devoted to a plan for relieving the Boers upon somewhat similar lines. His idea was to bring to America those Boers who had become impoverished in their struggle against Great Britain, and enable them to make a new start in life in this country. He hoped to persuade the British Government to furnish the transportation. Once in this country he hoped to persuade Michigan capitalists to take an interest in the movement to the extent of furnishing the necessary land. He had talked to public men in Great Britain and secured their approval, and was to have consulted President Krüger in regard to the matter. His death, however, put an end to the negotiations. What Pingree proposed for Michigan might with profit be taken up for the benefit of this State. There is an abundance of land in California that is not utilized at present. It offers better and safer returns for settlers than would be possible in Michigan. The Boers are industrious and hard working. They would add materially to the prosperity of the State while bettering their own condition. Here is an opportunity for those who are seeking to develop the resources of California.

The effect of the establishment of cordage factories in the city of Manila, in the opinion of H. W. Grimwood, secretary of the Cordage Association of the United States, as given before the Industrial Commission in Washington, would be a very serious matter for the business in the United States unless the rate of wages in the Philippines should be advanced to the rate of the United States, and especially if there should be no tariff on the product. He said that the annual consumption of binder twine in the United States amounted to about eighty thousand tons, and of rope to about sixty thousand tons. Speaking of the difficulty of naming an average price of these products, he said it depended entirely upon the cost of fibre, and to illustrate the variability of this cost he said that Manila fibre had advanced from three and one-half cents per pound to fourteen and one-half cents during the last three years. Mr. Grimwood said that at present most of the Manila fibre came to the United States through England, and was controlled by a syndicate. He sketched briefly the careers of the National and United States Cordage Companies, saying that the failure in each case was due to bad business. He said that at present there was no cordage company doing more than twenty per cent. of the business, and that there was no understanding concerning prices between the leading manufacturers.

Judge Brown, of the United States Circuit Court, has handed down a decision adverse to the American Bell Telephone Company in the suit for infringement of patents brought against the National Telephone Manufacturing Company and the Century Telephone Company. Bills in equity entered by the Bell Company are dismissed on the ground that the patent involved in the first case was void or so limited as not to be infringed by the defendants. These cases have been pending for six years, having been brought by the Bell Company on August 1, 1895.

Vice-President Roosevelt has found an opportunity to assert himself. He desired to appoint as his messenger in the Senate a negro named Pinckney, the pink of courtesy and model of efficiency, who had been his messenger when he was governor of New York. It had been intimated that this violated Senate precedent, and he had better reconsider. On hearing of this opposition, Colonel Roosevelt said with a broad and cheerful smile: "Pinckney is appointed." The *New York Tribune* observes that he was for the moment "strenuous."

Embossador Jules Cambon, of France, at a luncheon given in his honor at the Chicago Club, at which he had listened to a eulogistic toast praising him for his services in conducting the negotiations that led up to the treaty which ended the Spanish war, said: "I do not believe the man who tells me that trade relations and business exigency will prevent future wars among the civilized nations. It is intellect that will stop them, and intellect alone. Education makes for peace more than all the business in the world."

The University of London is establishing a new department for the practical study of the modern Chinese language and of existing Chinese institutions, with a view to equipping students for commercial work and of furthering Great Britain's Oriental trade interests.



## THE HORROR OF THREE SANDALS.

A Man's Plot and a Woman's Passion.

The old sluggish monster of revolution, long since drugged to sleep, some think to death, yet sometimes stirs. Its movements are dream-movements, its snake-like convolutions are harmless. It is merely the habit of the dead past, when Diaz was not yet Power, which causes the heast to heave its lethargic sighs and open up, from time to time, a red orb devoid of meaning.

Up over the Cuernavaca railroad comes now the military detachment lately sent into Guerrero. The little company eats dinner by the Cueroavaca station. Five lank soldiers in sandals sit at a distance on the ground; and, whereas all the others are gay, these five sit depressed with gloom, recalling a strange thing.

The heart of Guerrero, state of golden miracles, is not yet opened to the world. Mountains and mysteries shut it away from modern life. Away down south, two hundred miles from the railroad, is the town of Three Sandals. Into it came, five years ago, an American named Stirge. He bought a mine and worked it all alone, and they said he stacked up gold in an adobe house as high as the roof. He was tall, with silken hair, feline grace, mild, deep, unreal eyes. Gold tured his head; gold made his house an empire, Three Sandals the centre of the universe. He dreamed of severing this southern land from Mexico, and insane ideas of a monarchy came to him.

The chief of police was fat and flabby, and often full of *pulque*. He lived in a large house on the plaza by the palms. His sister was a beauty, aged nineteen, named Otilia.

"Otilia, I call you a failure," complained the chief, drinking three quarts of *pulque* in the *patio*, while she lounged languid under those enormous yellow flowers called "cups-of-gold." "Manjarrez killed himself for you. Elias slew Negrete for you. Olivares robbed the *hacienda* to buy you a ruhi, and was shot. The governor at Chilpancingo made a fool of himself for you. Bah! what good is all this if you can not find out the revolutionary schemes of that cursed American, and save my reputation. I want to kill him, and, alas!"—with a comic shrug, spilling *pulque*—"there is no way."

"Hang him by his sweet, soft heard, Pepe, my love," said she, with a smile.

"But!—the shadow of an excuse! I know he plots, but never a finger can I lay on him. Make him fall in love with you, witch; worm it out of him. Our reputation is at stake."

She dreamed, lying there graceful, beautiful, mischief in her languid eye. "I will," she said, and plucked a cup-of-gold, and hurried her flushed face therein.

She was shrewd. She was not of the dashing type. She was leisurely reserved. She had watched Stirge for months. She knew him slightly; she had smiled at him. Into her deep thinking came the knowledge that there was something of the mystic in his nature, that mystery might win him where other means would fail.

Every evening at six she wrapped herself in a black *rebozo* so that eyes glowing and portions of a face artificially pale were seen beneath lustrous hair. Then, solemn, sad, a moving statue, she walked to and fro, to and fro, before the American's house. When he stood in the door stroking his silken hair and gazed on her, she nodded slowly, as though unseeing, and sighed a heavy sigh. At dusk, having walked to and fro for an hour, she sighed more heavily still and went away.

After one week of this mystery, the form of Otilia began to haunt him. She was very beautiful, said he. There were lurking in her eyes vast dreams, restlessness, towering ambitions—ah! like his own, like his own. He tossed in the night, somehow drawn to her. After all, was it good to be lonely? With such a mate to what grand heights might any man not soar! So, from seeing her by chance, he came to watch for her, and when she passed his hand was frozen on his beard, or burned with fire that ran in all his blood. Meanwhile a plan to overthrow the town's authorities, to gather men, to march on Chilpancingo, took form. Two officers nearest the person of the chief were Stirge's fellow-plotters.

On the eighth evening of this moving to and fro, wrapped in mystery, she let her *rebozo* wave a little wider open. He was devouring her with his eyes. He was like a god, strong and full of grace. Her sweet lips were pinkish; her neck was white. She sighed, but she looked on him with quick flames hursting from her eyes. The street was lonely. He stepped out and laid his exceedingly long slim fingers on her arm. She paused, and they gazed at one another.

"Otilia, some dread thing haunts you."

"Yes, señor." Her eyes were down.

"Otilia, a great weight is on you. I am one used to speaking out. When God puts fire into a man's heart, the man should never hide it, lest it burn him. Otilia, I seem to see myself in your eyes. Heart of my heart, I love you."

She, exceedingly white, raised her eyes just enough to see his chin; and with a startling mixture of mischief and emotional upheaving, she remembered her words: "Hang him by his sweet, soft heard, Pepe."

He kissed her as the dusk came. She went home, bewildered to find that her eyes seemed blind. When she put her *rebozo* to them it came away wet. She walked stately, looking at all the low, barred windows. She entered her brother's *patio* and sat down under the great cups-of-gold. At supper she could not eat. In bed she could not sleep. In the night her little bare feet went softly up and down the room. In the morning she was afraid of herself, something within her heart scared her so.

The love passage thus began, and Otilia, in winning him, had lost herself. Ah, his god-like form, his foreign strength, his whiteness! She loved him. The same old difference between so many loves characterized these. The man's

vast schemes were mightier than his love. The woman's love was mightier than all else.

At the edge of the town was a deserted *alameda* full of mango-trees. Here were aged stone benches seldom used. Here the shade was like dusk at noon, like midnight at dusk. Here they met, evening after evening, she falling panting into his arms, he gazing at her scarcely seen face with hungry eyes.

"You are incarnate truth," he said.

Blood flew to her face; her brain seemed drowned.

"Yet—I was false."

"What had jest is this?"

She lay trembling. Somehow a fear entered him.

"Speak!" he cried, almost letting her from him.

"I—I plotted against you."

"How—it is a lie!"

"Oh, my soul's soul! I set about to win you, instigated by my brother, that I might learn your plan of revolution, and conquer you and bring you to death. Crush me if you must—thus have I lost myself—thus have you overthrown me!"

He let her fall on the old stone bench. The shade of the mango-trees was deep. He stood a little way off, tall and still, and looked at her. Just here the revulsion came; for gold had made him insane with dreams. His love was second to his plot. Distrust sank deep in him. He felt himself betrayed. Cold drops were on his forehead. He had walked as in a deep gold mist. He gazed on this girl. She was incarnate treason; his love for her was turned to fear.

Wounded, ignoble, but grand with rage, he turned, and she was left alone. After that he smiled at her no more, nor looked at her. He dared not flee; that were confession and meant death. He dared not prolong delay.

She had groped her way home from the mango-grove. Though she was sweet and leisurely and shrewd, she had in her that fuel which, touched with fire, burns on to vengeance. But she was sad; and it seemed some second self mercilessly drove her on to the revenge which her better nature did not want. She wept, and grew thin in three days miraculously. Sometimes she joked with herself even yet, in manner ghastly. "Hang him by his sweet, soft heard," murmured she in had night-dreams; and she saw his head, in visions, hung thus, horrible.

The first night of their estrangement, the fat, *pulque*-drinking chief found letters at the home of one of his subordinates. They incriminated the subordinate, who was arrested and put in the little adobe jail across the plaza. The chief strove in vain to find one word of those epistles which might give ground for the arrest of Stirge. But the American's tracks were yet covered. The chief shed maudlin tears of exasperation.

The third night Otilia came knocking at his door at ten o'clock. She was admitted; the chief sitting in a gown on his bed's edge.

"This subordinate, the arrested one," said she, steady-voiced, "when is he to be shot?"

"At sunrise. I am writing the order for the soldiers who will arrive to-night. Oh, you failure!"

"Come, keep these railings for another. Give me the order, but leave the name a blank."

Her manner was cold, stern, and she was pale and sick.

"Why?" he growled.

She put one hand on the foot-board and leaned close to him. "I may do that which your secret soul longs for," whispered she. "Do I not know that it is his gold that you want? Think! They say it is stacked to the roof."

"But I should be called to account for a baseless execution, you fool!"

"I have a fading ink. I write the name and show it to the captain. He executes the order. The ink fades. You substitute the rightful name, and on the captain lies the blame."

He fell back in bed with a choking noise.

"It's on the table," he said, weakly. She brought him the blank. He filled it out—all save the name. She left him staring stupidly at her, and presently heard him call for three more quarts of *pulque*.

Otilia was not so villainous as she seemed. She was tottering. She had scarce an idea that she should execute so dreadful a plan. It was the warring between those two differing selves of hers that drove her on to make these preparations. In these ugly hours, too, was the playfulness yet alive in her. She thought that to threaten him, in play, with this ghastly thing would be sweet mischief's way to win him back. If he would but smile at her once more! And deep in her the other self said: "Kill!"

She could not rest. She wrapped herself in her black *rebozo* and went out. She walked by the jail and paused and scanned it. The plaza was dark and the palms rustled. She went down a street and sadly walked to and fro before the American's house, recalling the day he kissed her as the dusk came. At times hate raved in her. Memory drew her at length to the *alameda*, and beyond it. Under these trees had she rested in his arms. Beyond, where the fields were rocky—yonder in that lonely spot beside the gorge—was the tall iron post to which criminals were chained to be shot. Out of the mango-grove, out of the days of love, she might lead him here to this iron post—and her fingers held the paper of death. The night was very black. She shuddered.

Suddenly she heard a crying out. Women and men were shouting back there by the town. She walked in that direction. The shouting was increased, and there was a scurrying about near two thatched huts.

"The ants! The warrior ants!" was the shout.

She came nearer to a hut. Men in sandals went leaping with torches. There was a strange crackling in the thatches. Behold! the ground was black with marching millions. Scorpions, lizards, spiders, ran terror-stricken from that army. The thatches were being pierced by thousands of unseen marauders. Human beings, seizing all things of value, fled crying into the night.

These ants march in terrible battalions. There is no way known to man to stop them. They have their officers. They select a goal. On they come, and all things flee before. A house is overrun. Every living thing, or piece of food, vanishes. All other insects are devoured. Men must absent themselves till the ants depart. Retreating, all is bare. The army has conquered, devastated, passed on.

Fascinated, she stood with some sandaled laborers, who, on the outskirts of this scene of ruin, watched it by torch-light.

"Where will they go next?" cried one.

"Yonder, yonder, in this direction. See! The vanguard is already advancing thither!"

She beheld the leading battalion forming in fours, and heading away across the barren field. She looked up. A strange chill ran over her. That iron post, yonder by the gorge, stood in their track.

At midnight she passed Stirge's house, and he was going in. His door was open and a faint light shone on him. She paused, where he saw her. She looked at him, with her soul in her eyes, and he spurned her. Her bad self flamed up. She ran away, wild with hate. She stood a moment under the palms, and there a diabolic purpose came to her.

It had long been a custom in this district to lead the culprit out very early in the morning. Chained in darkness to the post, he was confronted by a priest. The black hours dragged on, giving the criminal that most solemn season for repentance. Five soldiers and an officer were stationed near. When dawn came, and they could clearly see, they fired.

At eleven o'clock a detachment of soldiers had arrived. About one, Otilia came to the door of the decrepit harracks. The captain had orders to obey the chief of police. She came to him and said: "My brother is ill. His servants are sitting with him. So he sent me with this order."

She disappeared. The captain read the command for the immediate execution of one Stirge, American.

A little later the unfortunate Anglo-Saxon schemer was seized in bed. They put on him clothes somewhat similar to those worn by runners in athletic contests, so that he was nearly naked. In the night they led him out and on through the black mango-grove. In that stony field by the gorge they chained him to a post. A priest came, was received with haughty contempt, and went away. Well for the soldiers that they stood ten yards to the gorge's left. Thus did the flank of that black unseen army pass them by unharmed.

Silence, darkness, weird waiting for the dawn. The gold-maddened dreamer was a stoic. He was as iron as the post and chain. Out of the night shadows a ghost-voice called from yonder in the rocks:

"I can free you. I can yet free you. Tell me once more you love me, and life is yours."

He did not answer. The soldiers believed her crazy, or thought that St. Mary had come down.

"It is I who brought you here. Give me your heart, and it is I who shall take you away."

The night was yet black. He did not answer. What stoic, beyond man's dreams of stoicism, was that man of Anglo-Saxon blood! Ay, Indians can endure. Savages can suffer and emit no sound. But of all God's creatures there is none so strong as the American steeled to hear.

There was wild war in her. She had meant to torment him. She had not meant that he he shot. She could never consent to kill, her better self was too timid. But his spurning had crazed her. At dawn, she thought, sinking down on the rocks, she would confess the substituted name, release him. But the second self joyed in torture.

The dawn came. Yes, the chained man's face began to show a little, white, out of the shadow. The captain formed his five men and bade them be ready. So, the day thus slowly coming, they stood waiting till they could see; and he stood yonder, his arms chained high up on the post.

The minutes went by. The scene was wild and rocky. The east began to faintly glow. Strange—strange. As he appeared yet a little clearer—how still he stood—how white. Merciful hand of Mary! is that hanging creature there a human being?

"Aim!" commanded the captain.

The guns were raised.

"A minute more and it will be light enough to see."

They waited. The light came rapidly. Behold! Suddenly the culprit seemed to start fully from the shadows. A second more and they would fire.

The guns fell. The men staggered. Horror chilled them. The face that looked on them was the face of a skull. The body that hung there by the chain was a clean, white skeleton. So terrible is the devastation of the warrior ant. So perfect is the labor of millions.

Stumbling away they found Otilia swooning on the rocks.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1901.

The American steamer *Northman* arrived at Hamburg June 4th from Chicago, after a passage of thirty-five days, of which nineteen days had been occupied traversing the Great Lakes and canals before leaving Quebec for the ocean. The *Northman* is the first steamer in the new Chicago-Hamburg service to cross the ocean, and her voyage has been watched with interest as a test of the probable success of the undertaking. She is a steamer of one thousand four hundred and ninety-six tons net, and sailed from Chicago April 30th, in command of Captain Ross, with a full cargo. She sailed from Montreal May 17th, and from Quebec on May 22d. The scheme was to give the vessel the maximum cargo to Buffalo, there partially unload, and after passing through the canals reload at Montreal. The round trip is expected to take sixty days.

In England, in 1899, there were 322,500 acres of land lying fallow, while the total food and drink imports from other lands were of the value of nearly a thousand millions of dollars.



## SOME FAMOUS ORATORS.

Anecdotes of Gladstone, Rufus Choate, and Edward Everett.

Senator George F. Hoar contributes an interesting paper to the July number of *Scribner's Magazine* on "Some Famous Orators I Have Heard." On several occasions he listened to Gladstone debate in the House of Commons, and, contrasting his style of oratory with that of Disraeli, he says: "Gladstone showed in his speech the profounder reflection on the general subject, the more philosophy, and the intenser earnestness; Disraeli showed quickness of wit, a ready command of his resources, ability for subtle distinctions, and glimpses of his almost satanic capacity for mockery and jeering."

In 1871 Senator Hoar heard Gladstone, when there was a great struggle between him and Disraeli over the Parliamentary and Municipal Elections Bill:

"Gladstone was terribly in earnest. He began his speech by a compliment to Northcote, his opponent, for whom he had shown his esteem by sending him to the United States as one of the Joint High Commission to make the *Alabama* Treaty. But when Mr. Gladstone was well under way, Sir Stafford interposed a dissent from something he said by calling out: 'No, no'—a very frequent practice in the House. Gladstone turned upon him savagely, with a tone of anger which I might almost call furious: 'Can the gentleman tolerate no opinion but his own, that he injects his audible contradiction into the middle of my sentence?' The House evidently did not like it. Hughes, who agreed with Gladstone, said to me: 'What a pity it is that he can not control his temper; that is his great fault.'"

Senator Hoar says Gladstone had a tendency to somewhat involved speech, and at the same time a gift of compact epigrammatic utterance on occasions. The only American orators which he can recall who had this rare gift were Choate and Evarts. He adds:

"When Mr. Evarts, who was my near relative, and a man with whom I could take a liberty, came into the Senate, I said to him that we should have to amend the rules so that a motion to adjourn would be in order in the middle of a sentence; to which he replied that he knew of nobody in this country who objected to long sentences except the criminal classes."

Senator Hoar heard Lyman Beecher, then a very old man, before a meeting of the members of the Massachusetts legislature in 1852, when the measure known as the "Maine Liquor Law" was pending. He bore unmistakable marks of advanced age. But there were one or two passages that showed the power of the orator, one especially in which he described the beauty and delight of our bomes, and intemperance threatening them with its waves like a great sea of fire.

He saw Henry Ward Beecher several times in private, and had pleasant talks with him, but never heard him speak on any occasion when he put forth his power:

"But if half that is told of his speeches, during the Civil War, some of them to hostile and angry audiences, be true, he was a consummate master. One story is told of him which I suppose is true, and if it be true, ranks him as one of the greatest masters of his art that ever lived. It is said that he was speaking to a great crowd in Birmingham, or perhaps Liverpool, which constantly goaded him with hostile interruptions, so that he had great difficulty in getting on. At last one fellow provoked the cheers and applause of the audience by crying out: 'Why didn't you put down the Rebellion in sixty days as you said you would?' Beecher paused a moment until they became still, in their eagerness to hear his reply, and then hurled back: 'We should if they had been Englishmen.' The fierce, untamed animal hesitated a moment between anger and admiration, and then the English love of fair play and pluck prevailed, and the crowd cheered him and let him go on."

Rufus Choate's method was pure persuasion:

"He never appealed to base motives, nor tried to awake coarse prejudices or stormy passions. He indulged in no invective. His wit and sarcasm and ridicule amused the victim almost as much as it amused the bystanders. . . . He had a voice without any gruff or any shrill tones and he never strained it or seemed to exert it to its fullest capacity. . . . Whether you liked him or disliked him you gave him your ears, erect and intent. He used manuscript a great deal, even in speaking to juries. When a trial was on, lasting days or weeks, he kept pen, ink, and paper at hand in his bedroom, and would often get up in the middle of the night to write down thoughts that came to him as he lay in bed. He was always careful to keep warm. It was said he prepared for a great jury argument by taking off eight great-coats and drinking eight cups of green tea."

Of his power of persuasion, Senator Hoar says:

"It was a curious sight to see on a jury twelve hard-headed and intelligent countrymen—farmers, town officers, trustees, men chosen by their neighbors to transact their important affairs—after an argument by some clear-headed lawyer for the defense about some apparently not very doubtful transaction, who had brought them all to his way of thinking, and had warned them against the wiles of the charmer, when Choate rose to reply for the plaintiff—to see their look of confidence and disdain—'you needn't try your wiles upon me.' The shoulder turned a little against the speaker—the averted eye—and then the change: first, the changed posture of the body; the slight opening of the mouth; then the look, first of curiosity, and then of doubt, then of respect; the surrender of the eye to the eye of the great advocate, then the spell, the charm, the great enchantment—till at last, jury and audience were all swept away, and followed the conqueror captive in his triumphal march. He gesticulated with his whole body. Wendell Phillips most irreverently as well as most unjustly compared him to a monkey in convulsions. His bowings down and straightening himself again were spoken of by another critic, not unfriendly, as opening and shutting like a jack-knife. His curly black hairs seemed each to have a separate life of its own. His eyes shone like coals of fire."

Edward Everett paid this tribute to Choate in Faneuil Hall the week after the great advocate's death:

"He is sometimes satisfied, in concise epigrammatic clauses, to skirmish with his light troops, and drive in the enemy's outposts. It is only on fitting occasions, when great principles are to be vindicated, and solemn truths told, when some moral or political Waterloo or Solferino is to be fought, that he puts on the entire panoply of his gorgeous rhetoric. It is then that his majestic sentences swell to the dimensions of his majestic thought; then it is that we hear afar off the awful roar of his rapt orator; and when he has stormed the heights, and broken the centre, and trampled the squares, and turned the staggering wings of the adversary, that he sounds his imperial clarion along the whole line of battle, and moves forward with all his hosts in one overwhelming charge."

Edward Everett seems to Senator Hoar, on the whole, our best example of the orator, pure and simple:

"Webster was a great statesman, a great lawyer, a great advocate, a great public teacher. To all these his matchless oratory was but an instrument and incident. Choate was a great winner of cases, and as relaxation he gave, in the brief vacations of an overworked professional life (he once defined a lawyer's vacation as the time after he has put a question to a witness while he is waiting for an answer), a few wonderful literary and historical addresses. He gave a brief period of brilliant but most unwilling service in each House of Congress. He made some powerful political speeches to popular audiences. But his heart

was always in the court-house. No gambler ever hankered for the feverish delight of the gaming-table as Choate did for that absorbing game, half-chance, half-skill, where twelve human dice must all turn up together one way, or there is no victory. But Everett is always the orator. He was a clergyman a little while. He was a Greek professor a little while. He was a college president a little while. He was minister to England a little while. He was representative in Congress and senator. He was a governor of the commonwealth. In these places he did good service enough to make a high reputation for any other man. Little of these things is remembered now."

Senator Hoar also considers him the foremost American orator in one class:

"There is one function of the orator peculiar to our country, and almost wholly unknown elsewhere. That is the giving utterance to the emotion of the people, whether of joy or sorrow, on the occasions when its soul is deeply stirred—when some great man dies, or there is a great victory or defeat, or some notable anniversary is celebrated. This office was filled by other men, on some few occasions by Daniel Webster himself, but by no man better than by Everett. A town, or city, or state is very human. In sorrow, it must utter its cry of pain; in victory, its note of triumph. As events pass, it must pronounce its judgment. Its constant purpose must be fixed and made more steadfast by expression. It must give voice to its love and its approbation and its condemnation. It must register the high and low water-mark of its tide, its rising and its sinking in heat and cold. This office Edward Everett, for nearly fifty years, performed for Massachusetts and for the whole country. In his orations are preserved and recorded everything of the emotion of the great hours of our people's history. The camera of his delicate photography has preserved for future generations what passed in the soul of his own in the times that tried the souls of men."

If one would really appreciate the beauty of Everett's style, Senator Hoar makes this suggestion: "Read the welcome to Lafayette or the close of the matchless eulogy on that illustrious object of the people's love. Read the close of the oration on Washington. Read the contrast of Washington and Marlborough. Read the beautiful passage where, just before the ocean cable was laid, the rich fancy of the speaker describes: 'The thoughts that we think up here on the earth's surface in the cheerful light of day—clothing themselves with elemental sparks, and shooting with fiery speed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from hemisphere to hemisphere, far down among the uncouth monsters that wallow in the nether seas, along the wreck-paved floor, through the oozy dungeons of the rayless deep; the last intelligence of the crops, whose dancing tassels will in a few months be coquetting with the west wind on those boundless prairies, flashing along the slimy decks of old sunken galleons, which have been rotting for ages; messages of friendship and love, from warm, living hosoms burn over the cold green bones of men and women, whose hearts, once as fond as ours, burst as the eternal gulfs closed and roared over them, centuries ago.'"

## The Fugitive.

A hunted thing, through copse and wood  
Night after night he skulked and crawled,  
To where amid dark homesteads stood  
One gloomy garden locked and walled.

He paused in fear each step he took,  
And waited till the moon was gone;  
Then stole in by the little brook  
That still laughed down the terraced lawn.

And up the well-known path he crept,  
And through the tangled briars tore;  
And he, while they sought him slept,  
Saw his ancestral home once more.

There song and lights were still astir,  
And by her he could see one stand,  
(And he had fared so far to her!)  
Who spoke with her and took her hand.

Then back by copse and wood he crept  
While yet the dawn was cold and dim;  
And while in her white room she slept,  
'Twas his old bound crawled back with him.

—Arthur Stringer in *July Century Magazine*.

William T. Bryan, an electrician of Cincinnati, has for years been manufacturing batteries and appliances for physicians, and in his studies has also inquired into electrical therapeutics—the system of disease treatment by electricity. In this he is regarded as an authority. He is not a vegetarian or a devotee of any radical food theory, but shares with mankind in general an aversion for tough, unpalatable meats. Such a thing, he says, is unnecessary, and in support of his idea he brings forward a method whereby he insists the evil may be eradicated. Selecting a very ordinary piece of meat he cuts it in two, and submits one-half of it to a treatment by "electrolysis"—that is, he inducts into it a current of electricity that permeates every atom and disintegrates the "connective tissues." When the process has continued a sufficient time, the two pieces are cooked in precisely the same manner and their merits compared. Whether the "untreated" piece turns out to be good, had, or indifferent, the other is always a toothsome morsel, fit for an epicure or an invalid. The electricity, it is claimed, leaves no taint and does not lessen the nutritive quality of the meat. In fact, it tends to destroy impurity. It is said that this process may be applied to any meats or vegetables.

The Association of Military and Naval Surgeons, at its annual meeting in St. Paul a few days ago, was unanimous in support of a resolution declaring that the association "recognizes that the abolition of the army post exchange or canteen has resulted, and must inevitably result, in an increase of intemperance, insubordination, discontent, desertion, and disease in the army"; and that it "deplores the action of Congress in abolishing the said post exchange or canteen, and in the interests of discipline, morality, and sanitation recommends its reestablishment at the earliest possible date."

The number of retail liquor dealers in the United States at the close of last year was 206,000. The total vote of the Prohibition party in the election of the same year was 209,000.

"Search-lighting" for frogs is the latest industry in Kansas. A big electric light is flashed upon the ponds, and before the croakers recover their sight they are scooped up in nets.

## A NAPOLEON OF THE PRESS.

C. Arthur Pearson, the London Publisher, in New York—Employment During a Ten Days' Visit—His Successful Career—Criticisms and Projects.

Still another sbrewd advertising scheme is responsible for the presence here at this time of a remarkable young Englishman, whose success should go far toward convincing us that all the energy and enterprise and talent for big undertakings is not monopolized by Americans. C. Arthur Pearson is the name of this notable visitor from across the water, and almost everybody has heard of him as the publisher of a dozen or more London magazines, weekly and monthly, one great half-penny daily newspaper, and the only rival of Alfred Harmsworth, whose career is similar in most details. Mr. Harmsworth was here several months ago, and edited one edition of the *World*, brought out in magazine form, and the comments on his New York production, the first specimen of "tabloid journalism," are still fresh in memory. Mr. Pearson is also to lend the *World* a helping hand, having consented to edit during his stay one issue of the Sunday magazine supplement of that paper. Few startling innovations are looked for. One trial of the "tabloid" was enough even for the *World*, and Mr. Pearson's efforts will probably expend themselves on novel topics served in British style.

For himself, Mr. Pearson disclaims any intention of producing amazement or alarm in his experimental dash into American journalism. He says he is here for the purpose of looking over the newspaper field, picking up a few pointers, discovering why *Pearson's Magazine* has twice as many readers here as in England, and enjoying himself a bit. All this he will do in ten days, and find time meanwhile to visit Philadelphia, see the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, and look over the various brands of automobiles in the market. Elaborate and involved as his programme of exercises for the week and a half must be, he undoubtedly possesses the vigor necessary to carry him through on schedule time. He made a good start by evading quarantine, boarding a tug with his baggage in spite of the protests of Captain Cameron, of the *Oceanic*, and landing several hours before his fellow-passengers.

Just half of Mr. Pearson's life has been spent in active newspaper work, for he is now thirty-five, and it is a little more than seventeen years since he secured his foothold in a London publication office. Sir George Newnes, another publisher of varied enterprises, offered in his successful patchwork of oddities, *Tit-Bits*, to give a position to the reader sending in the best answers to a lot of queries, and young Pearson, then a boy fresh from school, won the prize. It paid him five hundred dollars a year, but he earned the money, for the position was not a sinecure. Among the contributors to the weekly paper at that time was Alfred Harmsworth, so that *Tit-Bits* really furnished both these young men with the experience that has been turned to such good account. Mr. Pearson was successful from the start, showing marked ability in the business department of the paper, and impressing favorably most of those who came in contact with him. It is said that in five years, when his salary had been increased to fifteen hundred dollars, he had gained such a reputation for snap and good judgment that he was able to borrow fifteen thousand dollars and start a publication. It is doubtful, however, if his capital was a quarter of that amount. Certainly it was not needed, for *Pearson's Weekly* was successful from the beginning. His best property, with possibly one exception, is *Pearson's Magazine*, whose bright yellow cover is familiar at the newsdealers'.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Pearson takes more pride in his half-penny London morning daily, the *Express*, than in his other enterprises. The paper is a little more than a year old and now has a regular issue of more than a quarter of a million. Its proprietor says three hundred thousand, and probably that figure is not much out of the way. It is the only newspaper in England that excludes advertisements from its first page, and gives its readers the news from the first printed line to the last on that part of the sheet especially favored by advertisers, here and elsewhere. Some have accused it of being American in style, but Mr. Pearson denies this. He says he would not dare to pattern after the sensational dailies in the United States. In the numerous interviews afforded New York reporters he is quoted as mildly deprecating the personal tone used by most of the newspapers in our cities. He is old-fashioned enough still to believe that a man's private affairs are not the proper subject of the reporter's inquisitiveness or the sensational writer's most brilliant work.

Other differences are noted by this close observer, and some of them are not so distinctly to our disadvantage. He wonders at the quantity of advertising carried for the great retail establishments and remarks its absence in England. Perhaps even this will come in time there, for Mr. Pearson frankly admits that J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Yerkes have stirred up British enterprise remarkably, and that progressive ideas, even if American, are no longer severely disapproved of there. A plan for a chain of newspaper offices reaching around the world is mentioned with every indication of serious purpose by Mr. Pearson. Soon, perhaps within five years, he says, he expects to have daily papers in Toronto, Bombay, Calcutta, Cape Town, Johannesburg, Pretoria, and Melbourne. New papers, patterned after the *Express*, to be established in Newcastle, England, and Cardiff, Wales, are nearer projects, and a few months will see them under way. And Mr. Pearson, who is tall, slender, dark, and spectacled, impresses those who see him with the belief that he has the nervous force necessary to plan and put in operation any number of such schemes. It is cheering to know that in his own country, down in the pleasant Surrey hills, he has a handsome country home, a wife, and three little daughters, and that he takes some enjoyment in life as he goes along.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 21, 1901.



## A GALLING DERBY-DAY VICTORY.

English Sportsmen Seriously Discomfited by Mr. Whitney's Success with Volodyovski—American Honors Too Numerous—Prominent Figures at the Races.

Another American Derby is the last straw on the back of a long-suffering British public. For people must not forget that this victory of Mr. Whitney, of New York, with his Volodyovski, is not the first capture of the English blue ribbon of the turf by an American. I was going to add horse, but Volodyovski is not an American-bred animal, whereas Iroquois was. There are many people in London to-day—and they were on the race-course at Epsom yesterday—who seem to have forgotten Iroquois's victory in 1881, when Mr. Pierre Lorillard, of New York, won the first American Derby. The great pull then was that Iroquois was American-bred. It is true he was ridden by Fred Archer, an English jockey, whereas Volodyovski had the American, Lester Reiff, up. There are pros and cons as to which event carried the most honor to America. If you take the ownership, the honors are easy; if you take the horses, Iroquois was the more distinctly American; but if you take the jockeys, why Volodyovski scores one on account of Reiff. So you may say that the present occasion equalizes the points, with perhaps an advantage to Volodyovski in the fact that this is the first occasion of a Derby winner being ridden by an American jockey. In that I think will find its greatest popularity with the Americans, and also its greatest unpopularity with Englishmen, not alone because a "Yankee monkey-on-a-stick" has won the greatest English race of the turf year; but it rubs it harder and deeper into the British cuticle that the American seat—no matter how ugly to look at—goes on winning the big races from the English seat as it has been from time immemorial.

But it isn't that alone which makes the winning of the Derby this year by an American unquestionably and distinctly unpopular. Of course everybody knew that the favorite would win easily, and the American horse was the favorite. People who backed him knew. But even the winning of money on him doesn't draw the sting of national defeat. Indeed, from things I have heard people say, I believe that a good many of the old-fashioned English sporting men would have preferred to lose their money and have an English horse win. Now you can't go further than that. If an Englishman is willing to lose money for a sentiment, it must be a pretty strong one. And it is not all sentiment, either. There is a lot of conceit about it, fortified by the dogged selfishness of the average British character. Englishmen like to keep their things to themselves. They don't welcome the insertion of the foreign spoon into their dish, whatever it may be. They hate it really. And (I think I speak knowingly) there is no dish from which they would more willingly see it withheld than that of national sport.

Look at the niggardly fashion in which foreign oarsmen, athletes, and cricketers are treated while in England. To tell you the truth, I wonder any of them ever come. I have said so over and over again. I don't care a fig who disagrees with me. I know they are received like gentlemen, and treated civilly. The present lord chief justice (Lord Alverstone, who used to be Sir Richard Webster) does everything he can in the way of presiding at formal dinners and banquets to the crews and teams that come over, and making speeches of welcome and farewell. He can't, as a public man, do more. He is a great friend and admirer of America, more so, perhaps, than most Englishmen. But that isn't saying very much. The fact is, English friendship and admiration for America won't stand competition. And especially so is it the fact in the case of their national sports. There is nothing of which they are so jealous as any attempt at contesting their claim to superiority in that field. This is natural, I admit. But it is not the spirit of true sportsmanship. They don't want these crews and teams to come over from America, and when they send over crews and teams themselves, it is done in a condescending, pitying sort of way. I know. I hear people talk in drawing-rooms and smoking-rooms and in clubs, when Americans are not present, and then the real truth comes out. So, no matter what the London papers may report or Mr. Choate specify (he is a diplomatist, remember, and has to oil his words to order), I can tell you that this "American Derby," as people call it (with a sneer), is particularly unpopular.

There couldn't have been a more perfect, a more ideal, day, and there was a big crowd. Of course the absence of the king was keenly felt. He, somehow or other, gives tone to everything when he is present. He has the knack, from long practice doubtless, of importing a degree of enthusiasm into events which they can get from no other source. I don't think there were quite so many swells, either—especially female swells. I speak of titled and English people. For prominent on the top of a drag was the dainty and petite Edna May—a far greater swell in the estimation of the gentlemen, than any of the Ladies this, or Honorables that. She seemed to be enjoying herself to the full, and you may be sure her harvest of gloves won on Volodyovski will take days to gather in. I can imagine that she was another American thorn in the side of England, in so far as she kept the field-glasses from the club-house and inclosure focussed upon her, all unconscious of the angry glances from the ladies on the other drags in her vicinity.

"Isn't she a darling?" I heard one man say to a young lady, as he poured her out a glass of champagne.

"You mean that little Yankee actress," she answered, with a squirm of annoyance which knocked the glass over; "no!"

The Duke of Portland, "the goody-goody," was there with his duchess, who no doubt agrees, with Swinburne's "Lady Steyne," that there can be such a thing as a plethora of conjugal virtue in one's spouse. His grace shuffled about the club enclosure in high glee at his horse coming in second. There surely never was a man who tumbled into greatness as he did.

Then there was the beautiful Countess of Chesterfield,

who, as Miss Enid Wilson, broke the hearts of more "Johnnies" when she married the stale and stiff old earl last year than even Edna May has since. But many leading ladies of the "smart set" (as they say in New York) were absent out of respect for the still mourning court. The Duke of Devonshire was without his magnificent duchess, and Lord Crewe had also to leave his wife at home. But that was owing to the recent death of the mother of Lord Rosebery, whose daughter Lady Crewe is.

On every side you heard growls at the result of the race, and when Mr. Whitney's son led the winner through the crowd, his reception was a painful proof of the popular feeling. The Americans present—and there were thousands—did their best to cheer. But the national character of the American cheer rather spoiled the effect, and gave a ludicrous turn to what had better have been left alone. The Yale, Harvard, and Cornell men present got off several "Rahs!" and from some of the coaches a pronounced "Tiger!" could be heard. After all, one can hardly blame Englishmen for feeling a bit grumpy over the American win. Just now, when America is trying to gobble up British trade and British manufactories and British railways and British steamers, and is flooding the English market with American "everything," it is hard that America must snap up the Derby, too. "The bloomink Yankees might er left us the rice," was the general opinion of the "crowd."

However, the Derby has been won on several occasions by foreign horses and owners. Besides the win of Iroquois in 1881, thrice since 1850 has the blue ribbon been carried abroad. In 1865, Count Le Grange's Gladiateur was the winner; just ten years later, in 1875, it was Prince Bathyan's Galopin; and the next year Mr. Baltazzi's Kisber. So it isn't only the Yankees.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, June 7, 1901.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Atalanta Victorious.

And there two runners did the sign abide  
Foot set to foot—a young man, slim and fair,  
Crisp-haired, well-knit, with firm limbs often tried  
In places where no man his strength may spare;  
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair  
A golden circlet of renown he wore,  
And in his hand an olive garland bore.  
But on this day with whom shall he contend?  
A maid stood by him like Diana clad  
When in the woods she lists her how to hend,  
Too fair for one to look on and he glad,  
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,  
If he must still behold her from afar;  
Too fair to let the world live free from war.  
Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang  
Just as the setting sun made eventide.  
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,  
And swiftly were they running side by side;  
But silent did the thronging folk abide  
Until the turning-post was reached at last,  
And round about it still abreast they passed,  
But when the people saw how close they ran,  
When half way to the starting point they were,  
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man  
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near  
Unto the very end of all his fear;  
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel.  
And bliss unhoping for o'er his heart 'gan steal.  
But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard  
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound  
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard,  
His flushed and eager face he turned around,  
And even then he felt her past him bound  
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there  
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.  
There stood she breathing like a little child  
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,  
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,  
Her cheek its wonted freshness did not keep;  
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,  
Though some divine thought softened all her face  
As once more rang the trumpet through the place;  
But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,  
One moment gazed upon her piteously,  
Then, with a groan, his lingering feet did force  
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;  
And, changed like one who knows his time must be  
But short and bitter, without any word,  
He knelt before the hearer of the sword.  
There high rose up the gleaming, deadly blade,  
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place  
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid  
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,  
And he to hers upturned his sad white face;  
Nor did his eyes behold another sight  
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

—William Morris.

Ex-Governor Hazen S. Pingree, of Michigan, died in London, June 18th, of cancer of the stomach. Hazen Senter Pingree was born at Denmark, Me., in 1840. In 1862 he enlisted in the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery and served until the end of the war, when he located in Detroit as a shoemaker. At the time of his death he was the owner of a large shoe manufactory and a wealthy man. In 1889 the Republican party nominated Mr. Pingree for mayor of Detroit and he was reelected in 1891, 1893, and 1895 by increased majorities each time. In 1896 he was elected governor of Michigan, running ahead of the national ticket many thousand votes. He was reelected governor in 1898, and served out his term, which expired in 1900. Last March he started on a trip to South Africa, which resulted in his death in London. While he was mayor he accomplished many municipal reforms, among others establishing the public lighting plant and organizing the Detroit Railway on a three-cent-fare basis. His potato-patch scheme for the relief of the poor of the city was extensively copied and brought him much fame. While governor, Mr. Pingree devoted his energies to securing a law taxing railways and other corporations on a valuation of property basis, instead of specifically on their earnings. His efforts resulted in the passage of a law along these lines by the last legislature.

In the new English coins the king's head will look from left to right; Queen Victoria is represented looking from right to left. According to very old custom, the new sovereign must not look the same way as his predecessor.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The wife of General Sir John Maxwell, popularly known as "Conky," who is military governor of Pretoria, is a daughter of Charles W. Bonyng, formerly of San Francisco. The American-born Lady Maxwell is residing in Pretoria with her distinguished husband.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred by Brown University, a fortnight ago, upon Lieutenant-General Miles, "fearless fighter in early life against the Indians, heroic leader in our Civil War, commanding general in our war with Spain, in all war and in all peace brave, incorruptible, stainless, and true."

Mrs. Philip D. Armour has added \$250,000 to the recent gift of a million by her son, J. Ogden Armour, to the Armour Institute of Chicago, which her husband founded, so as to make it the best school of engineering in the United States. The Armour family has now given \$3,900,000 to its enduring monument.

Vivian Sartoris, the granddaughter of Ulysses S. Grant, and Archibald Balfour, the distant cousin of Arthur Balfour, leader in the House of Commons, found their courtship and engagement so squally that they decided not to venture upon the stormy sea of matrimony. This is the explanation of the broken engagement that their relatives give.

A memorial of Rosa Bonheur, presented by Señor Gambart, the Spanish consul at Nice, has been unveiled at Fontainebleau, near which town she dwelt for many years. The memorial consists of a bronze bull, an enlarged facsimile of one of her sculptures; the bas-reliefs of the pedestal give her portrait and representations of three of her principal paintings.

The engagement is announced of Miss Terry, daughter of Francis Terry, of New York and Paris, to Count Stanislaus de Castellane, third son of the Marquis de Castellane. Like his two elder brothers—Boni, who married Anna Gould, and Jean, who is the husband of the elderly and wealthy widow of the late Prince Furstenberg—he is contracting a rich matrimonial alliance. Francis Terry is reputed to possess a very large fortune, and, in addition to an immense amount of property in Cuba, he owns a fine house in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, and the historic castle of Chenonceau.

Mrs. Elizabeth Burr Hamilton, said to be the last member of the seventh generation of the Burr family, who died at Bridgeport, Conn., last week, at the age of ninety, was the fifth cousin of Aaron Burr, third Vice-President of the United States, who killed Alexander Hamilton, the lawyer and statesman, in a duel in 1804. Her death recalls the fact that, though the families of Burr and Hamilton were the most bitter enemies at the beginning of the last century, love found a way thirty-two years after the famous duel to bring the families together again by the marriage of Elizabeth Burr and Alexander Hamilton in 1836.

Paul du Chaillu, the explorer, writer, and student of peoples, sailed from New York for Europe last week. He expects to go to Russia as quickly as he can, and then begin an exhaustive study of the great Slav Empire and its people. He will spend three or four years in his investigations. He plans to live with the lowest and the highest, to study every phase of the nation's life. Upon landing at Hamburg Mr. du Chaillu will go by rail to Kiel, by boat to Copenhagen, then to Malmö, and via Stockholm by boat to St. Petersburg. He expects to learn the Russian language, but for the first year he thinks French will suffice, because he intends to spend this period among the educated classes. By that time he will have learned enough Russian to get close to the soil and live with those who furnish the brawn for the Czar's empire.

Despite all rumors to the contrary, says the Rome correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Pope Leo is at present in exceptionally good health and enjoys his daily drive and walk in the open air. The other day, going to a higher point than usual in the Vatican garden, he saw the yellow strip of the Mediterranean, made glorious by the afternoon sun, glittering on the horizon. Turning, with a sigh, to his nephew who accompanied him, he made use for the first time since his "imprisonment" of a phrase that might be construed into impatience of his "captivity." "Ah!" he said, "how I wish I could go to the sea again. It would really renew my youth. The last time that I really stayed at the sea was about fifty-five years ago, when I was Nuncio at Brussels. I then went near Antwerp, on the advice of a physician, and can vividly remember, even now, how cool the water was and how invigorating, and what pleasure I took in swimming in it. I found the cure most beneficial."

Emma Miner Mott, who was married to Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, on June 5th, is the daughter of the late Dr. William and Eunice (Miner) Mott, having been born in Chateaugay, N. Y., about forty years ago, where Dr. Mott was a prominent and successful physician. Miss Mott began teaching when rather young, but at her father's request resumed her studies, being graduated from the Oswego (N. Y.) Normal School with high honors, and at the head of her class. The next year was spent as a teacher in the Howard Mission, in New York City; but, her health failing, she went to Fond du Lac, Wis., where she taught for several years in the high school. Meanwhile her father's health had failed, and Miss Mott returned to her home to be with her parents in their declining years. Some time later Miss Mott went to Washington and resumed her duties as a teacher in the public schools there. For the last four years she has been principal of the Morse School. During her residence in Washington Miss Mott was a member of the First Congregational Church. Soon after Judge Brewer went to Washington he took a Bible-class in this church, and Miss Mott was one of his pupils.



## AN AMERICAN CONSPIRATOR.

How William James Stillman Entered the Service of Kossuth, the Hungarian Patriot, and Was Used as a Tool in the Struggle with the House of Hapsburg.

In W. J. Stillman's "The Autobiography of a Journalist," there is a chapter entitled "On a Mission for Kossuth" which reads almost like a romance. It is difficult to conceive that its central figure should be an American young man, born in New York State, of Seventh-Day Baptist parents, reared on a farm, with a brother in New York working in a machine-shop, himself educated in the public schools of New York City, and immediately leaving those unromantic surroundings, going at once to the heart of the Austro-Hungarian country, and entering into a conspiracy for the overthrow of that ancient empire—this rivals in its interest the stories of the Italian Carbonari.

Carried away by the eloquence of Kossuth, who visited America in 1857 and set all America in a flame of shallow enthusiasm for the redemption of Hungary, Mr. Stillman volunteered to fight or conspire or take any part in the struggle which Kossuth might assign to him. He kept his counsel from his family and awaited developments.

A few weeks after Kossuth returned to England, Stillman was summoned to London. It was proposed that he should form a deposit of arms and materials of war at a point in the Mediterranean from which the conspirators could descend promptly on the coast of Croatia. But, pending the ripening of Mazzini's scheme, he waited in London at the orders of Kossuth. Before the moment came for his undertaking this mission a new one became urgent. We will let Mr. Stillman relate his own experiences:

When the Hungarian insurrection of 1848-49 had become evidently a failure, and Kossuth was about to escape into Turkey, he decided to conceal, in some place secure from Austrian discovery, the crown jewels, including the crown of St. Stephen, which was considered by the Hungarian people necessary to the lawful coronation of their king, and with which Francis Joseph had not been crowned; and he and Bartholomew Szemere, one of his colleagues in the ministry—employing for their operations a detachment of prisoners, who were—after the concealment was complete—buried the jewels at some point down the Danube. Having received information that Szemere, who was then opposed to Kossuth, was about to disclose their hiding-place to the Austrian Government, Kossuth determined to remove them, and organized an expedition to this end, of which I was to become the apparent head. The description of the hiding-place was written in a most complicated cipher dispatch, the key to which was contained in a stanza of song known to Kossuth's correspondent in Pesth. Each letter in the dispatch was represented by a fraction, of which the numerator was the number of the letter in one of the lines of the song, and the denominator the number of the line. This dispatch was then written in four parts: the first, fifth, ninth, etc., letters being put in the first part; the second, sixth, tenth, etc., in the second; the third, seventh, eleventh, etc., in the third; the fourth, eighth, twelfth, etc., in the fourth; and so on to the end. Of these parts of the dispatch, written on the finest paper, I had charge of two; one for myself, and one for a person indicated at Pesth, and the other two were to go by way of Constantinople, one for the confederate who carried it and one for the correspondent who had the song-key. We were to meet and spell out the directions and go to the hiding-place, and, when the jewels were recovered, they were to be hidden in a box of a conserve for which that vicinity was noted, and then carried to Constantinople, from which point I was to take charge of them and deliver them in Boston to Dr. S. G. Howe, the well-known Philhellene.

Stillman folded his portion of these dispatches small, wrapped them in gutta-percha, and, going to the most obscure shoemaker in the part of London he knew, had the heel of one of his boots excavated and the packet deposited in the hole and covered over again by a stout heel-tap. His orders were to take at least six weeks for the journey, to go by a roundabout route, and travel as if for pleasure:

From the Austrian territory I was to write to Kossuth all the political information I could collect, the messages being conveyed in a cryptograph in which the form of the letter was to be that of a correspondence between lovers. The words composing the message were to be written on spaces left in a mask of which each had a copy, and the spaces between the words then filled up so that the letter would carry some meaning when read as a whole. Love-letters were supposed to give most room for nonsense. Knowing very little French, I bought a pocket-dictionary and a copy of Racine, and, during a ten day's stay in Paris, by diligent use of the former in all my transactions, I picked up enough for the needs of travel, and, spending all my leisure over the latter, I was, before my mission was over, able to converse with considerable fluency and know my Racine thoroughly.

When he finally arrived at Vienna, he was beforehand with the famous police, which he found not to merit its reputation for sharpness, and went at once, after establishing himself at the hotel, and before his name was reported to the authorities and a spy put on him, to the address of a republican, known to Kossuth:

To him I was directed to apply for the identification of some Hungarian resident in the city on whom Kossuth could depend to reestablish communication with the Viennese malcontents, broken by a misadventure of his former agent. This adventure Kossuth recounted to me, I suppose to keep up my courage in the perilous business he was sending me on. One of his agents had been sent on a round tour with instructions for certain officers or soldiers, and, having been detected in communication with the barracks and arrested, a memorandum-book was found on him in which, among many addresses of persons to whom he had no mission, those to which he was directed were interspersed. All were arrested, among them the Vienna agent, who, ignorant, of the reason of his arrest, suspecting treachery, and fearing the disclosures that might be extorted from him by torture, rolled himself in suicide left him. When he felt that the burning of the only means of escape was at hand, he called the council of war, which immediately met in his cell. He then avowed his complicity in treasonable plans, and, assuring them that nothing more could be extorted from him by any torture they might inflict, that his child would soon come and make all things right, and that there were thousands more as ready to die as he, he refused to say any more, and died in silence.

His business was to find a man to take this agent's place:

The individual to whom I was sent was a ribbon manufacturer on one of the main streets, and, pretending a desire to visit his weaving-rooms, we went to the manufactory in the upper stories, and I disclosed, with no preamble, my mission. The good man was in ecstasies, and to show his joy invited me down into his living apartments and introduced me to his wife, daughters, and the lover of one of his daughters, as a messenger from Kossuth! If my liver did not rise on end, I am certain that at no crisis of my life could I ever have done so. During my ten days' stay in Vienna and the four weeks I afterward passed in Pesth, I never lost a nervous apprehension of the consequences of this singular imprudence, for I was in the enemy's country, on business the slightest suspicion of which meant an obscure prison and complete disappearance from any friend. With cipher dispatches

on my person in the handwriting of Kossuth, well known to all the authorities, and with my secret in the possession of five women and two men, the uneasiness I felt for the first two or three days can better be imagined than expressed. I did nothing all day long but walk the streets, drink coffee, and smoke cigars with constant apprehension of an arrest.

But he did not neglect his business:

I found a Hungarian whose name Kossuth had given me as the alternative probable medium of the renewed relations with Vienna, but he not only refused to have any relations with the late dictator, but strongly warned me of the possible consequences to myself of the mission I was on, and made me see very clearly that Kossuth overrated his influence on the Hungarians after the *déclat*, for which he was largely responsible. I reported to Kossuth that the only person I could find who was willing to assume the responsibility of entering into relations with him was the ribbon-maker, and then, having acquired the confidence of the American consul, who was a zealous agent of the imperial government, and got his visa for Hungary, I made my way to Pesth.

Once on the scene of his real labors, he discovered how incompetent a conspirator Kossuth was:

He had given me the name of his correspondent in Pesth and his residence in the Karolyisches Haus, as if it were his ordinary residence, without warning me, though he knew it, that he was really in hiding from the police, and probably only to be reached with precaution and indirectly. Adopting the same tactics as in Vienna, and not to attract attention by my inquiries, I went at once in a cab to the house. The porter, of course, in reply to my inquiries, being in bearing of the cab-driver, who was probably a spy, denied any knowledge of such a person. I drove back to the hotel, and then went on foot alone and asked again for the individual, but got the same reply, this time angrily delivered. Utterly at a loss what to do, I wrote at once to Kossuth that the person wanted was not at the address indicated. Instead of writing to him to find me and giving him my address, Kossuth only reiterated through the post the former instructions. I repeated the denial, and then waited. In conversation with the hotel people I inquired, as fully as was possible without exciting suspicion, about persons of liberal tendencies and such as I conceived that I might make use of, and studied the position as best I could. Pending this study, I was summoned to the police head-quarters to give an account of myself. This I did in a manner which must have been satisfactory, as they found that I knew little German and was a very stupid and impractical individual, which I must have really been to find myself there. I accounted for myself as a landscape painter on his travels, and, as I knew nobody and made no acquaintances, they dismissed all suspicion of me, our consul's assurance no doubt covering all doubts, and I waited still. But after a few days more a convenient attack of illness gave me a pretext for calling a physician, and I chose Dr. Orzovensky, who, I had learned, had been chief of the medical staff under the revolutionary authorities. Through him I made such inquiries as were possible about the people to whom I was sent, and then for the first time discovered that they were all under accusation as conspirators and searched for by the police, and of this I had no warning from Kossuth.

But in all this wandering his hoot-heel was wearing away, and it was a question of wearing into the packet of dispatches, or putting them in a place of security:

I accordingly dug them out, and, bidding them in a convenient corner of the cupboard in my room, where they must soon have been discovered in case of a domiciliary visit, took the excavated boots out to throw them into the river, choosing the earliest darkness of the rainy evening of the same day. I knew that if the hoot-heel saw the excavated heel he would follow. In my ignorance of the fact that the city was under martial law, and that without a pass no one could be in the streets after 8 p. m., I had waited till nine to be screened by the darkness, and then, walking down the river on the dike, I slipped down to the water's edge by the path, and gently tossed the boots into the rapid current. Seeing the dangerous articles float away into the dark, I turned to go up the dike to the road running along the top of it, when, to my dismay, I heard a sentinel directly across the road challenge, saw the officer of the guard coming on his rounds, and heard his reply to the challenge. I hurried down the bank, hoping that I had not attracted attention, but feeling that in the contrary case I was in most imminent danger of arrest, and the thought of the dispatches left where they must be found in case of suspicion gave me a moment's anxiety. I hurried back along the water's edge till I judged that I was out of sight from the post, and then walked up on the dike and toward the hotel.

It was very dark and raining slightly, but as he came within the circle of light of one of the street-lamps the vigilant eye of the officer of the guard caught him, and he hailed: "Who goes there?"

I did not reply, but, acting as if I did not bear, hurried to get directly under the lamp which was near, with a feeling that if the officer saw me there he would see that I was what I pretended to be, a stranger, and also with a feeling that I was safer at a distance if the challenge were followed by a bullet. Under the lamp I stopped for the officer to come up. I was not really frightened, but I can not deny that I felt very nervous, as he came up, and, in an inquisitorial tone, asked: "What are you doing here?" I replied in German, which was certainly comical and not a little shaky, for it was a fragmentary remembrance of the German read in my early college course, and never since revived, that "I was doing nothing—that I was a stranger" ("ich bin ein Fremder"), and had come out to see the effects on the river, pointing to the glimmering lights; but, fortunately, my German was so funny that he burst out laughing, and after a "sehr schon, sehr schon," as I had said "strangers" in the plural, he replied: "When you are a stranger you must stay in the house," and gave me friendly directions as to how to get back to my hotel without falling in with the police, "who wouldn't let you off as I have." I was fortunate enough to arrive without further notice. The officers of the army hated to do police service, and my inquisitor was no doubt glad not to pass me into the custody of the police. I have always wished to know the name of my protector, for such he was.

He remained in Pesth over a month, exciting an increasing attention, as he was doing nothing, not even sketching, which, in the vicinity of a fortress, would have been the surest way of inviting arrest:

I profited by the acquaintance of Dr. Orzovensky's family to pass the time agreeably, and, finally, being unable to extort by post further instructions from Kossuth, or explanations in reply to two urgent letters describing the position I was in, and being unable to give any reason for a longer stay, or to find the people I was sent to, I determined to go back to London and start again with fuller oral instructions and a better understanding of the difficulties. I went to Orzovensky and frankly told him my errand, and asked him if I might leave the dispatches in some place known to him, so that he could indicate to some other person—should my mission be taken up by another—where they were to be found. He burst out at me with violence, accusing me of endangering his family as well as himself, and assuring me that if the slightest suspicion of my mission should transpire they would all be thrown into prison, and he be ruined, refusing to have anything to do or say about the dispatches, and breaking off all communications with me on the spot.

He had not, up to that moment, felt any real fright, though, when he stood under scrutiny of the officer on the dike, he confesses he felt extremely nervous:

But Orzovensky's violence, and his own panic at the thought of having harbored treason so long, making me fear that his anxiety to escape all suspicion might compel him to denounce me, gave me a *mauvais quart d'heure*. I was instantly in an awful funk, and I had a practical demonstration of the *vox hoetit in faucibus*, for I was unable to reply to the good doctor in anything but the faintest whisper, and my tongue clattered in my mouth, as dry as a stick, in an instant. I threw the dispatches in the sink and took the next train for Vienna, undisturbed by the train running off the track in the night, in the greater anxiety of my position, and, after making at the station only a

hasty lunch on a boiled sausage and a roll, continued my journey by express until I was out of the Austrian dominions, and stopped to sleep at Frankfurt. My panic was as unreasonable as my security had been, for there was no reason to believe that Dr. Orzovensky would warn the authorities, or that I could not have carried the dispatches back to Kossuth in safety. My habitual courage was not the courage of one who realizes his danger and faces it coolly, but that of constitutional inability to realize what the danger is, however clearly it may be shown to him. As a habit the realization of my danger only came to me when the danger itself had gone by, and then I was frightened.

Arrived at London, he went to report to Kossuth, expecting a scene and reproaches:

I was prepared to show him that the failure of the mission was due to his having neglected to inform me that I was going to a man wanted by the police, and in close hiding, so that my failure to find him was probably due to the openness with which I made my approaches, and to his not having then informed his correspondent that I was on the ground expecting to see him, and that he must look out for me. But he only exclaimed, with a tone of regret: "Three months lost." Yet there was, probably, a reciprocal disapproval of our methods of carrying out a conspiracy; for, while he was most gravely disappointed at getting no result from his work and expenditure, no doubt owing largely to my incompetence for that kind of service, I was equally dissatisfied at being sent on an expedition which put my life in imminent danger, with the minor perils of torture and long imprisonment, provided with information utterly insufficient and needlessly incomplete for the mission confided to me.

Mr. Stillman says that if Kossuth had cautioned him that this correspondent was in hiding and wanted by the police, he would not have committed the grave error of going openly to find him, and under the eye of a cahman who would probably report to the police his act:

Had he even after that informed his correspondent where I could be found and who I was (which was perfectly practicable, for he told me himself that he had received letters from the correspondent during my stay at Pesth), there could have been communication at once. Kossuth said that I ought to have sought out the friends at the Tiger Café, where they were in the habit of meeting publicly, though he knew that the city was swarming with spies, and that the state of siege existed (and of this, even, he did not warn me), and that my chief difficulty was to avoid being brought into contact with suspected Hungarians; nor did he recollect that he had given precise instructions to avoid anything which might lead any one to suppose that I was more than an objectless traveler. I was most reasonably disgusted with having my life exposed in this careless way, and he, perhaps, as reasonably so with my want of resource, and the result was that he decided not to employ me again in such work, and I decided to wait for active insurrectionary movements, in which I could take my place. As it happened, however, the Austrian Government had recovered the crown jewels; some one in the secret—Kossuth said Szemere—having learned that Kossuth was sending an expedition to recover them, and, from jealousy of him, disclosed the hiding-place.

Kossuth's practical incapacity for the *minutiae* of conspiracy in this case was, Mr. Stillman judged from what he afterward learned of his compatriots, characteristic of him:

He continually neglected the details of important affairs, working by magnificent inspirations, which left out of consideration the defects of human nature. His self-exaltation had offended many patriots who did not fall under his personal magnetism, and his assumption of authority in military matters where he had no knowledge to justify it, alienated the competent officers. The treason of Görgey, as it was popularly considered, was probably due to the perception that Kossuth was an impracticable head for an active revolution, under whose dictation there was no hope of final success while he at the same time refused to abandon his impracticable ideals; and I heard from actual participants that there was great dissatisfaction among the officers with his assumption of dignity, out of place, and of command, for which he was incompetent.

More than thirty years after, Mr. Stillman went to see Kossuth at Turin, and introduced himself as the young man who went to Hungary for him to carry off the crown jewels. He burst out with an impetuous denial of the expedition. "But," said Mr. Stillman, "I have your letters written to me in Pesth." "I should like to see those letters," he replied. Mr. Stillman promised to send them, conditionally, on his promise to return them; but thinking it over, he sent him only one, inclosed in a stamped envelope directed to himself, with a letter recalling the promise to send it back. He never heard from him again, however, and saw that he only wanted to get the letters to suppress their evidence.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; two volumes, price, \$6.00.

James J. Hill, since 1896, has owned the *St. Paul Globe*, a morning paper of Democratic proclivities and about 20,000 circulation. He has dictated the policy of the sheet, directing its politics and its railway news, but has lost \$65,000 on it in less than three years. These facts were brought to light in the trial of the suit of George B. Spinney, of New York, against Hill, to recover \$25,628.52. Spinney was president of the *Globe* Company during 1898, and alleges that Hill, in his own private office at the Great Northern Building, offered him \$100 a week in coin and \$100 a week in stock of the company. His service was to be for three years, but he was dismissed after eleven months without receiving a share of stock. The *Globe* cost Mr. Hill \$120,000. Every month Mr. Hill made up the regular deficit of the paper in a roundabout way. His method was so clever that the cashier, secretary, and book-keeper of the company did not know of Hill's connection with the paper. F. Toomey, Hill's private secretary, when on the stand at the call of Mr. Spinney's attorney, had to give away the secret. It appears that it was through Mr. Toomey that Hill dictated the policy of the *Globe*.

In Professor Bailey's monumental "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture" a "prune" is defined as "any plum which can be successfully dried without removing the pit," a correct definition which should put a quietus on some of the unlearned discussions which occasionally break out on that subject among prune-growers.

Mrs. Alexis E. Frye, the Cuban wife of the former superintendent of schools of Cuba, said, in a recent interview: "The Harvard excursion of Cuban teachers to the United States has already worked wonders, and may truly be said to have set Cuban women free."

The discussion of the new library plans has brought out the fact that New York City now has one hundred and twenty-five free libraries, and that when the new plans are in effect it will have two hundred.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## What a New York Lawyer Honestly Earned.

Edward W. Townsend's latest novel, "Days Like These," is a romance of modern New York, with its numerous characters chosen from high and low life in a remarkably knowing way. There is a suspicion of deeply veiled scorn in its description of the families who by strict economy managed to keep their social position when their income was suddenly reduced to ten thousand a year, but there is little sarcasm in its catalogue of the pleasures purchased when an unexpected inheritance of two hundred and fifty a year fell to more modest individuals. The story is built upon the fortune that is left in trust for a shop-girl and her widowed mother. It represents the accumulations and interests of a contractor, wise in up-to-date methods, who dies before he is reconciled to an only sister separated from him by an impulsive and unfortunate though happy marriage. During his short but exceedingly busy existence the contractor had secured as his legal adviser a young lawyer, who, though a member of a once aristocratic family, was a tireless worker and a man of honor. The estate was left in the hands of this lawyer, Horace Maxwell, and his interest in the heiress, Rose Cavendish, and efforts in her behalf are described with convincing realism.

The first news of the inheritance comes to Rose and her mother at the beginning of the story. The girl, an assistant forewoman and designer of costumes in Brown & Anthony's great retail store, is found to be surprisingly capable, refined, and with undeniable claims to beauty. With more interest than he expected to find in his task, the lawyer introduces Rose and her mother to a new world of ease and luxury. His best and only friend among the women of his own set is induced to become the chaperon of the young heiress and the guide and helper of her inexperienced parent. Intelligence of the great Cavendish fortune soon pervades even the most exclusive circles, and before brilliant, kind-hearted Mrs. Foster can whisk her charges away to Europe for a year of education and training, a duke and the nephew of a millionaire are dangling in the train of the heiress. But Rose escapes all the plots against her future, and comes back to New York to be taken up by aristocratic people and to reward the honest lawyer in the end.

There are many minor developments in the plot of the story, and in their course the reader is given glimpses of strong under-currents in the life of the metropolis. Political leaders who terrorize criminals to retain their services, newsboys, prize-fighters, manipulators of the stock market, and other disreputable people are silhouetted in these pages, and there are no less carefully drawn figures of society favorites of both sexes. Horace Maxwell and "Polly" Foster, the fashionable chaperon, are distinct creations, and more than admirable. Rose Cavendish, if less vividly presented, has noticeable attractions and is almost worthy of the man who wins her. The brisk action of the story, its vigorous portrayal of striking scenes and characteristics, and its familiar recognition of metropolitan limitations are features that distinguish all of Mr. Townsend's work. His humor is still unfailing, and though there is little of sorrowful interest in the book there are bits of pathos that are never out of harmony. It is altogether the brightest and best of his stories, and that is no faint praise.

Published by Harper and Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Stormy Wooing.

The days of Beau Brummell and the Prince Regent who was afterward George the Fourth of England are favored of romancers, and with good reason. The figures of the time are still distinct through the mists of a hundred years, their manners and lighter interests may be set out with accuracy, and yet they are so far removed that uninteresting details in the view are never obtrusive. In Louis Evan Shipman's story, "The Curious Courtship of Kate Pains," there are few prominent characters, but those who hold the stage move with grace, and they represent the best and worst of that courtly yet uneasy period of the century just ended. They are good haters and impetuous lovers, and when the plotting and strife are over they receive the rewards their virtues merit.

One Colonel Nevill, Marquess of Kenstone, a brave soldier in Portugal on the staff of Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, is the hero of this romance, and the heroine, whose name is given in the title of the book, is the daughter of reckless Captain Jack Pains of the Guards. In a duel brought about some years before Kate Pains became a belle, her father and the elder Nevill fatally wounded each other, and the story tells how that double tragedy was finally atoned for. A French spy, known as Vicomte de Broisic, is the villain, and his infatuation for Kate, whom he believes to be an heiress, causes the complications. But for the Frenchman's appearance at an inopportune moment the marquess might have won with little trouble the prize he desired, but in such a possibility there would have been no story of thrilling encounters and hardly baffled villainy.

Mr. Shipman has made the most of his figures, and sketches some good scenes in the fashionable resorts of the day, and in the pleasant surroundings of English country-houses. Desperate fighting and

many narrow escapes furnish the most stirring episodes, but there is no lagging of interest at any time. The book will give its author a greater vogue than even his play, "D'Arcy of the Guards," which has recently had a successful presentation.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

J. M. Barrie and his wife are coming to the United States for a short visit in the autumn. They will witness the first performance of Mr. Barrie's new play at Washington, but will not stay long enough to see it in New York.

The versified autobiography of Gabriel Rossetti is positively to make its appearance in the fall. It has been translated and supplemented by William Michael Rossetti, and a feature of the volume will be the correspondence between Mazzini and Rossetti which has not yet been published.

Lafcadio Hearn, the author of "Shadowings," "Exotics and Retrospectives," "In Ghostly Japan," etc., has been made an honorary member of the London Japan Society.

"I am now beginning my ninety-ninth book," quietly remarked Jules Verne to an interviewer, the other day. "I do not know yet its title, as I only settle that when the book is going to press. But I have called another book, which will be published at once, 'La Grande-Forêt.' In it I try to reconstruct the race that forms the missing link between the most perfect apes and the most imperfect men. My hero is a rival of Dr. Garnier, who wanted to decipher the language of apes. But he only studied the monkeys in the district of Libreville, on the African coast. I am more fantastic, and treat the question in a more general form. Anyway, I am far from coming to the conclusion of Darwin, with whose ideas I have not the least sympathy."

A new life of Nathan Hale is announced from the pen of Professor H. P. Johnston, of New York. In it are promised fuller accounts of Hale's career than have yet appeared, based on recent researches, and copies of all his letters that can be found and of those of his correspondents. There will be some rich illustrative material employed.

Early next month D. Appleton & Co. will bring out Adams's "Commercial Geography," with numerous fresh maps and diagrams.

The Macmillan Company has placed on the market a neat, uniformly bound edition of Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis," in a box.

A special edition of ten thousand copies of "The Future of the American Negro," by Booker T. Washington, has just been published for the trustees of the John F. Slater fund. The edition is being distributed by the trustees among the negroes of the South, and a copy is also being furnished to every member of the legislatures of the Southern States, and to all the State executive officers and superintendents of education throughout the South.

Sarah Jeannette Duncan Cotes is shortly to publish a new book dealing chiefly with her Indian garden.

The autobiography of Clara Morris is to be brought out in the fall. Many of the chapters of the volume have already appeared in various magazines.

Commenting on William Archer's "Real Conversations" with various authors, Max Beerbohm says: "The large and marmoreal severity of the manner in which Mr. Archer really converses—a manner fallen straight into by whomever he really converses with—is an ideal medium for the transmission of tragic emotion. Month by month I have been reading these immortal dialogues with cumulative rapture, with cumulative homage to Mr. Archer. That in ordinary circumstances Mrs. Craigie and Mr. Hardy, Mr. Finero and Mr. Phillips, all talk like books, I have very good reason to doubt. That they all talk like the same book, is obviously impossible."

Jerome K. Jerome is rapidly recovering from his unfortunate accident of a few weeks ago, when he was thrown from a buggy and broke his ankle. He has resumed work on a novel which has been in a state of semi-completion for three years.

The title of Andrew Lang's new book, which will be published shortly, will be "Magic and Early Religion." It is a volume composed of a series of criticisms on recent speculations about early religion.

A certain similarity of titles has led some persons to confuse Duffield Osborne's novel "The Lion's Brood" with Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's story "The Lion's Whelp." The original title of Mr. Osborne's story was "The Lion's Whelps," but this was changed shortly before publication, for Mrs. Barr had selected her title eighteen months before from Genesis, chapter forty-nine, ninth verse. Richard Cromwell, it is announced, is not the hero of "The Lion's Whelp," but Oliver Cromwell, the great Protector himself.

Responding to the toast of "The Ladies" recently, at the Authors' Club dinner in London, Mrs. Humphry Ward asserted that there was something to be said for the "novel with a purpose," and con-

fessed to belong to that denomination of writers that did not always bear a good name. She said that the artist is no worse, but better, for stepping outside the limitations of art sometimes for the sake of social service.

Cy Warman, whose most conspicuous success has been his railroad tales, is at present engaged on a book of short stories which are "odd tales and sketches that have blown in from the four corners of the earth, extending from Cape Nome to Jerusalem."

## LATE VERSE.

## Madrigal.

"Dearest, when I am dead,  
Make one last song for me;  
Sing what I would have said—  
Righting life's wrong for me.

"Tell them how, early and late,  
Glad ran the days with me,  
Seeing how goodly and great,  
Love, were your ways with me."

—W. E. Henley in the North American Review.

## Bridge-Guard in the Karroo.

Sudden the desert changes—  
The raw glare softens and clings,  
Till the aching Outdoorn ranges  
Stand up like the thrones of kings—

Ramparts of slaughter and peril—  
Blazing, amazing—aglow  
'Twixt the sky-line's belting beryl  
And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,  
Lit by the last of the sun—  
Opal and ash-of-roses,  
Cinnamon, amber, and dun.

The twilight swallows the thicket,  
The starlight reveals the ridge;  
The whistle shrills to the picket  
We are changing guard on the bridge.

\* \* \* \* \*

We hear the Hottentot herders  
As the sheep click past the fold—  
And the click of the restless girders  
As the steel contracts in the cold—

Voices of jackals calling  
And, loud in the hush between,  
A morsel of dry earth falling  
From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the solemn firmament marches  
And the hosts of heaven rise  
Framed through the iron arches—  
Banded and barred by the ties,

Till we hear the far track humming,  
And we see her head-light plain,  
And we gather and wait her coming—  
The wonderful north-bound train.  
—Rudyard Kipling in the London Times.

## The Maiden of the Smile.

In that fair Land where slope and plain  
Shine back to sun and sky,  
And olives shield the sprouting grain  
When wintry arrows fly,  
Where snow-fed streams seek sun-warmed vale  
Through vineyard-scarped defile,  
The world we enter with a wail  
She greeted with a smile.

Slumbering She smiled, and smiling woke,  
And, when She felt the smart  
Of grave, sad life, smiles still bespoke  
Her tenderness of heart.  
And nightly when She knelt and prayed  
Beside her snow-white bed,  
Her face was one pure smile that made  
A heaven about her head.

When Love first trembled in her ear  
The heart-throbs that beguile,  
She listened with assenting tear,  
Then chased it with a smile.  
Sorrow and pain with smiles She bore  
Unto her latest breath;  
But the sweetest smile she ever wore  
Was the smile She wore in death.

—Alfred Austin in the Independent.

## Achievement.

Who says we fail? We prosper beyond dreams.  
As architects of ruin we have no peers.  
We thought to fire but farmsteads; we have lit  
A flame less transient in the hearts of men.  
We are ill at building? Yet have we at least  
Destroyed to better purpose than we knew.  
We have raised up heroes where we found but  
hinds;

We have ravaged well; our rapine is not vain.  
Redder from our red hoofprints the wild rose  
Of freedom shall afresh hereafter spring,  
And in our own despite are we the sires  
Of liberty, as night begets the day.  
Sufficient claim to memory this I deem,  
Title now, were other passport none.

—William Watson in the Speaker.

Marble Hill, Twickenham, once the residence of Pope's Chloe, and the rendezvous of all the wits and poets of the day, is to be transformed into suburban villas. The house has had a curious history. It was built by George the Second for Mrs. Henrietta Howard, afterward Countess of Suffolk. Later, it was the residence of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who had been privately married to the Prince of Wales, afterward George the Fourth. The Marquis of Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, also lived there.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## When Peasants Rose against Church and King.

Annie Nathan Meyer has found in the turbulent years of the last quarter of the fourteenth century in England a period of romantic promise, and her story, "Robert Anny: Poor Priest," presents a series of vivid pictures of that time. Her hero is one of those who claimed John Wycliffe as master, who had studied under him at Balliol College and felt the stir of that bold preacher's enthusiasm, and readily put on the robes of russet sacking that marked them as his "poor priests." Even at the beginning of the story Robert Anny had become a popular teacher of the people, preaching in the open fields, in the market-places, and wherever two or three gathered to listen to his words; but when he resisted the cunning plea of the Bishop of Ely, who offered to make him an archdeacon, and went back to his labors among the poor, their love and reverence for him was increased beyond measure. John Ball, too, another priest whose name has been handed down in history, was his leader and friend, and when Ball was imprisoned in Maidstone Jail, Robert Anny took up his work.

But to this ascetic came the strongest of temptations. In a rustic couple, Richard Meryl and Matilda Westel, he had two faithful admirers, and for a little while the three were the closest of friends. Then Richard suddenly discovered that Matilda's reverence and esteem for the priest had completely overshadowed her love for the one who had been for years her protector and the servant of her grandmother and herself. Robert was surprised to learn of this, but he realized the strength of Matilda's faith and devotion, and, as those of his order were not forbidden to marry, he offered himself to the girl, and was accepted. Rose Westel, a cousin of Matilda's, appeared at this critical moment, and the poor priest was forced to contrast the huddling attractions of a gay and careless beauty with the calm and steadfast nature of the woman he had won. The victory was with Rose for a time, for she knew how to use her power, but it did not hold him long. While Robert hid himself in the cloisters of the Abbey of St. Dunstan to overcome his weakness and do penance, the "Great Uprising" came, and he left the abbey to help the people gain their victory. In the struggle that followed he learned some of the bitterest lessons of his life, but they brought him again to the side of the clear-eyed girl who had trusted in him while he forgot her.

The historical scenes and events of that terrible time, when even the English dignitaries of the church were opposing the claims of its Roman head, and the people were incited to rebellion against the oppression of the cardinals and bishops, and their king as well, are well depicted. Only one thoroughly versed in the chronicles of the church could have written the story, and beyond this knowledge of that short and ill-fated war, there is genuine power in the presentation of its dramatic scenes.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## A New Edition of George Eliot's Works.

It is nearly fifty years since the first of George Eliot's books appeared, yet she still remains the greatest of women novelists. Possibly her most noted stories are more talked about than read, yet few readers of discrimination would be willing to acknowledge that they found no charm in "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," or "Romola." To offer a new and "personal" edition of her works, the publishers have secured efficient aid, Mrs. Esther Wood furnishing a brief yet illuminating biographical introduction for each volume. Though "Scenes of Clerical Life" was the first of the works of fiction to which George Eliot gave her ripper years, it is reserved for the second volume of this edition, and at the end of the record concerning Amos Bartoo, Mr. Gilfil, and Janet Dempster there is a "Life of George Eliot" filling a hundred pages. From Mrs. Wood's introduction to this volume we quote:

"In 1854 Miss Evans was beginning to be known as a scholar; the translator of Strauss's 'Leben Jesu' and Feuerbach's 'Essence of Christianity,' and the sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*. Only one friend had as yet suspected her gift as a novelist, and that friend, singularly enough, was Herbert Spencer, whose 'delightful camaraderie' was, from the first, one of the most stimulating influences upon her intellectual life. It needed a more personal and intimate sympathy, which she soon found in her marriage with George Henry Lewes, to ripen all her rich and dormant powers. With all her mental vigor and independence, hers was a nature that always craved support and protection on the emotional side; and Lewes (says Mr. Oscar Browning, a close friend of both) worshiped and guarded her with a over-failing tenderness of affection. 'Polly,' as he used to call her, 'was to his eyes at once the greatest of living geniuses, and the best and the most lovable of women. Without his insight into literary faculty, and his sustaining sympathy, it is doubtful whether she would have produced the writings which have made her fame, and which were only born at the cost of so much travail and self-renunciation.'

With the biographical particulars in these introductions, the quotations from letters and journals showing the history of each story, placing the originals of the characters and describing the country

and people among whom the author lived and who had so much influence on her work, Mrs. Wood has written appreciative criticism that does not spare the faults to be found in the great novelist's pages. This is from the introduction to "Adam Bede":

"No novelist has suffered more severely than George Eliot from the excesses and abuses of shallow criticism. Novels such as hers, that cover so vast a field of human interest, demand a certain historical perspective, a right focussing in our vision of the past, the study of art in the light of temperament rather than of biographical detail. . . . The main difficulty that hets our judgment of this writer is that she cares more for her philosophy than for her business as a story-teller: thought and emotion rule her artistic sense. Puritan to the core, she appeals continually to fixed standards of ethics which allow nothing for social evolutions, and from which it is part of the function of criticism to protect the aesthetic life. Even 'Adam Bede,' one of the most artistically perfect of her works, has its prosy pages, its onctuous comments, by which the fine edge of dramatic presentation is blunted in some of the most tragic scenes."

Five volumes of the new edition have come from the press—"Adam Bede," "Scenes of Clerical Life," "The Mill on the Floss," and the first and second parts of "Romola." Each book has a frontispiece and there are other illustrations, two new and unpublished portraits of George Eliot and Robert Evans being included. The volumes are well printed, on good paper, and the bindings are plain gray hockram with gold titles on the back.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 per volume.

## New Publications.

Still another hursque of a notable book is "Ao Englishman's Love-Letters," published by M. F. Mansfield, New York.

"Clayton Halowell," by Francis W. van Praag, is a spirited story of Revolutionary times, in which the hero is a soldier under Washington. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Euphrosyne, and Her 'Golden Book,'" by Elsworth Lawson, is a reminiscence study of a personal love and loss, sentimental but not cloying. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"A Year Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields," by Ingram Crockett, is a collection of wandering thoughts and fancies with suggestions of the season in each. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

In the new and revised edition of the prose dramas of Henrik Ibsen, edited by William Archer, the first volume is devoted to an illuminating preface and "The League of Youth," first published in 1869. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

Two new volumes in the Beacom Biographies Series are "Father Hecker," by Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., and "Louis Agassiz," by Alice Bache Gould. Each work is prefaced with a fine portrait. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents each.

"Bamboo Work, Comprising the Construction of Furniture, Household Fittings, and Other Articles," by Paul N. Hasluck, and illustrated with numerous engravings and diagrams, is a manual of practical information. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

Two hundred and fifty-six authors are quoted in "A Handbook of Proverbs for Readers, Thinkers, Writers, and Speakers," and the extracts are arranged under a hundred topical headings. Published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

"An Englishman's Love-Letters: Being the Missing Answers to an Englishwoman's Love-Letters," fit in very well with the originals that goled so much notice, but they are something like loog-drawn mineral water. Published by the Frank F. Lovell Book Company, New York.

Without advertising any proprietary mixtures or preparations, "The Human Hair, Its Care and Preservation," by J. R. Sutto, gives more than two hundred pages to topics covered by its title, and is scientific, though not technical. Published by the Maple Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

In the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture Series the latest issues are "Memlino," by W. H. James Weale; "Pintoricchio," by Evelyn March Phillips; "Piero Della Francesca," by W. G. Waters. Each volume has a biographical sketch and critical appreciations of the artists' works, many of which are shown in reproductions from photographs. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75 each.

Students and instructors will find a notable collection of useful plans and suggestions in "Experimental Psychology: A Manual of Laboratory Practice," by Edward Bradford Titchener. Professor Titchener has issued his work in two volumes, the first and smaller book being the "Student's Manual" (\$1.60), and the second part the "Instructor's Manual" (\$2.50). The twelve chapters treat at length of visual, auditory, cutaneous, gustatory, olfactory, and organic sensation, the affective qual-

ities, attention and action, visual space perception, auditory perception, tactual space perception, the ideational type, and the association of ideas. The instructor's manual contains more than a hundred illustrations and explanatory figures. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

In Francis Newton Thorpe's "A History of the American People," one hundred of its six hundred pages are devoted to the record made since 1896. The earlier part of the work is fairly well done, but many readers will question its statements of recent facts and the conclusions drawn from them. Professor Thorpe, however, deserves credit for his courage in handling freely the political and economic problems of the time. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Much more than a perfect guide-book is offered in "The Niagara Book," a volume made up of articles by scientists, descriptive writers, and humorists. The names of W. D. Howells, Professor Shaler, Mark Twain, and other famous authors appear in the table of contents, and the subject is treated from all points of view. Thirty-two fine engravings illustrate the work, and a supplementary chapter describes the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Professor Georg Jellinek, of the University of Heidelberg, some years ago wrote an essay comparing the declaration of the French Constituent Assembly in 1793 with the declarations made in several of the State constitutions in America, and that essay has now been translated by Professor Max Farrand, of Wesleyan University, and is offered under the title, "The Declaration of the Rights of Man and of Citizens." It is a suggestive and valuable study for all interested in modern constitutional history. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

J. P. Mowbray, who is said to be "a Wall Street man," contributed a series of essays to the *New York Evening Post* which has been issued in book-form under the title, "A Journey to Nature." If Mr. Mowbray knows as much about stocks and bonds and finance as he does about the delights of life out of doors and the clear expression of his thoughts about persons and things, he is a wonderfully talented individual. City readers should enjoy the volume, and country readers should study it to appreciate their blessings. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A new edition of George Croly's historical and religious novel, "Salathiel, the Woader of Jew," has been brought out under the title "Tarry Thou Till I Come," and with an introductory letter by General Lewis Wallace, a theological and metaphysical preface by I. K. Funk, and twenty illustrations by T. de Thulstrup. The work was first published in 1827, and deserves re-publication, for it has many fine descriptive passages and some scenes of dramatic power, but it hardly merits the praise of General Wallace, who calls it one of "the six greatest English novels." In the appendix to this volume there are many historical notes and a series of letters from Jewish writers and theologians concerning the central idea of the story. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.40.

## William Morris on Book Margins.

The late William Morris, in an address before the English Guild of Arts and Crafts on "The Ideal Book," thus expressed his views on the proportions of margins in books:

"We owe come to the position of the page of print on the paper, which is a most important point, and one that till quite lately has been wholly misunderstood by modern and seldom does wrong by ancient printers, or, indeed, by producers of books of any kind. On this head I must begin by reminding you that we only occasionally see one page of a book at a time; the two pages making an opening are really the unit of the book, and this was thoroughly understood by the old book-producers.

"I think you will seldom find a book produced before the eighteenth century, and which has not been cut down by that enemy of books (and of the human race), the binder, in which this rule is not adhered to—that the inner edge (that which is bound in) must be the smallest member of the margins, the head margin must be larger than this, the fore larger still, and the tail largest of all. I assert that to the eye of any man who knows what proportion is, this looks satisfactory, and that no other does so look. But the modern printer, as a rule, dumps down the page in what he calls the middle of the paper, which is often not even really the middle, as he measures his page from the headline, if he has one, though it is not really a part of the page, but a spray of type only faintly staining the head of the paper.

"Now I go so far as to say that any book in which the page is properly put on the paper is tolerable to look at, however poor the type may be (always so long as there is no 'ornament,' which may spoil the whole thing), whereas any book in which the page is wrongly set on the paper is intolerable to look at, however good the type and ornaments may be. I have on my shelves one of a Jensen's 'Latio Pliny,' which, in spite of its beautiful type and handsome painted ornaments, I dare scarcely look at, because the binder (adjectives fail me here) has chopped off two-thirds of the tail margin; such supidities are like a man with his coat buttoned up behind, or a lady with her bonnet on hidside foremost."



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The original edition of Jerome Hart's "Argonaut Letters" having been all sold out, the publishers have succeeded in preparing a limited number of supplemental copies. This was made possible by reason of a few extra quires having been run off before the type-forms were distributed. Taking these unbound sheets, the half-tone plates were reprinted on extra-heavy coated paper, thus making up a small number of specially fine copies, which have been bound with extra care. The binders have experimented with stamping the cover design on leather, both morocco and calf, with excellent results. The effect on morocco is particularly rich, and the book bound in full ounce calf, red or green, full gilt, with side stamp in gold and color, makes a superb volume.

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Lest there be any doubt of my intentions, let me hasten to join the chorus that is declaring Blanche Bates a success. Like every one else in town, I knew that she would be a success. There were no doubts in my prognostications. The contagion of prophecy had reached me; and then it is sweet to prophesy when propped by competent critics. Cigarette, the child of the army, the reckless little daredevil, the tom-boy—it was Blanche Bates through and through. Like every one else, I breathed hosannas that she had found a part to fit her; like every one else, I lugged to her performance a goodly stock of enthusiasm. That I brought away with me less than I took was not Miss Bates's fault.

As Cigarette she shines. There is no doubt of the fitness of the part for her particular talents. The childish impetuosity, the recklessness, the daring that so largely make up the character of Cigarette, are probably Miss Bates's by nature. One receives the impression all through the performance that she is simply herself, and surely it is no small achievement to be artistically one's self. That she and Cigarette amalgamate perfectly is so much the better. Miss Bates shines, yet a lesser talent than hers would be resplendent in this opaque constellation. Her only rival for favor in all the company is perhaps the horse, who makes a very gallant run across the paper mountains. One becomes grateful as the play moves along for anything at all that seems like real flesh or that gives any indication of real blood in its veins. Were it not for the saving presences of Miss Bates and the horse, we could imagine ourselves at an exhibition of animated wax-works—and not so very animated either.

And the play! Ye gods, if this be the thing—as we are led to believe—that has received the commendation of Eastern critics, if this be the thing—as we know—that has come to us with the kind permission of the fastidious Belasco, he who sits apart in his unapproachableness, muttering like a Pythian priestess such words as "art" and "temperament" and "dramatic ideals"—if this be the thing that he sanctions, that they sanction, that all of us are expected to sanction, then, indeed, might we raise our voices with that most illustrious congressman and cry out: "Where are we at?" That any one who prates of art, superficially or otherwise, could approve this ramshackle play is surprising; that an actress whose aim is glory—we are told—rather than money, should pin her destinies thereto is distressing. The character of Cigarette is a good one, and I repeat that Blanche Bates does it well, but one character and one personality can not make a drama, and there is absolutely nothing else. Miss Bates might just as effectively give us a recitation and leave her puppets at home.

Robert Louis Stevenson has said: "Because I have reached Paris I am not ashamed of having passed through New Haven and Dieppe. They were very good places to pass through, and I am none the less at my destination." In the same way I am not ashamed of having passed through the Ouida period. Indeed, the time seems not so far behind when Ouida was the greatest author on earth and "Under Two Flags" the greatest production of human genius. At this same interesting period, "Comus" and "Lycidas" were deadly bores, while Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Poems of Passion" were thrilling and sublime. It is no particular recommendation to have passed through New Haven with one's eyes shut, unimportant as this town may be when compared with London or Paris. For my own part I am glad that I enjoyed it when I was there. Its pleasures were unique, it did me no harm, and I shall never return to it. Did I say never? Ah, last week I thought so, but let me confess—I have returned to it. The other day I passed a book-shop wherein a gleaming notice tunk my eye: "'Under Two Flags'; price, ten cents. To be played next week by Blanche Bates." Visions of the old delights recurred to me, and I squandered the ten cents by way of experiment. The paper, of course, was bad, the print abominable; for this little glimpse of New Haven I strained my eyes unmercifully, yet, let me say, it was worth it. To my great surprise the old place had not lost much of its enchantment. I found the people therein very bombastic and impossibly heroic, but fascinating, nevertheless. Once again I fell in love with Bertie Cecil—actually fell in love with him—the handsome, indolent, polished rake, yet always a gentleman, as the word goes, and rising later on to dizzy heights of heroism. Tears blinded my eyes in the contemplation of his many misfortunes, and a veritable hatred of his enemies entered my soul, just as in the olden times. And the Lady Venetia! queenly, haughty, courageous—what an

entrancing bit of womanhood! Of course nobody ever lived just like her; but it doesn't matter, one loves her just the same. And Cigarette, dear little Cigarette, I grew enthusiastic as I read about her: "A ravishing bit of fire-works out of an extravaganza, with the impudence of a boy harlequin and the witching kittenhood of a girl." The wildest little bacchanal that ever pinruetted for the delight of half-drunken soldiers, the most reckless coquette that ever made her lovers range from prince-marshals to plow-boy conscripts, who flirted as the butterfly flirts with the blinssoms, who took kisses, if the giver of them were handsome, as readily as a child takes sweetmeats, and of feminine honor, feminine scruples, feminine delicacy, knew absolutely nothing, save by a dim, fragmentary instinct. Psychologically, Cigarette is delightful. "She believed that she could hate very bitterly," says Ouida. "Indeed, her power of resentment she rated among her grandest qualities. Yet hate was in truth foreign to her frank, vivacious nature; its deadliness never belonged to her, if its passions might, and at a flash of sympathetic spirit in the object of her displeasure, Cigarette changed from wrath to friendship with the true instinct of her heart of gold." According to Ouida, Cigarette had nothing of her sex's charm for Bertie. He thought of her rather as a young soldier than as a young girl. She amused him as a bright, mischievous boy might have done, but she had no other interest for him. The deepest sentiment that she ever awakened in him was an involuntary pity—pity for the flower which blossomed on the polluted fields of war.

In the play, Bertie falls in love with Cigarette and asks her to be his wife, thus throwing the situation into the realm of the commonplace and the absurd. How utterly ridiculous it becomes for this elegant aristocrat, recalled to one of the proudest titles in Europe, to wish to install as his wife the little *vivandière* who could not read nor write, who swore like a trooper, and who perched indiscriminately on the knees of any soldier in the army. "The soldiers shouted with applause," describes Ouida, "to hear the reckless barrack blasphemies ring their mirth from her fresh mouth, which was like a bud from a damask rose though even now it steeped itself in wine, and sullied itself with naths, and seared itself with smoke, and had never been touched from its infancy with any kiss that was innocent, not even its mother's." The idea of her marriage to Bertie is not only incongruous but decidedly unpleasant. The picture as drawn by Ouida is very much more delicate and a thousand fold more artistic. The play is supposed to be founded on the story, but it conforms to it only in the character of Cigarette. "In other respects it is not Ouida's idea at all. I do not understand why. The original plot is so much more interesting, so much more beautiful, so much more dramatic. In the story it is a double point of honor that forces Bertie to leave England and to enlist as a common soldier in the French army. The honor of a woman and the honor of his brother are in his keeping. In the play he goes away because he hasn't enough money to stay at home. In the first instance he is a martyr and a hero, in the second he is a very unsuccessful young man whose fate one way or another does not give us any great concern. In the play the first scene was laid in France instead of in England, thus changing the whole scheme of the story. It is no longer under two flags. Bertie Cecil, as originally created, was one of the English Guards. From the most gentlemanly military rank possible under one flag he descended to the most ordinary rank under the other. It seems that the dramatist has stupidly extracted a leading motive wherever it was possible to do so.

It would be hard to misplace an actor more perceptibly than Eugene Ormonde is misplaced as Bertie. The dramatist did his best to spill the part, and Mr. Ormonde continues the work. Between them, poor Bertie, who ought to be a most fascinating character, is pitifully prosaic. In the costume of the French soldier, Mr. Ormonde is simply the common trooper. There is nothing of the infallible mark of the gentleman and the courtier in his demeanour that always distinguished and betrayed Bertie. I can imagine Mr. Cherry, of the Henry Miller company, filling this rôle delightfully. His beautiful, half-feminine countenance, as well as his more delicate physique, answer the Ouida description of Bertie, nicknamed "Beauty of the Guards," almost exactly. It was one of Ouida's fine points that Bertie was just a little feminine all the way through, in spite of his fearlessness and his heroism, thus rendering the devotion of the boyish little Cigarette much more probable, much more pathetic. It was her assumed duty to care for Bertie, to protect him, and in the end to die for him.

There is material galore for a dainty, a beautiful, a subtle drama, but if Mr. Paul Potter has made of it anything more than a bungle, I have not eyes to detect it.

If there is any one in the cast who is less wooden than the others, it is Claude Gillingwater, who plays the part of Jack. This, however, is a made-up, superfluous character that does not appear in the story.

The scenery in several places is very fine; indeed, it is almost too fine—it is aggressively so. Scenery that the audience applauds, it seems to me, is very impertinent; the audience that applauds it is, of course, very stupid. Were I a dramatic artist, I

should say, most emphatically: "You may keep your old applause if a painted patch of sea, with a few lights flickering on it, must receive its share as well as I." The business of scenery is to create an atmosphere, to form a background; the moment that it begins to "perform" it is low-class and inartistic.

But, in spite of the play, in spite of the company, in spite of everything, Blanche Bates is a success. She is not very own, and we would probably say so, even if she were not—but she is!

GENEVIEVE GREEN HAMILTON.

#### Death of Edna Wallace Hopper's Mother.

Edna Wallace Hopper, the dainty little soubrette, arrived from the East on Monday, having been summoned to the bedside of her mother, Mrs. Alexander Dunsmuir, who passed away at her country home near San Leandro two days before she reached home. Mrs. Dunsmuir was formerly the wife of Waller Wallace, who was the head-usher of the old California Theatre in the days when John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett were the stars at that play-house. Wallace and his wife eventually disagreed and separated, she keeping the daughter, Edna, and he the son, Willie. After the separation she went to Oakland to reside, and it was there that Edna Wallace grew to womanhood and fitted herself for the stage. Not long after the separation of Wallace and his wife, Mrs. Wallace was secretly married to Dunsmuir, one of the coal kings and a member of the Dunsmuir family of Victoria. About two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Dunsmuir left for a trip around the world, when the announcement of their marriage was made.

Mr. Dunsmuir did not live to complete his trip, however, but died in New York in January, 1900. He left a will devising and bequeathing to his brother, the Hon. James Dunsmuir, of Victoria, B. C., "all his property, both real and personal, wheresoever situate." This will was probated in British Columbia and afterward proved in San Francisco. Under it the widow did not receive a cent of Alexander Dunsmuir's immense wealth. It was apparently not his intention to leave his widow unprovided for, however, for in his lifetime he had already given her property sufficient to make her amply comfortable. Chief among these gifts was the Dunsmuir place at San Leandro, consisting of three hundred and fifteen acres of beautiful rolling foothill land.

Fearing, however, a contest of the will, James Dunsmuir entered into a written agreement with his brother's wife binding himself to pay to her out of the estate \$25,000 each year as long as she might live. Figured according to life-tables this offer was estimated to be equivalent in \$374,075, and was accepted. Figured according to the length of time Mrs. Dunsmuir survived her husband, it has only amounted to about \$39,000. The Dunsmuir ranch and the mother's other holdings will go to Edna Wallace Hopper, but she will not inherit any of the late Alexander Dunsmuir's estate.

Mabel Hite, who had the leading rôle in "The Telephone Girl" when it was produced here, has begun a suit for divorce from her husband, Edward Ellis Hamlin, whom she met in Salt Lake City on her way to California in the spring and married after a short acquaintance. Hamlin is not fighting the divorce, for he says his father gave his wife five thousand dollars to start the suit. The whisky story, he says, is ridiculous. "I may have drank twenty or twenty-five glasses in one sitting," he said, "but never forty-seven. Why, I couldn't stand it."

A trip over the Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railroad is one of the most instructive and enjoyable of excursions, revealing, as it does, one of the grandest panoramas of ocean, cities, towns, bays, valleys, and mountains in California. It is less than two hours by boat and rail from San Francisco, and offers a luxurious, inexpensive, and enchanting ride to those who desire a pleasant day's outing.

—THERE IS ONLY ONE REASON WHY YOU shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky—that's because you have signed the pledge.

—DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. Specialty, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

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## ★TIVOLI★

To-Night, Saturday. Last Time. The Great Hit of the Season, "The Toy-Maker." Sunday Evening, June 30th, Great Scenic Production of the Midsummer Extravaganza.

—BABS IN THE WOOD—

Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2.  
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone Bush 9.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Second Week of the Extraordinary Success Monday. Special Holiday Matinee July 4th. Charles Frohman Presents, by Arrangement with David Belasco, Paul M. Potter's Drama, Founded on Ouida's Novel.

—UNDER TWO FLAGS—  
With Blanche Bates as Cigarette.

## Orpheum

Clayton White; Marie Stuart and Company; Prosper Troupe; Bimm, Bomm, and Brrr; La Moyné Brothers; P. Richards; Ina Allen; Emily Lytton; Chas. Bowser and Company; Gardner and Vincent; Biograph.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Special Matinee Thursday, Fourth of July.

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### Dividend Notices.

**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532** California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six-tenths (3.6-10) per cent. on term deposits and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

**THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN** Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending with June 30, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1/8) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.  
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

**MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN** Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.  
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

**SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONT-**gomery Street, Mills Building.—Dividends for the half-year ending June 29, 1901, on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3.6) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.  
S. L. ABBOT, JR., Secretary.

**SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101** Montgomery Street, corner of Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1901, at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1/8) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after July 1, 1901. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1901.  
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

## A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

### CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.  
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## A FORECAST OF NEXT SEASON'S PLAYS

Few English Plays Successful Enough to Warrant New York Production—Foreign Actors Who Will Visit America.

Inasmuch as the London theatrical season may nearly always be taken as an index of the principal plays of the following New York year, the *Sun* remarks that the theatrical outlook for next year is not very promising. Only three or four plays have been really successful and none of the authors of the first rank, such as Pinero, Jones, and Cartan, are among the contributors. Three comparatively old plays that are new to America give promise of good entertainment. They are "The Message From Mars," which Charles Hawtree will bring; "The Messenger Boy," with which Daly's will re-open; and Robert Marshall's "The Second in Command," which John Drew will produce at the Empire on September 2d. "The Wilderness" and "Sweet and Twenty" are the only plays of this season's offerings in London which have been unqualifiedly successful. Charles Frohman owns both for America, but has not yet announced his plans for producing them in this country.

The failures are too numerous to enumerate. Both of the Marie Antoinette plays produced by Mrs. Langtry and Jeanette Steer have collapsed. Mrs. T. P. O'Connor made an extraordinary speech on the first night of her first play, "A Lady from Texas." She begged the audience and the critics to be kind to her comedy, to encourage her, or it would break her heart. Mrs. O'Connor's prominence had brought forth a brilliant audience, that applauded in friendliness, but the newspapers had to tell the truth, that "A Lady from Texas" was very nearly worthless. The play is a rather unseemly attack on American women, considering that Mrs. O'Connor is an American, placing them in a ridiculous position of vulgarity and ignorance.

"The Silver Slipper," a new comic opera, was produced on the same night at the Lyric Theatre in London. This had been anxiously looked forward to, as it is Leslie Stuart's second effort as a comic-opera composer. His sprightliness and originality in tunes in "Florodora," combined with a far better technical knowledge and musical appreciation than is possessed by any of England's comic-opera composers, with the possible exception of Sidney Junes, excited unusual interest in a second score from him. Mr. Stuart is generally accepted in England as the legitimate successor to Sir Arthur Sullivan—that is, in comic opera, though, of course, not in all the phases of that great composer's genius. The score of "The Silver Slipper" is said to be excellent, technically as good as "Florodora," though whether as catchy in airs, only time can tell. Owen Hall's book gets little praise. In fact it is said to be so bad as to have almost made a failure of the production. But "Florodora," which has run through the whole season at the New York Casino, was handicapped at the start.

If the schemes of Charles Frohman and George C. Tyler go through, Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse will appear in New York next winter. A final decision as to whether Bernhardt acts Romeo to the Juliet of Maude Adams rests now only on her ability to learn the part in English. If these two players come the greatest actresses of three nationalities will appear in New York in a single season, as Ellen Terry, of England, is positively coming. Miss Terry will have her best opportunity as the washerwoman duchess in "Madame Sans-Gêne," though she will repeat some of her famous Shakespearean performances. The Irving-Terry repertoire is being arranged. "Coriolanus" will be the principal play, and the only novelty besides "Madame Sans-Gêne." Sir Henry's Saturday night plays—"The Bells," "Louis XI.," and "The Lynns Mail"—will be used. The Shakespearean revivals will include a few performances of "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night" and "Much Ado About Nothing," the last two not having been used in America by Irving and Terry for several years.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have given up their American tours, and Forbes Robertson remains in doubt. Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Robertson have good repertoires, but each lacks a strong enough leading new play. Mrs. Campbell, who used to be a co-star with Mr. Robertson, gave "The Sacrament of Judas" to him as a wedding present when he married Gertrude Elliott. As a new act play it had been very successful, but it has failed utterly in an extended version. So Mr. Robertson has only "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Romeo and Juliet" to bring to America, and will probably stay away. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, after the failure of "The Likeness of the Night," depended upon "Secret Orchard," but this, too, shows too little merit to warrant a sea voyage. Olga Nethersole has decided to rest all next season in England in an effort to regain her health.

The English actors, besides Irving and Terry, who have decided positively to act in New York next year, are Edward S. Willard, Charles Hawtree, Martin Harvey, Kyrie Bellew, and Weedon Grassmith. All but Mr. Willard have settled on their plays. Mr. Hawtree will use "A Message From Mars," starting in New York at the Garrick in October, and saving "The Man From Blankley's," in which he is now acting in London, for a possible second American tour the succeeding year. Mr.

Bellew will appear in an American company in "A Gentleman of France." Mr. Grassmith will bring "The Night of the Party," the success of which made him decide to come. Mr. Harvey will use a repertoire which has "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance" for a foundation. Additions will include a Shakespearean drama, undoubtedly "Hamlet" or "Romeo and Juliet." He recently produced, at the Apollo Theatre, a realistic coster tragedy in one act, called "Tuff Jim." A play by the Rev. Freeman Wills, who wrote "The Only Way," will be Mr. Harvey's production. It is called "Out of the Deep," and is about Eugene Aram. Mr. Wills's brother, William Gorman Wills, wrote the Eugene Aram drama that Sir Henry Irving used. Other plays that Mr. Harvey will stage in America are "No Thoroughfare," by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, and possibly "The Only Way," in which he made his first success in London as an actor-manager.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Second Week of "Under Two Flags."

The run of Paul M. Potter's version of Ouida's "Under Two Flags" at the Columbia Theatre promises to be a record-breaker, for the house has been crowded at every performance, and the demand for seats for next week is little short of phenomenal. In Cigarette, Blanche Bates has a rôle which fits her like a glove, and as for the stage-pictures which David Belasco has provided, they eclipse anything which has been seen here for many a long day. Perhaps the most elaborate sets are those which show the wine shop of the "Ace of Spades," with its happy mingling of dancing girls, bar-maids, French soldiers, Orientals, etc.; the Chellala Gorge, a seemingly inaccessible mountain of rocks, up which Cigarette dashes on her trusty horse during a sand-storm; and the Villa Aiyusa, through the Moorish arches of which can be seen the moonlight dancing on the waters. The lighting effects are new and beautiful, and the groupings and tableaux very effective.

Chauncey Olcott, the Irish comedian and sweet-voiced singer, will be the next attraction in "Garrett O'Magh."

## "The Babes in the Wood."

The last performance of Audran's "The Toy-Maker" will be given this (Saturday) evening, and to-morrow night the long-heralded hurlesque, "The Babes in the Wood," will be presented at the Tivoli Opera House. Ferris Hartman has used the familiar nursery tale as a vehicle for introducing a number of unique specialties, many local topical songs and jokes, some striking costumes and new ballets, and Director Steindorff has incorporated a wealth of catchy music from all the latest Eastern successes in the score. The cast will include Annie Myers and Edward Webb as the unfortunate babes; Alf C. Wheelan as the wicked uncle; Bernice Holmes as Lady Macassar, an up-to-date woman; Maude Williams as the school-teacher; Ferris Hartman and Harry Cashman as the tramps who abduct the babes to the accompaniment of topical songs and drill dialogue; Tom Guise as Uncle Josh, a school-director; Arthur Cunningham as the doctor; and Bayne and Fungary in two minor rôles. The hurlesque is arranged in five scenes. Several very elaborate stage pictures are promised.

## New Specialties at the Orpheum.

There will be no less than five new acts at the Orpheum next week. Clayton White and Marie Stuart, assisted by a clever company, head the bill with a sketch entitled "Dickey," and the other newcomers include the Prosper troupe of acrobats; three musical clowns, who call themselves Bimm, Bomm, and Brrr; the Le Mynne Brothers, noted athletes, in some marvelous feats on the horizontal bar, assisted by Spike, a "bag-punching" dog; P. Richards, the well-known cartoonist, who draws grotesque pictures in an incredibly short time in full view of the audience; and Ina Allen, a Chico girl with a splendid mezzo-soprano voice, who will make her professional debut.

Those retained from this week's bill are Emily Lytton, supported by Charles Bowser and company, in George Cohan's laughable farce, "A Wise Guy"; Gardner and Vincent in their musical skit, "A Shattered Idol"; and the hingsraph.

Frederick Warde's next tour will open about September 9th, when he will present a new and original tragic play by Virna Woods, a California dramatist, entitled "Horatius," written especially for Mr. Warde. Several Shakespearean plays also will be in the repertoire.

Jeanette L. Gilder will dramatize George Barr McCutcheon's novel of "Graustark" for Frank McKee, who intends it for Mary Manning.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE DISTRICT attorney of San Francisco County that I, the undersigned, intend to apply to the honorable State Board of Prison Directors for the privilege of being paroled, at a meeting of the said board to be held at San Quentin, Cal., on the thirteenth day of July, 1901.

MAURICE KAVANAUGH.

SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; THE best for all purposes.

Sibyl Sanderson Terry in Grand Opera.

It looks as if San Francisco might after all have an opportunity to hear Sibyl Sanderson Terry in grand opera. She is mentioned as a probable member of the opera company at the Metropolitan Opera House next winter. It will be remembered that she sang in New York about six years ago, and returned to Europe to marry Antonin Terry, who had accompanied her to New York, and was supposed to be a man of greater wealth than he really was. When she came to America with the opera company before, Miss Sanderson, as she is still called professionally, suffered almost continuously from a cold which interfered with her success as a singer. She is to sing, according to the accounts of her engagements, the light soprano rôles taken during the past two seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House by Mmes. Sembrich and Melba. Miss Sanderson has never sung here in grand opera, and she would doubtless be a great drawing-card for the promised Grau opera season in the fall, for the fair California singer has a host of friends and admirers in this city who would crowd the Grand Opera House to the doors to hear her.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 26, 1901, were as follows:

| BONDS.                     | Shares. | Closed.          | Bid.    | Asked.  |
|----------------------------|---------|------------------|---------|---------|
|                            |         |                  |         |         |
| Bay Co. Power 5% ..        | 13,000  | @ 105            | 105     |         |
| Contra C. Water 5% ..      | 5,000   | @ 110            | 110     |         |
| F. & C. H. Ry. 6% ..       | 5,000   | @ 118            | 117 1/2 |         |
| Los An. & Pac. Ry. 5% ..   | 3,000   | @ 100 1/2        | 100 1/2 |         |
| Market St. Ry. 5% ..       | 2,000   | @ 122 1/2        | 122 3/4 |         |
| Oakland Transit 6% ..      | 12,000  | @ 119            | 118 3/4 |         |
| Oakland Water 5% ..        | 1,000   | @ 105            | 104 3/4 | 106     |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5% ..       | 22,000  | @ 103 1/2        | 103 1/2 |         |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley 5% .. | 4,000   | @ 121            | 120 1/2 | 121 1/2 |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909     | 9,000   | @ 113 1/2        | 113 1/2 |         |
| S. P. Branch 6% ..         | 13,000  | @ 124 1/2        | 124 1/2 |         |
| S. V. Water 4% ..          | 5,000   | @ 102 1/2        | 102 1/2 |         |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d..        | 1,000   | @ 101 1/2        | 101     | 102     |
| STOCKS.                    | Shares. | Closed.          | Bid.    | Asked.  |
|                            |         |                  |         |         |
| Water.                     |         |                  |         |         |
| Contra Costa Water..       | 596     | @ 80- 80 1/2     | 80 1/2  | 81      |
| Spring Valley Water.       | 501     | @ 82 1/2- 87     | 86 1/2  |         |
| Gas and Electric.          |         |                  |         |         |
| Equitable Gaslight ..      | 735     | @ 37 1/2- 4 1/4  | 4       | 4 1/2   |
| Pacific Gas ..             | 60      | @ 43             | 42 1/2  |         |
| Pacific Lighting Co..      | 378     | @ 48             | 48      |         |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.      | 2,177   | @ 40 1/2- 43     | 42 1/2  |         |
| S. F. Gaslight Co. ..      | 67      | @ 4 1/2          | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Banks.                     |         |                  |         |         |
| Bank of Cal. ....          | 5       | @ 409 1/2        | 408 1/2 | 410     |
| Powders.                   |         |                  |         |         |
| Giant Con. ....            | 165     | @ 76- 77 1/2     | 76 1/2  | 77 1/2  |
| Sugars.                    |         |                  |         |         |
| Hawaiian C. & S. ....      | 230     | @ 50- 50 1/2     | 50 1/2  |         |
| Honokaa S. Co. ....        | 745     | @ 20 1/2- 22     | 22      |         |
| Hutchinson ..              | 375     | @ 18 1/2- 19     | 18 1/2  | 19      |
| Kilauea S. Co. ....        | 135     | @ 18 1/2         | 18 1/2  | 19      |
| Makaweli S. Co. ....       | 65      | @ 38 1/2- 38 3/4 | 38      | 38 1/2  |
| Panahau S. P. Co..         | 330     | @ 26- 26 1/2     | 26 1/2  | 27      |
| Miscellaneous.             |         |                  |         |         |
| Alaska Packers ..          | 115     | @ 129- 130       | 129 1/2 | 129 3/4 |
| Oceanic S. Co. ....        | 80      | @ 50- 51         | 51 1/2  | 54      |
| Pac. C. Box ..             | 25      | @ 165            | 165     |         |

The business for the week was small, with the exception of San Francisco Gas and Electric, about 2,177 shares changing hands, and the stock sold down from 43 to 42 1/2, and closed in fairly good demand at 42 1/2 bid, with no stock offered. Pacific Gas and Improvement sold at 43 and closed at 41 1/2 bid, with no offering of the stock. Equitable Gaslight Company sold up to 4 1/2, a gain of three-eighths of a point.

The water stocks were in good demand, Spring Valley Water selling from 82 1/2 to 86 1/2, and closing at that figure.

The market for sugar stocks has been quiet, about 1,900 shares being traded in, with a gain of from one-half to two and one-quarter points, the latter in Honokaa Sugar Company.

The Stock and Bond Exchange adjourns from Saturday, June 29th, until Saturday, July 6th, at 11:30 A. M.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
**A. W. BLOW & CO.**  
Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.

## HAWAIIAN TRUST AND INVESTMENT CO. LIMITED.

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer,  
409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S DRINK  
**HUNTER**  
**BALTIMORE RYE**  
CHRISTY & WISE-COMMISSION CO.  
Sole Agents for California  
327-329 Sansome St., San Francisco

## FIREWORKS

FOR THE

Save Money by buying Direct from the makers

4th

Assorted boxes for Children, including firecrackers, torpedoes, etc., at \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$3.50.

Special assorted lawn displays for \$5.00, \$7.50 and \$12.00.

WE SELL AT RETAIL AS WELL AS WHOLESALE.

California Fireworks Co.

Salesroom: 219 Front St., between California and Sacramento Sts.  
Phone Front 38.

Open evenings July 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th.

## BEAUTIFUL HOME In Santa Clara.

House has twenty rooms, brick foundations, basement has cement floors, large barn and outbuildings, fine shrubbery. Lot corners on three streets. This is an ideal country home. Price, \$15,000 or will trade for San Francisco business property.

Real Estate. Insurance

A. C. DARBY

Theatre Building, SAN JOSE, CAL.

## 60 YEARS OF SUCCESS

HORS CONCOURS  
Member of the Jury, PARIS, 1900

Alcool de Menthe de

**RICQLÈS**

(Ricqlès Peppermint)

IS THE ONLY GENUINE

Quenches Thirst & Purifies Water.

RICQLÈS Peppermint greatly relieves cases of Headache, Pains of the Stomach, Indigestion, Dysentery and Cholera.

Excellent as a dentifrice and toilet water; a preventive in times of pestilence.

Ask for a RICQLÈS. Particulars of E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U.S. New York

## Automobiles

If you want to know how to get one write for particulars.

We build to order Gasoline Automobiles, Steam Automobiles, and Automobile parts.

Automobiles cared for, repaired, and delivered on telephone order.

California Automobile Co.

Main Office, 222 Sansome St.

Factory, 346 McAllister St. Phone Jessie 366.

## Sunny Suites to Rent

Sutter and Stockton Sts.

NORTH-WEST CORNER

Bachelors' Apartments. Offices for Physicians. Handsome, well-lighted Suites of Rooms. Bath-rooms; hot and cold water; patent hot-water heaters; electric lighting; rapid hydraulic elevator; night elevator service. Apply to the agent and manager, F. G. J. Margetson, 406 Sutter Street, corner Stockton.



## VANITY FAIR.

According to the New York *Tribune*, there are altogether about forty-five thousand aristocratic families in France. Of this number, however, twenty-five thousand families must be deducted, of whom it has been authentically proved that they have not the least claim to the titles they bear. There is a long list of the chief noble families who have become extinct, and consequently have left no heirs to their names; but in spite of this fact numerous families continue to bear their titles. Of the remaining twenty thousand of more or less doubtful nobility there are but four hundred and fifty who belong to the old French aristocracy. Some of the most noted American heiresses who have married French noblemen and contributed to the improvement of the blood as well as the finances of French nobility are Duchesse de Choiseul Preslie (*née* Mary Forbes), dowry \$7,000,000; Marquise de Choiseul (*Miss* Clara Coudert), \$250,000; Countess de Guy de Rohan-Chabot (*Susanee* Heywood, widow of Count de Gallot), \$200,000; Duchesse Decazes et Glucksberg (*Isabella* Singer), \$2,000,000; Duchess Talleyrand-Perigord (*Adele* Simpson, widow of Levington Stevens), \$7,000,000; Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld (*Miss* Mattie Mitchell); Princess Rustichelli (*Adele* Ledoux), \$200,000; Countess de Montholon (*Mary* Gratiot), \$200,000; Marquise de Morès (*Medora* Hoffmann), \$500,000; Countess de Castellane (*Anoa* Gould), \$15,000,000; Baroness Lepelletier d'Anney (*Miss* Berdoe), \$350,000; Baroness Louis de la Grange (*née* E. Carroll), \$250,000; Countess de Laugier-Villars (*née* Caroline Livingstone), \$800,000; Countess de Pourtales (*née* Isabella Andrews), \$800,000; Baroness de Vrière (*née* Anole Cutting), \$500,000; Countess de Suzannet (*née* Field), \$500,000; Countess d'Aramoo (*née* Blanche Fisher), \$250,000; Countess de Dico, Amelia MacCarthy, \$250,000; Viscountess d'Aigremont (*née* Heleo Thomas), \$200,000; Countess de Sartiges (*née* Ella Thorndike), \$200,000; Countess de Saint-Romao (*née* Slidell), \$200,000; Princess de Seey-Montbéliard (*Miss* Winnaretta Singer), \$2,000,000; Marquise de Chasseloup-Loubat (*Miss* Pili), \$200,000; Baroness Raymond-Seillière (*née* F. Livermore), \$7,000,000; Baroness de Brémont (*née* Helen Penolmao), \$200,000; Countess de La Forest-Divonne (*née* Florence Aoderwied), \$375,000.

Panama hats, the genuine and the imitation, are all the rage in New York this summer. Heretofore, their exorbitant prices have militated against their popularity, for any one looking for a real Panama hat expected to pay anywhere from twenty to one hundred dollars for it, according to the perfection of the weave. This season, however (says the New York *Times*), not only the high-class hatters, but nearly every hat-store, and even the furnishing-goods houses that carry hats as a side line, have displayed "Panama hats," and at prices as low as three dollars. The reason for the decrease in price, according to the hat dealers, is that the natives who make the material simply weave it as cloth, and this material is sent to New York and made into hats. There are more natives engaged in making it, and the work is done more hurriedly and is not quite so good as in the old days. The manufacturers now make the material into hats of every shape, and suitable for young men as well as old, thus increasing the demand. Even now, however, it is said that a good Panama hat can be bought for less than twelve dollars, and the prices range up to twenty-five dollars. The cheaper kinds, selling for eight dollars, six dollars, and as low as three dollars, are known as Porto Rico Paoamas. It has been found that the grass from which the hats are made grows in Porto Rico in an inferior form, and the hat-making industry has been taken up in all parts of the island. Some of the hats made are of excellent quality, considering the material, but the greatest business is done in the cheaper kinds, woven from what is known as the "split straw." These split-straw hats, while looking like the real Panama at a distance, will be found on close inspection to be smooth, while the real article resembles canvas, so compactly is it woven. Still, dealers say, a first-class Porto Rican Panama hat, costing about eight dollars, will wear fully five years, and is economical in the long run, compared with the ordinary straw hat. A real Paoama hat, costing from twelve dollars up, will wear from ten to fifteen years, according to usage.

An amusing story is told in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, concerning Richard Watsoo Gilder, who is an enthusiastic lover of the delightful Berkshire region of Western Massachusetts, and has a summer home there. With a close friend, a well-known New York artist, he set out one day for an all-day drive. Both were attracted by the scenery and delighted by the succession of fine homes, old and new, that they passed. Suddenly the artist and Mr. Gilder uttered an involuntary cry of pleasure, for there right in front of them, as they rounded a bend, was a delightful old home. Its pillared doorway, its fan-shaped widow, its gambrel roof, its picturesque gables, its quaint old-fashioned air, were very charming, and upon it was a sign: "For Rent." The two men left the buggy and stepped toward the house. It was empty; but through the narrow-slitted windows at either side of the door the author and the artist glanced. They saw a big grandfather's

clock at the turn of the broad stairway; they saw an antique chair in the hall. A man sauntered up from the field. He was the caretaker. "Would you like to look through the house?" he asked. Nothing would please the two men better, and the door was forthwith unlocked. Through room after room they walked. In one place stood an ample corner cupboard; in another an antique sideboard; here was a great carved clawfoot sofa; there was a table with claw-and-ball legs; upstairs was a huge canopied four-poster bed with other old-fashioned furniture. In short, the entire house was furnished in Colonial style. They sought out the caretaker. "What old family has lived here for all these generations? How does it happen that everything has remained untouched? Why is the old house at last without a tenant, and why is it offered to any stranger?" The questions of the two men came eager and swift. The caretaker was puzzled for a few moments, and then said: "Oh, I see what you mean. Why, this house was bought by Mr. Z, a second-hand furniture dealer of New York, and he has fixed it up here, just to rent it, with things he sent up from his shop." The author and the artist slowly retreated to their vehicle and drove away without a word.

In the Contributors' Club of the June *Atlantic* the disappearance of the belle from society is noted and accounted for. To become a belle required preparatory training and singleness of aim. Apparently, the modern woman has lost the art of applying herself seriously to so frivolous a pursuit as the achievement of bellehood. Says the Contributor: "Once it fell to my lot to share with one of these much-adored ladies—then past her grand climacteric—the re-reading of the letters of her youth. From their pages it was not difficult to discern that the life of the lady had been governed by one motive. Books on her head, heard at her back, sun-honnet, veil, dancing-master, harp-practice—all were but agents in a preparation for the future subjugation of man and a possibility of bellehood. To proof of their success there were the letters, each of their lines bespeaking homage. The energies of the belle wasted themselves in too idle issues, but concentrated in the inclination to enchain, to subdue. All her bewitchments, all her genius, all her aspirations, bent in a single direction, and divided not, as do those of her modern sister, upon clubs and colleges, reforms and rights. When the ante-bellum civilization bowed its head, and the sun of those halcyon days 'hefo' de wah' set forever, this all-powerful lady, this queen of yesterday, laid down her scepter and vanished with the past. Is it not strange that so distinct a type, so regal a lady, has played no part in American fiction? She was a rare exotic of the social soil, nourished by romance, cherished by chivalry, in the mere conditions of her existence making an appeal to fiction. We have met her, it is true, in those mild old stories of the once popular *Sartain* and *Union* magazines, those stories whose heroines were invariably helles, and always surpassingly lovely; but as a living, bewitchful, enrapturing woman, a very American Beatrix Esmond, the helles has yet to appear in the pages of our novel."

An interesting case, which has been in the United States courts since 1884, involving a matter of twenty millions of dollars, was practically settled by compromise the other day (points out Gertrude Lyoch in *Collier's Weekly*). The case was between the United States and the one hundred and various importers on the other, and was known as the "Hat-Trimming Case." The question to be determined was as to whether certain materials were used for trimming hats exclusively or could be used for other purposes. The matter has dragged along nearly twenty years now, and in that time nearly every millioer and dressmaker in the country has been called upon for expert testimony—ever the editors of fashion periodicals have been subpoenaed. In relating its various technicalities and incidents, one of the counsel tells that in Philadelphia, where many of the hearings took place, a fashionable millioer was called in to prove the contention that there is no such thing as a hat-trimming material *per se*, but that anything can be used for that purpose. The lady in question was given a bonnet-frame and some silk stockings and asked to show her skill, which she did by ripping one of the hose, fitting it closely over the frame, using others for rosettes, bows, etc., and by the addition of a feather, plume, or some other airy trifle, producing a very stouoig capote, which was afterward sold for a good round sum.

Sir H. H. Johnston, the British special commissioner to Uganda, is inclined to regard the whole tribe of amateur explorers, hunters, and correspondents as unmitigated nuisances always, and often as little better than black-mailers (says the New York *Evening Post*). He expresses these opinions in the bluest possible fashion in a dispatch which has just been published in a government blue-book. He writes: "I do not hesitate to say that we have lately been suffering from a plague of explorers, sportsmen, and amateur collectors. No matter how wealthy some of these individuals profess themselves to be, or how wealthy the newspapers or capitalists whom they represent, they invariably end by living like parasites on our official or amateur. It really becomes a case of black-mail. If the unfortunate official on whom they plant themselves for the time

being does not place all his stores at their disposal, they threaten to write disagreeable things about him or about the Uganda administration. If, with a desire to be generally obliging, or because he fears this adverse criticism, the official in question puts himself to considerable trouble and personal expense to forward the ends of the intruder, then he is 'rewarded' by fulsome praise which probably, in the eyes of the foreign office, or of the general public who may read it in the newspapers, does him a great deal more harm than good; or if he is praised, it is at the expense of some predecessor or colleague with whom he is on the best of terms, and who is made to suffer by unfavorable comparisons. Nearly all these individuals give untrue descriptions of the country, because their presence in it has been brief, and their capacity for forming a correct opinion naturally poor." He then goes on to implore the foreign office to exert all its influence for the discouragement, as far as possible, of all exploring, sporting, or amateur scientific expeditions, except on the understanding that the members are to travel at their own risk and expense, without any expectation of assistance from British or native administrations.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Health-Food Man.

His eyes are halls of polished steel;  
His luugs are sponges dried;  
His blood is bouillon-concentrate  
In veins of leather hide.

His muscles creak like pulley ropes  
When hurried into play;  
His hair is like piano-chords—  
Some chords are lost, they say.

His heart's a little globe of punk—  
A house of constant gloom,  
For love can never huro within,  
Because there is no room.

His appetite has dwindled down  
To fit his little food,  
Till fruit is "water in a poke"  
And bread is "so much wood."

Hot apple tarts and pumpkin pies—  
He reads of them aghast;  
And waffles brow and chicken stew  
Are "terrors of the past."

And, smiling, from his vest he slips  
A tiny box of tin,  
With capsules brown and pellets pink  
All rattling within.

Then, with a gulp, he swallows down  
His dinner from the can—  
This product of the health-food school,  
The Concentrated Mao!  
—*Aloysius Coll in What to Eat.*

## Dainty Dishes.

We don't get anything to eat to our house any more—  
There's never any dainty dish comes through the open door,  
For ma and all the girls work like they was machines—  
A-makin' "dainty dishes" from the fashion magazines.

They give us dabs o' this ao' that, with namps we can't pronounce,  
With sprig'o' stuff around them all, just like a little flounce;  
A stalk or two o' spioach takes the place o' "mess o' greens"—  
We're eatin' "dainty dishes" from the fashion magazines.

The grocery hill's a-hummin' oow—I tell you it's a sio.  
We got to buy the dainty stuff ao' things to cook it io—  
I'm blamed if I'll call beao soup any "coosummay de beans!"  
But it's io "dainty dishes" io the fashion magazines.

I want a steak—I want it quick—I'm huogry as a boss—  
I waot it thick with gravy—no oew-faogled kid o' sauce.

Ao' listen kearful ao' you'll know just what the ol' mao means—  
I want oo "dainty dishes" from the fashion magazines—  
—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

## "Better Sure Than Sorry."

You may have heard of the mao who used to ride in the last seat of the last car of the railroad traio, so as to save the interest on his fare as long as possible.

He was "boro so." There are some housekeepers we know who forget the old proverb quoted as a heading and who are led—for oooe—into a mistake economy.

It amounts to this: the use of an inferior Gelatine, with uncertainty of results, when failure means loss of time, loss of temper, and the loss of your dinner delicacy; compared with certainty of success, on risking of a dainty dessert, the crowd and culmination of a perfect dinner.

You see, it is this way: the quality of cheap-package gelatine is cheap, to correspond with the price; while Knox's Gelatine, made from the best calf's stock only—and the only Gelatine so made—is always reliable, always gives the results you have planned, and makes a pot more jelly than any other package of equal size—a quart more than most of them.

And the difference is only 2½ cents a package. Taking all these things into consideration, you will ever use any other Gelatine than Knox's. Look out for the spelling, K-N-O-X.

It costs you 15 cents a package, two for 25 cents, and is clear and transparent because it is pure.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,263,559.17  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits December 31, 1900..... 29,589,864.13  
OFFICERS—President, E. A. BRCKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1901..... \$27,881,798  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 223,451  
Contingent Fund..... 463,847

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DR. FREMERV, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

**GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000**  
**RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000**  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES..... President  
WILLIAM BABCOCK..... Vice-President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR..... Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

**CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00**  
**SURPLUS and UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....\$3,611,096.80**  
April 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON..... Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS..... Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore..... The National Exchange Bank  
Boston..... The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago..... Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
Philadelphia..... First National Bank  
The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis..... Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California  
London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris..... Messrs. de Rothschild Frères  
Berlin..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies..... Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

## Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000  
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

## OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG..... President  
W. A. FREDERICK..... Vice-President  
H. BRUNNER..... Cashier

## WELLS FARGO &amp; CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits,  
December 31, 1900, \$8,620,223.88.

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;  
H. WANSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier;  
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.  
Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Gray, John J. McCook, John Bermingham, Dudley Evans, Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,  
411 California Street.

## San Jose is now on the

map. It has long been one of the finest residence and business points in California. The closing of the "Gap" in the Coast Line makes it the finest. San Jose is in the heart of Santa Clara County, the richest county in the State. Now is the time to invest. Choice residence lots on Tenth Street and future business property on the corner of Ninth and Santa Clara Streets for sale.

WOOSTER & WHITTON, No. 7 West  
Santa Clara Street, San Jose.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In the bottom of a strawberry-box opened at Hutchison, Kan., the other day, the following note was found written on the smooth wood: "I am Cora Marsh, aged sixteen, of Logan, Mo. Never been kissed."

Some years ago when Bishop Potter, of New York, was traveling to Minnesota, a mao approached him on the railway platform and scanned his features closely. "Excuse me," he said, finally, "but haven't I seen your picture in the papers?" He was compelled to confess that he had. "I thought so," continued the inquisitive ooe; "may I ask what you were cured of?"

The late Rev. R. S. Storrs was a very hard mao to interview, for he resented the inquisitiveness of the press, and was icy to its agents. One evening a reporter attended a reception at his house, and, in the course of the evening, touched his arm and whispered: "Doctor, I'm from the ———; I want the names of guests and all the particulars." "Yes," Dr. Storrs whispered in return; "this way, this way," and, taking the young mao's arm, he escorted him to the front door and put him out.

The day following the accident to Sir Thomas Lipton's cup-challenger *Shamrock II.*, King Edward the Seventh was talking to certain of his friends, who one of them happened to remark that the only things that escaped intact from the disaster were the boom and the staysail. "Was the boom all right?" quickly asked the king. "So I understand, sir," was the reply. "That makes the accident all the more extraordinary," remarked King Edward, reflectively; "for, if Sir Thomas Lipton's 'boom' has not suffered, how are we to account for the *bringing down of his sails*?"

Julio Corbett may be said to have established himself as an authority on the history of the British oavy. A while ago Mr. Corbett wrote to the admiralty to suggest that a new first-class battle-ship the building be christened "Drake." A formal intimation that his letter had been received and should have due attention was followed, after a decent interval, by a dignified reply from My Lords, in which they expressed their regret at not being able to carry out Mr. Corbett's suggestion, and explained that it would be contrary to precedent to name a first-class battle-ship after a bird.

When the Traosvaal war was at its height, Paul Kruger sent a commissioner to England to find out if there were any more meo left there. The commissioner wired from London to say that there were four million men and womoe "kooking about the towo," that there was no excitement, and that meo were begging to be sent to fight the Boers. Kruger wired back, "Go oorth." The commissioner found himself in Newcastle eventually, and wired to Kruger: "For God's sake, stop that war! Eoglaod is bringing up meo from hell, eight at a time, in cages!" He had seen a coal-mioe.

Cardioal Pedro Goozalez, who was a pious mao and helieved in the gospel of peace, once noticed that a priest in his traino carried a weapon under his cloak. Whereupon the cardinal reproved him, saying that a cleric should not carry arms. "True," answered the priest, humbly, "but I carry the weapon ooly to defend myself should I be attacked by a dog." "In that case," said the cardinal, "and if I saw a dog running toward me, I should begin to recite the Gospel of Joho." "That," returned the priest, "would be a wise thing indeed, but may it not be that there are some dogs that do not uoderstand Latin?"

Hoo, Joseph H. Choate is as celebrated as a post-prandial orator as he is as a lawyer. At ooe of the diocers of the New England Society of New York, he ooe proposed the followiog toast: "Womao, the better half of the Yaokee world—at whose toeder summoos evoe the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they ooev could have achieved the historie title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs thao were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they oot ooly had to hear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to hear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

"Ooe day a couple came to me," says the Rev. D. M. Steele in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, "bringing as witnesses the parents of both parties. I drew the marriage contract, and they signed it. I also filled out the certificate and begao the service. Everything proceeded smoothly to the point 'love, hoor, and obey,' when she refused to say the last. I repeated it agao and waited. Agao she refused, and I shut up my book. Theo there was a scene. They talked it over, and the more seriously they argued and discussed the more stubbornly she refused. The pareots became aogry, the groom excited, and the hride hysterical. To humor her he joined in the request to have me leave it out. But I liked the fellow and decided that a little sternness from me in the presoot might be a favor to him in the future. So I told

them I had oo authority to change it, and would not do so. Theo there was a scene. I tried to show the foolishness of her objection, but it was no use. Finally, I said to him: 'Well, this household must have a head somewhere. I will leave it out for her if you will say it.' Then it was his time to refuse, which he did. He gathered up his hat and started for the door, when, presto! change! she sprang after him, led him back by the hand, looked meekly up at him, and said it."

The late Bill Nye's indorsement of life insurance is probably the most characteristic paragraph to be quoted from his writings: "To these days of dynamite and swift-changing Presidential administrations, and dark tunnels through which an engineer goes groping his way at twenty-five miles per hour; these days of tumbling signs of the times and tipsy telegraph poles, live wires and dead repairers; these days when the politico and the deadly bridge policeman with his pull lie down together (under the influence of the same stimulant); these days when death lurks in the air we breathe, the earth we tread, the food we eat, the water—the water we hate in—I say it behooves us to look well to our insurance and our future state, and I take pleasure in certifying and saying to whom these presoots may come, that since I became fully insured, my health has improved so much that it is a subject for profound congratulation oo my own part, and the deepest disgust oo the part of those who would oaturally inherit my vast wealth."

Englishmen are proverbial in remembering the sense of puns and in forgetting the words, so that their attempted repetitions of them frequently require explanations before the humor is perceived. Here is a characteristic one sent us by a San Diego reader of the *Argonaut*: "There is a strained feeling between the two aspiring cities of the south, Los Angeles and San Diego, and the disesteem of the former for the latter found expressio lately in a story told at a public banquet. This is how an Englishmao, laying down a Los Angeles oewspaper in a San Diego cluh in a hurst of laughter, proceeded to tell the cause of his mirth: 'This paper says that at that banquet, a fellow told a minstrel story about ooe fellow saying that he didn't like Los Angeles; her streets were crooked; they were't as straight as the streets in San Diego; and the other fellow got hack at him by saying that when Los Angeles had been dead as long as San Diego, her streets would be as straight.' This was followed by a fresh burst of laughter from the story-teller, amid the calm speculation of his hearers. One of them picking up the oewspaper, and reading, enabled the rest of the compao to share in the gayety, when it appeared that the retort was that 'when Los Angeles has been dead as long as San Diego she'll be as well laid out.'"

## Some Lincoln Stories.

Wheo Stepheo Brice, the hero of Wistoo Churchill's novel, "The Crisis," first met Abraham Lincoln, he found him surrounded by a number of friends defecding an occasional and judicious use of swear words. To illustrate his argument, Lincoln told this story about Samuel, the old Quaker's apprentice:

"Samuel, wheo he waoted to, could get out as many cusses in a second as his avoil shot sparks. And the old mao used to wrastle with him at oights and speak about puishment, and pray for him in meeting. But it didn't do aoy good. When anything went wrong, Sam'l had an appropriate word for the occasion. Ooe day the old mao got ao inspiration wheo he was scratching around in the dirt for ao odd-sized irono.

"Sam'l," says he, 'I waot thee.'

"Sam'l went, and found the old mao standing over a big rat-hole, where the rats came out to feed on the scraps.

"Sam'l," said he, 'fetch the toogs.'

"Sam'l fetched the toogs.

"Now, Sam'l," says the old mao, 'thou wilt sit here till thou hast a rat. Never mind thy dioer, and wheo thou hast him, if I hear thee swear, thou wilt sit here until thou hast aooother. Dost thou mind?'

Here Mr. Lincoln seized two cotton umhrellas, rasped his chair over the hare floor into a corner of the room, and sat hunched over ao imaginary rat-hole, for all the world like a gawky Quaker apprentice. And this was a candidate for the Seate of the United States, who on the morrow was to meet to debate the renowned and polished Douglas.

"Well," Mr. Lincoln continued, "that was oo a Monday, I reckoo, and the boys a-shouting to have their horses shod. Maybe you think they didn't have some fuo with Sam'l. But Sam'l sat there, and sat there, and sat there, and after a while the old man pulled out his dioer-pail. Sam'l oever opened his mouth. First thing you know, soip went the toogs." Mr. Lincoln turned gravely around. "What do you reckon Sam'l said, judge?"

The judge, at random, summoned up a good ooe, to the delight of the audioe.

"Judge," said Mr. Lincoln, with solemnity, "I reckoo that's what you'd have said. Sam'l oever said a word, and the old mao kept oo eating his dioer. One o'clock came, and the folks begao to drop in agao, but Sam'l, he sat there. 'Long toward night the boys collected 'round the door. They were getting kiod of interested. Sam'l he oever looked up." Here Mr. Lincoln beot forward a little, and his voice fell to a loud, drawling whisper, "First thing you know, here come the whiskers peeping up, theo the pick eyes a-blinking at the forge, theo—"

Suddenly he hrought the umhrellas together with a whack.

"By God!" yells Sam'l, 'I have thee at last!' Amid the shouts, Mr. Lincoln stood up, his long body swaying to and fro as he lifted high the improvised tongs. They heard a terrific squeal, and there was the rat squirming and wriggling—it seemed before their very eyes. And Stephen forgot the country tavern, the country politician, and was transported straightway to the Quaker's smithy.

On the day of the famous Freeport debate, Lincoln's friends tried to dissuade him from putting the great question which committed Stephen A. Douglas to what was afterward called the Freeport heresy, and which wrecked all the future chances of Douglas for the Presidency. But he was firm, and, according to Mr. Churchill, is pictured as saying, gravely:

"I guess I'll risk it. Boys, did you ever hear the story of Farmer Bell, down in Egypt? I'll tell it to you, hoys, and then perhaps you'll know why I'll ask Judge Douglas that question. Farmer Bell had the prize Bartlett pear-tree, and the prettiest gal in that section. And he thought about the same of each of 'em. All the boys were after Sue Bell. But there was only one who had any chance of getting her, and his oame was Jim Rickets. Jim was the handsomest mao in that section. He's heeo hung since. But Jim had a good deal out of life—all the appetites, and some of the gratifications. He liked Sue, and he liked a luscious Bartlett. And he intended to have both. And it just so happened that that prize pear-tree had a whopper oo that year, and old man Bell couldn't talk of anything else.

"Now there was an ugly galoot whose name isn't worth mentioning. He knew he wasn't in any way fit for Sue, and he liked pears about as well as Jim Rickets. Well, one night here comes Jim along the road, whistling, to court Susan, and there was the ugly galoot a-yearning oo the bank under the pear-tree. Jim was all fixed up, and he says to the galoot: 'Let's have a throw.' Now the galoot knew old Bell was looking over the fence. So he says: 'All right,' and he gives Jim the first shot. Jim fetched down the big pear, got his teeth into it, and strolled off to the house, kind of pitiful of the galoot for a half-witted ass. Wheo he got to the door, there was the old mao. 'What are you here for?' says he. 'Why,' says Rickets, in his off-hand way, 'for he always had great confidence, 'to fetch Sue.'"

"The old man used to wear brass toes to keep his hoots from wearing out," continued Mr. Lincoln, dreamily.

"You see," went oo Mr. Lincoln, "you see the galoot knew that Jim Rickets wasn't to be trusted with Susao Bell."

Some of the gentlemen appeared to see the point of this political parable, for they laughed uproariously. The others laughed, too. Then they slapped their knees, looked at Mr. Lincoln's face, which was perfectly soher, and laughed again, a little fainter.

Once there was an Englishman who came to America and fell in love with an American girl named Carolioe. The Englishman was a fool, and the girl was very seosible. One night the Englishmao came to call. "Do you know," he drawled, "I love the name Carolioe. I've oamed my horse Carrie and my boat Carrie, and——" "Come to," the girl interrupted, "that's carryiog it too far."—*Ex.*

"Hello, central! Give me ooe triple ought, south." "What?" "Don't you catch it? Ooe zero, zero, zero, south." "What a-t?" "South ooe double nought nought." "Can't you speak plaioer?" "Ooe thousand, south—ten huodred, south. Get it oow?" "Oh, you mean south ooe ought double ought. All right."—*Ex.*

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## SOCIETY.

## The Martin-Scott Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mary Elizabeth Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mr. Walter Stanislaus Martin, son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, took place on Wednesday, June 26th, at "Oakhurst," the home of the bride's parents at Burlingame. The ceremony was performed at noon by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by Father O'Keefe, in a pavilion erected under the oaks on the east side of the Scott home. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father; Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Georgia Hopkins, Miss Frances Hopkins, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Anita Harvey, and Miss Susanne Green were the bridesmaids; Miss Jennie Crocker and Miss Genevieve Harvey were the flower-girls; Mr. Peter D. Martin, the groom's brother, acted as best man; and Mr. Lawrence I. Scott, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Robert Eyre, Mr. Clement Tobin, and Captain Philip Lydig served as ushers.

The ceremony was followed by a reception in the Scott home, and later luncheon was served at tables placed in the improvised pavilion. When the bridal cake was cut, it was found that Miss Georgia Hopkins had secured the small gold ring, Mrs. Augustus Taylor the thimble, Mr. Gerald Rathbone and Mr. Edward M. Greenway the five-dollar gold pieces, and Archbishop Riordan the collar-button. Miss Frances Hopkins caught the bride's bouquet. At three o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Martin departed in a private car for Del Monte on their wedding journey.

Among the guests, most of whom were conveyed from this city to Burlingame in a special car, were:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, General and Mrs. O. F. Long, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Dr. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Morrison, Colonel and Mrs. Smedberg, Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Dr. and Mrs. Rothschild, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Coleman, Prince and Princess Poniatowski, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Ryland Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hohart, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schussler, Captain and Mrs. Seabury, Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Earle, Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Regua, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mr. and Mrs. Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. Champion, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Mrs. Whittell, Mrs. Austin Tubbs, Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Princess Hatzfeldt, Mrs. Frank, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Cadwalader, Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mrs. Margaret Irvine, Mrs. Reginald-Knight-Smith, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. Caduc, Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mrs. Easton, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Folger, Mrs. Redding, Mrs. William Ford Nichols, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Whittell, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Laura McKinsty, Miss Frances McKinsty, Miss Parrott, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Susanne Green, Miss Eyre, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Georgia Hopkins, Miss Frances Hopkins, the Misses Harvey, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Mary Joliffe, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Roe, Miss Champion, Miss Redding, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Mabel Collier, Miss Nichols, Major-General William R. Shafter, Mr. Garret McEnerney, Mr. Barclay Henley, Judge William T. Wallace, Mr. Thomas McCaleb, Dr. Cushing, Major Rathbone, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. Lawrence I. Scott, Mr. John Scott, Mr. S. J. Murphy, Captain William Thomas, U. S. N., Mr. Samuel Knight, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. George Loughborough, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Joseph Redding, Mr. C. K. McIntosh, Mr. Frank Goad, Dr. George F. Shields, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Clement Tobin, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Ollie Tobin, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Harry Poett, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. Robert Eyre, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. James W. Byrne, Dr. Henri de Marville, Dr. Rogers, Mr. Christopher Froelich, Mr. Harry Holbrook, Mr. W. O. B. Macdonough, Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. O. S. Orick, Mr. George A. Newhall, Rev. Mr. Karney, Mr. Harry Simpkins, and Captain Philip Lydig.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Clara Huntington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, and Mr. Gilbert Brook Perkins, of New York.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Gore Chaffin, of Malden, Mass., and Captain William R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., son of Colonel W. R. Smedberg, U. S. A., retired.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hazel Lillian Curtiss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert L. Curtiss, of East Oakland, and Mr. Lawson S. Adams.

The wedding of Miss Alice Chipman, daughter of General and Mrs. Chipman, of Red Bluff, to Mr.

Chester Smith will take place in this city at noon, July 10th, at 2515 Laguna Street, where the bride's parents are temporarily residing. Only relatives and a few friends will be present.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Foster, and Lieutenant D. W. Wurtsbaugh, U. S. N.

Mr. Walter S. Martin was the guest of honor at a banquet given at the Palace Hotel on Monday night, June 24th. Others at table were Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. James S. Tobin, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. G. A. Loughborough, Mr. Clement P. Tobin, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. Lawrence I. Scott, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Dr. George F. Shields, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Captain Philip M. Lydig, Mr. Walter S. Hohart, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. H. H. Scott, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Jr., Mr. Robert M. Eyre, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

Mrs. George Morse recently gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Eleanor Jarvis, of New York, at which she entertained Mrs. Joseph Austin, Mrs. L. Larzelere, Mrs. James Jerome, Miss Stella Jerome, Mrs. Charles O. Scott, Mrs. R. Morse, and Mrs. Clement Bennett.

The officers of the Oregon gave a reception on board the battle-ship Saturday afternoon, June 22d, from three to five o'clock, which was largely attended. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Charles M. Thomas, wife of Captain Thomas, Mrs. F. M. Bostwick, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Bostwick, Mrs. R. H. Leigh, wife of Lieutenant Leigh, and Mrs. C. A. Adams, wife of Lieutenant Adams.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs will be the guest of honor of the representatives of all the railroads of the United States residing in this city at a luncheon in the Palace Hotel this (Saturday) afternoon.

## Golf Notes.

On the Fourth of July the members of the San Rafael Golf Club will hold a full day's series of sport. During the morning the women of the club will indulge in a putting contest, while the men play at driving and approaching. In the afternoon an 18-hole medal play for competition for prizes will also be played by the men.

The final match between Mrs. R. Gilman Brown and Mrs. F. S. Johnson, in the ladies' tournament for the Council's Cup, was played Tuesday afternoon on the San Rafael links. The conditions were match play over 18 holes. Mrs. Brown won by the score of 7 up and 6 to play, and as she had twice previously won the cup, she became its permanent owner by reason of her third victory.

The consolation golf tournament held at the Oakland links on Saturday afternoon, June 22d, brought out some excellent play over the 18 holes required for the match. Fourteen golfers took part in the play, and after all the scores had been turned in, Captain Orestes Pierce announced his unknown bogey number as 93. This gave the two prizes offered to Miss M. R. Deane and Miss A. Whitney, whose net scores of 94 and 91, respectively, were the nearest to the secret bogey. So popular is this style of tourney that Captain Pierce has decided to hold another to-day (Saturday) in which the bogey will be a number between 80 and 90.

H. J. Stewart, for many years organist of Trinity Episcopal Church, of this city, has sent his resignation to the vestry in order to take a similar position in Trinity Church, Boston. With the exception of a year at the First Unitarian Church in this city, Dr. Stewart has been with Trinity Church almost from the time he arrived in this city, some sixteen years ago. Besides the regular service, Dr. Stewart has introduced festival evenings once a month, and some of the finest organ recitals ever heard in this city have been given by him. He has written several light operas, among them "Bluff King Hal." Dr. Stewart recently was awarded the gold medal for composition competed for by all the organists of the United States, and was sent for by the directors of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo to play the organ for a week. Dr. Stewart expects to return from the East and play at Trinity in this city during July and August, as he will not enter on his new position in Boston until September.

"I came home," said Mrs. Frederick Funston to a reporter on Tuesday, "because the climate in the Philippines is beastly, and I was becoming ill. My husband was apprehensive that there would be a repetition, in my case, of the serious illness which attacked me on my former visit, so he insisted that I leave for home. The general himself is not so well as I should like, and I fear that the climate is telling on him. Two years is as long as any one should stay on the islands without a vacation. My home was in the town of San Isidro. The life there was most pleasant socially, but the climate is execrable. The natives are rapidly becoming friendly to the government."

Arthur Johnson, of Denver, general freight agent of the Colorado Southern Railroad, has returned to San Francisco after an absence of several years. He was stationed here at one time, and acquired a large circle of friends. A dinner in his honor was given during the week by Raphael Weill.

## Details of the Death of Hugh Tevis.

Captain Buford, commanding the transport *Thomas*, who arrived from the Orient early in the week, brings the first news of the circumstances attending the death of the late Hugh Tevis. In an interview, he said: "Mr. Tevis was stricken with appendicitis at Nikko, where he was spending a few days with his wife. He suffered intensely for two or three days, and by the time he could get to Yokohama and place himself under the care of Dr. Eldridge, of the United States Marine Hospital Service, his case was hopeless. Dr. Eldridge told him that he would die within twenty-four hours and that there was hardly a chance that an operation would do any good. In the almost futile hope that an operation might save his life, however, Tevis submitted bravely to the surgeon's knife. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, was called in and was present at the operation. The operation was performed at four o'clock in the afternoon of June 5th. At four o'clock the following afternoon Tevis passed away, remaining conscious up to a few minutes before death."

"During the interval between the operation and his death, Tevis was calm and courageous, and gave his whole thought to the comfort and welfare of his wife. Knowing that he would die within a few hours, he called in Chandler Howard, general agent of the Pacific Mail at Yokohama, and made every provision for his wife's needs and necessities. He did everything possible to relieve her of the cares and troubles which his death would occasion her, even making provisions for his own cremation and for his wife's passage back to America. He overlooked nothing. Dr. Eldridge told me that Tevis was the bravest man he ever saw, and he marveled at the grit and courage he displayed in the full consciousness that death would overtake him within a few hours."

## The Epworth League Convention.

The Fifth International Epworth League Convention, representing over two and a quarter millions of young people of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, will be held in San Francisco July 18th to 21st. Delegates are expected not only from all quarters of the United States and Canada, but from the mission fields in over twenty different foreign countries. The Mechanics' Pavilion, with a floor space of about one hundred and seventy-five thousand square feet, has been secured for convention head-quarters, and comfortable conversation-rooms, transportation bureau, information and entertainment hoots, an emergency hospital, telegraph and telephone conveniences will be provided. During the convention the Post-Office Department will have a branch office in the building. Mail for this office should be addressed to "Epworth League Convention." Rooms will be provided for the various State delegations. A large amount of space has also been set aside for exhibits of California products, that visitors may obtain from them some idea of the wonderful resources of this State. All arrangements are to be completed by July 15th.

On the evening of the sixteenth a concert by a chorus of 2,000 trained voices will be given at the convention hall. The great pipe organ being built for Memorial Chapel of the Stanford University has very kindly been loaned by Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, and will be used at the concert and following convention meetings.

Extremely low rates have been made by the railroad companies, and as a result so many are taking advantage of this opportunity to visit California that the number promises to exceed that of the Christian Endeavorers in 1897, which was estimated to be from 50,000 to 60,000, and who spent during their stay over \$1,000,000. The reception committee appointed three months ago finds that the various hotels in San Francisco can accommodate about 10,000 of the delegates. It is obtaining a list of all residences in San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda where rooms and board may be secured, and will see that all delegates are taken care of during their stay here.

The programme of the convention will include the consideration of timely topics under the caption "Through the Open Gate of the Twentieth Century" by prominent bishops and clergy of the Methodist-Episcopal Church.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler returned to Berkeley on Monday after a month's absence. President Wheeler saw the Pan-American Exposition and spent some time at West Point. He also visited Pennsylvania, Baltimore, and Chicago, where he attended the tenth annual commencement of the University of Chicago. Here he made the annual Pi Beta Kappa address.

Mrs. Mary Gwin, widow of the late William M. Gwin, first United States Senator of California, died at the family residence, 1490 Sacramento Street, on Wednesday, June 27th, at the advanced age of eighty-six years.

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## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements in and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles Jesselyn and the Misses Jesselyn expect to sail from New York for Europe on July 14th. Mr. and Mrs. George Crucker have been making a short stay in Leno, Mass.

Mrs. Hugh Tevis is expected to arrive from Japan to-day (Saturday) on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric*. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Baxter, arrived from Denver during the week to meet her.

Mrs. E. F. Preston, Miss Edith Preston, and Miss Norma Preston, who are expected home in September, were in Italy when last heard from.

Mrs. Ashton Patter (née McNutt) returned from the Philippine Islands on Sunday, and will spend the summer with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, at their Pacific Avenue residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gauraud (formerly Amy Crocker) and Miss Gladys Crocker arrived in New York last week from Europe. They will spend the summer at Larchmont Manor.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., will arrive in New York next week from Europe and immediately leave for Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop (née Vonrhies) are expected home from their wedding journey in a few days, and will take up their residence at 1124 Hyde Street.

Mrs. Harold Sewall will leave for the East next week to visit her husband's family. Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, will accompany her.

Mr. Harry R. Macfarlane will sail for Honolulu to-day (Saturday) for a month's visit to his parents. He will be accompanied by his sister, Miss Irma Macfarlane, who has been the guest of Miss Pollie Dunn.

Mrs. Robert Bruce and the Misses Bruce, who have been spending a few weeks in Napa County, will soon go to San Rafael for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Sara Collier has been visiting friends at Burlingame.

Mrs. Thendree Blakeman and Miss Leontine Blakeman departed for Southern California early in the week.

Mayor James D. Phelan spent a few days in San José last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Stetson and Miss Margaret Doe have returned from their trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Harry M. Hohlman was at Lake Tahoe last week.

Miss Ella O'Connor, Miss Tiny O'Connor, and Miss May Kilburn are to spend the month of August in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Callaghan (née Van Wyck) will return from their wedding journey to Santa Barbara in a few days.

Miss Mary Kip will be the guest of Mrs. P. McG. McBean at Lake Tahoe next month.

Mrs. William F. Herrin and Miss Alice Herrin are sojourning at Bartlett Springs.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing were at Paso Robles last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Doubleday (née Moffitt) will spend the summer at New Rochelle, on Long Island Sound, where they have taken a cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Waterhouse, of Honolulu, were at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Mr. Florence M. Guedalla, of London, and Mr. Edgar D. Peixoto visited Mr. Hamilton, Del Monte, and the Santa Cruz big trees during the week.

Mrs. Charles Page, when last heard from, was in Venice.

Dr. W. S. Thorne leaves for the East to-day (Saturday), en route to Europe. He expects to remain abroad three months.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Ponle has returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Fair leave for the East next week, and expect to sail from New York for Europe on Tuesday, July 17th.

Mrs. William P. Shaw was in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff are sojourning at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Burnett and daughter have returned to San Francisco after a year's absence in the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Hooker have been sojourning in San José.

Mrs. Edward Barron was in New York a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugu Mansfeldt are at present in Berlin. During July they will spend some time in Switzerland and Northern Italy.

Mrs. A. A. Moore and Mr. Stanley Moore, of Oakland, are at present in the City of Mexico.

Mrs. H. Wetherbee was in New York last week.

Professor S. P. Langley, the famous astronomer and present head of the Smithsonian Institution, of Washington, D. C., arrived in this city on Monday, and was at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Valentine G. Hush has returned to his home at Fruitvale after an extended Eastern visit.

Mr. Winfield S. Jones was recently the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Flood at their country place near Santa Cruz.

Mr. William F. Aldrich, acting consul-general of the United States at Hong Kong, and brother of the late Mrs. Rounsvell Wildman, arrived from the Orient on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dnolittle were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bain, of Oakland, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the noted author and physician, arrived from Japan early in the week accom-

panied by Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, of New York.

Mrs. M. Hyman and Miss Agnes Hyman will spend part of the summer in San Mateo, and in September they expect to go East.

Mrs. James Otis and family are to spend the month of July in San José.

Mrs. E. Shafter Howard, of Oakland, visited the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Among the week's arrivals at Congress Springs were Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Banske, Mrs. L. R. Barstow and Miss Bessie Henry, of Oakland, Mrs. Robert Morrison and Mrs. Henderson, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Blunks, of Lockhart, Tex., Mr. J. L. Bean, of Centerville, Mr. L. J. Weirheimer, of Stanford University, Mr. R. Brent Mitchell, Jr., of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. J. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Clapp, and Mr. Byrnn Jackson.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hertzog, of Los Angeles, Mrs. James S. Barber, of Canton, O., Miss Nellie Drummen, of Paris, Mrs. J. W. Harrison and Miss Marion Harrison, of Sausalito, Miss Ruth Miller, Miss Helen Dickens, Mr. Jack Wilson, Mrs. J. H. Ames, Mr. J. W. Harrison, Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. Beverly Letcher, Mr. W. R. Harrison, Mr. Du Val Monte, Mrs. S. A. Gladding, Miss F. E. Gladding, Mrs. M. B. MacAdam, Mr. and Mrs. U. F. Newlin, Mr. J. F. Sullivan, and Mr. E. L. Brusie.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. A. Clinton, of Elmira, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Day, of Santa Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Dunn, of San Louis Obispo, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Adams, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Winters, of London, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Piver, of Denver, Mrs. T. J. Higgins, of Cleveland, O., Mrs. Hadden, of Stanford University, Miss Elizabeth Dunlay, of Kansas City, General M. W. Muller, of Fresno, Mr. D. Henderson, of Detroit, Captain Baker, of La Grant, Mr. J. F. Crawley, of Honolulu, and Mr. J. G. Scott, of Agnew.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Stearns, of Boston, Mr. A. C. Austin, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Holmes, of Sausalito, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Lagmance and family, of Oakland, Mrs. W. S. Brown, of Manchester, England, Mrs. H. L. Lewis, of Honolulu, Mr. R. D. Murray, of New York City, General R. Murray, of Elkridge, Md., Mr. and Mrs. A. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Fales, Mr. and Mrs. S. Stern, Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Matsun, Mrs. H. Philip, Mrs. E. Lynns, Mrs. M. O'Brien, Miss Amy Lussman, Miss Brown, Miss Elsie Stern, Mr. W. A. Sexton, and Mr. Holland.

Craig-y-Nos Castle, the residence in Wales of Adelina Patti (Baroness Rolf Cederstrom), was put up at auction in London on June 18th, and bought in for \$225,000 after a dramatic scene caused by a false bid of \$250,000, which was the reserve price. The auction-room was crowded with influential people and agents, among them Baron Cederstrom. The bidding opened with an offer of \$250,000, made by a prominent London auctioneer. No other offer was heard, and Auctioneer Lumley declared Mme. Patti's castle sold at that figure. The bidder rushed up at once, and told Mr. Lumley he had not meant his offer to be taken seriously. Mr. Lumley went out and consulted Sir George Lewis, the well-known lawyer. There was great excitement in the auction-room. The bidder, who was very pale, remained in his seat, perspiring, with the eyes of all present on him. Sir George Lewis advised that no proceedings be taken, and Mr. Lumley re-opened the sale at \$200,000. By thousands and five hundreds the bidding quickly advanced. At \$225,000 a dead-lock was reached, and Mr. Lumley announced that he must buy in the property for Mme. Patti.

It is said that negotiations are pending for the sale and transfer of the properties of the Sutter Street Railway Company to the Baltimore syndicate that has recently purchased the San Mateo line. In the sale will be included the Suto and Larkin Street lines, owned and controlled by the Sutter Street Company. The amount of the purchase price is not given, but conservative estimates fix it at more than \$1,000,000. The Sutter Street Company is capitalized for \$2,000,000, divided into 20,000 shares of \$100 each. Its franchise has twenty-eight years to run, having been granted for fifty years in 1879. Its funded debt consists of \$1,000,000 first mortgage, five per cent. gold coupon bonds, dated May 1, 1888, and due in 1918, in denominations of \$1,000 each. It has 13 miles of track (while the Suto road has 9.85 miles of track operated by electricity), is capitalized for \$400,000, and has no funded debt.

Adelbert S. Hay, eldest son of Secretary of State John Hay, fell out of the window in his room at a New Haven hotel, June 23d, and was instantly killed. Young Hay was a Yale graduate of the class of '98, and had gone to New Haven to participate in the festivities of commencement week at the university. During the early days of the war in the Transvaal the young man suddenly became prominent through his appointment as United States consul in Pretoria. It is said that he would have been appointed assistant-secretary to President McKinley had not all plans for his future been brought to an end by his death.

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## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Samuel B. M. Yung, U. S. A., accompanied by his daughters, Miss Marjorie Yung and Miss Elizabeth Yung, and his aids, Captain W. R. Smedberg, Jr., and Lieutenant J. F. McKinley, arrived from the East early in the week and is at the Occidental Hotel. He will relieve General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., on June 30th and assume command of the Department of California.

Adjutant-General Henry C. Corbin, U. S. A., Surgeon-General George M. Sternberg, U. S. A., General Chambers F. McKibbin, U. S. A. (who will join General Chaffee's staff in the Philippines), General John F. Weston, U. S. A., Colonel W. P. Hall, U. S. A. (who is to succeed General Barry, U. S. A., as adjutant-general in the Philippines), Senator C. H. Deitrich, of Nebraska, and Congressman and Mrs. Julius Kahn sailed for Manila on Tuesday, June 25th. Adjutant-General Corbin and party expect to spend about three months in the Philippines on a tour of inspection.

Mrs. Funston, wife of Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., returned from Manila on Tuesday on the transport *Logan* accompanied by her sister, Miss Lillian Blankart. Mrs. Funston will spend the summer with her mother at her residence, 139 Tenth Avenue, East Oakland.

Lieutenant-Colonel John L. Chamberlain, inspector-general, U. S. A., now on temporary duty as assistant to the inspector-general of the Department of California, will relieve Lieutenant-Colonel Martin P. Maus, U. S. A., the latter having been called to Washington to take a position on the staff of General Miles.

Lieutenant Albert Moritz, U. S. N., has left the naval hospital at Mare Island, where he was under treatment. He has been granted sick leave for three months, and is now stopping at 157 East Seventy-Third Street, New York City.

The Misses Margaret and Clara Kilbourne, daughters of Major Kilbourne, U. S. A., now stationed at the Presidio, sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Hancock* on Tuesday, June 25th. Upon their arrival in Manila, Miss Margaret Kilbourne is to be married to Lieutenant E. C. Wickman, U. S. A.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon E. M. Shipp, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Michigan* and ordered to the Asiatic station. He will sail from San Francisco on July 15th.

Miss Anna Irwin, of Washington, D. C., who is soon to be married to Captain C. H. Lyman, U. S. M. C., sailed for Manila, chaperoned by the captain's mother, Mrs. R. C. Lyman, on the transport *Hancock* on Tuesday, June 15th.

Mrs. Robert Boyd, mother of Captain Robert Boyd, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., recently left Morristown, N. J., to visit her daughter, Mrs. B. T. Walling, wife of Lieutenant-Commander B. T. Walling, U. S. N., now stationed at the navy yard, Cavite. Later, Mrs. Boyd will visit her son, Captain Robert Boyd, on duty near Manila.

Mrs. William F. Lewis, wife of Captain Lewis, medical department, U. S. A., left on Monday for Fort Leavenworth.

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WHITE SEAL (Grande Cuvee) is unsurpassed in quality, dryness, and flavor.—NEW YORK TIMES.

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### SUBSCRIBERS LEAVING TOWN

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| July 1-2..... Detroit, 82.25              |            |
| July 3-4..... Chicago, 72.50              |            |
| July 3-4..... Buffalo, 87.00              |            |
| August 22-23..... Colorado Springs, 55.00 |            |
| September 5-6..... Milwaukee, 74.50       |            |
| July 8-9..... Louisville, 77.50           |            |
| July 17-18..... Cleveland, 82.50          |            |
| August 20-21.....                         |            |
| September 5-6.....                        |            |

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### ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

## Southern Pacific

SOUTHERN PACIFIC.  
Trains leave and are due to arrive at  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE   | From June 16, 1901.   | ARRIVE  |
|---------|---|---------|
| 7:00 A  | Benicia, Susan, Elmira, Vacaville, Runney, and Sacramento.....  | 6:25 P  |
| 7:30 A  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....  | 6:25 P  |
| 8:01 A  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....   | 7:55 P  |
| 8:03 A  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....  | 12:25 P |
| 8:00 A  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....   | 7:25 P  |
| 8:00 A  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....  | 4:55 P  |
| 8:30 A  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....                                      | 7:55 P  |
| 8:30 A  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....                               | 4:25 P  |
| 8:30 A  | Oakdale, Chinese (Voseville), Soursa, Carters.....  | 4:25 P  |
| 9:00 A  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 11:55 A |
| 9:00 A  | Vallejo.....  | 12:25 P |
| 9:00 A  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....                                  | 7:25 P  |
| 9:30 A  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 7:55 P  |
| 10:00 A | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 6:55 P  |
| 11:00 P | Sacramento River Steamers.....  | 15:00 A |
| 3:30 P  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 7:55 P  |
| 4:00 P  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 10:55 A |
| 4:00 P  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....  | 9:25 A  |
| 5:00 P  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....   | 12:25 P |
| 4:30 P  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.....  | 11:55 A |
| 4:30 P  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles..... | 8:55 A  |
| 5:03 P  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....  | 12:25 P |
| 5:00 P  | Voseville.....  | 12:25 P |
| 5:30 P  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....                    | 7:55 A  |
| 6:00 P  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....   | 7:55 A  |
| 10:00 P | Vallejo.....  | 11:25 A |
| 6:00 P  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 12:25 P |
| 6:00 P  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.....  | 4:25 P  |
| 7:00 P  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....                          | 8:55 A  |
| 8:05 P  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 11:25 A |
| 11:05 P | Vallejo.....  | 7:55 P  |

### COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

|         |  |         |
|---------|--|---------|
| 17:45 A | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18:05 P |
| 8:15 A  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                        | 5:50 P  |
| 12:15 P | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 12:50 A |
| 4:15 P  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....   | 18:50 A |
| 6:45 P  | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.....   | 8:50 A  |

### CREAK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)— 17:15 9:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M. From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway— 16:00 18:00 18:05 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

### COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

|         |   |         |
|---------|---|---------|
| 6:10 A  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 6:30 P  |
| 17:01 A | San José and Way Stations.....  | 7:30 P  |
| 7:00 A  | New Almaden.....  | 7:40 P  |
| 17:30 A | Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18:30 P |
| 8:00 A  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.....  | 7:30 P  |
| 10:30 A | San José and Way Stations.....  | 4:10 P  |
| 11:30 A | San José and Way Stations.....  | 5:30 P  |
| 12:45 P | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 10:00 A |
| 3:30 P  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 6:30 A  |
| 14:15 P | San José and Principal Way Stations.....  | 9:45 A  |
| 15:00 P | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....  | 19:02 A |
| 5:30 P  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....  | 8:30 A  |
| 6:00 P  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....   | 10:00 A |
| 6:00 P  | Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Lompoc.....   | 10:00 A |
| 6:30 P  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 18:02 A |
| 4:15 P  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 7:30 P  |

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.  
† Sunday excepted. † Tuesday and Fridays.  
a Saturday only. e Monday.  
c Saturday and Sunday.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call and check baggage from hotels and residences. Enquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jaggles—"How did the doctor find out that he'd taken poison?" Waggles—"Why, he pumped him."—*Ex.*

"In what way did he lose his self-possession?" "Very simply. He gave himself away."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Cora—"Do you believe in palmistry?" Merritt—"No, my dear. The only time I was glad to find a life line in my hand was when I was shipwrecked."—*Town Topics.*

"I suppose your baby sister cries some?" asked one of the neighbors. "Cries!" said Mary; "why, she just seems to look on the dark side of things all the time!"—*Youth's Companion.*

"Papa, what is a king?" "A king, my child, is a person whose authority is practically unlimited, whose word is law, and whom everybody must obey." "Papa, is mamma a king?"—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

A just judge: Judge—"And your wife aimed at and struck your head with a cup?" Witness—"Yes, sir." Judge—"Well, all I have to say is, that you ought to be very proud of her."—*Tit Bits.*

"Stripes are quite the thing this year," suggested the tailor. The alderman started nervously, but quickly recovered himself. "I think," he said, endeavoring to speak carelessly, "that something in the nature of a check would be more in my line."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

A reasonable conductor: Pikey—"And just because you had lost your nickel the conductor made you get off the car and walk all the way home?" Bikey—"Oh, no. He only put me off. I could have sat by the roadside all night if I had wanted to."—*Baltimore World.*

One of those "healers" who was in Georgia some time ago was approached by a man with the rheumatism and a gold-headed cane. "Drop the cane," said the healer, "and depart in peace!" "Never!" exclaimed the man; "that cane cost me twelve dollars!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Caught red-handed: "We believe you to be the guilty man," hissed the great sleuth. "I am innocent," retorted the accused. "But those red stains on your hands? They are surely blood." "No, sir; lithograph ink. I started to read the art supplement of a Sunday paper while I was perspiring."—*Chicago News.*

Magistrate—"Now, my boy, you are on your oath. Do you know what that means?" Witness—"Er—no, sir; not exactly." Magistrate—"Do you know what you're expected to tell?" Witness (promptly)—"Oh, yes, sir; the lawyer that brought me here wrote it all down so's I could learn it off by heart."—*Tit Bits.*

Ascum—"What are you so down upon the English for?" Cassidy—"Why shouldn't I? Look at the stories they do be tellin' about them." Ascum—"Yes, but they tell stories about the Irish, too, which you say are lies." Cassidy—"Aye! but all the lies they tell about the English are true."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Footman—"A newspaper reporter wishes to interview you, sir." Great man—"Did you not tell him that I was hoarse—could hardly speak?" Footman—"Certainly, sir. But he assured me he would only ask questions which you could answer by a nod or a shake of the head." Great man—"Then tell him I have a stiff neck!"—*Tit Bits.*

An encouraging start: "William," said the lady of the house, "will you mail these invitations for me the first thing this morning?" "Going to give a party?" "I have engaged a new kitchen girl for the first of next week, and I thought I would show her that we start with no ill-feeling by giving a pink tea for her Monday afternoon."—*Indianapolis News.*

"Brethren and sisters," concluded the Rev. Washington Johnson, "I had demonstrated abstrusely dat de Lord bates a thief—dat he is not to be propagated by no offering, thefo' I beg de pussion or pussions who stole yo' pastor's hog to make no contribution at de circulation of de offertory platter." Note—The collection beat all previous records.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Committeeman—"Mr. Spudlong, we have thought you might possibly consider it a privilege to add something to the endowment fund of the great institution of learning we represent." Wealthy banker—"Gentlemen, it will afford me much pleasure. I will give you one million dollars, provided you succeed in raising nine million dollars more within the next three months."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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The Chinese in this country who seek to prevent the extension of the time during which the exclusion act shall operate, and their sentimental white sympathizers, are already conducting an active campaign. Their papers throughout the East and the South are in impassioned editorials urging opposition to the re-enactment of the law. The New York *Journal of Commerce* argues that there never was and never will be any danger of a serious influx of Chinese to this country; that only a few ship-loads of them came after the first importation of coolie labor to build the Pacific railroads; that they all come from one section of one province, and residents in other provinces

show no desire to emigrate; that they are industrious and form a valuable labor element; that a continuation of the policy of exclusion would deprive the people of this country of all the commercial advantages gained during the recent troubles in China. The answer to all of this is that it is not true. The people of the Pacific Coast know that the "few ship-loads" brought thousands of Chinese to these shores, and that they were coming in increasing numbers when the exclusion act attempted to shut them out. They know that after twenty years the Asiatic laborers are still endeavoring to defeat the purposes of the exclusion act, and that they are being smuggled in by way of Canada, Mexico, and Cuha. They know that the Canadians are awakening to the evils of this class of cheap laborers and considering the enactment of an exclusion law. They know that the exclusion act is based upon treaties to which the Chinese Government has given its consent. They know that if there were no desire on the part of the Chinese to enter this country there would be no need for the opposition to the extension act.

Nor is the activity of the opposition confined to editorial protests. A memorial to Congress, based upon the proposition that to travel and to make their homes in any land are natural and inalienable rights of the human race, is being widely circulated for signatures. If this basic principle is sound, our government is violating it daily. The immigration laws exclude paupers and criminals of every race and coming from every country. The principle that self-defense is the highest law of nature for nations as well as for individuals is recognized by every civilized government. The right to exclude undesirable immigrants is universally recognized. The memorial claims that if any European government attempted to shut us out of its territory we would complain bitterly, and it would probably lead to a declaration of war. If this government assumed such a position, it would have to reverse its immigration policy. The memorial has even been introduced into this State, and is being circulated for signatures. It is not probable that it will be very widely signed. The people of California have already overwhelmingly expressed their opposition to Chinese laborers coming here to compete with and degrade free white labor.

This active campaign must be met by equal activity on the part of the friends of exclusion. With the opposition of the representatives of the East and the South, there is grave danger that the law extending the policy of exclusion will fail of passage. The *Chronicle*, of this city, is doing good work in its almost daily appeals for action. The *Argonaut* began pointing out the danger eighteen months ago. Nevertheless, all of the friends of exclusion must stand together in the present crisis, and we welcome the *Chronicle's* assistance. Let all the other papers of the Coast and all of the people of the Coast, without regard to party, follow its example.

In speaking of the necessity and desirability of revising and reforming the tariff, it is wholly unnecessary to go outside of the Republican party for a base of operations. The tariff policy which has so marvelously benefited the whole country, through the medium of protection to products and manufactures, is distinctly a Republican policy, born and maintained within the party. The people have been taught its principles, adopted them, practiced them, thrived under them, and will not lightly throw them aside. Changes have come, and will come in the course of years, which require alterations in the law in the interests of justice and common sense, and they can not be blocked by merely denouncing the process as "tariff tinkering." Such changes and corrections are peculiarly within the province of the Republican party to make. The primary idea of protection is to foster and build up home industries. Republican party platforms have expressed it concisely in favoring "protection for what we produce; free admission of the necessities of life which we do not produce." When we look about us and find that in some lines of industry the beneficent principle of protection has accomplished its mission, and its continuance tends to monopolies and trusts, to the throttling of competition at home,

and with no resulting benefit either to the industries themselves or the people at large, it becomes merely a question of common business sense so to reform the tariff relating to such industries that the protection which they no longer need shall be withdrawn or reduced, according to the exigencies of each case.

A Republican party platform might now well be made which should declare for "protection for what we produce that needs protection." The free admission of the necessities of life which we do not produce follows as a matter of course, and the revenue feature of the tariff will be sufficiently subserved by the additional taxation upon all other imports which are not necessities of life. There are now being discussed two methods of reforming the tariff—one, by extensive reciprocity treaties; the other, by withdrawing or reducing the tariff on industries already protected to the self-sustaining point. There is a wide possibility for reform through the latter method, which consists in the simple expedient of reducing protective tariffs in cases where no injury will result to any struggling industry. Reciprocity, while an excellent medium for building up foreign trade, can wait, for the reason that it does not touch directly the reforms required by our changed conditions, and because it is too liable to hit the wrong head at home.

Reform of the tariff by wise reductions is as good Republican doctrine as is protection by tariff. It will be even more than that, because the justice of it will make it a popular doctrine. Overgrown protection becomes interwoven with the question of trusts and monopolies. While tariff reductions can not be made a sweeping remedy for trusts, because only a part of the trusts would be affected by it, they would be useful in curbing trusts dealing in protected articles, and are practically the only remedy available at present. The conclusions therefore are natural that the tariff, being a Republican measure, and its continuance beyond the need for protection undoubtedly productive of certain evils; the control of trusts a doctrine proclaimed by all parties; and the single practical remedy proposed to control trusts found in reforming a Republican policy, that it will surely be the essence of wisdom for the Republican party to do the reforming itself rather than relegate it to the destructive hands of the enemies of all protection.

The striking iron-workers who went out on May 20th are still out at this writing. Reports come from the strikers that the iron-masters in the East are taking back their workmen on the strikers' terms. These reports are denied by the iron-masters in San Francisco, who print telegrams from Eastern iron-works refuting these statements. There does not seem to be hope of an immediate settlement. Still every additional week that passes is in the interest of the employers. Their pecuniary resources are greater. The workmen, on the other hand, have but slender means, and some of them none at all. Even if nothing occurs but the procession of the days, that alone would be in the interest of the iron-masters. While there is sympathy felt for the idle workmen's families, the general public seems to be very apathetic toward the appeals of the organized unions, the strike leaders, and the walking-delegates. The employers are very moderate and very reticent. They say little, but stick to this quite reasonable statement: "The men have a perfect right to work for whom they choose, and to leave whenever they wish. We ask only the same privilege—that is, to hire whom we please and discharge when we choose, without interference by any union or its agent." This is unanswerable.

The Supreme Court has lately handed down two decisions that are destined to have a serious effect upon the improvement of streets. These decisions reverse a former one that has hitherto been considered the law. The earlier case arose under a statute passed by the legislature of Ohio, providing that the cost of street improvements shall be assessed to the owners of abutting land. In this case it was proposed to open a street. All of the abutting land belonged to one owner, who also



owned the strip taken for the street. He was practically assessed to pay for his own land. The Supreme Court held that the assessment was in excess of the benefit resulting from the improvement, and was, therefore, confiscation of a part of his property, and unconstitutional. In the later cases this doctrine is reversed. It is held that abutting property may be assessed to pay all of the cost of improvements, whether those improvements consist of opening new streets or laying pavements, without regard to the value resulting. It is known that in many instances the property remaining in an abutting owner is not worth enough to pay his share of the assessment. In such a case the assessment would be actual confiscation of his property. In any case he would receive no return for the excess of what he paid over the value of the resulting benefit. Yet the Supreme Court holds that the legislature is the sole judge in such matters; that the enactment of a statute for street improvement complies with the constitutional provision that property shall not be taken for public use without due process of law, and that the owner has no remedy.

One of the most interesting features of the day is the mobility of the people. The drift has been almost steadily westward, though it has at times taken other directions, as in the rush to Texas and the South-West a few years ago and to Alaska a little later. At the present time the movement is to the Pacific Coast States. During a few months of this year twenty-five thousand home-seekers were brought to this State. Washington has been even more fortunate, having received an addition of forty thousand settlers. It is notable that nearly all of these new-comers are native Americans and are from the States of the Middle West. The people of New England are more firmly rooted to the soil, and it is seldom that they are found among those taking part in the westward movement. One reason for this is probably to be found in the fact that the home-seekers are looking for farms, and the population of New England is largely industrial. Another cause is the fact that the agricultural population of New England finds more difficulty in disposing of its farms at a price that will enable them to better their conditions in the West. The great disturbing element that has caused this enormous migratory movement is the emigration agent of the great railway lines. Each of the roads is seeking to get all the traffic that it can; competition is intense, and so the emigration agent is spurred on to his utmost endeavor. The methods of operation are interesting. When any disturbing influence, such as a failure of crops, appears in any locality, the emigration agent is sent there. He easily becomes acquainted, and sings the praises of some selected section along the line of his particular road. When the people are sufficiently aroused, descriptive lectures illustrated by stereopticon views are delivered; advertising matter is distributed. He aims particularly to interest a number of neighboring families in some particular locality. When he gains their consent to seek a new home, he attends to selling their farms and effects, fixes the time of their departure, personally conducts the excursion, and settles them on their new farms. He is particularly instructed to understate rather than to overstate the advantages of the new locality, and not to minimize the difficulties, for a discontented settler will do far more harm than good. This plan partakes more of a colonizing scheme than of the home-seeking excursions that have been mentioned in these columns. It is also more effective, and the fact that it was developed by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads accounts in part for the fact that Washington received nearly twice as many new-comers as did California, though the Klondike rush also had an influence. Such a plan might well be worked for this State. It would be beneficial in every way. The settlers would be better off on the richly productive lands of California than they are in the partially exhausted soil where they now are. The resources of this State would be developed, adding to its material wealth. Commerce would be stimulated; business would be improved.

A very pretty fight seems probable in connection with the desire of Governor Gage to succeed himself next year. As before, Colonel Burns is his champion, and will probably lead his fight. In fact, Colonel Burns has already announced that if Gage wants a renomination he is in favor of giving it to him. M. H. de Young and John D. Spreckels, however, are not so favorably inclined, the latter particularly feeling that the governor has not treated him fairly. With their two papers behind them, their opposition would be formidable to any Republican candidate. Not only this, but the recently organized Republican primary league is developing strength, is receiving the active support of the *Call* and *Chronicle*, and is controlled by the friends of De Young and Spreckels. Should they be successful in the primaries next August, they will name the Republican ticket and will control the party

organization next year. There are some questions that yet remain to be settled, however. Kelly and Crimmins are inactive, but the California Republican Association, with head-quarters at the Grand Hotel, is active, and it is yet uncertain whether any consolidation between the two bodies will be effected. Negotiations have been carried on for some time, but it is uncertain whether an agreement can be reached. To be defeated at the primaries, or to enter the campaign with a divided party, would alike be fatal to the controlling influence of the league. Again, it is uncertain what Colonel Burns will do. He has been in consultation with Governor Gage, and he is a man of resources in political affairs.

One of the most remarkable events of the new century is the automobile race run last week from Paris to Berlin. It is remarkable in many ways. First, naturally, comes the race itself, the number entered, the length of the race, the fast time made, and the fact that the contestants raced over several countries. One hundred and fifty entered the lists, with machines representing the makers of many lands. But numbers came to grief on the first day, and only seventy-three arrived at Aix la Chapelle, Belgium. Fournier, the leader, averaged 45 miles an hour the first day, exclusive of stops. Seventy-three started from Aix on the second day for Hanover, Prussia, 276 miles distant. Fournier again led, doing the 276 miles in nine hours and seven minutes. His slower time was due to collisions, punctures, and other accidents. The last lap of the race finished at Berlin with Fournier in the lead, making a total of 858 miles in thirty hours and fifteen minutes.

As we said, there are many remarkable things about this race. Not the least remarkable is that the civil officials of France, Belgium, and Prussia should allow a lot of rich lunatics to go careering along highways and turnpikes at express-train speed. There were, of course, many accidents; there were collisions, explosions, and human beings and animals run over. The wonder is that there were not more. Doubtless the authorities kept the highways clear. This wild race will have one good effect: We will venture the prediction that it will bring about the passage in all countries of laws limiting the speed of automobiles on highways.

But the most remarkable thing in this very remarkable race is that it is apparently bringing about a *rapprochement* between France and Germany. This seems almost incredible. But it can not be gainsaid. With great tact Fournier, the winner, drove a German automobile, and he was cheered vociferously. The Germans played the "Marseillaise" as he dashed through their villages, and at the principal stopping-places in Hanover and Berlin there has been an ovation to the successful Frenchman. The cable tells us that "for the first time since 1870 French and German flags are peaceably flying together in Berlin. The tri-color is seen in nearly every stand on the hotels, and it has even been raised over public buildings. The French and German flags are intertwined over the gate of the barracks of the crack guard corps, where some of the competing autocars are housed. The entire city of Berlin is agog with excitement about the race."

If the late lamented Gambetta—who left Paris in a halloo to organize an army against the German invasion—were to return to earth, he could scarcely restrain his disgust that the doctrine of "revenge" which he so sedulously taught to Frenchmen should be forgotten in so few years. He would ask: "What is the cause of this friendship? What has Germany done? Has she restored to us Alsace and Lorraine?" And when he was told that France and Germany had become bosom friends over their mutual love for a go-cart fed with benzine, we very much fear that Gambetta would indulge in similar language to that used by a famous French general at Waterloo.

One of the results of the visit of President Hays to this Coast and his inspection of the property of the Southern Pacific Company, is seen in the announcement coming from Chicago to the effect that sums aggregating many millions are to be expended during the next few years in making improvements on the road. Under Huntington's management a comparatively small amount was paid for improvements. His policy was to extend the system rather than to improve the lines already constructed. This is to be changed now. Heavy rails that will support the large modern engines running at a high rate of speed are to be substituted for the present light rails, curves are to be straightened out wherever possible, the road-bed is to be improved, stone and steel are to be substituted for wood in the bridges, new and improved rolling stock is to be purchased. All of this work is to be conducted under the direction of Mr. Hays, and it was to leave him unhampered that the entire control of the traffic business was placed in the hands of Mr. Stubbs. These im-

provements are made necessary to prepare for the struggle for Oriental traffic that railroad men say is coming. With its present equipment the Southern Pacific now handles its traffic only with the utmost difficulty.

We frequently hear of poetic license. The license of poets is as nothing to the license of novelists. Ouida's "Under Two Flags," dramatized, is now running to crowded houses in San Francisco. All of us, wise and foolish, have read Ouida's novels, although all of us have not read all of them. The wise ones have often smiled at Ouida's heroes—those remarkable men who carouse all night and then "take a tub" in the morning and appear fresh and strong; who drink potatoes pottle-deep before breakfast, and yet never get full before night. In these degenerate days even steady drinkers carefully refrain from taking cocktails until just before dinner. The average man knows that if he "gins up in the morning," to use his own expression, he will be "dead to the world" by nightfall. In fact, it is a common thing among drinking men to indicate the coming fall of a brother by saying "poor fellow, he takes cocktails before breakfast now."

So with tobacco: most men prefer to smoke immediately after eating, and few smoke immediately before. But Ouida's heroes use tobacco so incessantly that they smoke by "links of fire," as the Germans say. Curiously enough, it does not seem to affect their nerves. Many a professional billiard-player is a teetotaler—not because he does not like liquor, but because liquor does not like him. He can not play with the necessary skill the exacting game of billiards unless his nerves be steady—liquor unstrings them. So with tobacco; most professional billiard-players use it in moderation, if they use it at all. Not so with Ouida's heroes. They all smoke like chimneys; they all drink like Falstaff; and they play billiards like Deery, Vignaux, and last year's champion rolled into one. All sorts of dissipation seem only to steady their nerves. Probably Ouida never dreamed of how the degenerate youth of to-day looks in the morning after a bard night—with a cadaverous countenance, trying with shaking hand to shave himself while he struggles to remember what happened during last night's debauch, and attempts to soothe his shuddering stomach and pneumogastric plexus with bromide of potassium.

Some of Ouida's heroines are as little like to nature as her heroes. Cigarette, the heroine of the play just spoken of, is said in the novel to have "a mouth like a bud from a damask rose, even though steeped in wine, sullied with oaths, and seared with smoke, and which had never been touched with any kiss that was innocent." This damask rosebud mouth is a good deal like the hero's nerves. Any young woman who habitually drank the had "little blue" wine that is served in French barracks would certainly have gastralgia and would be troubled with acid eructations. In addition to this, steeping herself in this or any other kind of wine in the hot Algerian climate would infallibly give her cirrhosis of the liver. Thus she would certainly have a bad breath. In addition to these slight drawbacks any one who has smoked the French Government tobacco looks back on it with horror and loathing. There is everything in it—even at times tobacco. The odor of this dreadful vegetable hanging upon the damask mouth, and complicated with the effluvia from the cirrhotic and hepatic disorder due to drinking the canteen wine, would certainly affect the lady's fascinations to any person who was not nose-blind. And a further fact remains to be touched upon, which is that unless the tobacco acted as an antiseptic upon the mucocutaneous labial membranes of this beautiful creature, she would, by continually kissing harrack-room lovers, acquire such a variety of things by buccal contact that she would soon become interesting only in certain clinics of certain kinds of hospitals.

This is very nasty, says the reader. Granted. But it is not nearly so nasty in fiction as Ouida's heroine's mouth and morals would be in real life.

The discovery—through the figures of the school census—that at least twenty thousand children of school age are not in attendance at any school, has aroused the school directors. There is a State law making attendance at school compulsory upon all children. Parents failing to carry out the provisions of the law may be prosecuted and fined. Ignorance of the law is not an excuse for a failure to comply with it; but in order that there may be no mistake the law is required to be published in every school district in the State every year. This law has not been complied with in San Francisco in either particular. As has been said, twenty thousand children escaped its provisions last year, and the law was not published. When the law was called to the attention of Mrs. Kincaid she declared that it should be attended to. Director James Denman declared that the time had come to compel the attendance of children at

SOME  
REPUBLICAN  
POLITICS.

IMPROVEMENTS  
FOR THE  
SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

TO COMPEL  
ATTENDANCE  
AT SCHOOL.



school. The criminal, he said, is the product of ignorance. When a child should have been in school he was making the acquaintance of vice and acquiring habits of indolence. It may be that some of these twenty thousand children are assisting toward their own support, and that it would be a hardship to deprive them of the opportunity to labor. For such there are the night schools. The law should be enforced.

The Republican party of Ohio has opened the State campaign by holding its nominating convention. The work of the assemblage was brief and reasonably harmonious. A full State ticket was nominated, including the re-nomination of Governor Nash, and with him all the other incumbents of State offices with one or two exceptions. Senators Hanna and Foraker, together with Congressman Grosvenor, formed a triumvirate which easily controlled the action of the convention. Hanna was made permanent chairman, Foraker presented the issues in a stirring speech, and Grosvenor had charge of the committee on resolutions. Their nominations for the offices were not only accepted, but they named the entire State campaign committee, of which Congressman Dick will be the head. Senator Foraker explained in his remarks that while the campaign was a contest for the ascendancy of the party in the State, its real significance was national. Ohio elects a legislature this fall which will be charged with the choice of a United States senator, and Mr. Foraker is a candidate to succeed himself. The next legislature will also re-district the State, by which Ohio's Republican representation in Congress would be much reduced if Democrats were permitted to do their usual gerrymandering. Foraker explained that Republican success in Ohio was necessary to the success of President McKinley's policies in national issues and in solving the problems of our new Territories. The platform indorses the administrations of Governor Nash and President McKinley, and the former declarations of the party on tariff and reciprocity. It favors strengthening the navy and building up the mercantile marine. It urges the construction of an isthmian canal. It recognizes the right of either capital or labor to combine when done for the general good, but opposes monopolies to control prices and limit production. It asks for liberal pension laws, and the renewal of Chinese exclusion. The course of the administration, supported by Congress, in its dealings with Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, is especially and particularly commended.

The boycott which for many weeks has been maintained against non-union restaurants by union cooks and waiters is about to figure in the courts. An application for an injunction has been filed in the United States Circuit Court, in which Albert Rauch and other members of the proprietors' association pray that the court may issue an order restraining further boycott on the part of the San Francisco Labor Council and others who are named as defendants. An order to show cause has been issued, and the case is to be argued at once. The attorney of the restaurant-owners said: "We are basing our action upon the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees every citizen the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." A similar suit is pending in one of the superior courts of San Francisco, but it is evident that the employers entertain grave doubts as to the quality of the justice meted out in the State courts when labor-unions are involved. Therefore they put out an anchor to windward by appealing to the federal courts as well. In other States these anti-boycott actions have gone against the labor-unions, on the ground that such boycotts are conspiracies to injure the business of the employers. In this State these cases will doubtless go the same way—in the federal courts. This is well. Whatever may be the wrongs or rights involved in the strike between employers and workmen, strikers have no right to use the public streets for boycotting the business of their antagonists. These disturbances should be stopped.

The minor heirs of C. F. Crocker are about to erect a magnificent modern hotel building on the old Calvary Church site on Union Square. This is to be leased to a hotel syndicate representing a large amount of money. The building is to have all the appointments of a modern hotel, and will be the finest west of Chicago. The Crocker heirs have stipulated that it shall not have the name Crocker in its title, owing to the proximity of another large building bearing that name. The question of choosing a name is now puzzling owners and lessees. Why not offer a small money prize for an appropriate name? The expenditure of two or three hundred dollars in two or three prizes would bring in thousands of replies. Surely out of these numerous suggestions some appropriate name might be selected. The problem is rather a difficult one. In New York the hotel

projectors rather run to English names, such as "Marlborough," "Buckingham," "Alhambra," etc. These are exotic, anglo-maniac, and un-American. Even such names as "Waldorf" and "Netherland," recalling the humble beginnings of American millionaires, are distinctive but not American. Is it not possible to select a name that shall be suggestive either of the city or of the State where the head of the Crocker family made his fortune?

The Chinese minister, Wu Ting-fang, has been invited to be the orator of the day at the Fourth of July celebration in Independence Square, Philadelphia, United States of America. Already there is strong opposition developing toward his filling that post. We are very glad to hear it. We hope that the opposition will result in causing Mr. Wu Ting-fang to take himself and his oratory to more congenial surroundings—such, for example, as New York mercantile banquets and Boston commercial reunions. The Fourth of July is an American holiday. It is the anniversary of the birth of this nation—the first to give governmental liberty to the human race. The birth of the American republic meant much for the toiling millions of this globe. Since its birth this nation has been the exemplar and the loadstar of unnumbered republics. Some, alas, now that it has grown rich and great, are sinking under the iron heel of monarchy. But with all its faults, this republic of ours stands for progress and liberty. The country which Mr. Wu Ting-fang represents stands for lethargy and tyranny. His country stands for everything which is retrograde. It is opposed to everything which means progress. It treats women as it did a thousand years ago—like chattels. It is the antipodes of everything which is enlightened, progressive, free, and American. His country has for many months been in a condition of passive war against the Christian world, including the United States. That the minister of such a country should be the official orator on the birthday of liberty in the city where that liberty was cradled, and in sight of Independence Hall, is a stinging comment on Philadelphia. How can that city permit it? Is it filled only with degenerate sons of liberty-loving sires? Or has the love of the dollar in this too commercial age overridden the love of liberty which should inspire every American heart?

J. C. Stuhbs, third vice-president of the Southern Pacific Company, has for the past few weeks been among those whom San Francisco delights to honor. We are not inclined to detract in any way from the meed of praise which is due to Mr. Stuhbs, but we can not refrain from pointing out how opinions have changed concerning this gentleman. The late Charles Crocker once remarked, when visiting a village where they were firing off anvils in honor of the arrival of the "end of the track," that in about ten years the villagers would be burning him in effigy. Mr. Crocker was a cynical philosopher as well as a railroad builder. He was right—in about ten years no one of the village was so poor as to do him reverence. Correspondingly, it is not so many years since young Mr. Stuhbs shared in the general glow of good-fellowship and mutual admiration which pervaded San Francisco during the early days of the railroad. But it was only half a score of years ere the "jolly good fellow" chorus changed. Mr. Stuhbs presided over the freight business of the railroad, and he won the hearty disapproval of the mercantile community of San Francisco. Along Front Street, Battery Street, Sansome Street and Market Street rang the name of Stuhbs, always with complicated mercantile curses attached. If any man had a "kick" coming against the railroad, his kick was against Stuhbs. The merchants of the city were unanimously of the opinion that if "that freight man Stuhbs" were removed, the freight business would run more smoothly.

There were some people who did not sympathize with these complaints of the mercantile community of San Francisco. It seemed to them that the merchants of this city wanted every other competing point on the Coast turned down for their own behoof and benefit. Very likely they were excusable from a selfish standpoint, but the railroad officials, while interested in building up San Francisco, could not do so at the expense of every other city in the State. Hence they were obliged to give a fair deal to Los Angeles, Stockton, Sacramento, and other cities, as they first earned and then demanded it. This fair dealing always met with violent opposition from the merchants of San Francisco, by the way. In the midst of these contending factions, Manager Stuhbs stood with bricks and curses pouring upon his devoted head, and certain to meet with opprobrium from every quarter, whatever he did. What he did was simple. He did his duty. He resolved that it was his duty to obey orders, and to look out for the interest of his employers, the Southern Pacific Company. If there were any questions of rival cities involved, he had nothing to do with them. He

allowed his company to settle all that, and he worked along the lines allotted to him.

Mr. Stuhbs, working on these lines, has slowly climbed the ladder. He became so famous throughout the railroad world that an Eastern railway enticed him away by a promise of a munificent salary. But the Southern Pacific people found him too valuable a man to lose—they got him back again, and with them he has since remained. In the shake-up which followed the throes of the gigantic railway combine, Stuhbs has come out at the top. He has been retained by the Harriman combination as traffic manager of all the lines under their control, with head-quarters at Chicago.

Mr. Stuhbs's position is a new one, and the most important ever created in the history of American railroading. His salary is said to be larger than that of the President of the United States. He leaves San Francisco with the good wishes of the entire community and the good will of the very merchants who were kicking at the conscientious employee of fifteen years ago.

The *Argonaut* extends its congratulations to Mr. Stuhbs on his well-deserved promotion, its condolences on his leaving San Francisco, and its sincere sympathy on his being obliged to live in Chicago.

The workmen of this State have been hoodwinked a good deal during the last few years concerning the Asiatic coolie question. Now the attempt is being made to flim-flam them again. The *Argonaut* warned them, when island annexation was first mooted, that it meant eventual coolie immigration. To this the advocates of island annexation made indignant denial. They said the coolies on the islands would be kept off the mainland by special laws. It is more than doubtful whether the Chinese in Hawaii can be kept out by such laws. The federal officials here are in doubt. When in doubt the Heathen Chinese will take the trick. If Hawaii he made a part of California, is any voter foolish enough to believe that the Hawaiian Chinese can be kept from traveling around their own State? The latest figures of the number of Chinese in the islands (those of the collector of internal revenue on June 22d) fix them at twenty-nine thousand. This is about the size of San Francisco's Chinatown. Do the workmen of California want another Chinese colony in California the size of that?

Assessor Dodge is engaged in a vigorous crusade against elusive capitalists. He intends to subpoena shy millionaires to appear next month before the board of equalization. It is said that he has a list of over four hundred such persons whose hidden wealth he is endeavoring to uncover. Probably the most painful instance of the assessor's zeal is his declared intention to assess all the attorneys in the Fair case for the amount of their fees allowed or to be allowed. This threat is striking terror to the hearts of these deserving attorneys. They claim they can not be taxed on money which has not yet been received by them. But the assessor claims that the money has been earned, that the amounts to be paid over are understood or agreed upon, and that these fees may be taxed as "solvent credits."

We are none of us particularly fond of paying taxes, but we think the dislike of a lawyer to pay taxes on contingent fees runs close to the line of loathing. If Assessor Dodge attempts to carry out his threat, there will be some extremely fine work done. The assessor is smart, but we think the lawyers are smarter. If he succeeds in making these lucky lawyers pay taxes on their contingent fees, he will have shown cunning, boldness, and diplomacy enough for a Machiavelli, a Napoleon, or a Talleyrand. But if it came to a wager, we think we would bet on the lawyers.

When the trades-union leaders were initiating the present organized strike some two months ago, the *Argonaut* warned the workmen that this would be a bad time for a strike; that some sixty thousand able-bodied young men were to be mustered out of the army here before the first of July. The strike leaders paid no heed to the warning. Yet it is now being recalled to them by the march of events. Last week over five thousand men were mustered out of the army in a single day. The Presidio reservation is placarded with notices to boiler-makers, steam-fitters, blacksmiths, machinists, molders, pipe-fitters, and helpers. Many of the ex-soldiers are anxious for employment, and the strikers are so alarmed that they are tearing down these placards. But the Presidio officers are equally anxious that the soldiers should find employment, and therefore they are placing in the guard-house the strikers who tear down the placards. It is highly probable, as we predicted, that many of the discharged soldiers will drop into the places vacated by misguided workmen at the behest of their walking-delegates.

OPENING  
THE OHIO  
CAMPAIGN.

ANNEXING  
HAWAIIAN  
CHINESE.

STRIKE  
BOYCOTTS  
IN THE COURTS.

THE NEW  
CROCKER  
HOTEL.

CHINESE  
ORATORS FOR  
THE FOURTH.

THE RISE  
OF  
J. C. STUHBS.

ANNEXING  
HAWAIIAN  
CHINESE.

ASSESSOR  
AFTER THE  
ATTORNEYS.

DISCHARGED  
SOLDIERS LOOKING  
FOR JOBS.



## THE SAFETY OF NUMBERS.

A Serious Comedy of the Plains.

Mrs. Dennison had begun life by choosing the wrong man. In the resulting misery, the fact of having plenty of company gave her no consolation. She had had many suitors, both because she was the only girl within a radius of a half-hundred miles, and because she was a very nice and pretty one. But only Leslie and Dennison had ever stood a chance, and Dennison had won out—no one could quite tell why, Maggie herself least of all, probably. Leslie would have been the better match, viewed financially, and looks were in his favor very decidedly.

But Maggie chose Dennison with the usual wisdom of her kind; and having no particular religious preferences one way or another, went with him to the nearest adobe town and had herself married by a *padre*, as being the easiest and quickest way out of it. And thereafter for three years Dennison had treated her abominably. He made nothing whatever of heating her; he overworked her; he drank. His conduct was the scandal of the surrounding country. Knowing Maggie's progenitors and her own disposition, the wonder to every one was that she did not shoot Dennison and have done with it. Since nothing of the kind happened, the only possible conclusion was that she loved him. Which she did. If he had neglected her she might perhaps have had recourse to a six-shooter; but it is at least having some notice taken of you to be knocked down, and Maggie frequently was.

The treatment told on her good looks after a while, the more especially as they were of the sort that are of youth alone. The plains and hard usage age a woman early. So when Maggie was twenty-four she looked ten years older than that.

Then Dennison left her. He found somebody he liked better, one day when he went over to the railroad town seventy-five miles away, and took her away with him. Maggie had no notion where he had gone, else she would probably have followed him. Instead, she stayed on the ranch and hoped and pined. She carried on the ranch alone, it being one of those plains ranches having no especial boundaries, no especial fields or crops, and only a scrawny milch-cow or two and a few chickens. There were a couple of hundred head of stock, cattle that roamed the country and were, to all intents, wild, and some broncos of much the same sort. These required no care, so Maggie spent most of her days sitting on the sill of the back door of the adobe and staring off toward the mountains and thinking about Dennison.

The Mexican woman who lived with her squatted on the ground—in the shade in summer, in the sun in winter—with a black *tapalo* over her head, smoking cigarettes until the hard soil in her neighborhood was strewn with straw-paper stumps. She had fourteen children. Maggie had none. There had been a baby, but it had died. A whitewashed board fence upon the top of a knoll that was to be seen from the back door marked where the grave had been before the coyotes had torn it up. Besides the woman and the fourteen children there were two "greaser" *vaqueros*, whose duties were not burdensome, who ate jerked-beef and *frijoles*, and helped Maggie wait for Dennison to come back.

But though she sat day after day with her fading eyes looking toward the mountains beyond which was the railway and from which came the road, no Dennison appeared. Other people came by at long intervals. Twice Leslie had ridden up. There had been a year's space between the visits. And at the second one Maggie had seemed no nearer consolation or common sense than at the first. Then he had let eighteen months elapse.

When he came down the road this time he saw Maggie, from afar off, sitting on the door-sill with her chin in her hands, the Mexican woman hugging a narrow strip of shade, for it was near noon, and some chickens and children variously disposed. He dismounted with a clanking of spurs and led his bronco to the water-trough.

Maggie rose without haste and went over to him. She might have seen him five minutes before from any sign of surprise or pleasure she made. Hers was the apathy of the woman of the frontier *ranchito*, to whom life is as her outlook upon the world—dead, fruitless, and dry. She took him into the house when the pony was turned over to a *vaquero*. Had he heard news of Dennison, she wanted to know. Leslie looked serious—so serious that she leaned forward with her yellow hands clasped hard. What was it, she asked. Dennison was dead. It was that he had come to tell her. He had just returned from the other side of the Colorado, and had had news of her husband there, quite by chance.

"Tell me," said Maggie, "tell me the whole thing. I want to know."

Leslie told her, tipping back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his fine head, and his buckskinned legs crossed with a swing.

"Well," he started, "it was this way, you see. He lit out with a woman—a bad egg from over Central way." (Central City was the railway town.) "They went into California, and they set to keeping a rest'rant at Meyer's mine. He got tired of her by and by, and he *vamoosed* the *ranchito* there, too, and went down near to Los Angeles. He got into a scrap there—and the other fellow was a better shot, I guess. That's all."

"Who told you?" asked Maggie.

"Two fellows that was on the coroner's jury," he answered her.

"What did he fight for?"

"Woman," he told her, curtly. "She was the other man's wife."

Maggie's face was so near the color of the alkali sand outside that it could not turn pale. And the only expression of white her eyes had ever been capable was a dull hopeless-

ness. So there would have been no guessing how the news affected her except that her fingers strained until the joints of them were livid. "Where's he planted?" she asked.

He told her the name of the town. "If you'll marry me now, I'll take you to see his grave."

Maggie began to cry then. Even when Dennison had departed she had not shed a tear. So it was all the worse now. Tears held back for four years from eyes, heat-dried, come painfully.

Leslie thought for a while that she was going to die. And that would be his fault. It occurred to him that he had perhaps been abrupt. He had never seen a woman cry, because women had not entered much into his scheme of things. For a while he sat and shifted on his chair and watched, very unhappy indeed. Then he got up and went to her and put his hand on her shoulder tentatively. She pushed it off—and he felt that he had been unwise again. So he walked to the door and stood there, his feet wide apart, considering the glaring flat and looking back at Maggie, over his shoulder, now and then.

She cried for a good half-hour, and the whole experience frightened Leslie so much that it was not until nearly sunset that he dared get up to the subject again. He meant to go at it tactfully, this time, but it came at the end of a long, strained pause. "Say—what about our getting joined in wedlock and all that—anyway?" He held his breath for fear she would cry again.

But she took it quietly this time. "I ain't sure he's dead," she answered.

"I am," said Leslie. "But I'll go fetch the fellows that told me about it, and you can find out for yourself." He went out and saddled his bronco, and departed by the way he had come. "I'll be back," he said.

He had no idea where the fellows were to be found. They had been prospectors, and might be anywhere in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, or California by now. But though his phrasing might have been less polished, his sentiments were identical with those of Calonne—if it were but impossible, it should be done. It took him four months to do it. But at the end of that time he rode up to the adobe again. There were two men with him, and they went into details that caused Maggie to be convinced.

"All right," she said to Leslie that night, "I'll marry you." It was not enthusiastic, but Leslie made allowances, and took what he could get.

So, the next morning, the ranch was left in charge of the two *vaqueros*, the Mexican woman, the fourteen children, and five mongrel dogs. And Maggie and Leslie rode off, side by side, with the two men bringing up the rear. The same *padre* who had made her Mrs. Dennison made her Mrs. Leslie now, and gave her his blessing. She took it stolidly. Then she and her husband took the train for California, to see Dennison's grave.

The head-board to it had the surname in black letters on a plain board ground. Maggie did not like that, so Leslie paid for a new one—white, painted with the Christian names as well. When it was duly put up, they went on their way. The way was toward the Mojave. Leslie had mining interests up there, and, being in the general neighborhood, he took the opportunity of looking them up.

At Mojave they left the train, hired a wagon, and proceeded toward the interior. All day they drove along a road that wound between soft-rolling hills, pale brown, shrub-flecked. The sun scorched. Near the railway there were small cultivated hits, where green things grew. But they stopped after a while. By afternoon it was desolation.

"Where'll we put up to-night?" Maggie asked—the first time there had been a word in two hours or more.

There was a house ahead, he told her. He had inquired as to that. It was thirty-five miles from the railway—more or less—and it belonged to one Dennis himself.

They came to it in due time, but Dennis himself was not around just then. His wife explained that he had gone to drive in a heifer and her calf. She took charge of them herself, in the meanwhile. She was a pretty little thing, tragically young, considering the hardships and the loneliness of her life. Her eyes were innocent and big, and her countenance was of a sweetly insipid cast, with a skin still of peaches and cream. She was glad to see Maggie. Probably she would have been glad to see any one, for the sake of human speech. However that was, she gave Maggie attentions of a kind she had never thought of.

And Maggie was feminine at heart, though she had had little enough chance to realize it. The gentle coddling of the little thing melted her. Within half an hour she had learned to like her—perhaps even more than that—to have some affection for her. They were hand in hand, on the edge of a hunk, talking, when Dennis came in. Dennis was merely Dennison with a last syllable the less and a heard the more.

Maggie knew him at once. And he knew her. His jaw fell.

"This is my husband," said the girl.

The tone of adoration and possession made Maggie sick—but only for a short instant. She stood up and put out her hand. Dennis hesitated; then he came forward and took it. His terror was making him quake.

"Pleased to meet you—Mr. Dennis," said Maggie, with stress on the name, and looking him straight in the eyes.

His own fell. "Sure!" he agreed, lamentably. He tried to smile. "I got to go to the corral," he said.

Leslie was there. Maggie thought of that, and of what might possibly follow. "My husband's out there—Mr. Leslie's out there; you'll find him," she called. It was a warning—with intent to save bloodshed. He might take it or not, as he choose.

He took it. Instead of to the corral, he went to his room and locked himself in and examined his revolver, against an emergency.

But Maggie went out to the stable. She found her husband rubbing down the stock. "Say," she said, standing beside him with her hands on her hips, "say—he ain't Dennis at all. He's Dennison. He's my husband."

It was Leslie's turn to have his jaw drop. "Did you know it?" she demanded.

He faced her. "I did not, Mag. I wouldn't have played you any such dirty trick."

"All right," she said. She knew the truth when she heard it. "It's done and there ain't any sense making the girl pay for it. Let on he's Dennis as long as we're here." Leslie nodded and went on with the rubbing down.

Maggie returned to the house. Mrs. Dennis was getting supper in that one of the three rooms of the shack which served for kitchen and dining-room. Maggie ascertained that, then went around to the window of the room where Dennis was, and tapped on it. He appeared at it, ready to jump back. She motioned to him to open it. He did so. "Put up that gun," she advised; "nobody's going to hurt you." He put it up, within easy arm's reach. "Now you listen," she said. "I thought you was dead. Two fellows told Leslie and me that you was. I waited for you to come back for four years, and you didn't come or send word. They said as how you got into a shooting scrape down South and was killed. So I married Leslie and he took me to see your grave. We had a new board put on it, too." She leaned her arm on the window-sill and spoke at leisure. "Now," she said, "you see here. I got married on the straight. There can't anybody hother me nor him. But it ain't that way with you. You didn't. You'll be in all kinds of a mess if I want to talk. But I won't."

He knew the value of her word so well that an expression of relief came over his face.

"But I won't," she repeated, "so long as you treat that little thing in there square. She's a lot too good for you, but she don't know it, poor little fool. You might have had the decency to take an older one, anyway. She—she cares about you." Her voice caught, but she went on: "And you ain't going to break her heart if I can stop it. I'm on to you, and Leslie is, too. And we mean to keep on to you. We'll know what you are doing, and you won't get away from us again. We'll be on your trail from now till your last round-up. So, if you want to keep out of jail, you make things easy for her—a darn sight easier than you did for me. *Sabe?*" She withdrew her arm from the sill. "That's all—but don't you forget any of it," she counseled, and walked away.

The evening was not a pleasant one for any but Mrs. Dennis. It was not Maggie's fault, however. She helped get the supper, and made as much conversation as she could. She smiled upon the just and the unjust alike. She heard without the quiver of a lash the detailed story of Dennis's courting from his wife. Dennis heard it, too, and did not enjoy it much more. She helped with the breakfast the next morning, too, and then, just before the wagon was ready, she had speech with Dennis again. Leslie was with her this time. He lent a moral support, which very little would have sufficed to make physical.

"Don't you forget what I told you," she advised, dispassionately. "Your wife—she's got my address—and she's promised to let me know if ever she's in trouble of any kind. So you'd better not be the one to get her into it. And, as for you—*he*," she jerked her thumb at Leslie over her shoulder, "he'll keep a well-peeled eye on you for the rest of your natural life. And we'll make it interesting for you if you don't talk Spanish. *Sabe?*"

Dennis was moved to gratitude. His voice shook when he thanked her, and so did his hand when he held it out. She looked at it, and her lips curled, very nearly haughtily. Then she lifted her eyes with one withering glance, and turned on her heel.

They drove off toward the sunrise between the eternal, rolling hills. Presently Leslie turned to her. "Do you care about that had egg still?" he asked. She did not reply. His face was not as red as it was usually. "Do you?" he asked again. She shut her lips and looked hard at the white road ahead.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1901.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew, with his son, Chauncey M. Depew, Jr., and his niece, Miss Paulding, have gone to London and will visit Paris and parts of Germany. It is the senator's twenty-seventh trip to Europe. "I shall not do any business while abroad," he said, just before sailing. "Of course the acquirement of information about the intention of foreign governments is to me a pleasure. I want to know what England is going to do on the Chinese question. It would be interesting to know something about the European commercial combination against us. This is the age of commercial war, and it sometimes looks as though it was a case of the whole of Europe against the United States, with America holding her own. The canal question is going to be a most important matter in the next Congress. I think before I return in September I shall have ascertained pretty well what is the real attitude of the English Government toward that enterprise."

M. Flammarion says that he envies the inhabitants of Mars. "In a world where it is always beautiful, where there are neither tempests nor cyclones, where the years are twice as long as ours, where men and women who here weigh seventy kilos there weigh only twenty-six, and where, in a word, everything is lighter, more delicate, and more refined." And he goes further, pointing out that if the Martians wished to communicate with us they would have doubtless made the effort many times in the past and probably long ago abandoned it, deciding it a hopeless effort to attempt communication with a planet so stupid.

The German military authorities at Pekin now admit the failure of their army transport service. Count von Waldersee has appointed a commission of officers to investigate the transport methods of all the foreign armies in China, with a view to arranging an adequate and reliable system for the German contingent.



## AN ENGLISHMAN'S PROTEST.

Frederic Harrison's Denunciation of His Country's Course.

One of the most scathing attacks on the British African policy that have been made since the Boer war began is that of Frederic Harrison, the eminent English positivist, professor of jurisprudence, and historian. Mr. Harrison is ripe in years and honors, and during his recent visit to the United States was given distinguished attention East and West. While in this country he would say nothing about the conduct of England in South Africa, but on his return to his home he once more took up the war question. In a letter to the *London Daily News* of May 30th, he declares that he is "neither 'little Englander,' nor 'pro-Boer,' nor 'cosmopolitan crank,' but a patriotic Englishman, who does not think his country's greatness needs to be eked out with more Klondikes and Ugandas, and refuses to applaud every folly and crime into which demagogues in office may contrive to delude the nation." His philippic is notable for its unsparring arraignment of individuals as well as policies, and for the force and eloquence with which he champions the cause of a brave and still unconquered people. While the immediate cause of his protest was the report of a fresh start in farm-burning and devastation by British troops in the Transvaal, he takes occasion to review briefly the course of the strife from the beginning, and says:

"The nation has been hoodwinked by an elaborate fabric of calumny and falsehood. The 'Boer conspiracy to drive us out of Africa' is mere promoters' bounce, like the tales about 'payable gold.' It was invented by Rhodesian agents, and sent home by their gullible tool in Cape Town. The story of 'Boer armaments' prior to the raid has been proved to be false. The myth that the war was 'inevitable' is only true in the sense that the crucifixion was inevitable. Everything is 'inevitable' if fools will persist in their folly, and he that is unjust 'will be unjust still.' The war was inevitable in this sense only—that there were men resolved, in pursuit of their own ends, to spread blood and ruin far and wide. The pretext that nothing but war could decide whether Dutchman or Briton should be master in South Africa means only that the British were bent on crushing the Boer. It was a mere pretext for conquest. By what law of God or man was it 'inevitable' that the Briton should dominate all South Africa? The Dutch were in the majority; they were planted first in the soil; they were the only race which could thrive in the veldt; they were Afrikaners, bred and born in the land, not immigrants, passing prospectors, contractors, carpet-baggers come out to make a pile. Why is it a law of nature that these men should be made masters of the settled Afrikaner population?"

In its brutalizing effect on the English people at home, Mr. Harrison finds one of the most serious consequences of the war:

"The horrible side of this war to us who retain some feeling for the honor of our country is that the nature of the task to which we were committed made violent and unlawful measures almost inevitable. To conquer and annex two free and proud nations of European race and most stubborn nature is an outrage which has never been attempted since the partition of Poland. Considering the vast extent of the land, the physical difficulties of the task, and the superb fighting qualities of the patriots, it was an undertaking of extreme peril. Since they were of the same race, language, and traditions as the Afrikaners of our own colony, it made civil war and rebellion almost inevitable. And yet, to fail in sight of mankind, after all our quixotic bragadocio, would be intolerable humiliation. Accordingly, they set their teeth, prepared 'to fight it out to a finish,' by whatever means, flinging to the winds considerations of public law, humanity, and the good name of England. Men curse in their hearts the law of nations, and sneer openly at the farce of The Hague. And women of the governing class do not blush to say that 'what is wanted is more cruelty.' The horrible part of this war, I say, is that it has brutalized public opinion, made public men desperate, and has unsexed the women whom they pervert."

Without naming Lord Milner, he denounces him in these vitriolic phrases:

"This responsible governor of a self-governing colony stooped to play the part which some noble chairman of a rotten company performs as the figure-head of a board of guinea-pig directors. He behaved as an Irish viceroy would behave, if he made himself the grand master of the Orange faction, hounded them on to insult, misrepresent, and attack their Catholic fellow-subjects, and personally labored to bring about a civil war. He mouthed out rhetorical abuse of the government with which he was sent to negotiate; he insulted and defied the constitutional ministers he was bound to consult; he resorted to his old journalistic epigrams to mislead and irritate people at home; he concealed from them the feeling of the inhabitants of the colony he governed; he deceived his chiefs at home by false accounts of the perils before them and of the means of compromise at hand. And, when he saw the possibility of a peaceful issue to the imbroglio he had fanned, he took care to make a settlement impossible and war the natural result."

Mr. Harrison recognizes the bravery and loyalty of British soldiers in the field, but censures those who pour out praise without discrimination:

"No one denies the splendid courage shown by our soldiers, officers, and men alike; nor do we fail to honor the patience, cheerfulness, and tenacity of all who have borne the heat and burden of this long and cruel day. But to swagger over the deeds of men who have done their duty as English soldiers always have done, to shout about the world with this immoderate bluster over a campaign which, considering the petty enemy and their narrow means, has been one long tale of rebuff, disappointment, miscalculation, disaster, and perpetual 'regrettable' incidents, including more British soldiers taken prisoners than ever happened in our long history before—this, I say, is more like the tone of the Hooligans out Mafficking than of the Englishmen who beat Napoleon and saved Europe. It makes me tingle when I witness these blatant Bardolphins in their carouses, got up by politicians with an eye on the hallot-box. Our men are brave and resolute and enduring. Yes! But what are the Dutch farmers, old men and boys together, who serve under Cronje and De Wet? Has not Lord Kitchener slaughtered men in North Africa as well as in South Africa as brave as the men he commands? No one doubts that our men are worthy of honor. But are honor and glory and admiration due only to one side of this long and sanguinary war?"

The latest phase of the conflict calls out his holdest and most cutting expressions:

"The official return has disclosed a barbarous, vindictive, systematic attempt to terrorize and crush a brave enemy in arms, by devastating a country which it was found impossible to conquer, by ruining the homes of soldiers with whom we were waging war, and by exposing their wives and children to misery and want. This was a violation of the recognized laws of civilized war, and was expressly forbidden by The Hague conference. It was especially infamous, when resorted to against an honorable body of citizens who were defending the existence of their country. It was insane folly in the case of a people whom it was designed to incorporate in the empire, who had actually been proclaimed as our own fellow-countrymen."

"The war is now over, we are officially informed week by week by commanders, ministers, and their friends in the press," remarks Mr. Harrison, in conclusion. "We look on these brazen untruths with alarm, for it is thought to be the

prelude to some new policy of rage and barbarism. But all is not 'over.' We are not 'over' the deadly blow all this has struck at the empire, the ruin and chaos it has spread through South Africa, the blood-poison it has infused into public opinion, nor the stain on English honor in the sight of the civilized world. There is another thing, too, which is not yet 'over.' And that is the nationality of the Boer republics, which, I believe, are not yet crushed out forever—which, as a patriotic Englishman, I trust never will be crushed out forever."

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## A Ballade of Dead Humoists.

If you sow Success, you must harvest Woe,  
For Fame was ever a fickle jade,  
And sequels never were known to "go."  
When Ari deteriorates into Trade,  
A song too long on the lyre is played,  
And lo, your victory is reversed!  
The Critic cries, in his wild urade,  
"He's not so good as he was at first!"

The praise of the Public melts like snow,  
The smiles of your Favor quickly fade;  
Unless a chameleon garb you show,  
Or change like Proteus, unafraid,  
Your name is likely to retrograde.  
The deluge comes! Lest you be immersed,  
Pray change your field ere the plaint is made,  
"He's not so good as he was at first!"

E'en Chimmie Fadden was voted "slow,"  
J. Ford too long at the counter stayed  
And Bangs's Houseboat we did outgrow,  
Wh. Dunne too long after Dooley strayed.  
Oh, tremble now for the slangy Ade!  
The Publisher urges him to his worst,  
But Critics are crying, in ambuscade,  
"He's not so good as he was at first!"

## ENVOI.

O Wits, I'm calling a spade a spade;  
Have done with your stunts ere your bubbles burst!  
Too much of a Muchness, and you are flayed!—  
"He's not so good as he was at first!"

—Gelett Burgess in the *July Bookman*.

## Ballade of Old Love-Letters.

Deep in a cedar chest they lie,  
Far removed from the light of day,  
The ink on their pages long since dry,  
The soul of their longing fled away.  
Lines that vary from grave to gay,  
And yearnings unged with the heart's desire,  
And words that promise and plead and pray—  
These are the strings of Love's sad lyre.

Many a year has passed them by,  
Many a month from March to May,  
The snows have gathered on billocks high,  
And birds have sung in the orchards gay,  
Minstrels caroled their roundelay,  
And nights grown black o'er the sunset's pyre;  
Yet such as these have survived decay—  
These are the strings of Love's sad lyre.

All too sacred for mortal eye,  
Let them dream in the silence gray,  
For love remains though the lovers die,  
Slow passing out from their house of day;  
These shall last while the waters play,  
And on till the steadfast winds may tire,  
For this is the music living aye—  
These are the strings of Love's sad lyre.

## ENVOI.

Prince, whom the Lords of earth obey  
Death, although thou art dark and dire,  
Here is that which disputes thy sway—  
These are the strings of Love's sad lyre!

—Ernest McGaffey in *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans has replied to complaints officially made against him by former Secretary of the Navy Chandler in a breezy way. In his hook, "A Sailor's Log," Rear-Admiral Evans states that while he was inspector of the fifth light-house district, with head-quarters in Baltimore, he refused to pass a disreputable politician examined for appointment as light-keeper, and because of this was punished by Mr. Chandler, then Secretary of the Navy, by being relieved and placed on reduced pay. "The navy had in some ways degenerated into a job-lot—at least, in the eyes of those who used it for their own purposes," the admiral said, "and was sometimes let to a very low bidder." Admiral Evans also referred to the revocation by the Secretary of a year's leave of absence granted him by the Acting-Secretary. Former Secretary Chandler takes exception to these comments and explanation, and, in a letter to Secretary Long, shows a desire for retraction. Admiral Evans declines to discuss Mr. Chandler's complaint.

Counterfeiters in Mexico are producing standard silver dollars which in every respect are equal to the genuine, and they are profiting greatly by their industry, the material and labor in the bogus coin being worth about half as much as that in the genuine, which has a fictitious value imparted to it by the stamp of the United States Government. It is very doubtful whether the gentry engaged in this lucrative business could be punished if they were caught, for, according to all accounts, the laws of Mexico do not concern themselves about such matters as the imitation of the coins of a neighboring state. Indeed, it is very probable that the Mexican people view the practice with a friendly eye, as it helps to increase the market for a product of their country.

The Czar has signaled the birth of his daughter by issuing a ukase commuting the punishment of the riotous students. Some of them are exempted from further military service, and others are credited with their period of punishment as part of their regular military service. Many calculations were upset by the advent of another daughter. In case a son had been born, the politicians anticipated amnesties, decorations, reforms, and society *fetes*, and the taxpayers were looking forward to the remission of important state taxes.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Chinese minister has sent a general request to newspapers to spell the last portion of his name with a small *f*, thus: Wu Ting-fang, as fang is simply a descriptive title, and not a part of his name.

Miss Kuntze, of Berlin, with a guide named Furrer, has succeeded in reaching the top of the Gelmerhorner near the Rhone glacier, in Switzerland. This is the first time the mountain has ever been ascended. It is ten thousand five hundred feet high.

When the recent Austrian census was taken, the Emperor Francis Joseph filled in the usual form in his own hand and answered every question with great care. Among other things, he had to state how many windows his residence contained, and whether or not he could read or write.

At a recent meeting of the French Astronomical Society, M. Flammarion submitted a scheme for reforming the calendar. He argued that the year should begin on March 21st, that the months should be named after the cardinal virtues, and that New-Year's Day, and in leap-years the day after it also, should not be considered part of a week, but should be holidays. The year being thus one of three hundred and sixty-four days, the dates of the days of the week would not alter from year to year, but would be invariable.

When the steamship *Deutschland* left Southampton for New York last week, all the staterooms on the promenade decks were exclusively reserved for ten millionaires traveling by her. These millionaires were J. Pierpont Morgan, Clinton Dawkins, Clement A. Griscom, Bernard A. Baker, William L. Elkins, B. A. Widener, Harry Payne Whitney, Pierre Lorillard, Timothy L. Woodruff, and John T. Waterbury. It is stated that these ten gentlemen formed a syndicate and chartered the entire deck for twenty-two thousand dollars.

The seventh anniversary of the birth of little Prince Edward, who will one day be King of England, took place on June 23d. According to present plans Prince Edward will be a sailor, going upon the training-ship *Britannia* in a few years. His present education consists of a few short daily lessons given by Mlle. Bricka, for many years companion to the late Duchess of Teck. The king is said to be strongly opposed to "stuffing children with too much knowledge." His recollection is keen of how unpleasant it was to be a "walking dictionary" at twenty.

M. Féliz, one of the world's greatest dressmakers, closed his doors last week a bankrupt. The cause was the failure of the Palais de Costumes at the recent exhibition. Féliz invested all of his money in this palace and its dresses, which show one thousand years of female folly. Its remnants have been hought up by a big clothing establishment called "Les Trois Quartiers." Féliz was the dressmaker for almost all the most famous actresses in Europe and of all the rich smart set, as contradistinguished from the aristocracy. Among those he had been in the habit of dressing were Mrs. Langtry, Ada Rehan, Bernhardt, Rejane, Calvé, Anna Robinson, Sihyl Sanderson, and Liane de Pougy.

The following changes in diplomatic posts have been made: Francis B. Loomis, of Ohio, minister to Venezuela, has been transferred to be minister to Portugal, vice John N. Irwin, of Iowa, resigned; Herbert W. Bowen, of New York, present minister to Persia, has been transferred to Caracas, succeeding Mr. Loomis as minister to Venezuela; Lloyd C. Griscom, of Pennsylvania, present secretary of legation at Constantinople, has been made minister to Persia; Spencer F. Eddy, of Illinois, present second secretary of embassy at Paris, has been made secretary of legation at Constantinople, to succeed Mr. Griscom; and Arthur Bailly Blanchard, of Louisiana, has been promoted from third to second secretary at Paris.

The shabby treatment accorded ex-Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar in Paris by the French Government, which lodged her in poor apartments and welcomed her like a poor relative, has given the opponents of the ministry an excellent opening. They hit upon the idea of a public subscription to buy the former queen a Parisian wardrobe. The subscription was started by the *Press*, and M. Henri Rochefort headed the list of those willing to contribute toward the purchase of a dress for the former queen. Hundreds of people have already sent in subscriptions. But the tradesmen scented business, and now hats and bonnets, dresses, linens, laces, and shoes are pouring in on Ranavalona. They are accompanied by letters, which are afterward printed, saying that certain high-life tailors have sent this or that article to the ex-queen. In this way Queen Ranavalona has become the latest medium of advertising for tradesmen.

According to reports from Munich the condition of the insane King Otto, who, some days ago, celebrated his fifty-third birthday, has again become somewhat critical, the renal disease from which he suffers making all the more rapid progress as the unhappy monarch, who is exceedingly strong, will not let himself be examined or treated. As he can not be induced to take the necessary diet and baths which would increase the activity of the heart, efforts are made to introduce secretly into his food medicaments to prevent chronic inflammation of the arteries and dropsy. Sometimes, in order to rouse him, he is allowed to see persons whom he once knew, and whose features he remembers from his boyhood. These he at once recognizes, calling them by their names. If his physicians want him to do anything, they have to resort to strategy, for if he can be made to believe that he can outwit his doctors, and make fools of them, he does what is wanted. In order to get him into the carriage to take a drive, the following manoeuvre is resorted to: the carriage drives up to the gate of the garden, and is—apparently—left alone there. As soon as the king thinks he is not watched, he jumps into the carriage and calls for the coachman without being in the least astonished at seeing his doctor follow him into it.



## FROM PARIS THROUGH TOURAINE.

In the Garden of France—Its Many Noble Châteaux—The Salamander of Francis the First—Sad Azay-le-Rideau—Anne of Bretagne and Gloomy Loches.

Paris was getting hot and uncomfortable. Before the wilting effects of its first summer heats its gayety was diminishing. The delicate green of the chestnuts along the Champs-Élysées was already showing a faint powdering of dust. The tourists were coming with Baedekers and were being "personally conducted" about in large vans with awnings. The first tarnishing effects of summer's crowds and dusts and droughts was dimming the beauty of the city that is at once the most frivolous and the most inspiring in the world.

We determined to leave, take a downward swoop into the Touraine, and then come up again along the coast, getting across to England at the first available crossing we could find. So the big trunks were sent on to London, the steamer and hat trunks were packed for short journeys, and we set forth for Tours. People have been sporadically visiting the *châteaux* along the Loire in Touraine for years, but it is only lately that this trip has been recognized as one of the most romantically and historically interesting in France. It is still also fairly free from the mass of tourists. A few people do it by train, making Tours their *piéd de terre*, but the majority travel by bicycle or automobile, passing from *château to château*, and spending their nights at the hotels and inns which are so good in this part of France.

Every Frenchman you speak to of Touraine will say it is the garden of France. This it seems to be—a flat, rich land, at this season juicily green, threaded by lazy, silver rivers, cut by long lines of poplars that stand out along the horizon in delicate silhouette, and shaded by squat, tremulous willows, or stately lindens, or patches of pale-green oak woods where the mistletoe grows in thick bunches. It is a country of white roads, level and hard as boards; of large, prosperous farms, sprawling in a chaos of out-buildings among their teeming fields; of vineyards, low and deeply leaved; of reaches of undulating grain, sown with the poppy and the cornflower. And all through this rich and pleasant land stand the great *châteaux* where kings and queens played out their destinies, where the noble was once feudal lord, and where royal favorites were housed in princely palaces.

It was the dying race of Valois who so dearly loved La Touraine. With them it ended its career as the pleasure-ground of kings. The Bourbons built their palaces nearer Paris. Versailles took the place of Blois. Mme. de Pompadour was given a pavilion near Paris, as Diane de Poitiers had been given one at Chenonceaux. But in the days when the terrible daughter of the Medici was in full power, La Touraine saw her often, and here her corrupt and feeble brood listened to her teachings and played their parts at her direction. Here, too, Mary Stuart spent her girlhood and the early days of her first marriage. At Amboise she learned to bear herself as a queen should, when she watched the slaughter of the Huguenots in the garden. At Blois she saw her boy-husband die.

Before that, Francis the First had loved La Touraine. His salamander writhes over Mary's princely doorways and fire-places in that tranquil land. And wherever that salamander writhes one may be sure to find things of beauty. For wherever this great monarch—a kingly man with all his imperfections—set to work to build, all was certain to be of the purest, choicest beauty. His picture is here, too, in many places—that unmistakable face, with the long nose, the keen, shrewd, sensuous eye, the little smile, genially cynical, and the air of splendor that the poorest artist could not divest him of. A splendid man, despite his sins, always clothed in the divinity that doth hedge a king.

He built the great wing of Blois—that stands to-day as an example of perfect Renaissance architecture—and he, too, had some hand in the little *château* of Azay-le-Rideau. The *conciergerie*—a decent, demure, old dame in a black lace cap—said he had lived there "with his first wife, Claude of France." I couldn't find this verified in any of the books I had, but that Francis must once have lived in Azay-le-Rideau is proved by the salamander being there. Even when he merely destroyed old and ugly things to reconstruct them into things of beauty, the salamander appeared. And where the salamander was over the portal one may be perfectly sure that inside the portal there was much joy and splendor, plenty of love-making, wine, and song.

There is something sad about Azay-le-Rideau. It is completely and perfectly beautiful, a royal *château*, small and bijou, with pale walls incrustated with carvings, rising from pools of motionless water. The water seems to have been merely an ornamental feature in the landscape. It was not a moat. It was not one of those *châteaux* built for war and defense, but eminently a place for leisure and harmony, love-making and pleasure. One can connect nothing violent or ungracious with this pale, carved treasure of a mansion, with its flower-gardens and its adorned walls mirrored in the surrounding pools.

One of the sad things about it is that the noble family who have owned it for generations have just sold it. They were the De Biencourts, and their arms are everywhere visible. A short while back a marquis of the De Biencourts married a *demoiselle* of the House of Montmorency, and their combined coats of arms are almost the only thing in Azay-le-Rideau which looks new and of the present time. There are wonderful old things in the *château*, which is completely furnished. Kings have slept in its canopied beds, and the pictures of all the finest and best that have passed through the pages of French history for three hundred years hang on its walls. All through these worn, stately, habitable rooms there is a slight odor of the smoke of the wood fires that have been burning on the hearths off and on for centuries.

Azay-le-Rideau and Langeais are the only two *châteaux* of

the region which are furnished. As Azay-le-Rideau shows the wear and tear of the centuries in the hollowed steps of its famous staircase, the worn bricks, and uneven tiles of its floorings, Langeais is magnificent in the complete refurbishing it has recently undergone. After passing through numerous hands since the Middle Ages, it at last has ended as the property of M. Jacques Siegfried, who combines two of the most important attributes necessary for the owner of a *seigneurial château*. He is a man of taste and a man of wealth. The interior of the whole massive structure has been furnished in the manner of the epoch in which it was built. Millions of francs must have been spent in achieving this effect. To-day Langeais is probably one of the most perfect examples existing of the feudal castle as it was just before the dawn of the Renaissance.

It was one of the many *châteaux* of La Touraine which witnessed scenes in the life of that great heiress, Anne de Bretagne, whose dowry, the duchy of Bretagne, won for her two royal husbands. Anne, with her duchy, was secured to France by her marriage with Charles the Eighth, the wedding taking place in Langeais. We saw the great hall in which this important event was celebrated. To-day, a solemnly gorgeous dining-hall, it speaks of a former, a more grimly splendid age than ours, in its long windows, the huge, white, carved chimney-piece that crosses one wall, the stone pavement wherein the device of Anne—the ermine and the cord—was cunningly interwoven with that of her husband in a running pattern. The *coup d'œil* of this room was impressive to a degree. A vast apartment, with a cool, unincumbered air, the floor of red-and-white tiling with its curious design, in harmony with the tints of the tapestry hanging on the wall, and the raftered ceiling where again were emblazoned the devices of Bretagne and France. A long table was set in the centre, and on either side of this stood chairs covered with cushions of a dull-red velvet. The one modern touch in the splendid chamber—fit place for royal mating—were the huge palms that stood in the windows.

Anne and her ermine and her twisted cord made a great impression upon the interior architecture of the Touraine. Her device is nearly as omnipresent as the salamander of Francis the First. In fact, Anne lived about Touraine for a good many years. She had good and evil fortune in that sweet and fertile country, in which it seems as if the world should always be smiling and the sun always be shining. Anne's sun did not always shine. The two children she had by the marriage in the great hall at Langeais died, and their tomb stands to-day in the cathedral at Tours, a beautiful and touching thing, with its two baby images crowned and robed in the royal ermine. She was staying at Amboise when her first husband struck his head against a low doorway and died of the blow. After this she stayed on at Amboise, husbandless and childless, until, deeming it better to once again weld the great duchy firmly to France, they married her to another king—Louis the Twelfth.

Blois saw some of that second married life of hers, and also Loches. Louis the Twelfth built the red-and-white wing at Blois that still stands, crusty, rich, with a hoar of moss, and with its stone copings here and there flowering into strange, grotesque shapes. At Loches she has left only one or two remains of her sojourn. Loches seems hardly a place where a pious queen could have been comfortable. The sinister walls of the donjon, and the memories of those who had lived out their lives in its horrible darkness—blind moles who suffered in their blindness—could have hardly been cheerful company even for a queen of the period. There are two or three tiny rooms in the castle that were hers, one a little oratory, hardly bigger than a cupboard, but carved from floor to ceiling with a graceful design of the ermine and the cord, so small, so rich, and so elegant that it looks like a reliquary. Anne, like Marie Antoinette, seems to have liked little rooms.

But Loches could never have been a cheerful staying-place, even in the best weather. To-day it is terrifying. No castle that I have seen in my wanderings gives one such an impression of grim and sinister power. The old donjon, dating from somewhere in the thick darkness of the Middle Ages, stands, roofless, but otherwise intact. Against the blue skies of Touraine these terrible walls rise, gray, solid, and enormous. Green things spring from their cracks, moss grows in an emerald film over their stones. The day we were there was particularly warm and soft. There were billows of white cloud sailing dreamily by on a sky of deepest blue. From the fosse below us, now a garden, the scent of the small, sweet roses that fill provincial French gardens ascended on warm breaths of air. From its iron foundations, springing in walls of masonry from the living rock, the great donjon soared into the blue. Many small birds darted in and out through its windows and circled about its summit. In the midst of this smiling nature it loomed, a thing of fearful memories, a reproach from a tragic past.

We tried to shake off its effect by going down to lunch in the garden of the little hotel. We found a sheltered corner under a group of trees, and there proceeded to lunch at a tiny iron table. It was sunny, but cool under the trees. The iron table was exceedingly small, and the waiter placed at our feet what looked like a baby's bath-tub, in which he put the bottles of wine and mineral water. Then he served us with one of those excellent meals that one can get at any wayside inn in the Touraine—marvelous meals, well-cooked, well-served, and watered with a wine which, if not the best, is at least drinkable. When it was over, our spirits had risen. We were exceedingly merry. I think the waiter had doubts of our having succumbed to the bottles in the bath-tub. Doubts which were apparently confirmed by the leader of the party giving him two francs for a *pour-boire*. He could not believe his eyes, and tremulously asked if it was meant for him. When told that it was, he was ours for life or death. He escorted us to the automobile and stood, hare-headed, crimson, and howling to the ground as we puffed away.

TOURS, June 6, 1901.

GERALDINE BONNER.

## PATRIOTIC VERSE.

## The Republic.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humankind with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock;  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!—Longfellow.

## America.

Foreseen in the vision of sages,  
Foretold when martyrs bled,  
She was born of the longing of ages,  
By the truth of the noble dead  
And the faith of the living fed!  
No blood in her lightest veins  
Frets at remembered chains,  
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.  
In her form and features still  
The unflinching Puritan will,  
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,  
The Quaker truth and sweetness,  
And the strength of the danger-girded race  
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.  
From the homes of all, where her being began,  
She took what she gave to Man;  
Justice, that knew no station,  
Belief, as soul decreed,  
Free air for aspiration,  
Free force for independent deed!  
She takes, but to give again,  
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;  
And gathers the chosen of her seed  
From the hunted of every crown and creed.  
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;  
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;  
Her France pursues some dream divine;  
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;  
Her Italy waits by the western brine;  
And, broad-based under all,  
In planted England's oaken-hearted mood,  
As rich in fortune  
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!  
Fused in her candid light,  
To one strong race all races here unite:  
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen  
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;  
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman;  
She makes it glory, now, to be a man!  
—Bayard Taylor.

## Our First Century.

It can not be that men who are the seed  
Of Washington should miss fame's true applause;  
Franklin did plan us; Marshall gave us laws;  
And slow the broad scroll grew a people's creed,—  
One land and free! then at our dangerous need,  
Time's challenge coming, Lincoln gave it pause,  
Upheld the double pillars of the cause,  
And dying left them whole—the crowning deed.  
Such was the fathering race that made all fast,  
Who founded us, and spread from sea to sea  
A thousand leagues the zone of liberty.  
And built for man this refuge from his past,  
Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered; shamed were we,  
Failing the stature that such sires forecast!  
—George Edward Woodberry.

## The Volunteer.

"At dawn," he said, "I bid them all farewell,  
To go where hedges call and rifles gleam."  
And with the restless thought asleep he fell,  
And glided into dream.  
A great hot plain from sea to mountain spread,—  
Through it a level river slowly drawn:  
He moved with a vast crowd, and at its head  
Streamed banners like the dawn.  
There came a blinding flash, a deafening roar,  
And dissonant cries of triumph and dismay;  
Blood trickled down the river's reedy shore,  
And with the dead he lay.  
The morn broke in upon his solemn dream,  
And still, with steady pulse and deepening eye,  
"Where hedges call," he said, "and rifles gleam,  
I follow, though I die!"—Elbridge Jefferson Cutler.

## From the "Torch-Bearers."

For, O America, our country I—land  
Hid in the west through centuries, till men  
Through countless tyrannies could understand  
The priceless worth of freedom,—once again  
The world was new-created when thy shore  
First knew the pilgrim keels, that one last test  
The race might make of manhood, nor give o'er  
The strife with evil till it proved its best.  
Thy true sons stand as torch-bearers, to hold  
A guiding light. Here the last stand is made.  
If we fail here, what new Columbus hold,  
Steering brave prow through black seas unafraid,  
Finds out a fresh land where man may abide  
And freedom yet be saved? The whole round earth  
Has seen the battle fought. Where shall men hide  
From tyranny and wrong, where life have worth,  
If here the cause succumb? If greed of gold  
Or lust of power or falsehood triumph here,  
The race is lost! A globe depopled, cold,  
Rolled down the void a voiceless, lifeless sphere,  
Were not so stamped by all which hope debars  
As were this earth, plunging along through space  
Conquered by evil, shamed among the stars,  
Bearing a base, enslaved, dishonored race!  
Here has the battle its last vantage ground;  
Here all is won, or here must all be lost,  
Here freedom's trumpets one last rally sound;  
Here to the breeze its hood-stained flag is tossed.  
America, last hope of man and truth,  
Thy name must through all coming ages be  
The badge unspeakable of shame and ruin,  
Or glorious pledge that man through truth is free.  
This is thy destiny; the choice is thine  
To lead all nations and outshine them all:  
But if thou failest, deeper shame is thine,  
And none shall spare to mock thee in thy fall.  
—Arlo Bates.



## A UNIQUE WAR NEWSPAPER.

Julian Ralph's History of the Brief Career of "The Friend" at Bloemfontein—Some Notable Contributions.

In "War's Brighter Side," Julian Ralph gives us an interesting account of the inception and brief career of the *Friend*, the newspaper which Lord Roberts established at Bloemfontein as a source of entertainment and information for the army, and as a medium for conveying such arguments and appeals as he wished to make to the enemy. When he captured the capital of the Orange Free State and found that, instead of continuing his march to Pretoria at once, he would be obliged to remain at least four weeks in Bloemfontein, he sent Lord Stanley, the press censor, to inform Percival Ladson, of the *London Times*, H. A. Gwynne, of Reuter's Agency, F. W. Buxton, of the *Johannesburg Star*, and Julian Ralph, the American correspondent representing the *London Daily Mail*, that he desired them to bring out a paper. To undertake so laborious and exacting a task, and still do justice to their newspapers at home, seemed almost impossible, but the censor's words, "Lord Roberts wants this," left no alternative. Two newspapers had been published in Bloemfontein up to the time that they took possession. One was the property of the widow of one Borkenhagen—a Boer organ of the most pronounced type—which was stopped by Lord Roberts, and its machinery, type, and all else belonging to it placed at the disposal of the four editors. The other paper was the little *Friend of the Free State*, owned by an Englishman named Barlow, who was out of the country, and had left the property in the care of his son. Says Mr. Ralph:

This younger Barlow had not conducted the paper in such a spirit toward us as one would have looked for from a man of English blood; but, either for good cause, worldly interests, or wholly despicable reasons, there was so much disloyalty and so much more of fence-straddling throughout South Africa that a very lenient view was taken of this case, and we were asked to find out what sum of money would satisfy Barlow for the loss of income from his paper while we conducted it. He was to be told that he could not be permitted to continue his editorship, and that therefore it was necessary to settle on some figure covering any shrinkage that might occur in his customary profits while the newspaper was in our charge.

Mr. Buxton was appointed to confer with Barlow, and in a few hours we all met again to hear that the dejected editor would be satisfied with a guarantee of one thousand dollars, or two hundred dollars a week during the month of our editorship.

On March 16th the first issue of the now historic *Friend* was published:

Its sheet was of the size of two copies of the *Spectator* laid side by side. Each of its four pages measured twenty inches long by fifteen wide. Far more striking than its title was this sentence, in blackest type: "If you once use Vereeniging coal you will never use any other." All the advertisements, except the very many scattered about of Barlow's stationery business, and for which I hope he was made to pay at the highest rates, were old notices carried on from the days of Boer rule.

Mr. Ralph pays this tribute to the Dutch compositors:

Those compositors!—were ever men so badly served as we were by them? They doubled our work, and, though we corrected every error they made, they often spoiled our efforts at the last by failing to carry out our corrections. They were so ingenious as to spell struggle "strxlgl," and then to insist that it should appear so in the *Friend*. They invented the new rank of "branch colonel" to take the place of brigadier-general or lance-corporal. I can not remember which. I used to think they made this trouble on purpose, for I knew that some were Dutch and all had been with the Boers before we came. And when secret pro-Boer circulars and incentives to disorder were found to have been printed in the town, I had a sneaking suspicion that I could guess who were the printers.

The *Friend* was an afternoon paper published at three or four or five o'clock in the evening, according as the Dutch compositors chose to get it out:

We editors went to our tiny editorial-room between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and worked until lunch-time—one o'clock—writing, seeing visitors, correcting proofs, and reading manuscripts. What I have called "seeing visitors" mainly consisted in turning away private soldiers who came for copies of the paper. Though we posted notices that ours was the editorial-room, and that papers were to be had at Barlow's stationery-shop, "Tommy" would insist upon coming to us; therefore we gave up a large part of our time to sending him away, now yelling at him, now bursting into profanity, and anon pleading most politely that we were neither newsboys nor railway bookstall-keepers.

What I have called "reading manuscripts" was largely the work of examining the poetry of this same Mr. Atkins, who, fired by the genius of Mr. Kipling, is sometimes a better poet than you would think, sometimes a worse poet than you can imagine, but is generally a poet—one sort or another. We had good "Tommy" poets in our ranks, wherefore, when Mr. Kipling came, he insisted that all soldier poetry should be religiously read, and the best of it published. He pored over miles—but we are coming to him presently. At the idea of re-writing and improving Tommy's verse he was pained, and when Mr. James Barnes, on one occasion, spent half a day in putting a "Tommy" poem into queen's English, Mr. Kipling was right-

cously indignant, and spent an hour in getting it back to Tommy's vernacular.

It was made known that private soldiers would be charged only a penny for the paper, the original threepence being demanded solely of officers:

In this way we hoped to earn a greater profit than by shutting out of our trade the humble private, to whom a threepence (a "ticky," as it is called in Africa) sometimes appears as big as a cart-wheel. But our new plan brought us a lot of trouble—especially of the kind you feel when you know you are being done out of something and yet can not help yourself. The fact was that the officers encamped at a distance sent in their servants for their papers, and these messengers, being privates, only paid a penny for each paper. Then, again, the officers were dressed so nearly like the men that the newsboys and assistants in Barlow's shop could not distinguish them apart, and charged many of the officers the penny of the private. This annoyed us, because we were intent upon making as much money as possible in order to turn over a handsome sum to a soldier charity when we should end our stewardship—for not a penny did we mean to keep for ourselves.

Rudyard Kipling's first contribution was a poem in the issue of March 23d. Says Mr. Ralph:

Mr. Kipling tenanted a bedroom across the passage from my own in the Free State Hotel at Bloemfontein. When I went to shake his hand, he was in the room of W. B. Wollen, the artist, and one of those men who, having nothing good to say, are never content to stop there, was exclaiming: "Is it possible that I have the honor to meet the author of 'The Absent-Minded Beggar'?"

"Yes," said Kipling, "I have heard that piece played on a barrel-organ, and I would shoot the man who wrote it if it would not be suicide."

Among the Kipling contributions which Mr. Ralph has selected for this volume are six short "Fables of the Staff," some "Kopje-Book Maxims," and several poems, including "The Wearing of the Green," "A Birthday Greeting," "General Joubert," and "A Song of the White Men"—all of which are supplemented with this formidable foot-note: "Copyrighted in England and America; used here by Mr. Kipling's leave."

Many were the deeds of kindness which endeared Kipling to Mr. Ralph and the other editors:

There was, for instance, the day when two poems bore a note of merely suggested complaint from the sick in the hospitals, and he and Mr. Landon and I seized armfuls of *Friends* and set upon a tour of the hospitals—then far too numerous in the public and semi-public buildings of the place. Mr. Kipling went ahead and distributed the papers, and we followed and whispered who he was to the sufferers in the cots. I never shall forget the look that came in each man's eyes, or how every one of them who was able raised himself upon an elbow to stare after the poet as he passed from room to room. "God bless him," they said; "he's the soldier's friend." And surely a blessing proceeded from him, in response to that which he received, for, at the knowledge of his presence, a new vigor and a sense of delight, such as they had almost forgotten how to feel, came to the sufferers. He had nothing of the theatrical about him, made no speeches, conversed in hushed tones, halted nowhere, posed not even to the slightest extent—but went on with doctor or nurse through the wards, listening and looking. I think that Mr. Landon and I were more conscious of the reflection of his fame than was he from whom it proceeded.

Mr. Kipling had other experiences with hospitals. At Cape Town he discovered a hospital in desperate need of bandages, in a city containing stores of bandages on sale in many places:

Mr. Kipling mentioned to an acquaintance that he was going to supply that establishment with bandages, and this acquaintance, who was connected with the *Daily Mail's* "Absent-Minded Beggar" Fund, at once offered to pay for all that Mr. Kipling would buy and take to the hospital. A cart was quickly loaded with bandages, and then Mr. Kipling was told that under the army rules the hospital authorities could not receive supplies from a private individual. "Well," said he, "I will dump the packages on the pavement before the door, and then tell them to come out and clear up the litter. They will get them into the building that way without tearing any red tape, I hope."

He drove off with the bandages, I am told by the gentleman who footed the bill, but how the supplies were smuggled in I have never heard. I suspect that the rule against receiving supplies from civilians got a great many wrenches and fractures. But for civilians, such at least as one Red Cross commissioner of my acquaintance, heaven only knows what these hospitals, that consisted of little else than a corps of men, would have been able to do. I asked my friend how it could be possible that an arm of the government of Great Britain could find itself in such helpless and pitiable plights, and he replied that red tape was the root of the evil. Nobody dared to buy a measure-glass or a pillow-case or a cot for fear that his enterprise might bring him a reprimand and his bill might be repudiated. The hospitals had made demands outmeasuring the supplies, or the supplies had not come up from the Cape, or to the Cape from London. If private generosity was not appealed to, circumlocution must be resorted to by means of requisitions which would be slowly forwarded to London and there passed upon. By this means the supplies would reach the front within three months after the patients were dead—provided that all should go smoothly with the circumlocution machinery.

One of the drollest bits contributed to the *Friend* was H. A. Gwynne's article on "The Soberest Army in the World." After declaring that "never before in the history of campaigning has there been known such an absence of excess in the way of drinking—

and eating, too, as far as that is concerned," he adds:

My firm belief is that the British soldier is so actuated by the deep sense of duty that, having come to the conclusion that hard drinking and hard fighting were incompatible, he promptly dropped the former and devoted all his energies to the latter. It would have been expected that at the end of a long, dusty march the men would have, immediately after being dismissed, made a rush for the canteen. Nothing of the sort. They sat down to tea and coffee and left the canteen waiters kicking their heels doing nothing. It is true one or two soldiers have told me that they couldn't find the canteen, but the majority of the men chose, of their own free will, to ignore its existence, and actually never looked for it. But this noble continence, this splendid self-restraint, has been very nearly spoiled by the folly and wickedness of some of the authorities. They actually issued rum to the men at intervals. Now one of Tommy's greatest virtues is obedience. He was ordered to drink rum and he did it—just as he advanced against a kopje spitting forth lead when he was ordered. But the task of swallowing the hateful stuff was distasteful in the extreme. I have seen him take his mug and get his hot and then look at his officer as much as to say: "Must I really take it?" The officer's answering glance was invariably a command which poor Tommy could not disobey, and he tossed off the liquor with one gulp to get it over all the quicker, and then hold his mug upside down to show he had done the deed.

One would have thought, indeed, that this wonderful self-restraint would be destroyed in the wild rush of joy with which the army was filled the night that Cronje surrendered. Not a bit of it. The men lying on the soaked ground never touched a drop of alcohol, although many would say that the victory of our arms deserved an alcoholic celebration. But that night the canteens were as deserted as ever. One man, and one man only, fell. He was an officer's servant, and was discovered gloriously happy, delightedly drunk. His comrades kept hitting and punching him, and asking him where he had found the liquor, it evidently being their firm intention to destroy it. He refused, however, to answer a word until his master found him, and, seizing him by the shoulder, shook him, and exclaimed, with eager face: "Good heavens, Jones, where the devil did you get it?" And Jones answered drunkenly to an eager crowd of expectant officers and men: "Meth'lated spirits, shir. I sh found it in wagon."

Whereupon ten eager voices asked: "Is there any left?"

"No; finished whole blooming lotsh."

And then his comrades gently kicked him for a cur.

Lionel James, who had come over from the Natal side to further distinguish the staff of the *London Times* in a graphic account of the death of the brilliant war-correspondent, George W. Stevens, said:

Poor Stevens—how he strove to live! For a month he lay and fought the battle for life. And then when all seemed well, and we looked for the day that we should have him back again, he quietly faded under a relapse.

Doctors could do no more, and at four in the afternoon of the fatal day it was evident that the end was near. Maud, who had nursed him with a devotion unsurpassed, was deputed to break the news. He came to the bedside and suggested that Stevens should dictate a wire to his people at home. The patient looked up suddenly, and in a moment was conscious of the sinister purport of the request. The conversation which ensued was something of the following:

"Is it the end?"

Maud nodded assent.

"Will it be soon?"

Again Maud nodded assent.

Stevens turned wearily, and remarked: "Well, it is a strange sideways out!" Then there passed over his face an expression which plainly read: "I will not die!"

He turned to Maud and said, almost gayly: "Let's have a drink."

Maud opened a new bottle of champagne and poured out half a glass. Stevens sipped it, and, noticing that Maud had no glass, remarked: "You are not drinking!"

He seemed better after the wine, and when the last message was dictated he was still struggling for life; but the disease had the upper hand, and he sank into unconsciousness which was never broken until he passed away in the evening.

We hurried him at midnight. As we took him down to the cypress grove, it seemed that the enemy paid tribute to our sorrow, for their searchlight played full upon the mournful cavalcade as it wound into the open.

Mr. Ralph says that those men of the guards who have long been called the "London Pets" and "stay-at-homes" and "feather-bed soldiers," very quickly lived down their nicknames in South Africa:

There nobody petted them; they had no beds (or even tents) between Modder, of evil memory, and Koomati Poort, some six or seven months' distant in time, nor did they manage to get sent home—or want to do so, either. Lord! what brave chaps they are!—and what fighters! I saw them fight at Belmont, at Modder, and at Magersfontein, and I know. Through all the killing and wounding and sickness, the forty-four miles of marching in one spell of twenty-two hours, the half-rations, the tropic heat and the intense cold, the officers were ever jocular and spirited. One said to me, as he pointed at Magersfontein Kopje: "Set a brewery up on top of that and my regiment will take the place in a romp." But the most characteristic anecdote I have to tell of one of these West-End London dandies is told by himself in a letter he sent to me: "It is cold

and wet here now. I have got a bad attack of lumbago, and it took me ten minutes to straighten up and get on my feet when I woke this morning. I went off on out-post duty, and some Boers began soaping at my men until we could not put up with it any longer, when I gave the order to rush over to where they were and do them up. The devils ran away before we could kill them. I am sorry you are down with that leg. You should be here."

Here are a number of anecdotes dealing with the humorous side of the campaign:

There was a private at Paardeberg who lay behind one of those ever-to-be-blessed ant-heaps, and, contemplating a shattered tibia, exclaimed, addressing the injured member: "Well, you ain't done me badly after all. You 'elped to carry me 'ere, and now you've got me a life peosion and free baccy from the parson." One can not refrain a smile at the soliloquy of another private, who wished to exhibit a bullet-riddled helmet to his friends at home. He was firing from behind a big bowlder, on which he placed his helmet. The inevitable shower of bullets followed, but, as has been so often the case with Boer marksmen, not a single one touched the helmet, but one "fetched" its owner in the shoulder, whereupon he took the helmet from its exposed position, and, looking at his bleeding shoulder, remarked: "That comes of cursed pride, and nothiog else."

The removal of all badges of rank from officers has been the source of many amusing mistakes. On the march from Polar Grove to Bloemfontein, it is related that a certain general officer was returning to camp after a terrible hard, dusty, dry day. A subaltern of the A. S. C. sat under his canvas awning, and thus addressed this distinguished general: "Now look here, if this happens again I'm d—d if I don't report you. For the last two hours you have been away, and heaven knows what the mules are up to." It is true it was dusk, but that was hardly a sufficient excuse for mistaking General — for a conductor. "I say, old cocky," was the remark made once by a captain to a full colonel, "hadn't you better see about getting some grub?" Apologies followed, of course.

Then who can resist laughing at the tale of woe unfolded by one of our distinguished correspondents who dined one night with the — Guards and slept in the tent of his host? The next morning he walked into the mess-hut and sat down to breakfast. But imagine the trembling horror which seized hold of him when he looked round at his hosts of the night before and failed to recognize a single one of them. Was it a failure of memory, or was it incipient paralysis of the brain—it could not, of course, have been the whisky. And so he sat in a bath of hot and cold perspiration, thinking that the blow which had so often attacked and destroyed fine intellects had reached his. But sudden as a straw is whisked past the drowning man by the fast current, so there passed through his brain one ray of hope. He remembered the name of his host, and turning quickly to his neighbor, fearing lest his brain might again fail him and he should forget his name, asked: "Where is —?" The answer was a relief and yet a horror: "— is having breakfast in the mess-tent of his battalion"—and, pointing through the door—"there it is over there." It was with slow, sobered steps that our correspondent left the table and made his way to the hut of his host. He had made what, after all, was not an uncommon error, and had mistaken the S— Guards' hut for that of the C— Guards.

Despite its whimsicalities, the *Friend* was a dignified newspaper, and very nearly a complete one:

The largest daily circulation of any Bloemfontein newspaper had been four hundred copies, but we regularly sold from five thousand to fifty-five hundred copies. We published Reuter's telegrams from all over the world (semi-occasionally) and the Cape Town *Argus's* tidings of what went on in South Africa. The *Friend's* unique origin and purpose, and its eccentricities, combined to make it the basis of a collecting mania. Copies with a mistake in a date-line, corrected after one hundred papers had been struck off, brought five shillings on the date of the issue, and ten shillings two days later, and the price had risen to a guinea by the time the newspaper was turned over to the managers of the *Johannesburg Star* and Cape Town *Argus*. This took place when it was apparent to all of us that two or three of us were not in the physical trim to serve the *Friend* and our distant employers without causing one or the other to suffer great neglect.

The competition for complete sets of the newspaper ran the price up to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and this strife ran neck and neck with the rivalry to obtain sets of Free State postage-stamps made British by the letters V. R. I. on an overline of printing. One of these stamps was quoted at fifty dollars while the army lingered in Bloemfontein, but I have my own reason for thinking that the *Friend* will receive a higher valuation than any "pink six-penny stamp" or any set of stamps, for it fell to the lot of that journal to emphasize the present power and usefulness of the press as no other journal has ever done. A single copy of this newspaper has since fetched one hundred and twenty-five dollars at a London bazaar.

On April 16th, the last number of the *Friend*—the twenty-seventh—appeared, in which Mr. Ralph, on behalf of the editors, bade the readers adieu.

The volume contains a few well-chosen illustrations, including photographs of Earl Roberts, Lord Stanley at work as censor, the editors in their office, the capitulation of Bloemfontein, the author and his horse, "Rattlesnake," and reproductions of a corrected "proof" by Rudyard Kipling as it was returned to the Dutch compositor with vigorously uncomplimentary notes by the author, a page of Conan Doyle's copy, and the front page of the *Friend* of April 4, 1900.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A New England Novel Free from Dialect.

From the publishers' note on a fly-leaf of "Katherine Day" it is learned that Anna Fuller had written at least five books before this novel was given to the world, and that two of them have reached a sale of more than twenty thousand copies. The busiest reviewer can hardly find time to examine all the books that come in his way, and it is easy for him to miss many notable works each year, but it is seldom that he experiences a sense of personal loss when he discovers unfamiliar titles in the list of a season past. Still, there are few who will not regret the delay of an acquaintance that begins with "Katherine Day." It is a novel so direct and impersonal in its style, so full of the best interests of life, so crystal-clear and true, that it must win high praise from the discriminating. But it is neither historical nor melodramatic, and there is so little of feverish passion or morbid analysis in its pages that it may never find the quarter of a million readers that popular successes of the day have won in a few weeks.

There is little of plot in the story. It is rather a development of character, but with a sufficiency of action to show the contrasts, and to make impressive the lesson that the forces within are not as easily conquered as the conditions surrounding. Katherine Day and her brother Archie, Winny Gerald, and Tnm McLean are the central figures, but there are others who are drawn as carefully, and if they do not have a prominent position at all times they are not mere supernumeraries and are worthy of notice. The story begins with the childhood of the four whose interests in later years are strangely bound together, but the six chapters given to the history of that youthful period are no less engaging than those that follow. The first pictures of the elfish Katherine, daring, truthful, and generous, fresh-faced the strong, true woman, and though an idealist, and not without fault, she is a heroine that can not be forgotten when the book is laid aside. Winny, the selfish, petted beauty, who wrecks one life and mars another, is a consistent portrait. Archie Day, who has some of his sister's traits, but is without her courage and steadfastness, is yet a likeable young fellow; and if his romantic success at the end comes with a little strain of the probabilities, it is almost the only false note in the work. Tnm McLean, the masterful boy, the steady, self-poised business man, who knows the right thing but does something else, is not a promising figure for a hero in his first appearances, but the influence that makes him a real man is shown with art.

The skill of the author is far beyond that of the ordinary story-teller. Her scenes are laid in Boston and its suburbs for the most part, but some glimpses of Europe are afforded, and the sketches are made from knowledge. But it is not alone in the descriptive passages, whether of animate or inanimate nature, that the reader finds beauty and force. Her knowledge of the moving impulses of life goes below the surface, and she traces their course with a confidence and grace that can be attained by few.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## "My Lady's" Adirondack Experiences.

Ten letters from the Adirondack region make up "The Aristocrats," which is not a novel or a book of travels, but the record of social experiences written by "Lady Helen Pole" for the delectation of a titled female friend in England. The noble letter-writer and essayist describes her arrival in America, her journey to the woods with her invalid brother and elderly sister, and her impressions of the Americans she met. None of the acquaintances she made were entirely satisfactory, though they ranged from a policeman to a retired capitalist, and a "bored girl," who adored the nobility, to the wife of the editor of a great magazine. There were good reasons for her dislike in most instances, it must be confessed, for if they were as tiresome as the English lady's portraits, the museums have overlaid some unique attractions for their departments of freaks. But Lady Helen's character-drawing is wearisome, as are her attempted sarcasm and Yankee dialect. The "bored girl," Jimima, is alleged to have said "people." One rather promising American, a prominent lawyer who was on familiar terms with the Supreme Court, talks politics with the author, and describes the "nasty mess of Bryanism" to her evident relish.

There is little of point to the work, unless it is to be found in the desperate effort to make as ridiculous a caricature of imagined American types as some novels written by Americans make of hypothetical English dukes and duchesses. The nine sets of comedy characters is as real as the other. But even the duke, who is the letter-writer's brother, and occasionally remarks, "Do ring the bell, Nell, that's a good girl," is not a model of amiability or good sense. These "aristocrats" are spurious, whether native or imported.

Published by John Laoe, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Benefactress" is the title of the novel which the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" will publish in the autumn.

Henry James is now working diligently on a new novel which will be published in the fall by the

Scribners. It will be one of Mr. James's characteristic efforts, but it is said that the narrative element will be more evident than usual.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have secured probably the last work from the pen of the late Sir Walter Besant, "The Story of King Alfred," which will be published shortly in their Library of Useful Stories.

Hulman Hunt's autobiography is nearly finished, and will probably be issued within a year.

It is now definitely announced that "Kim," by Rudyard Kipling, which is running as a serial in *McClure's*, will be published in book-form in the fall.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. project a facsimile edition of Audubon's "Birds of America," without the plates, with the intention of putting before the bird-loving fraternity a moderate-priced issue of a work now practically inaccessible. They will reproduce it by photographic processes, securing thus absolute fidelity to the original, including the important item of the pagination.

Mark Twain, in acknowledging the receipt of Henry Savage Laod's two volumes on "China and the Allies," writes: "I wish I could have had them two months ago, as I see they contain certain information which I very much needed at that time; but I am not sure that I am done with the China business yet, and if I take it up again these volumes will be a competent treasury for me to draw from."

It is quite unprecedented, we believe, to have a book by an anonymous author go through three editions before its day of publication. That is the case of "The Tribulations of a Princess," by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." It is announced as an autobiography, told in the style of a romance.

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") has just been elected a member of the Council of the Authors' Society. She is the fifth woman thus honored, the others being the late Charlotte Yonge, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Flora Shaw, and Miss Eleanor A. Ormerod.

In "Lake Geneva and Its Literary Landmarks," which is to be brought out soon, Francis Gribble has had an uncommonly rich store of material to draw upon. He has made an anecdotal history of the many famous people who have lived on the shores of the lake at some period of their lives, including the "Prisoner of Chillon," Calvin, John Knox, Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Mme. de Staël, Byron, and others. He is said to have thrown new light on the love affairs of Rousseau and Gibbon, and to have given the true history of Booeivard for the first time in English.

"Where and How to Dine in Paris," by Rowland Strong, has just been published.

The publications of the German book trade in the year 1900 numbered 24,792, showing an increase of 1,077 over the preceding year. The largest increase is found in works on jurisprudence and political science (from 2,313 to 2,599), which is probably due to the introduction of the new code on January 1, 1900.

Several hitherto unknown poems by King James the First have been discovered in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. They will be edited for the Clarendon Press by Mr. Rait, a Scotsman.

The "William Black Memorial Tower," near Duart Point, Island of Mull, is completed and is already serving the mariner. It is a flash-light, giving three successive flashes every fifteen seconds. It overlooks waters which the novelist often brought into his books.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just issued "The Beleaguered Forest," a novel by Elia W. Peattie, and "The Seal of Silence," by Arthur R. Candler, who, like the author of "David Harum," died before the publication of his first book, that is pronounced a great success in England.

More than half the letters addressed by Mme. du Deffand to Horace Walpole have never been printed. These will appear in Mrs. Paget Toynbee's forthcoming new edition of the Walpole correspondence. She has lately discovered in private hands all these letters of the Frenchwoman. They number altogether about eight hundred.

The *Academy* prints the following list of titles from an alleged book-catalogue: "The Double Thread," uncut; "The History of China," quaint plates; "The Mantle of Elijah," cloth, hardly sailed; "Mr. Spooze's Sprouting Tour," badly foxed; "Le Jardinier Français," Plantio' Press; "The Compleat Angler," front missing; "History of the Sword," many cuts; "Dnn Quixote," original old calf; "Portrait of a Lady," name on title-page; "Frederick the Great," wants two pages; "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," 2s. 6d.; "Success in Journalism," splendid copy.

Longfellow was one of the poets of the last century in whom the making of speeches was a terror. In a letter in the Arnold collection he says of the first speech he ever made: "It shall be the last. It was only an inch long, but while impending it cast a shadow over my life for three days."

## The Juty Century Magazine.

The summer fiction number of the *Century Magazine* contains a wealth of interesting reading matter, which will appeal as much to those who remain at home as those who are enjoying a vacation in the country or seaside. Alice Catherine Follows has the place of honor with an article on "Working One's Way Through Women's Colleges," which supplements her June article on "Working One's Way Through Men's Colleges." Among the other notable contributions are: "My Garden: A Hamlet in Old Hampshire," by Anna Lea Merritt; "The True Story of Harman Blennerhassett," by Mrs. Blennerhassett Adams; the second part of "The Making of a Marchioness," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett; "Impostors Among Animals," by William

Mortoo Wheeler; "A Linn Among Ladies," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick; the second paper on "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," by Grnver Cleveland; "A Hope Deferred," by Josephine D. Daskam; "Mrs. McCafferty's Mistake," by Seumas McManus; "An Escape from the Château de Jnux," by William Girnd; the fifth installment of "D'ri and I," by Irving Bacheller; and verse by Arthur Stringer, Le Rny T. Weeks, Ethel M. Kelley, and Thendosia Pickering Garrison.

Special attention is said to have been paid to the illustrations of Cyrus Townsend Brady's second collection of warlike episodes in American history, to be published in the autumn under the title of "Colonial Fights and Fighters."

200,000  
Copies Already Published

200,000  
Copies Already Published

An American Novel  
Generously Received in England

# THE CRISIS

By Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL

Nothing was more natural than that the American public and the American reviews should speak well of, even praise to the point of extravagance, Mr. Churchill's new novel, "THE CRISIS." That was to be expected. The story is most interesting, the love tale fascinating, and as a picture of the Civil War and its heroes the book has never been equaled, even approached. But with the cooler criticism of the English papers comes, we are glad to say, the best praise of the work.

The "London Academy" says in regard to "The Crisis" that Mr. Winston Churchill has not gone back. He will not be among those authors who achieve fame in a month only to lose it again in a few years.

He will always be a dignified and impressive figure in American letters, and his books will always have an immense sale.

The "London Spectator" again praises the book highly and says: "We do not grudge Mr. Churchill his popularity but rather welcome it as an excellent sign of the times. For he has given us so exceedingly spirited, interesting, and right-minded romance of the Civil War, in which, while generously appreciative of the chivalry, the heroism, and the charm of the Southerners, always from the dramatic and literary point of view far more picturesque and engaging subjects than the Yankees, he never falters a moment in his enthusiasm for the North. The true hero is Lincoln, and we have to thank Mr. Churchill for a very honest portrait of that great man, and a most graphic account of the manner in which he conquered the admiration of the fastidious."

In addition to these words of praise from our English friends, we can not refrain from quoting from two reviews from nearer home, which have just reached us:

The "Worcester Spy" says: "The author of 'Richard Carvel' has given the world another work of lasting value. It is a novel so rich in historical matter, so vivid, so piquant, and so romantic that it ought to attract as wide and as flattering a constituency of readers as the book that made its author famous."

The "Montreal Star" says: "Mr. Winston Churchill is probably the best American writer of fiction now living, and his powers will, no doubt, improve with maturity. There is a touch of Tack-eray about him, not only in the manner of writing, but also in the essentials of a novelist."

## Mr. Winston Churchill's New Novel

# THE CRISIS

Published one month ago.  
Now in its 200th Thousand.

The book has eight charming Illustrations  
By HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

In size and style it is uniform with "Richard Carvel,"  
being a 12mo, cloth, gilt top. Price \$1.50

The Macmillan Company  
66 Fifth Avenue, New York.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Some Poems, Old and New.

Of the score or more selections of verse in "Poems by William Vaughn Moody," but a few have been published in the magazines, and while the little volume contains oodles that will be passed without consideration it offers much of distinguishing worth. There are several poems of more pretentious structure than the magazine rhymes of the day, and three of these—"An Ode to Time of Hesitation," "Jetsam," and "Until the Troubling of the Waters"—are notable efforts in blank verse. Mr. Moody's lines are musical, and they hold tender fascias as well as thoughts that show the stress of present-day conditions. Yet he has the sense of humor, and there are smiles in his satires, even if his "braio is not inclined to cut such capers every day," as he says in "The Menagerie." From the book three selections are given, the first a true poet's comparison:

## HARMONICS.

This string upon my harp was best beloved:  
I thought I knew its secrets through and through;  
Till an old man, whose young eyes lighted blue  
'Neath his white hair, bent over me and moved  
His fingers up and down, and broke the wire  
To such a laddered music, rung so true,  
As from the patriarch's pillow skyward sprung  
Crowded with wide-flung wings and feet of fire.

O vibrant heart! so sweetly tuned and strung  
That any outgrowth had can draw from thee  
One clear gold note that makes the tired years  
young—

What of the time when Love had whispered me  
Where slept thy notes, and my hand pausefully  
Gave to the dim harmonics voice and tongue?

Here is a portrait with color and the charm of  
personality, though it is done in black and white:

## FADED PICTURES.

Only two patient eyes to stare  
Out of the canvas. All the rest—  
The warm green gown, the small hands  
pressed

Light in the lap, the braided hair

That must have made the sweet low brow  
So earnest, centuries ago,  
When some one saw it change and glow—  
All faded! Just the eyes burn now.

I dare say people pass and pass  
Before the blistered little frame,  
And dingy work without a name  
Stuck to behind its square of glass.

But I, well, I left Raphael  
Just to come drink these eyes of hers,  
To think away the stains and blurs  
And make all new again and well.

Only, for tears my head will bow,  
Because there on my heart's last wall,  
Scarce one tint left to tell it all,  
A picture keeps its eyes, somehow.

This poem has been widely copied, and there are  
few among those inspired by like events that have  
such feeling and force:

## ON A SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Streets of the roaring town,  
Hush for him, hush, he still!  
He comes, who was stricken down  
Doing the word of our will.  
Hush! Let him have his state,  
Give him his soldier's crown.  
The grists of trade and wait  
Their gridding at the mill,

But he can not wait for his hoors, now the trumpet  
has been blown.  
Wreathe pride now for his granite brow, lay love on  
his breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll  
Till the clashing air is dim.  
Did we wrong this parted soul?  
We will make it up to him.  
Toll! Let him never guess  
What work we set him to.  
Laurel, laurel, yes!  
He did what we bade him do.

Praise, and never a whispered blot but the fight he  
fought was good;  
Never a word that the blood on his sword was his  
country's own heart's-blood.

A flag for the soldier's hier  
Who dies that his land may live;  
O, banners, banners here,  
That he doubt not our misgiving!  
That he heed not from the tomb  
The evil days draw near  
When the nation, robed in gloom,  
With its faithless past shall strive.

Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went  
wide of its island mark,  
Home to the heart of his darling land where she  
stumbled and sinned in the dark.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston,  
price, \$1.25.

"Wishmaker's Town," by William Youg, is a  
poetic fancy made up of twenty-eight delicately  
carved links, some but a few couplets, others longer  
drawn, but all done with something more than  
rhymers' art. There are all sorts of characters in  
this dreamland town, and their songs are as varied  
as the moods of the poet, but more than one of the  
lyrics will sing themselves over and over when their  
music has once been heard. T. B. Aldrich has  
written a brief but appreciative introductory note  
for the little volume, and a letter of praise from  
Richard Harding Davis to the author, who both  
were out so well known as at present, is printed in  
the preface. Mr. Youg easily wins those who are

susceptible to the blandishments of song. This is  
one of the striking hits of verse in the picture-poem:

## THE FLOWER-SELLER.

Myrtle, and eglantine,  
For the old love, and the new I  
And the columbine,  
With its cap and bells, for folly I  
And the daffodil, for the hopes of youth I  
And the rue,  
For melancholy I  
But of all the blossoms that blow,  
Fair gallants all, I charge you to woe, if ye may,  
This gentle guest,  
Who dreams apart, to her wimple of purple and  
gray,  
Like the blessed Virgin, with meek head beading low  
Up her breast.

For the orange-flower  
Ye may buy as ye will: but the violet of the wood  
Is the love of maidenhood;  
And he that hath worn it but once, though but for  
an hour,  
He shall never again, though he wander by many a  
stream,  
No, never again shall he meet with a flower that  
shall seem

So sweet and pure; and forever, in after years,  
At the thought of its bloom, or the fragrance of its  
breath.

The past shall arise,  
And his eyes shall be dim with tears,  
And his soul shall be far in the gardens of Paradise,  
Though he stand in the shambles of death.

Here is a caotata in miniature, and but little effort  
of the imagination is required to call the figures out  
of the mist:

## THE MAIDENS.

## The Maidens—

Teach us, witch-wife, as we pass,  
How to read the mystic roses.  
Hold for us the magic glass,  
Which the coming face discloses.

## The Witch—

Him whose eyes rove everywhere,  
Like the moths that wheel and hover—  
Pass him by, nor greatly care  
To be loved by such a lover.

But for him whose knitted brows  
Frown, in scorn of love and laughter—  
She who wins him for a spouse,  
Shall be spoken of hereafter.

## The Maidens—

Dim, the warning! Choose we, then,  
Each for each; and, as a token,  
Let the numbered leaves, again,  
Answer, when the choice is spoken.

## Blue Eyes—

I a sailor's bride will be.  
And, at night, upon my pillow,  
The wind's voice shall seem to me  
As the roaring of the hillo.

## Brown Eyes—

Pleasant be thy dreams, I pray,  
With a merchant will I marry:  
Silks and pearls from far Cathay,  
Homeward all his ships shall carry.

## Black Eyes—

A soldier will I wed—  
Bold to love, and stern in duty.  
When the tourney's lists are spread,  
He shall crown me Queen of Beauty.

## Gray Eyes—

Choose ye whom ye may and will!  
Though the king himself implore me,  
I shall live unwedded still—  
And your husbands shall adore me.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price,  
\$1.00.

## New Publications.

Anthony Hope's story, "Father Stafford," which  
has not gained the favor given most of his works,  
is now brought out in a new edition by Henry Holt  
& Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A thin volume of thoughtful essays, brief and  
pointed, is offered in "Mooday Sermons," by Paul  
M. Paine. Published in paper covers by the author,  
Syracuse, N. Y.; price, 50 cents.

Man's origio and destiny are the problems con-  
sidered in "Birth a New Chance," by Columbus  
Bradford. It is a suggestive essay if not a convic-  
ing one. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.,  
Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Still another romance by Guy Boothby is offered  
in "The Mystery of the Clashed Hands," and in  
this the mystery is an exciting one and the interest  
of the story well sustained. Published by D.  
Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Philosophy of Mental Healing," by  
Leander Whipple, now in its third edition, is said  
to be "a practical exposition of natural restorative  
power," and will appeal to those who take pleasure  
in metaphysical discussions. Published by the  
Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York;  
price, \$1.25.

"Monopolies, Past and Present," by James Ed-  
ward Le Rossignol, is an important essay on a topic  
of present public interest. It is historical as well as  
philosophical, and its conclusions are well worked  
out. The author argues for private ownership of  
municipal monopolies, under public control, but be-  
lieves that the railways should be under the super-  
vision of the government. He has a good word for

"trusts," though he admits there are many prob-  
lems to be solved in their subjection to the greatest  
good to the greatest number. Published by T. Y.  
Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Tuberculosis as a Disease of the Masses, and  
How to Combat It," by S. A. Knopf, M. D., is an  
essay that won the prize given by the International  
Congress to Combat Tuberculosis, which convened  
in Berlin in May, 1899. Its value is added to by  
numerous illustrations. Published by M. Firestack,  
New York; price, 25 cents.

George Cary Eggleston's romance, "A Carolina  
Cavalier," is a good story of Revolutionary times, in  
which a young American, educated in England but  
true to his native land, is given many adventures on  
sea and land and a prize at the end worth the win-  
ning. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Com-  
pany, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts," by Mabel  
Osgood Wright, is a delightful book of nature  
studies by one who knows the fields and forests well  
and loves their beauties and wonders. Its engrav-  
ings from photographs are as delicately beautiful as  
any illustrations of woodland scenes can be made.  
Published by the Macmillan Company, New York;  
price, \$2.50.

Not beginners only, but anglers of varied experi-  
ence as well, will find in "Fly-Rods and Fly-  
Tackle," by Henry P. Wells, such a collection of  
technical knowledge that the book can not fail to  
instruct while it entertains. It has much pleasing  
description of natural scenes in addition to its care-  
ful teaching. Published by Harper & Brothers,  
New York; price, \$1.75.

"Dog-Watches at Sea," by Stantoo H. King, is  
a truthful and impressive account of twelve years'  
life on the ocean, half the time in merchant vessels  
and the other in the United States navy. Its stories  
of hardship and suffering are interspersed with lighter  
sketches of more pleasing experiences, but all have  
the grip of interest. Published by Houghton,  
Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

English journals are still full of anecdotes of the  
late George Smith, the London publisher. The  
following from the London *Daily News* is a wel-  
come addition:

"When James Payn was 'reader' to Messrs. Smith  
& Elder, he was much distressed by seeing it stated  
one day in print that he had had the bad taste to  
reject 'John Inglesant.' He showed this libel with  
much indignation to Mr. Smith, and declared that  
some steps must be taken to deny it. 'I wouldn't  
do anything, if I were you,' said Mr. Smith. Payn  
insisted till he saw a twinkle in his employer's eye  
that made him ask if there was any reason why he  
should hold his peace. 'Well, yes; the fact is we  
did reject the book.' Payn could hardly believe that  
he had made such a commercial blunder, but was  
speedily convinced by an appeal to the letter-book.  
'And you never told me?' he cried, reproachfully;  
'never tell a word of it all these years?' 'Certa-  
inly not. I thought it might distress you. I  
should not have told you now, but that I was taken  
unawares.' Payn used to add: 'I have never heard  
a more creditable story, even of a divine.' The  
world will agree with him, and see in the anecdote  
some of the reasons which enabled Mr. Smith to  
carry through his greatest undertaking with a suc-  
cess that, as he once said, would have been impos-  
sible without the 'feeling of comradeship' that ex-  
isted between all the workers on it and its publisher."

The late "Lewis Carroll" once paid a visit to  
Lord Teoysoo at the Isle of Wight, and wrote a  
letter describing his impressions. The poet laureate  
told his visitors that often on going to bed he had  
dreamed long passages of poetry. The only hit he  
could remember enough of to write down was one  
he dreamed when two years old:

"May a cock sparrow  
Write to a barrow?  
I hope you'll excuse  
My infantine muse."

A pair of properly fitted  
glasses will chase away that  
headache.

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

SONGS OF BOHEMIA  
By Daniel O'Connell  
Price \$1.50  
—AT—  
ROBERTSON'S  
126 Post Street

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.  
PUBLISHERS.

The original edition of Jerome Hart's "Argo-  
naut Letters" having been all sold out, the pub-  
lishers have succeeded in preparing a limited num-  
ber of supplemental copies. This was made  
possible by reason of a few extra quires having been  
run off before the type-forms were distributed.  
Taking these unbound sheets, the half-tone plates  
were reprinted on extra-heavy coated paper, thus  
making up a small number of specially fine copies,  
which have been bound with extra care. The  
binders have experimented with stamping the cover  
design on leather, both morocco and calf, with ex-  
cellent results. The effect on morocco is particu-  
larly rich, and the book bound in full oozed calf, red  
or green, full gilt, with side stamp in gold and  
color, makes a superb volume.

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## FICTION NUMBER

# ~ JULY CENTURY ~

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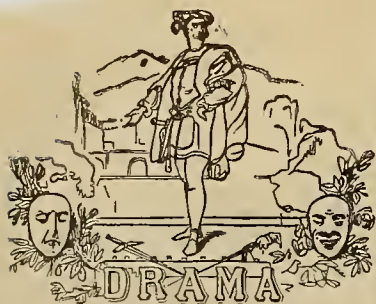
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To have been horn two hundred years ago would not be minus a compensation. We should be dead now in this beautiful twentieth century, but, no matter, we should most assuredly be famous. Has it ever occurred to you that everybody who lived two hundred years ago is famous—that is, everybody whom we know by name? One had a chance to those days—everything had not been said, everything had not been done, the word stereotyped was not invented—and which of us would not be famous if only we had a chance? Our self-conceit will accept no other apology. It is only the chance that is wanting for the most mediocre among us to go marching grandly through the ages plumed with immortality. To have lived before Shakespeare, with all these splendid things unsaid; to have lived before Molière, whose characters we imagine in our childhood before we begin to read about them; to have preceded Dickens and Thackeray, and all of these other people who so selfishly exhausted every mine of thought—ah, fame under such conditions would be easy. True, we might not have said these things so gracefully as Shakespeare nor so adroitly as Molière, but we should have said them just the same, and they would have been our own. Now, although they are born within us, they have the ring of echoes. Everything is threadbare, everything is worn out, and there is no chance at all for us of the twentieth century. My very lamentation is pathetically venerable. Of its undecipherable antiquity I am painfully well aware, yet I have this certain advantage over those who have said it before me—it is more appropriate now than ever it was before. Things are older, staler, more threadbare, more played-out at this particular minute than ever they were before. That they will be worse next year, and still worse the year after, is too horrible to contemplate.

It is Grimm's fairy book I think that contains the story of Gretchen, who goes to the cellar to draw some beer for the assembled company and sees a hatchet in the ceiling that has been left there by the workman. As she fails to re-appear within a reasonable time, Haas, her lover, goes to seek her, and finds her weeping sorely beside the beer-keg. "Ah, Hans," she explains, "I've been thinking that if I should marry you, we might have a child and the child might go to the cellar to draw some beer and the hatchet might fall on its head and kill it." Hans is duly sympathetic, and the two of them weep copiously over this dismal possibility.

In the same way I could shed bitter tears in the contemplation of another possibility equally dismal—that some one of an unborn generation in whom I may be interested will be asked to write up the Tivoli and Ferris Hartman and "The Babes in the Wood." I hope with all my heart that these interesting personages will be quite as flourishing then as now, but what will the critic say about them? Already to speak of them in any but the most hackneyed terms is desperation itself. The Tivoli! When was it established, anyway? Like St. Paul's Cathedral, its origin is probably lost in antiquity. At any rate, as far as most of us are concerned, it might have been contemporaneous with the Parthenon. Think of it; the idea is thrilling! Through all this vast, immeasurable period, half a dozen critics or more have been weekly hammering away at the Tivoli. Its chorus, its management, its audience, its delights—an aggregate or a conglomeration of these things has appeared in the issue of the San Francisco papers as regularly as Lydia Pinkham's portrait.

"I know what I'll do," I said to the editor of the *Argonaut*, with a great burst of originality, when he confided to me the difficulties of the Tivoli; "I'll take a turn at the audience. I'll write up the bucolic individual with whiskers who is sure to sit next to me, who will blow his smoke in my face and spit his tobacco on the floor; I'll write up the baby who is sure to cry during the most interesting part of the performance; I'll write up—" but the editor was not enthusiastic. "The Tivoli audience has been done too many times for reckoning," and Ferris Hartman, he intimated, had been "done" on times innumerable. The San Francisco people know him through and through, he gave me to understand; they are familiar with everything about him from the kinks of his hair to the winks of his eye. (Now that I think about it, I am not sure that he has any kinks, or that he has any hair—has he?) And "The Babes in the Wood"—they also have been "done" again and again.

With the theatre, the play, the audience, and the star practically taboored, I set forth to "do" the Tivoli. The devil may quote Scripture for his purpose—we are told, and so one who is desperate may find

authority for anything that he undertakes. A complaining English writer, in a recent periodical, comes to my rescue when most I need him. "Dramatic criticism," he growls, "is nowadays only an excuse for a certain lot of writers to air their views on anything under the sun." The growler means, of course, to create a reform, but how obviously he fails. He simply gives the rest of us a very acceptable cue. We learn to what extent we may ramble along at our own sweet wills, airing our views on anything under the sun, and yet be tolerated. By accusing our most authoritative critics of this irrelevancy he legitimizes the thing at once. He classes himself with the individual who would purify the English language and who laboriously compiles a chapter on "Bad English Used by the Best English Writers." As if there were any other criterion for good English but that employed by the best English writers! A dress-reformer might write us from Paris: "Woe is the day—those abominable crinolines are again in vogue; the hideous De Medici stiffness is prevailing, and women are walking about like animated pin-cushions." Would we heed the lamentation therein contained? Most assuredly, no. We would say thank you for the cue, and would run away in all haste to buy crinolines. Thus am I grateful to the English growler. He assures me that digression in dramatic criticism is the fashion; that it is no longer criticism at all, but simply a rambling along about things in general and nothing in particular. I am grateful to him for the hint, for it is no disgrace to be in the fashion, no matter how absurd it intrinsically may be. My business this week is to write about the Tivoli, about Ferris Hartman, about "The Babes in the Wood," yet it is pleasant to know that I may tell you about the Pyramids, or the inundation of the Nile, should the spirit so move me, and yet not be eccentric.

To "criticize" Ferris Hartman and "The Babes in the Wood," even were the theme a little newer, would be taking the height of a sugar-loaf from barometrical observations; it would be wearisome to treat such agreeable little fishes as though they were whales. The Ferris Hartman quality that impresses me the most is not his "inimitableness," as the newspapers are wont to say, but simply and absolutely his undeniable sense of nonsense, a sense, by the way, that is not so majestic as the sense of humor, but that is hardly less deserving of respect.

Wit and humor have been talked about and written about from time immemorial; they have been handled by great and small, and recognized in every clime. It is only lately, however, that nonsense pure and unmitigated has received its proper recognition, and I am inclined to think it an American development. Of course there are foreigners, like W. S. Gilbert, who have given us the most irresistible nonsense, but these, I think, are exceptional individuals—they prove nothing for the masses. My observation has almost convinced me that in no other country is the sense of nonsense so strong and so general as in America. The French are witty, of course, but their wit has nothing to do with nonsense. The double entendre which, as everybody knows, is the soul of French wit, has no place in nonsense. The French are so excessively gay, however, that among them the spirit of nonsense is very rarely missed; we must go to England to realize what life may be without it.

The loftier endowment of wit is not so rare in England as we are proverbially led to believe; it is the sense of nonsense that is almost non-existent, and this I think the indiscriminating have dubbed lack of wit. From the Alhambra to Sadler's Wells the American visitor to London music-halls will look in vain for some expression of the sense of nonsense. The Alhambra is one of the finest of London music-halls, while poor old Sadler's Wells is probably the worst, although in its day it echoed the voices of Kean and Macready, and is hallowed by memories of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith. At Sadler's Wells box-seats cost a shilling, the stalls are sixpence, the pit threepence, and the gallery one penny and twopence. The prices are an indication of the class of people by whom it is patronized. One would think that after the cheerless grind of their long, bleak days, these people from the slums of London would seek a little fun, a little amusement, as we understand it, for their evenings, but nothing is farther from their notion. Instead of laughing and enjoying themselves as our workmen do when they spend an evening out, these people sit about in grewsome solemnity, listening to the most harrowing songs imaginable about earthquakes and fires and all the disasters in the category, interspersed with things of the "Stick to your mother, Tom," variety. The audience always joins in the chorus, and the rafters ring with horrors or sickly sentimentalities.

I shall never forget a murder act that I saw at Sadler's Wells. Indeed, the horrors possessed me for many weeks afterward—they do yet whenever I think about it. In its own way it must have been a work of genius, for no milk-and-water performance could have made so indelible an impression. An old woman, whose make-up was inconceivably horrible, choked and killed a little girl while the audience looked on with silent and brutal interest. "Why isn't it stopped by the police?" I asked an Englishman in our party, and this was his answer: "Because these people have as much right to their kind of pleasure as you have to your kind." Nonsense would not be understood at Sadler's Wells, nor

is it quite appreciated at higher-class theatres than this. Its rippling contagion is not apparent as in American auditories.

Whether it be creditable or not I think there is no doubt that America is the home of nonsense, and in my opinion it is creditable. It requires a very clever individual to be successfully nonsensical. The nonsense actor runs contumaciously along the edge of a precipice. A moment of overdoing, a moment of stupidity, and he is lost. From being an entertainer he instantly becomes a bore. He can not bolder his spectators by the thread of the story as other actors may do. He can not "make believe" that he is doing very well, as actors do in tragedy and in melodrama. Ranting often passes for acting with persons who are not so dimly unenlightened, but in nonsense this make-believe is hardly possible. The moment that it lapses into stupidity everybody knows it, everybody feels it. Nonsense is an appeal to our muscles, the muscles that control laughter, and somehow for us in America it is a very safe guide. Would that our intellects were one-half so safe!

It is a strange psychological fact that people who are endowed with this rare and valuable genius of nonsense are always imbued with the latent ambition to be something else—to enter the domain of tragedy, or melodrama, or paths of some description. Ferris Hartman gives a recitation in "The Babes in the Wood" that betrays this tendency—something about a baby, that is calculated to bring the lumps to one's throat. Once on a steamer I had the honor of having as a fellow-passenger a real-life clown. When the inevitable entertainment fell due the clown was invited to participate, and naturally we all expected something of a clownish character, but there we were disappointed. The grewsome, mournful things to which he treated us would have done honor to Sadler's Wells. Nat Goodwin doing Shylock is another illustration of this disposition to get from the lighter side of life to the serious—but understood me, I do not refer to Nat Goodwin as having anything to do with nonsense. There is almost as much difference between nonsense and legitimate comedy as there is between comedy and tragedy.

"The Babes in the Wood" is agreeable nonsense. It is a medley of popular airs from here, there, and everywhere, with an enchantingly silly dialogue. If you like to laugh—which you should do if you are normal and an American—you must not miss "The Babes," even if it be not new to you. It will bear repetition. GENEVIEVE GREEN HAMILTON.

It appears that Alfred the Great is the hero of Wilson Barrett's new play, "The Christian King." Of all the English actor-managers, there is not one who has so keen an eye for the chance of a good free advertisement as Mr. Barrett (points out the New York *Evening Post*). Alfred occupies a good deal of space in the British newspapers just now, and the average Englishman is greatly surprised to learn that he accomplished a good deal more than the burning of the cakes which he was left to watch. Mr. Barrett's original scheme was to produce his drama in London on the thousandth anniversary of the monarch's death, which showed a fine sense of opportunity, but the plan miscarried, and this masterwork—the London newspapers announce reverentially that it is expected to be better and more profitable than even "The Sign of the Cross"—will be revealed first in Australia and South Africa.

Through his attorney, Jean Richepin the French dramatist has notified David Belasco that unless five hundred dollars forfeit for the non-production of his play, "La du Barry," before January 1, 1901, is paid at once, suit for the amount will be begun. M. Richepin declares, also, that if Mr. Belasco produces a play dealing with Mme. du Barry here he will institute injunction proceedings. Mr. Belasco's counsel, former Judge A. J. Dittenbofer, states that his client repudiates M. Richepin's claim for a forfeiture, as Mr. Belasco rejected the Richepin play immediately after reading it.

Among the plays with a religious basis that are announced for production next season is "The Heretic," by Ernest F. Boddington and Otis Skinner. The play is to be presented by Mr. Skinner in September.

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## COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Third Week of the Big Spectacle Begins Next Monday. Charles Frohman's Colossal Production from the Garden Theatre, by Arrangement with David Belasco, Paul M. Potter's Drama on Ouida's Famous Novel.

—UNDER TWO FLAGS—

With Blanche Bates as Cigarette.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

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## Dividend Notices.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, San Francisco, June 28, 1901.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1/8) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1901, free from all taxes and payable on and after July 1, 1901. ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner of Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1901, at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1/8) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1901. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1901. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

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WM. CORBIN, Secretary.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## The Frawleys in "Secret Service."

"The Only Way" is to be followed at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening by William Gillette's great success, "Secret Service," the most famous of all the war dramas, and generally regarded as the best American play yet written. It created quite a furr when it was produced here in November, 1898, at the Baldwin Theatre by the original company, and last year proved one of the biggest hits of the Frawley Company's repertoire.

T. Daniel Frawley will again be seen in William Gillette's rôle of Lewis Dmunt, the federal secret-service officer, who works for the downfall of the Confederacy in Richmond as Captain Thorne; Mary Van Buren makes her re-appearance with the company as Edith Varney, the heroine of the play; E. J. Morgan will succeed Harrington Reynolds as Bentin Arrelsford; Theodore Roberts will be the General Nelson Randolph; and the remainder of the cast will be almost identical with that seen in Mr. Frawley's production at the Grand Opera House last year.

## Third Week of "Under Two Flags."

Crowded houses are still the rule at the Columbia Theatre, and it looks as if the last two weeks allotted in the run of Paul M. Potter's version of Ouida's "Under Two Flags" would see no diminution in the size of the audiences. Blanche Bates's interpretation of the loyal little *vivandière*, who bravely goes to her death to save the man she loves, is full of force and subtlety, and her big scenes—notably the ride up the Chellala Gorge, and the next in the last scene, where Cigarette wins Bertie Cecil and later thinks he has abandoned her—are nightly received with enthusiastic applause. Too much can not be said in praise of the stage-management and the mounting of the play. As a spectacle, it rivals any melodrama which has been seen in this city.

The next attraction will be the popular Irish comedian, Chauncey Olcott, in Augustus Pittu's comedy, "Garrett O'Magh." Mr. Olcott is resting a few weeks in San Francisco until the arrival of his company next week, when rehearsals will begin for the opening play of his tour.

## The Tivoli's Midsummer Offering.

Ferris Hartman's hedge-podge of nonsense, "The Babes in the Wood," has proved a most entertaining extravaganza, just fitted for these warm summer evenings, when one wishes something light and diverting. It is heavily laden with catchy songs, and contains a succession of ridiculous situations, which provoke an abundance of laughter. Alf C. Wheelan as Sir Rowland Macasser (the wicked uncle), Maude Williams as the school-teacher, and Bernice Holmes as Lady Macasser were given a hearty welcome on their re-appearance, and all have rôles in which they appear to advantage. Edward Webb and Annie Myers as the two babes have a lot of taking business and dialogue. Webb is particularly happy in a patter song, and Miss Myers has a cabman specialty, which is neatly done. Hartman and Cashman are two very droll tramps, their make-ups being especially characteristic. Tom Guise looks the Down-East school director to the life, and Arthur Cunningham has to repeat his "Will o' the Wisp" again and again. The chorus is particularly attractive in the different costumes worn as bathers, school-children, and hunters, and the ballets are novel and pretty. From time to time there will be timely topical songs added, and it is safe to predict that "The Babes in the Wood" will easily crowd the Tivoli Opera House until the beginning of the grand-opera season the latter part of this month.

## At the Orpheum.

Another excellent programme is announced for the Orpheum next week. It will be headed by Gilbert and Goldie, the clever comedians, who are especial favorites in San Francisco and will introduce a budget of new songs and jokes. Irving Jones, the writer of popular songs, will also be a new feature. He has an excellent voice, which he knows how to use to advantage, and as a monologist stands in the front ranks.

Those retained from this week's bill are Clayton, White, and Marie Stuart, who have scored a hit in their merry sketch entitled "Dickey"; Emily Lytton and Charles Bowser, who will discard "A Wise Guy" for an equally humorous farce; the Prosper Troupe, marvelous acrobats; Bimm, Bomm, and Brrr, a trio of inimitable musical clowns, and the La Moyne Brothers, whose act on the horizontal bars is well worth seeing.

## Success of the Children of Noted Thespians.

In Buffalo, a fortnight ago, Henry E. Dixey, Jr., made a stage start in the chorus of "The Burgomaster." According to the *New York Sun*, several young shoots of famous theatrical families are appearing in New York now. Sometimes the son equals the parent. James K. Hackett may not be as fine an actor as his father, whose name differed only in having the central letter H., but Edward H. Sothern surely surpasses Edward A. Sothern. Ethel Barrymore is the most conspicuous of the late arrivals. She surely has made as brilliant a success in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" as Maurice Barrymore or Georgia Drew Barrymore, her parents,

ever achieved. The question is whether she will be able to repeat her first triumph as they did. Her brother, Lionel, is acting cleverly in "The Brixton Burglary." He was most favorably received out of town as the hero of "Arizona." A third young Barrymore (John) is an artist of extraordinary conceits, rather in the Aubrey Beardsley order, but he is thinking of following his brother and sisters in the stage. Chrystal and Julie Herne will continue next season in "Sag Harbor" despite their father's death.

The Empire's second generation, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Guy Standing, and George Osborne, Jr., are at least better known to the present playgoers than their fathers are. Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Bates, and Madge Carr Cooke appeared in New York last winter, but if any one took notice of them it was because they were the mothers of Maudie Adams, Blanche Bates, and Eleanor Rnson. "Florodora" has a son of May Robson and a daughter of Flo Irwin. Edward Gore is in the sextet, and the young Irwin is in the chorus. Florence Reed, a daughter of Roland Reed, will appear in "Lend Me Your Wife" this week, and another of the Proctor stock companies has a son of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall. John Drew's daughter, named Luisa, after her famous grandmother, has gone abroad with her father. She will see "The Second Command" with him, and will probably have a part in it when he produces it at the Empire on September 2d.

## The Battle of the Yatches.

[The following doggerel was printed in "Cruikshank's Comic Almanac" for 1892, the year following the original race for the *America's* Cup.]

O weep, ye British sailors,  
Above us under yatches,  
Here's Yankee Doodle's been and come,  
And beat our crackest yatches!  
They started all to run a race,  
And were well timed with watches;  
But, oh! they never had no chance,  
Had any of our yatches.

The Yankee she delayed at first,  
Says they, "She'll never catch us,"  
And flung up their tarpaulin hats—  
The owners of the yatches!  
But presently she walked along;  
"Oh! dear," says they, "she'll match us!"  
And stuck on their tarpaulin hats,  
The owners of the yatches!

Then deep we ploughs along the sea  
The Yankee scarcely scratches,  
And cracks us on every stitch of sail  
Upon our staggering yatches.  
But nne by one she passes us,  
While bitterly we watches,  
And utters imprecations on  
The builders of our yatches.

And now she's quite hull down ahead;  
Her sails like little patches;  
For sand-barges and colliers we  
May sell our boasted yatches.  
We faintly hear the club-house gun—  
The silver cup she snatches—  
And all the English clubs are done,  
The English club of yatches!

They say she didn't go by wind,  
But wheels and springs and ratches;  
And that's the way she weathered on  
Our quickest-going yatches.  
But them's all lies, I'm bound to say—  
Although they're told by batches—  
'Twas build of hull and cut of sail  
That did for all our yatches.

But novelty, I hear them say,  
Some novelty still hatches!  
The Yankee yatch the keels will lay  
Of many new club yatches.  
And then we'll challenge Yankee land,  
From Boston Bay to Natchez,  
To run their crackest craft ag'in  
Our spick and span new yatches.

—Reprinted in *Forest and Stream*.

If Clyde Fitch is really writing half the plays he is reported to have contracts for, he can not be resting much in Carlsbad. Besides the plays for Elsie de Wolfe and Sadie Martinot for next season, which he has just finished, news comes of five more pieces that he has agreed to finish within a year. One is for Maude Adams, another is for Annie Russell, a third for Emily Wakeman, a comic-opera libretto for Anna Held, and the fifth to be produced by William A. Brady.

Joseph Jefferson is summing at Buzzard's Bay, Richard Mansfield is sojourning at Long Island, Mrs. Fiske is in the Adirondacks, Ada Rehan is at Cadenabbia (Lake of Como), E. S. Willard is at Banstead (in Surrey), Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is appearing in "L'Aiglon" in London, Frank Worthing has gone to Edinburgh, and Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin are at their suburban home near London.

When the weather is most disagreeable in San Francisco it is usually pleasant at the Tavern of Tamalpais, which is less than two hours' ride from San Francisco and half a mile above the fog and winds of the bay.

—GO WHERE YOU WILL, THE BEST SALOONS sell Jesse Moore Whisky.

—DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. Specialty, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

## Ysaye Had to Back Down.

London recently came near having an orchestral strike the other day. The incident, as related in the *Daily News*, throws light on the difficulties of rehearsals in the busy London season:

"M. Ysaye, anxious, of course, for the success of the festival, kept the band at rehearsal from 11 A. M. till past one; when, as there was a long performance at 2:30, and another three-hours' rehearsal at 7 P. M., young Mr. Squire, one of the second violins, very justifiably desired to leave. M. Ysaye is then alleged to have called out: 'Very well, you go; I will see that you do not play here this afternoon.' Mr. W. H. Squire at once rose and explained, adding that if M. Ysaye wanted them to remain another ten minutes to finish the rehearsal they would do so with pleasure. M. Ysaye is alleged to have replied: 'Me ask you! you are no artist;' whereupon the rehearsal abruptly closed. On re-assembling for the concert, it was intimated that M. Ysaye would not conduct it if the two Messrs. Squire remained in the band. They offered to withdraw, but sixty-four out of the seventy-four players of strings, holding the dismissal to be unjust, refused to allow it. Eventually M. Ysaye very wisely gave way, and the performance commenced twenty minutes late."

Ellen Terry, the other day, objected to the number of her photographs in various characters scattered throughout the house of a friend. "Why, it's embarrassing," she said; "here I am weeping in your bedroom, mad in your dining-room, and dying three different ways in your drawing-room!"

The most expensive chair in existence belongs to the Pope. It is made of solid silver, and cost ninety thousand dollars. An American banker presented it to the Pontiff.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange from Wednesday, June 26th, to Saturday, June 29, 1901, were as follows:

|                          | BONDS.  |                   | Closed. |         |
|--------------------------|---------|-------------------|---------|---------|
|                          | Shares. |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Bay Co. Power 5%..       | 1,000   | @ 105             | 105 1/2 |         |
| Market St. Ry. 5%..      | 2,000   | @ 122 1/2         | 122 1/2 | 123     |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%..      | 6,000   | @ 108 1/2         | 108 3/4 | 108 3/4 |
| Oakland Water 5%..       | 2,000   | @ 105             | 105     |         |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%..      | 1,000   | @ 103 1/2         |         |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909   | 7,000   | @ 113 1/2         | 113 1/2 |         |
| S. V. Water 4%.....      | 7,000   | @ 103 1/2         | 103     |         |
|                          | STOCKS. |                   | Closed. |         |
|                          | Shares. |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra Costa Water..     | 110     | @ 80 1/2 - 81     | 80 1/2  | 81      |
| Spring Valley Water.     | 230     | @ 85 1/2 - 86 1/2 | 86      |         |
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| Equitable Gaslight..     | 150     | @ 4               | 3 1/2   | 4       |
| Pacific Lighting Co..    | 45      | @ 48              | 47      |         |
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| Giant Con.....           | 25      | @ 76 1/2 - 77     | 76 1/2  |         |
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| Makaweli S. Co.....      | 10      | @ 38              | 37 1/2  | 38      |
| Pauhan S. P. Co.....     | 55      | @ 26 - 26 1/2     | .....   | 26      |
| <i>Miscellaneous.</i>    |         |                   |         |         |
| Alaska Packers.....      | 175     | @ 129 1/2         | 129 1/2 | 129 3/4 |
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VANITY FAIR.

In these nervous modern days, when "depression," "prostration," "melancholia," "rest-cure," and "Weir Mitchell" are household words in so many families, this concise bit of advice concerning depression and low-spirits will interest many. It is from the letters of Sydney Smith, clergyman, social philosopher, and wit:

"FESTON, February 16, 1820.

"DEAR LADY GEORGIANA: Nobody has suffered from low spirits more than I have done—so I feel for you.

"1st—Live as well as you dare.  
"2d—Go into the shower-bath with a small quantity of water at a temperature low enough to give you a slight sensation of cold, 75 degrees or 80 degrees.

"3d—Amusing books.  
"4th—Short views of human life—not further than dinner or tea.

"5th—Be as busy as you can.  
"6th—See as much as you can of those friends who respect and like you.

"7th—And of those acquaintances who amuse you.

"8th—Make no secret of low spirits to your friends, but talk of them freely—they are always worse for dignified concealment.

"9th—Attend to the effects tea and coffee produce upon you.

"10th—Compare your lot with that of other people.

"11th—Don't expect too much from human life—a sorry business at the best.

"12th—Avoid poetry, dramatic representations (except comedy), music, serious novels, melancholy, sentimental people, and everything likely to excite feeling or emotion not ending in active benevolence.

"13th—Do good, and endeavor to please everybody of every degree.

"14th—Be as much as you can in the open air without fatigue.

"15th—Make the room where you commonly sit gay and pleasant.

"16th—Struggle by little and little against idleness.

"17th—Don't be too severe upon yourself, or underrate yourself, but do yourself justice.

"18th—Keep good blazing fires.

"19th—Be firm and constant in the exercise of rational religion.

"20th—Believe me, dear Lady Georgiana,

"Very truly yours, SYDNEY SMITH."

This mixture of gastric, psychic, social, hygienic, philosophic, and religious advice is most striking.

One of the most lurid pictures of the sorrows and evils for which the bridge mania has been responsible among English women appears in a recent issue of Clement Scott's *Free Lance*, in which the writer describes how women drag themselves out after all-night sittings at bridge, at their own and other people's houses, to play bridge at the clubs, and fill in the hours between meals playing bridge, so great is the fascination of the game when once the craze seizes a firm hold of the gambler. As bridge has taught many women the perilous delights of gaming, it has also shown many society women the way to the pawnshop who never thought to see the inside of the doors. "I could lay my hand," says the writer, "at church parade, at Ranelagh, at Hurlingham, at the opera, on a dozen women of unassailed rank and high title, whose best jewels are reposing safe in the hands of some pawnbroker or money lender. They have good paste substitutes, and few people are the wiser. Some day, when luck turns, they will pay ruinous interest to release the precious stones from bondage. But if luck does not turn, what then? Oftener than not those diamonds, pearls, and rubies are family heirlooms. The husband is the one person in the world who must not know of their fate. The easiest way out is to confide in the 'other man'—the rich 'pal' that many a society woman possesses. He is amused, soothing, generous; she is under a deep obligation to him henceforth. The veriest tyro realizes to what ending such obligations tend."

The strongest impression one receives on visiting Newport to-day is a confused sense of splendor and slouch that would he sad if it were not laughable (says Eliot Gregory in the July number of *Harper's Magazine*). It has been reserved for an American city to show the world *châteaux* and cow-sheds clumping amicably together. Newport is not a typical American watering place. Mr. Page tells us the country is inclined to take it seriously, which is a pity, for it is above all a place of fads and caprices, of changing moods and inconsistent standards. Oddly enough, many of its manias have coincided with the discarding of those particular fads abroad. The rush to build costly country-houses at a moment when the owners of such useless piles of bricks and mortar in Europe are doing their best to get rid of their burdens is an illustration of this. The building craze must be placed first on the list of Newport's idiosyncrasies. Neither in England nor on the Continent have people been thoughtless enough to construct costly residences at a sea-side city where the season lasts but a few weeks—to remain here longer is to "walk alone a banquet hall deserted." Palaces are as inappropriate to Newport as a court train would be in a row-boat; for it is the one place in America where people don't want to have guests stopping with them. House-parties were voted inconvenient long ago, exception being made for

young men (with turn-outs of their own) sufficiently "in the swim" to be asked out continually and not interfere with the liberty of their hostess, or make claim upon her stable. One gay matron, with a Continental reputation for hospitality, openly tells the people who happen to be under her roof that they must shift for themselves the night she dines out. As she remains at home on an average one evening a week, the pleasure of visiting her may easily be imagined. Yet this very woman was not satisfied until she had nagged her husband into building a granite excrescence on the cliffs roomy enough to shelter a regiment. Oh! those cliff structures. What monuments to human folly they are! One can not help wondering what is to become of them in the future, for a fatality seems to pursue the inappropriate piles. A couple of years ago, when royalty in the person of Count de Turin visited Newport, seven of its largest villas were shut, and have, for the matter of that, remained so since their construction. If the original owners find these habitats inconvenient, what will take place when, in the next generation, fortunes are divided and children find themselves with burdens on their hands compared to which white elephants would be bandy bits of *bric-à-brac*? One explanation of this folly is to be found in the fact that the majority of staring habitations have been built by "outsiders," or people but recently admitted to the social life of the place, therefore unaware of their blunders until it was too late.

Mr. Gregory declares that no set of people is more indifferent to yachting than the owners of the hundred trim craft that crowd Newport's harbor. They will take a languid interest in the greater races, and make up parties for the day. It is not safe, however, to question returning guests as to the result of the contest. Last week a party on one of the big yachts (out to see a contest that was thrilling the whole country) retired to the cabin as soon as they got on board, and remained there the entire day playing cards. As they were being landed at twilight, some one on the wharf called out: "Who won?" "Mrs. Blank," answered an ingenuous maiden; "she held all the trumps." A mild pretense is also made by our *beau monde* of encouraging fox-hunting and field sports, but there is little real interest taken in these pastimes. The first "meet" of the season will be well attended, but finding the roads dusty and the hills steep, people soon turn back and go solemnly pounding up and down the avenue, howling to each other. Occasionally a "cottager," wishing to be original and rural, will give a picnic, but the half-hearted affair turns out to be only a hurlesque of the real thing, differing in no essential from the winter luncheon served by the same weary waiters who have already offered three hundred and sixty-five identical repasts to the same three hundred odd guests during the past twelve months. Nothing outside of its narrow circle interests Newport, which has the proud distinction of being the only place on the coast where no notice is taken socially of our navy officers when the fleet visits the harbor.

There are, however, signs of a change in the air. Already one sees the more independent *débütantes*—those who are sure enough of their position to do as they like—cutting the heavy functions given in their honor by fond relations, and escaping from the boredom of reception and "tea" to pass their afternoons in freedom. It will take years to accomplish these reforms, and the pioneers will, in the meantime, be regarded with suspicion. Many old tabbies are at this moment shuddering because a group of young people have chosen the twilight hour for a dip in the ocean, in defiance of fashion, which decrees that a sea bath should be taken at high noon, with the thermometer in the nineties and dressing-cabins turned into ovens. When it got whispered about that the innovators actually had the audacity to carry a tea-basket with them to the beach, and after a hurried toilet lingered in the summer twilight watching the sunset and chatting over the cups—at an hour when all self-respecting Philistines are housed in nice hot parlors—the elderly matrons asked each other: "What is society coming to?" London society, under an appearance of frivolity, follows a definite aim and exercises great political influence (remarks Mr. Gregory, in conclusion). The prizes it has to offer to the successful are worth a struggle. In France the aristocracy is fighting for its very existence in arms against a rising sea of democracy. With us the shell only of those organizations exists, without their *raison d'être*. Until many reforms are worked, Newport will continue to give a continual performance of "Hamlet" with the Danish prince left out; sumptuous dinners served and imperial jewels donned to entertain callow youths from college; carriages that would not be out of place in a coronation procession ordered out for a drive in country lanes, or to take people to the Fall River boat—efforts continually out of proportion to the results obtained—enormous fatigue incurred, great fortunes spent, and serious sacrifices endured to keep the costly hall turning toward no visible goal.

A certain cigarette manufacturer is quoted as saying: "In New York City I have one thousand ladies of the highest class of society as my regular patrons. While the use of cigarettes among women of the better class is growing steadily in Chicago, it

still does not compare in extent to the condition in this respect in other States. In San Francisco ten women smoke to one in Chicago, and it is the same in New York City." According to the general statement made by another man, there are one hundred thousand women in New York City who smoke. In Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo—in fact, in all the Eastern cities with the exception of Washington—it is the rule rather than the exception for society women to indulge in the use of tobacco in the fascinating form of a cigarette. Washington ladies do not tolerate the habit for some reason not explained, but in New Orleans, again, the practice is common. He also says that the habit has made great headway in San Francisco, where it was picked up from the original Mexican settlers and the Chinese.

Commenting on the seclusion of the aristocracy in Mexico, a writer in the *New York Sun* says: "There are few homes so cut off from curious eyes as those of the rich in this land. The massive residences of high-caste Mexicans stand flush with the thoroughfares. They seem to frown upon all the world. Very rarely may one get a glimpse of a home interior through the iron-barred and wooden-shuttered windows. Occasionally one may get a passing view of a beautiful *patio*, with tropical flower-gardens, swinging hammocks, and a family group in the shade of the veranda or flowering vine, when a lumbering gate stands ajar. But that is all the tourist in Mexico sees of high life here until he has letters of introduction. The richer and older the Mexican family, the more exclusive it is. Many of high-caste Mexican women are never seen in public except with their families, and then it is at the cathedral, the opera, or on an occasional drive behind caparisoned horses in the afternoon. When a rich Mexican woman goes shopping it is by previous arrangement with the importer of dry goods. The *señora* drives with her daughters to the stores, where she is received by the merchant with all the ceremony of welcoming a potentate. They are led to a beautifully appointed room, away from all the other customers, and for hours the merchant and his clerks bring and display the latest importations of women's wear. A rich *señora* who would go to market and participate in the purchase of food would be the most talked about woman in the community for a week."

The Arundel Club, of London, has been compelled, for financial reasons, to migrate from its pleasant premises overlooking the Thames Embankment to temporary quarters in an adjacent hotel. This does not mean much to Bohemian London of to-day (points out the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia). But it will stir the memories of nearly every actor, artist, or writer who had life—and sometimes fame—in front of him in the 'seventies. A sort of junior Garrick—for the Garrick under the Thackeray monarchy had become very respectable and expensive—that was the original idea of the Arundel. "Fay ce que voudra" was the motto, and the old house in Salisbury Street collected all the hot young blood in London. There was no closing time. From midnight or thereabouts till the dawn of a winter's day the room was crammed with men whose fame has hazled and—peradventure—faded. Irving and Toole met and chaffed one another there; Clement Scott was a respectful listener; Wills, the dramatist, was a figure; H. J. Byron, with "Our Boys" still simmering at the back of his brain, fired his jests; and Tom Robertson championed the new drama which is now so surprisingly old. They were poor in those days—dog poor. Irving tells a story of how they blackballed an unwelcome candidate. The whole club mustered for the defense. But the honorary secretary pointed out politely that, on a strict interpretation of club law, very few of them could vote. They had not paid their dues. Whereupon men whose names have circled the world crept out separately and met at the nearest pawnbrokers. The unwelcome candidate was excluded by the sacrifice of watches and overcoats.

Queen Victoria's favorite form of gift was an Indian shawl. Thousands of them were presented to her in the course of her long reign. Her son, King Edward, exhibits partiality for distributing etchings and engravings among his friends. While here-apparent he collected a vast number of these. The shawls and the etchings were nearly all presented to the late queen and King Edward, respectively.

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Archbishop Temple was once occupying a seat as an ordinary worshiper in a country church, his immediate left-hand neighbor being a country yokel, who kept turning angry glances toward the bishop—as he then was—in evident depreciation of his lordship's vocal efforts. The bishop, however, continued making what he described as "a joyful noise," until at last the yokel disgustedly closed his book, and, turning to the bishop, remarked: "I say, guv'nor, chuck it. You're spoilin' the whole bloomin' show!"

Augustus Hare tells this story in his autobiography of a friend, who, in some ways, was one of the most absent-minded men in the world. One day, meeting a friend, he said: "Hello, what a long time it is since I've seen you! How's your father?" "Oh, my father's dead." "God bless me! I'm very sorry." The next year he met the same man again, and had forgotten all about it, so he began with: "Hello! what a long time since I've seen you! How's your father?" "Oh, my father's dead still."

A white minister was conducting religious services in a colored church in North Carolina recently. After exhorting a bit, he asked an old colored deacon to lead in prayer, and, according to the *Roanoke News*, this is the appeal which the brother in black offered for his brother in white: "O Lord, gih him de eye oh de eagle dat he spy out sin affore. Glue his hands to de gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de line oh truth. Nail his ear to de gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees, and his knees way down in some lonesome, dark, and natter valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made. 'Noint him wid de kerosene ile of salvashum and sot him on fire."

In New York, the other day, a newsboy stood in City Hall Park with a bundle of newspapers in his arms, but he made no sound. Instead of greeting those who passed him with a shrill "Wextry, last 'dition, all about the murder!" he saluted gravely and pointed to his papers. People stared and wondered, then turned around and bought a paper. "The poor boy is deaf and dumb," said a woman, as she gave him a nickel and took an "extra." The boy was coming money, when one of his friends happened to come along. He nearly fell in a fit when he observed the grave salute and the silent tongue. "Say, Jakey, w'at's you givin' us?" he began; but the other boy did not notice, so he yelled out: "Come out of it, Jakey, or I'll tell the cop, and he'll pull you in for runnin' a fake game." "Oh, h—l!" said the one who had been lately deaf and dumb; "I had a cinch on that keepin'-quiet game, an' now you've spoiled it!"

In 1896, ex-Lieutenant-Governor David A. Ball, of Missouri, was trying to persuade the Gold Democrats that, notwithstanding the fact that they differed from the regulars on the financial issue, they agreed with them on so many points that they ought to vote for Bryan anyway. He wound up that part of his speech as follows: "How would a Moss-Back Missouri Democrat look voting with the Republicans? I will tell you. Up in Pike County an old chap undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind-bridle. Just as he was about dead his son cut him down. The old man rubbed his eyes, and said: 'John, if you had let me alone a minute longer I would have been in heaven.' 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'you would have cut a h—l of a figure in heaven looking through a blind-bridle, wouldn't you?' And that," concluded Mr. Ball, "is the way a Missouri Democrat would look voting for a Republican under any circumstances whatsoever!"

During the earlier days of the reign of Queen Victoria, dramatic performances were given at Windsor Castle under the management of Charles Kean. The audiences being limited and stiffly aristocratic, the applause was naturally not especially hearty, and the comedians felt the absence of the more demonstrative approval manifested in the regular theatre. One evening the queen sent an enquiry to Mr. Kean to know if the actors would like anything (meaning refreshments), when the actor replied: "Say to her majesty that we should be grateful for a little applause when the spectators are pleased." Back went the enquiry and conveyed the message. At the end of the act there was a slight suggestion of hand-clapping and exceedingly gentle foot-tapping. James Wallack, who knew nothing of the message sent to the queen, hearing the mild demonstration, pricked up his ears and inquired: "What is that?" Mr. Kean replied: "That, my dear Wallack, is applause." "God bless me!" retorted Wallack; "I thought it was some one shelling peas."

"It was night," says Rev. Clement Povnder, "when, after the Battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington lay down. He had not found time so much as to wash his face or hands; but, overcome with fatigue, threw himself, after finishing his dispatches, on his bed. He had seen Dr. Hume, and desired him to come punctually at seven in the morning with his report; and the latter, who took no rest, but spent the night beside the wounded,

came at the hour appointed. He knocked at the duke's door, but received no answer; he lifted the latch, and looked in, but seeing him in a sound sleep, he could not find it in his heart to awake him. By and by, however, reflecting on the importance of time to a man in the duke's high situation, and heing well aware that it formed no article in his grace's code to prefer personal indulgence of any sort to public duty, he proceeded to the bedside and roused the sleeper. The duke sat up in his bed, his face unshaven, and, covered with the dust and smoke of yesterday's battle, presenting a rather strange appearance; yet his senses were collected, and in a moment he desired Hume to make his statement. The latter produced his list, and began to read; but when, as he proceeded, name after name came out—this as of one dead, the other as of one dying—his voice failed him, and looking up, he saw that the duke was in an agony of grief; the tears chased one another from his grace's eyes, making deep visible furrows in the soldier's blackened cheeks, and at last he threw himself back upon his pillow, and groaned aloud. 'It has been my good fortune never to lose a battle; yet all this glory,' cried he, 'can by no means compensate for so great a loss of friends. What victory is not too dearly purchased at such a cost!'

## Déroutée in War.

In an interesting *résumé* of Paul Déroutée's career, in *M. A. P.*, the following account of the beginning of his military adventures is given: At the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War, young Déroutée looked on apathetically. It was a Bonapartist war. Why should a Republican concern himself with it? But when he saw his country in peril he gladly welcomed a commission in the Garde Mobile. No sooner had he reached Chalons, however, than he was ordered back to Paris. His mind was made up at once. He would resign his commission and enlist in the active army. He presented himself before the colonel of the Third Zouaves at Chalons.

"Colonel," he said, "I wish to fight in your regiment until the war is over."

The colonel measured him with a glance. "Tis weary work," he said, warningly. "The knapsack is a heavy load to carry."

"Not so heavy as shame," was the instant retort. Such is the legend. But something even more melodramatic followed.

The very next day a woman, leading a tall school-boy, presented herself before the same colonel.

"In which regiment is Paul Déroutée?" she inquired. The colonel astutely parried the question with another. "Why do you ask?" he interrogated.

"Because I am his mother, and this is his younger brother."

"Ah! And you wish to keep Paul from enlisting? Well, you are too late; he is already enrolled."

"On the contrary, monsieur le colonel," replied Mme. Déroutée, "I have brought André, his younger brother, to ask that he be allowed to enlist in the same regiment."

The lad, though under age, was accepted. The two brothers fought side by side as far as Sedan.

## Base-Ball Reporting à la Baxter.

A neater article of the National had never been put up on the home grounds, and when the visitors picked up the stick in the final with the tally standing 2-2, everybody, from the oldest fan to the younger paper-seller, was standing on his seat and yelling to the local slah artist to serve up his choicest assortment of round-house henders, and keep whatever guy was handling the ash pivoting at delusions. The twirler was up to the business, and laid 'em over so fast that the receiving end of the battery, who wears the bird-cage and liver-pad, looked as if he were shelling peas. The first two victims only tore rents in the atmosphere, but the third guy connected, and laid off a flaming grasser which would have made a projectile from a 13-inch gun look like a hean-hag tossed from one hahy to another. The man on the difficult corner was right there, though, and flagged the horse-hide pill with his sinister talon, assisting it over to the initial hassock in such short order that some one yelled derisively: "That fellow runs like an Orange Street automohuhhle." The home aggregation came to the hat. Every one was confident that they were going to pound the sphere around the lot, but the opposing team ran in a new guy with a slow south wing, and before they were onto the fact that they were not putting the willow onto the yarn as they had expected there were two men down and two strikes on the next guy. But, oh, Phoebe! on the next delivery he became the father of a bouncing swat which landed in the last row of potatoes in the outer garden and enabled him to press down three buttons and scratch the rubher. "Did the crowd go wild? Say, did you ever see a game of ball?"—*Yale Record*.

## A Good Milk

For infant feeding is a mixed cow's milk, from herds of native breeds. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk herds are properly housed, scientifically fed, and are constantly under trained inspection. Avoid unknown brands.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; BEST results with least cost.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## 'Twas Ever Thus.

She loves him;  
She amuses him;  
She compromises him;  
She angers him;  
She forgives him;  
She annoys him;  
She reproaches him;  
She vexes him;  
She implores him;  
She bores him;  
She accuses him;  
She loses him.—*Town Topics*.

## A Query.

If Love is blind, how is it, pray,  
That Love will always find the way?—*Ex.*

## A Rural Scene.

The herd is heard to low on high,  
Mounting the mountain steep;  
The weary shepherds hie below  
To get a bit of sleep.  
The little swallows gulp and choke  
The early worm to swallow,  
While penned within the barn-yard pen,  
The pensive piggies wallow.  
—*Harvard Lampoon*.

## In the Palace of the Czar.

The Czar was lounging on the throne,  
The doctor paced the hall,  
When through the palace came a faint  
And feeble sort of squall.  
The doctor hurried to the Czar,  
And cried: "I wish you joyski.  
You are once more a papavitch,  
But—it is not a boyski."

The Czar laid down his sceptrevitch,  
And said: "It makes me sick  
To think that it is not for me  
To play with little Nickski.  
'Tis had enough to walk the floor  
When teetovitch annoyski,  
But it would not affect me so  
If it had been a boyski."

The Czar walked to the palace gate,  
Unheeding bomb or mineski,  
And nailed thereon a very big  
And boldly lettered signski.  
The subjects cried the Russian for  
The French "Vive le Roiski,"  
Then read the signski, which announced  
This:

WANTED HERE—  
ONE BOYSKI.

—*Baltimore American*.

## The Book of the Mament.

Once our literary daughters, when the writing impulse spake,  
Spent their fancies on romances—hearts that ache  
And hearts that break;  
But a change has come upon them, and to-day they  
Hend their mind  
To the fashion for a passion of a vegetable kind:  
Since a book now needs within it, ere to favor it can  
Win,  
Gardens shady, with a lady hahhling daintily there-in—

So come into the garden, Maud,  
And bring the pen and ink,  
We'll put one through in an hour or two,  
To make Miss Jekyll blink!—*Ex.*

"Long Sootz, the whist-player, is an incorrigible joker. He thought he was dying not long ago, and what do you suppose he said to the doctor?" "Give it up." "He said to the doctor: 'Well, doc, this promises to be a pretty long game.' 'How so?' asks the doctor. 'Why,' says Sootz, 'I expect to wait a good many years before the last trump is played.'"  
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO  
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

## DOMINION LINE

Fastest Twin-Screw Passenger Service.  
Boston to Liverpool via Queenstown  
S. S. NEW ENGLAND, 11,600 Tons, Length 575 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, July 11th.  
S. S. COMMONWEALTH, 13,000 Tons, Length 600 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, July 31st.  
Portland, Me., to Liverpool  
S. S. CAMBROMAN, sailing Saturday, July 11th.  
S. S. VANCOUVER, sailing Saturday, July 27th.  
For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast,  
621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

## 60 YEARS OF SUCCESS

HORS CONCOURS  
Member of the Jury, PARIS, 1900  
Alcool de Menthe de

## RICQLÈS

(Ricqlès Peppermint)

For STOMACH ACHES, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION,

CHOLERINE, DYSENTERY, etc.

Take a few drops in a glass of hot water with a little sugar or in a cup of tea.

RICQLÈS Peppermint quenches the thirst and purifies the water.

RICQLÈS Peppermint is a preventive in times of pestilence, and is invaluable against mosquito bites.

RICQLÈS Peppermint is unexcelled as a dentifrice and toilet water.

Refuse all imitations; ask for a RICQLÈS

Sold by all Druggists

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U.S. New York



## Shade Wont Work-

Because it isn't mounted on

THE IMPROVED

HARTHORN

SHADE ROLLER.

A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller

when buying your shades.

TYPEWRITERS.  
GREAT BARGAINS.

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.  
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
538 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Doric (Via Honolulu) ..... Tuesday, July 9  
Coptic (Via Honolulu) ..... Friday, August 2  
Gaelic (Via Honolulu) ..... Tuesday, August 27  
Coptic (Via Honolulu) ..... Friday, September 20  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.  
Nippon Maru ..... Wednesday, July 17  
Hongkong Maru ..... Saturday, August 10  
Hongkong Maru ..... Wednesday, September 4  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6000 Tons  
Sonoma, 6000 Tons  
Ventura, 6000 Tons

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, July 11, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
S. S. Zealandia, for Honolulu, July 20, 1901, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Australia, for Tahiti, August 6, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., June 5,  
10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1.30 P. M., June 2, 7, 11, 16, 21, 26, July 1, 6, 11, 16, 20, 25, 30, August 4.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles): Queen—Wednesdays, 9 A. M. Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucas, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Buennene, San Pedro, East San Pedro, and \*Newport ("Corona only).  
Corona—Saturdays, 9 A. M. Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
For further information obtain company's folder.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket-Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel),  
GODDARD, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,  
10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg Westbound.

St. Paul ..... July 10 | St. Paul ..... August 7  
St. Louis ..... July 17 | St. Louis ..... August 14  
Philadelphia ..... July 24 | Philadelphia ..... August 21

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

\*Zeeland ..... July 10 | Southwark ..... July 31  
\*Friesland ..... July 17 | \*Vad-rland ..... August 7  
Pennland ..... July 24 | Kensington ..... August 14  
\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Stubbs Dinner.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs, who leaves soon for Chicago to take the traffic management of the Harriman group of railroads, was the guest of honor at a farewell dinner at the Pacific-Union Club on Monday night, July 1st. Covers were laid for fifty in the large dining-room of the club, and the decorations were artistic and appropriate.

Among others at table were:

Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. Alfred Bouvier, Mr. G. Burt, Mr. A. Cheschrough, Mr. George D. Cooper, Mr. W. H. Crocker, Mr. D. W. Earl, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Mr. J. A. Folger, Mr. Christian Froelich, Mr. William F. Herrin, Mr. G. A. Higbee, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mr. C. M. Hays, Mr. P. McG. McBean, Mr. E. O. McCormick, Mr. G. W. McNear, Mr. W. M. Newhall, Mr. R. Oxnard, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. E. B. Pond, Prince A. Poniatowski, Mr. I. L. Requa, Dr. C. M. Richter, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. H. T. Scott, Mr. I. M. Scott, Mr. G. W. Spence, Mr. Claus Spreckels, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. William Sproule, Mr. J. B. Stetson, Mr. F. J. Symmes, Judge W. C. Van Fleet, Mr. F. W. Van Sicken, Mr. R. Watt, Mr. F. W. Zeile, Mr. A. F. Morrison, Mr. J. Howard, Mr. A. Center, General G. W. Prescott, Mr. Edwin Goodall, Mr. F. de Pue, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. C. E. Worden, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. C. W. Howard, Mr. D. D. Stubbs, and Mr. Joseph E. Stubbs.

## The Retirement of General Shafter.

On Sunday afternoon, June 30th, Major-General William R. Shafter, after forty years in the service of the United States army, formally retired from active duty and turned over the command of the Department of California and Columbia to his successor, Major-General Samuel B. M. Young. General Shafter invited a number of friends to witness the simple ceremony, which took place in the commanding general's office in the Phelan Building, and, after short speeches had been made and the official orders read, luncheon was served.

Among those present were:

Colonel John B. Babcock, assistant adjutant-general; Colonel James M. Marshall, assistant quartermaster-general; Colonel Frank M. Cox, assistant paymaster-general; Colonel J. B. Rawles, of the Artillery Corps, post commandant at the Presidio; Colonel E. J. McClelland, Colonel A. C. Ducat, Colonel Stephen P. Jocelyn, of the Twenty-Fifth Infantry; Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred C. Girard, deputy surgeon-general; Lieutenant-Colonel John L. Chamberlain, inspector-general; Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. L. B. Davis, of the Corps of Engineers; Major John A. Hull, judge advocate; Major Oliver E. Wood, of the Artillery Corps; Major Robert J. Gibson, surgeon; Major Oscar F. Long, depot quartermaster; Major Hugh R. Belknap, additional paymaster; Major William H. Baldwin, commissary; Captain Edward H. Plummer, of the Tenth Infantry; Captain Benjamin C. Morse, of the Seventeenth Infantry; Captain A. B. Dyer, of the Artillery Corps; Captain Harold P. Howard, of the Third Artillery; Captain Amos W. Kimball, assistant quartermaster; Captain William R. Smedberg, Jr., of the Fourteenth Cavalry; Captain N. P. Batchelder, quartermaster; Captain E. A. Lewis; First-Lieutenant James F. McKinley, of the Tenth Cavalry; Colonel William R. Smedberg, U. S. A., retired; Brigadier-General R. H. Warfield, of the National Guard of California; Colonel F. E. Beck, of the National Guard of California; Colonel John P. Irish, of Oakland; Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. P. B. Cornwall, and Colonel George E. Stone.

Major-General Young's personal aids are to be Captain H. P. Howard, of St. Paul, a member of the class of '91 from West Point, and an officer of the Fourteenth Cavalry; Captain W. R. Smedberg, Jr., of San Francisco, a member of the class of '93 from West Point, and an officer of the Fourteenth Cavalry; and First-Lieutenant James F. McKinley, of Canton, O., nephew of President McKinley, appointed from civil life two years ago, and an officer of the Eleventh Cavalry.

General Shafter's aids will go to other duty. Captain Wilson will return to service with the Coast Artillery at Fort Flagler, Wash.; Captain Plummer will succeed Captain Dyer as recruiting officer on New Montgomery Street; and Captain Morse will remain here on duty in some other department.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Lily Oelrichs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, of New York, and Mr. Peter D. Martin will take place at Newport on August 14th.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Gage to Mr. William Richardson, of Austin, Tex., will take place on August 6th at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Stephen T. Gage, of Oakland. Miss Rose Nalle, of Austin, is to be the maid of honor, and Miss Mabel Gage, Miss Ethel Gage, Miss Chrissie Taft, Miss Ruth Dunham, Miss Amy Scoville, and Miss Bell Nicholson are to act as bridesmaids.

The engagement of Miss Ruth Lawrence Rising, daughter of Professor and Mrs. W. B. Rising, of Berkeley, to Signore Corrado Menicanti, of Rome, has been announced. Professor Rising will join his family in Paris in July, and the wedding will take place there in October.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macdonald, of Oakland, recently gave a dinner in honor of Miss Ida Belle

Palmer and Mr. George S. Wheaton, whose engagement was recently announced. Others at table were General and Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mr. and Mrs. Edson F. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Requa, Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. J. M. Driscoll, and Mr. Thomas Driscoll.

Mrs. George R. Gibson, who was Miss Laura Belden, of San José, recently gave an elaborate dinner-dance at Tuxedo Park, assisted by her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Gibson. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin.

## Dinner to H. J. Stewart.

On Monday evening, July 8th, a dinner is to be given to Dr. H. J. Stewart at the Bohemian Club by the members of that institution, of which he has so long been a popular member. Dr. Stewart has been one of the most devoted members of the club in his assistance at the jinks, and, despite his prominence as a musician, he has been most faithful as an accompanist. One would have imagined, from his kindly way of subordinating himself, that he was not the noteworthy musician that he is. His efforts for the club will doubtless lead to the dinner in his honor next Monday being one of the historic events of that unique organization. It will be in the nature of a farewell, as Dr. Stewart is about to leave for Boston, where he has accepted a position as organist of Trinity Church.

Louis A. Garnett, the expert on matters of finance and currency, who passed away last week at Pacific Grove, was born in Virginia in 1822, and was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1842. He came to California in 1850, and from 1857 to 1860 was metallurgical officer in the mint. He resigned that position to go to Europe, where he spent several years in the study of finance and economics. After his return to San Francisco, he organized the San Francisco Assaying and Refining Works, now the Selby Smelting Works, which he managed until 1876. It was at the suggestion of Mr. Garnett that the Mint Bureau at Washington was organized by the mint act of 1873, providing for the direction of all the mints from Washington instead of from the Philadelphia mint. Mr. Garnett was recognized as the highest authority on monetary questions on the Coast. He served as a member of the United States Monetary Commission of 1897, and his colleagues relied largely upon his technical knowledge in framing its recommendations.

It is said that the transport *Pak Ling*, which arrived from the Orient last week, brought numerous stowaways, who were assisted by the passengers and landed without the *Pak Ling* officers knowing that any stowaways had come over in the steamer. Two of the stowaways were deserters from the British man-of-war *Goliath* at Nagasaki, and by changing their clothes after boarding the *Pak Ling* at Nagasaki managed to elude the vigilance of the captain of the *Goliath*, who, with a number of men, searched for two hours for the men, passing the deserters twice without recognizing them. Two others of the stowaways were deserters from the Russian army, and another, a Sikh, who is said to have deserted from the British army in China. The others were American ex-soldiers.

A distinguished party of pleasure-seekers, including Mr. and Mrs. William Keith, Professor and Mrs. Joseph Le Conte, Professor and Mrs. Frank Soule, Professor Andrew C. Lawson, of the University of California, President Burk, of the San Francisco State Normal School, Professor W. A. Dudley, of Stanford, John Muir, and others, left Berkeley on Monday for a trip to the Yosemite and Tuolumne Meadows. An unusual feature of the camp-life is to be a series of informal lectures with a daily musical programme. The trip is largely a reunion of the members of a similar excursion-party undertaken in 1870, when Professors Le Conte and Soule went into the valley with ten students of the State University.

The principal event in the Women's National Championship Tennis Tournament in Philadelphia last week was the final round between Miss Bessie Moore, of Ridgewood, N. J., and Miss Marion Jones, of Nevada, in which the former came out victorious. Miss Jones's defeat was principally due, according to the accounts, to the intense heat which handicapped her greatly.

Mrs. Jack Gouraud, formerly Amy Crocker, has disposed of her New York house at East Thirty-Fifth Street for forty-three thousand dollars. It was only sixteen feet, eight inches front, but in an excellent social neighborhood.

Mrs. William McKinley's condition has so much improved since her return to Washington, D. C., that she is now able to take her drives with the President.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Sherman (*née* Kittle) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

— A LIST OF ALL THE NEWEST BOOKS MAILED on application to Cooper & Co., 745 Market Street.

— YOUR MEDICINE-CHEST IS INCOMPLETE IF IT is not stocked with Jesse Moore's "AA" Whisky.

## Golf Notes.

The tournament for the Scotch Cups, presented by Miss Tennant-Smith to the Linda Vista Golf Club, of San José, was held on July 4th for gentlemen and on July 5th for ladies.

The second consolation handicap against a secret bogie was played on the Oakland links on Saturday, June 29th, the bogie being 84, selected by chance from the numbers 80 to 90. Each player selected his or her own handicap, the first prize being won by T. R. Hutchinson, whose net score was 84; and the second prize going to R. M. Fitzgerald with a net score of 85.

On Thursday, July 4th, there was a putting and driving competition for the members of the Sausalito Golf Club.

In the hall of the San Francisco Yacht Club house at Sausalito on Saturday, June 29th, there was an exhibition of French posters gathered in Paris during the exposition by H. Holbrook. The money taken in at the door is to be added to the fund for finishing the club-house on the Fort Baker links. The ladies' room is already furnished and ready for use. In the evening a dance was held in the San Francisco Yacht Club house for the benefit of the building fund.

Two teams, captained by Orestes Pierce and P. E. Bowles, played against each other over 18 holes, match play, on the Oakland links on Thursday morning, July 4th. The losing team footed the bill for a luncheon, which was partaken of by both teams at the club-house.

A writer in the *Woman's Home Companion* says that it costs the average American girl student from fifty to seventy-five dollars a month for living expenses in Berlin. To keep her expenditures within the former sum, of course necessitates the exercise of rather strict economy. If this money he spent judiciously, however, she may have a taste of all the comforts of life and even some of its luxuries. The lessons from the masters cost from five to ten dollars each, and the girl who brings sufficient training from home will profit much from her weekly audience with the great teacher. Rooms in the fashionable quarter of Berlin are expensive, although after the third story is passed there is a decrease in prices. The style of living is much more simple than in America, and the plainest meal is generally well-cooked and nourishing. Many students appear to enjoy these conditions.

James L. Flood and James H. Follis, executors of the will of the late Richard H. Follis, who died May 31, 1900, have filed their accounting. The estate and income is of the value of \$953,349.94, of which \$276,867.50 has been disbursed by way of partial distribution. Claims and expenses reduce the balance remaining in custody of the executors as such to \$666,018.68. Under the will the executors will hold the estate as trustees for the children, and the order of final distribution made recently by Judge Sloss distributes the estate to James L. Flood and James H. Follis as executors. The heirs at law and legatees are Mrs. Margaret E. de Vecchi, James H. Follis, Richard H. Follis, Clarence George Follis, and Lillian Mary Griffin (*née* Follis), all of whom share alike.

Two hundred acres on Sugar Point, Lake Tahoe, have been purchased by I. W. Hellman, president of the Nevada Bank. It is Mr. Hellman's expectation to begin at once the construction of an elaborate summer-place on this tract. In addition to the residence, boat-houses, an electric plant, and an elaborate reservoir are among the contemplated improvements. The investment will amount to fifty thousand dollars.

C. E. Graham, who has been in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company for twenty years, has been appointed confidential agent to H. E. Huntington, and will leave this week for his new post in New York.

Edgar Walter, who has just had an important piece of sculpture accepted and honorably mentioned by the Paris Salon, will arrive from the East in a few days on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter.

Mrs. Bessie Stewart Hooker, who recently opened a millinery business establishment on Fifth Avenue, New York, has started a branch at Newport. Mrs. Hooker's efforts have succeeded beyond her expectations.

## Moët &amp; Chandon

(Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World).

WHITE SEAL (Grande Cuvée) is unsurpassed in quality, dryness, and flavor.—NEW YORK TIMES.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO., Pacific Coast Agents. 329 Market Street, S. F.

## Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

## G. H. MUMM &amp; CO.

## EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O/R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.

## FRED'K DE BARY &amp; CO., New York,

Sole Agents in the United States and Canada.

E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative.

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all affections of the skin.

"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after shaving.

Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the real) Sample Free. GENUINE Mennen Co. New York City.

**London**

'A TEMPLE OF LUXURY'

**HOTEL**

**GREAT CENTRAL**

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THE FREDERICK HOTELS LTD

## Hotel Rafael

Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Sixteen trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.

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## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee San Francisco, Cal.

## HOTEL GRANADA

THE NEWEST AND FINEST-EQUIPPED FAMILY HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO

N. W. Cor. Sutter and Hyde Sts., S. F., Cal.

MRS. J. O. LEVY, Proprietor.

## THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander will leave New York for California on Thursday, July 11th. After a short stay in San Francisco, they will proceed to Del Monte, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Callaghan have returned from their wedding journey to Santa Barbara and have gone to housekeeping at 2613 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker returned to New York from Lenox last week, and are now at Southampton, L. I., where they will spend the summer months.

Miss Helen Wagner is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Avery McCarthy, at Monterey.

Mrs. Edward Barron sailed from New York for Europe last week accompanied by her son, Ward Barron. She will visit Ireland and England before returning home in September.

Miss Alice Rutherford will arrive in San Francisco next week en route to Japan, where she will remain until the late fall.

Mr. Fred A. Greenwood is again in San Francisco after an absence of a number of months in Europe and the East.

Mrs. Mayo Newhall and family leave for the East about the middle of July en route to Europe.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding, who has been called East on business, will leave on Monday, July 8th. He intends to return in time for the Bohemian Midsummer Jinks, if possible.

Prince and Princess Hatzfeld left for Sacramento early in the week, and after a few days' stay there will depart for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Danforth and Miss Fannie Danforth have arrived in New York after a visit to the Pan-American Exposition. They expect to spend some time in Boston and Larchmont.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Macfarlane have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. H. E. Huntington left for the East early in the week.

Mrs. George W. McNear and children, of Oakland, will pass the month of July at their country home near Port Costa.

Mr. Alfred Bouvier has returned from the East after an absence of six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Schwabacher were at Lake Tahoe last week.

Miss Jennie Blair has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour at their country place at Rutherford.

Mr. Harry A. Jerome leaves for the East in a few days on a visit to his mother in New York.

Mrs. George H. Lent is sojourning in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Louis Bruguière returned from the East last week after a year's absence.

Miss Belle O'Connor is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckhee at San Rafael.

Mr. Truxtun Beale, who is now at Narragansett Pier, expects to return to San Francisco next month.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer will spend the month of July at the Hotel Del Monte.

Miss Charlotte Ellinwood leaves this week on a trip to Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Frank Stillman Lusk is visiting her mother, Mrs. Thomas Findley, in Sausalito. She expects to be in California for three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee were in San José last week.

Mrs. Julie Rosewald, who has been abroad for several years, will spend the month of July in the East, and return to San Francisco early in August.

Mrs. Charles A. Grow and her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Mosely, are spending the summer at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. S. K. McClintock were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Lady Freeling, wife of the governor of Trinidad, arrived on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric* on Sunday, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Ira G. Hoitt, of Menlo Park, was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Dr. Hirschowitz has left for the South, and will be gone three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Z. King and family have gone to Mill Valley for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells are sojourning at Highland Springs.

Miss Laura McKinstry and her sister are sojourning at Miramar, in Southern California.

Mrs. William Beckman and Mrs. W. P. Coleman, of Sacramento, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Captain John Birmingham, Captain Charles Nelson, and Mr. John Rosenfeld were in New York last week.

Mr. Charles A. Luhrs, of Sacramento, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Leta Gallatin are spending a few weeks in Portland, Or.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. E. Gerand, of San José, Mrs. Spencer Ashlin and Miss I. Ashlin, of London, England, Mrs. E. J. Douglas, of Philadelphia, Miss D. E. Gardiner, of Colorado Springs, Mr. George E. Bell, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Brown, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Muleahy, Mrs. L. B. Frank, Mrs. Frank Sterreberg, Mrs. G. S. Scovel, Mrs. S. W. Lawner, Mrs. D. Esberg, Mrs. R. J. Anderson, Mrs. Ruth Anderson, Mr. H. W. Crowell, and Mr. William B. Collier, Jr.

Among the week's arrivals at Congress Springs were Mr. and Mrs. C. Becker, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lion, Mr. and Mrs. H. Morris, Mrs. Owens, Miss Owens, Miss Annie L. Henry, Mr. T. A. Graham, and Mr. John Crothers, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Howland and Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Cochran, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Batchelder and

Mrs. R. M. Batchelder, of Menlo Park, Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Long, of Los Gatos, Mr. and Mrs. James Boyd, of Milpitas, Mr. John Kirby, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Auger, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lacoste and child, and Mr. and Mrs. P. Chartney.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Fox, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. H. Guest, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kaplan, of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bain, of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wade, of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Boone, of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Truitt, of Geyserville, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Ware, of Seattle, Mrs. Mary Carson, of Los Angeles, Mrs. H. C. Willison, Miss N. F. Willison, Mr. J. C. Hoover, and Mr. W. H. Clark, of Chicago, Mrs. J. M. Morton, of Stanford University, Mrs. M. M. Cooper, of Pittsburg, Miss J. Denny, of Geyserville, Mr. J. E. Gray, of Bakersfield, Mr. H. Hart, of San José, Mr. I. Balfour, of San Mateo, Mr. W. G. Cowen, of Leadville, Mr. Clarence R. Reed, of Oakland, Mr. E. C. Merritt, of Santa Rosa, Mr. E. R. Gifford and Mr. Thomas W. Wheelock, of Auburn, Mr. Harold A. Taylor, of Washington, D. C., Mr. J. F. Crowley, of Bakersfield, Mr. Arthur Powell, of Honolulu, and Mr. J. J. C. Leonard, of Santa Cruz.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., retired, is to make San Francisco his permanent home, having taken a house at 1920 Sacramento Street.

Major Charles Humphreys, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines last week on the transport *Kilpatrick*, en route to Fort Stevens, Or., where he has been ordered for permanent duty.

Captain Percy M. Kessler, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kessler have returned to Fort Casey, after a short visit in this city, where Captain Kessler came to pass his examination for promotion.

Colonel M. P. Maus, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus departed last week for Washington, D. C.

Assistant Naval Constructor J. D. Beuret, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Union Iron Works and ordered to duty in the department of construction and repair at the Cavite naval station. He will sail from San Francisco on July 15th.

Major W. E. Wilder, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., returned last week from the Philippines on the transport *Kilpatrick*.

Guy W. Castle, F. McCommon, T. R. Kurtz, J. F. Babcock, W. H. Allee, J. H. Purse, and John Downes, Jr., all of whom were graduated from the naval academy at Annapolis last month, arrived here on Monday and are guests at the Occidental Hotel. They reported at the Mare Island Navy Yard on Tuesday.

Major Carter P. Johnson, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., was at the California Hotel during the week.

"The Last Lady of Mulberry," published last year by D. Appleton & Co., is attracting renewed attention owing to the recent publication of the fact that the romance is founded upon a true episode of the Italian quarter, in which the name of Mrs. Grover Cleveland played a conspicuous part. A sculptor in Italy, who was very unfamiliar with American notabilities, was tricked into making a bust which he thought was that of Mrs. Cleveland, but which was in reality the likeness, taken from a photograph, of a New York concert-hall singer. The fraud was not detected until the marble reached America. A Mulberry "hanker" had been induced to pay the duty on what he thought would bring him quite a handsome profit. After parting with his last sou he opened the case to find the marble effigy of a peasant woman bearing no resemblance to the then First Lady of the Land. The author, Mr. Henry Wilton Thomas, has added much to the narrative, which is entertaining, although not always convincing.

Harry B. Houghton, who died in this city on June 28th, was for many years one of Oakland's most popular social favorites. He was one of the founders of Oakland's first cotillion in the days when the more ambitious social functions were just being ventured upon, and was long an influential member of the Athenian Club. He was also a member of the Bohemian Club, and one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen in the Miramonte Gun Club. Mr. Houghton was superintendent of the agencies of the Pacific division of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, of which his brother-in-law, ex-Governor Bulkeley, of Connecticut, is president.

A proclamation of King Edward, issued on June 28th, announces that his coronation is to take place next June, and that the ceremonies shall include only such as are traditionally solemnized in Westminster Abbey.

A hoy and girl who offered to carry a heavy package for an old woman in the streets of Vienna, have got into trouble with the police for carrying parcels without a license.

Emperor William was entertained at dinner in Berlin on Monday, July 1st, by the American ambassador, Andrew D. White, and Mrs. White.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment  
To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

—EDWARD A. BELCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
412-413 Call Building.

## The Grand Opera House Changes Hands.

The Grand Opera House was purchased on Monday, July 1st, from Walter Morosco by a company of which Charles L. Ackerman, Morris Meyerfeld, and Harry Morosco are the organizers, and which will be incorporated under the name of the Grand Opera House Company. The transfer of ownership will not affect the policy of the management, and a stock company will be installed at the close of the Frawley season of eight weeks, under the management of Harry Morosco. In the fall there will be the regular grand-opera season, as last year.

The purchase price was \$50,000, and the transfer included a three-year lease, of which but two months has expired, an option for a five-year lease at the expiration of the present lease, and all the furnishings of the opera house. The building is owned by James L. Flood and John W. Mackay. Morosco stipulated from the start that his son, Harry Morosco, should have a one fourth interest in the new corporation, and the sale was made under such arrangement.

The theatrical investments of Messrs. Ackerman and Meyerfeld have in the past been limited to vaudeville houses. Meyerfeld is president of the Orpheum Circuit Company. Ackerman is president of the reorganized Chutes Company. Both are heavy stockholders in each of these. The purchase of the Grand Opera House is their first investment in a play-house devoted to the drama. The new company will be incorporated within a few days. It will be a close corporation, with a few other stockholders besides the three named.

It is said that Morosco has expended \$100,000 on the furnishings of the play-house during the last seven years. Two years ago, at the opening of the Elks opera season, he refurbished it at a cost of \$40,000. The electric-lighting system alone cost \$10,000.

## With Pipe and Book.

With pipe and book at close of day,  
Oh, what is sweeter, mortal, say?

It matters not what book on knee,  
Old Izaak or the Odyssey,

It matters not meerschaum or clay,  
And though one's eyes will dream astray,

And lips forget to sue or sway,  
It is enough to merely be

With pipe and book,  
What though our modern skies he gray,

As bards aver I will not pray  
For "soothing death" to succor me,

But ask thus much, O Fate of thee—  
A little longer here to stay

With pipe and book.  
—Richard Le Gallienne in *New York Herald*.

He—"I didn't pass an easy moment until I told you how much I loved you." She—"Nor I."—*Life*.



## Educational.

## H. B. PASMORE

Teacher of Singing

Shakespeare's system of tone-work a specialty.  
1424 Washington Street.  
Oakland on Thursdays.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,**  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.

## Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address Miss Sylvia J. Eastman, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

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RATES, \$3.00 PER DAY.

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**SOHMER PIANO AGENCY. BYRON MAUZY PIANOS**  
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## Palace Hotel

In placing these two hotels under one management and joining them with a covered passage-way, the purpose was to provide guests with comforts and conveniences not obtainable in any other hotel in the West. And the plan is a success.

American plan. European plan.

## Grand Hotel

## CONGRESS SPRINGS.

The gem of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An ideal summer and winter resort. Always open. New management. Table unsurpassed. Best mineral water on the coast.

A. S. OLNEY, Manager.

P. O. Saratoga, Cal.

## For Sale or Rent in Santa Barbara

House and corner lot, 105 by 225 feet, with fine lawn, palms, shade and fruit-trees, grapes, shrubs, and flowers; also two-room cottage, stable, and chicken-yard. House contains eleven rooms, newly papered and painted, new plumbing, all in perfect order. For particulars inquire of the owner, Miss MATILDA MCGOWAN, 1434 Garden Street, Santa Barbara, Cal.

## NOW FOR RENT

The new cottages adjoining the Santa Barbara Country Club. Completely furnished for house-keeping. Ideal spot for those fond of golf, tennis, fishing, bathing, etc., as all these pastimes are found at one's very front door. A step from the Montecito Railroad Station. These cottages are modern in every way.

For particulars apply to

W. W. BURTON,

Santa Barbara.

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Bachelors' Apartments. Offices for Physicians. Handsome, well-lighted Suites of Rooms. Bath-rooms; hot and cold water; patent hot-water heaters; electric lighting; rapid hydraulic elevator; night elevator service. Apply to the agent and manager, F. G. J. Margetson, 406 Sutter Street, corner Stockton.

A hotel in the Olympic Mountains offering a table and sleeping accommodations of peculiar excellence is now open. Good fishing and elk shooting in the vicinity.



# LOW SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

## Southern Pacific

offers those low round-trip rates:

| ON SALE             | ROUND TRIP              |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| June 30-July 1..... | Cincinnati, \$76.50     |
| July 1-2.....       | Detroit, 82.25          |
| July 3-4.....       | Buffalo, 87.00          |
| August 22-23.....   | Colorado Springs, 55.00 |
| September 5-6.....  | Milwaukee, 74.50        |
| July 8-9.....       | Chicago, 72.50          |
| July 17-18.....     | Louisville, 77.50       |
| July 24-25.....     | Cleveland, 82.50        |
| August 20-21.....   |                         |
| September 5-6.....  |                         |

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions—

### ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

## Southern Pacific

SOUTHERN PACIFIC.  
Trains leave and are due to arrive at  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | From June 16, 1901.  | ARRIVE   |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runney, and Sacramento.....  | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa, Merced.....                                 | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:03 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....  | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....   | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....                   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....            | 4:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.....   | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....  | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....               | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 6:55 P.  |
| 11:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers.....   | 15:00 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....  | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....                         | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....   | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.....   | 18:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....  | 10:25 A. |
| 5:00 P.  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....                   | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 5:00 P.  | Yosemite.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....  | 7:55 A.  |
| 16:00 P. | Vallejo.....   | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.....   | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....       | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....   | 11:25 A. |
| 18:05 P. | Vallejo.....   | 7:55 P.  |

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).  
(Foot of Market Street.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 17:45 A. | San Jose Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18:05 P. |
| 8:15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                        | 5:50 P.  |
| 12:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 11:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....   | 18:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.....   | 18:50 A. |

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.  
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—  
17:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M.  
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  
18:05 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).  
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

|          |   |          |
|----------|---|----------|
| 6:10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 6:30 P.  |
| 17:05 A. | San José and Way Stations.....  | 1:30 P.  |
| 17:00 A. | New Almaden.....  | 4:10 P.  |
| 17:30 A. | Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18:30 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.....  | 7:30 P.  |
| 10:30 A. | San José and Way Stations.....  | 4:10 P.  |
| 11:30 A. | San José and Way Stations.....  | 5:30 P.  |
| 12:45 P. | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 11:45 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 6:30 A.  |
| 14:15 P. | San José and Principal Way Stations.....  | 9:45 A.  |
| 15:00 P. | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....  | 19:05 A. |
| 5:30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....  | 8:30 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....  | 10:00 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Lompoc.....   | 10:00 A. |
| 6:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 7:30 P.  |
| 11:45 P. | San José and Way Stations.....  |          |

A for Morning. F for Afternoon.  
† Sunday excepted. † Sunday only.  
\* Saturday only. \* Monday.  
c Saturday and Sunday. c Tuesdays and Fridays.  
The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will check and baggage from hotels and residences. Inquiries of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Lady (to departing servant)—"What shall I say in your reference?" Servant—"Just that I stood it for six months with you, mum—that'll do for me."—*Tit-Bits*.

A paradoxical talesman: Judge—"Have you formed any opinion on this case?" Wouldbeigh Juror—"No, sir; I haven't mentioned it to my wife."—*Smart Set*.

And now it is said that May Irwin is to play Hamlet. We do not recall any masculine rôle for which May is better adapted, physically and temperamentally, unless it be Cassius.—*Kansas City Journal*.

"Oh, you cruel boy, to take those eggs out of the nest! Think of the poor mother bird when she comes—" "The mother bird's dead, miss." "How do you know that?" "I see it in your hat!"—*Punch*.

Hence the term: Clarence—"Why do you say the wedding was patriotic?" Algernon—"Well, the bride was red, the groom was white, and her father, who had all the bills to pay, was blue."—*Baltimore World*.

Downie (referring to the pleasant-faced lady who has just passed)—"Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman." Dorking—"Indeed! She's not your mother, is she?" Downie—"No, my land-lady."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

Mrs. Clancy (boastfully)—"My husband was wan o' the pall-bearers at Callahan's funeral." Mrs. Casey (spitefully)—"Aye! An' well fitted fur the job he was. He's used to carryin' the bier that some wan ilse pays fur."—*Philadelphia Press*.

As it struck the colonel: "Remember," said the man who likes quotations, "that one swallow does not make a summer." "Certainly not," answered Colonel Stillwell; "a man might as well be a total abstainer as to stop short with just one swallow."—*Washington Star*.

"My good little man," said the visiting pastor, "I am afraid you've been fighting. A black eye! Don't you want me to pray with you?" "Naw," said the good little man; "run home and pray with your own kid. He's got two black eyes."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A lurid orator: He—"But you should hear him when he is really full of his subject." She—"Carries his audience with him, does he?" He—"Right into it. Why, when he was preaching on 'Hades' the other night, he had to stop till the ushers had distributed fans."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Regenerated: Deacon Ross—"Speshal prayer ax axed fo' Brudder Long who am now in jail fo' de tenth time, bein' cotch fightin' his lobbin' nabor." Parson Simms—"Den de congregation will bow in prayer, axin' de marcy ob de Lawd, so dat dis black sheep mought be bohn agin, an' bohn a gal chile at dat!"—*Life*.

Papa (severely)—"Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?" Five-year-old—"Yes, papa." Papa—"Be careful now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her, I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma?" Five-year-old—"Papa, I asked her." (A pause.) "She said I couldn't have it."—*Tit-Bits*.

Convincing his chum: Johnny (in the garden)—"Father I father I look out of the window." Father—(putting out his head)—"What a nuisance you children are. What do you want now?" Johnny—(with a triumphant glance at his playfellows)—"Tommy Brooks wouldn't believe you'd got no hair on the top of your head."—*Tit-Bits*.

He won the garment: A man carried a pair of pantaloons back to his tailor and said: "I can not wear these pants; they are tighter than my skin." The tailor said: "I guess not. If you will prove that they are tighter than your skin, I will make you a new pair for nothing." The man replied: "I can sit down in my skin, but I can not in those pantaloons."—*Ex*.

A testimonial: "SIRS: We fed our baby on modified cow's milk the first six months, but the milkman did not understand how to modify his cows properly, and in consequence the child lost flesh till he weighed but one pound. I now procured some of your celebrated Infant's Food. This the baby managed to trade off to the dog for some dog-biscuit, which he ate, and is now well and hearty. The dog died, but dogs are cheap. We are grateful to you, indeed. You may use my name if you like."—JOHN JONES.—*Detroit Journal*.

Thousands of mothers give their children Steadman's Soothing Powders during the teething period.

He—"These seaside resorts are all alike—a soap-box hotel, a stretch of sand, and a lot of bleached blondes." She—"Yes. And occasionally some miserable apology for a man."—*Ex*.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

R. H. PEASE, President. F. M. SHEPARD, Jr., Treasurer. O. F. RUNYON, Secretary.

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# Sperdy's Flour

has maintained its supremacy.

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| LEAVE SAN FRAN. | WEEK DAYS                     | ARRIVE SAN FRAN. |
|-----------------|-------------------------------|------------------|
| 9:30 A. M.      | Stay over night at the TAVERN | 8:55 P. M.       |
| 1:45 P. M.      |                               | 8:45 A. M.       |
| 4:15 P. M.      |                               | 12:15 P. M.      |
| 8:00 A. M.      |                               | 1:15 P. M.       |
| 9:00 A. M.      |                               | 3:30 P. M.       |
| 10:00 A. M.     |                               | 4:50 P. M.       |
| 11:30 A. M.     |                               | 5:50 P. M.       |
| 1:30 P. M.      |                               | 7:10 P. M.       |
| 2:30 P. M.      |                               |                  |

Fare, San Francisco to Summit and Return, \$1.40  
Ticket Offices, 621 Market St. & Sausalito Ferry.

## THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1901

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office: Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....                                | \$7.00 |
| The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....                        | 6.25   |
| The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....                               | 6.00   |
| The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....                          | 6.70   |
| The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.....                            | 6.70   |
| The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail.....                             | 4.35   |
| The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail.....   | 4.50   |
| The Argonaut and the Thrice-a-Week N. Y. World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail..... | 4.25   |
| The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail.....      | 5.25   |
| The Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly for One Year, by Mail.....                | 5.90   |
| The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....           | 4.70   |
| The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....                       | 6.70   |
| The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail.....                                     | 5.75   |
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# The Argonaut.

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It is instructive to see how, one by one, the statements of those who abused the *Argonaut* for its warnings concerning Asiatic immigration are falling to the ground. This journal warned the workmen of the United States that Asiatic annexation meant Asiatic immigration. We said that the first step would be habituating the public mind by Asiatic annexation to Asiatic immigration, so that the Chinese exclusion law would first be endangered. This was hotly denied by many journals on the coast, headed by the *Chronicle*. Further, we said that all kinds of Asiatic immigrants could come to this country by way of the Philip-

pine and Hawaii, including Filipino laborers. This, also, was denied by the *Chronicle* and its cohorts; they pretended to find much amusement in the idea of Filipinos immigrating as laborers anywhere, or laboring anywhere, or laboring at all. None the less, the *Argonaut* stuck stoutly to its guns. We think that all fair-minded readers will now admit that the first part of our contention has come true, to wit: That there is grave danger of breaking down the bulwarks against Chinese immigration. The *Chronicle* and the other journals which lampooned the *Argonaut* for its warning are now sounding the alarm.

The second part of the *Argonaut's* forecast is now about to come to pass. The dispatches say that Hawaiian employing interests have requested permission from the United States Government to land a ship-load of Filipino laborers in Hawaii. We do not see how the United States Government can refuse that permission. Even if it could refuse permission to import laborers from any of the islands to the mainland—which is doubtful—it can scarcely refuse permission to carry laborers from one island to another. In fact it has already sanctioned this by permitting the migration of laborers from Porto Rico to Hawaii. There is no reason why the Filipinos may not work to advantage on the sugar plantations of Hawaii. They are the only American citizens who can work in that climate, in our opinion. If Hawaii be annexed to California, or even if it be not annexed, what is to prevent Filipino laborers in Hawaii from coming to California? Nothing that we know of. Under the late decision of the Supreme Court there is nothing to exclude them. True, Congress may, under this decision, pass a law to exclude them. But will Congress do so? We fancy that California will have all the work she wants getting Congress to pass a new law to exclude the Chinese. If California thinks that she can get Congress to pass a law excluding our Filipino fellow-citizens whom we have annexed at such a cost of blood and treasure—well, let California try.

The reports of custom-house business for the fiscal year just closed in the district of San Francisco shows that expectations of the growing importance of this port as an *entrepôt* of Pacific commerce are being realized. The cashier's returns state that the total receipts for duties, tonnage, taxes, fees, and fines for the year ending June 30, 1901, amount to \$7,484,241.86. This sum is \$400,000 in excess of last year, nearly \$900,000 more than in 1899, and more than \$2,000,000 above the collections for 1898.

The period, therefore, beginning with the commencement of the Spanish war has been one of steady advancement for this port in the volume of its commerce. Tonnage dues are now paid by vessels in Honolulu which were formerly paid here. The change took place with the establishment of Territorial government in Hawaii about a year ago. It has diverted considerable sums from the receipts of the port of San Francisco. All the items of the reports agree in indicating progress. The number of customs entries have increased from 19,203 in 1898 to 23,174 in 1901. Entrances of vessels in 1899 were 770 and the tonnage 1,088,051. In 1901 they were 917 and the tonnage 1,486,265. Clearances in 1899 were 703, tonnage 977,815, while in 1901 they were 907, tonnage 1,426,365. Comparing the last two fiscal years with the two preceding, discloses that there has been an increase of 22 per cent. in goods bonded on direct importation; 160 per cent. in goods entered at other ports and warehoused here; 350 per cent. in goods entered for transportation in bond to other ports; 100 per cent. in entries for exportation to Mexico; and 500 per cent. for similar exportations to Canada, including the Klondike trade. Two new bonded warehouses have been required for the increased business, besides taxing to the limit the facilities of those already established.

The steam tonnage inspected here in 1900 exceeded that of any other port in the United States except New York, while that of sail tonnage exceeded even New York by 26 vessels and over 30,000 tons, and showed a greater gain than any other port. The inspected tonnage this year will

be somewhat reduced owing to the interference of the machinists' strike with shipping interests, and a new Treasury Department ruling requiring vessels to be inspected within ten days prior to the expiration of their current certificates. This is a reduction from the period of thirty days formerly allowed, and frequently prevents vessels from being inspected in their home ports.

The progress of the port of San Francisco in the last three years adds emphasis to the insistence of the *Argonaut* that the facilities for commerce furnished through the aid of the national government are not equitably distributed between the East and the West, and that the actual growth of Pacific trade, combined with a reasonable expectation of larger growth in the future, demands that the port of San Francisco shall be adequately equipped in order to measure up to the destiny of future greatness that awaits it. Another period of similar length, accompanied by a corresponding growth, will find the port far behind the requirements of latter-day trade, unless work is begun to keep it abreast of the times. Such works take time, and to have them ready the preliminaries should be commenced at once. Some of them must be done by the State, others belong to the domain of federal improvement, and both should be strenuously urged. For many years national aids to commerce on this Coast have been far behind the requirements. The exigencies of increased trade put them still further behind, and the time has arrived to insist that the government shall do its share in making San Francisco what her position portends—the greatest commercial port of the Pacific, and at least the second in the country.

Within the past two weeks many thousands of volunteer soldiers have been mustered out at San Francisco. While there has been the usual amount of drinking and brawling, inseparable from the discharge of so large a number of men with money in their pockets, the discharged volunteers, on the whole, have conducted themselves well. It was a common remark in San Francisco that the colored soldiers in particular showed good behavior. They certainly make very fine-looking soldiers—from the food-for-powder standpoint, there is probably no better use to which to put a six-foot darkey. Their officers spoke of them in high terms, and many are inclined to think they make better soldiers than their white comrades. They are superior to the whites in one respect—they are more obedient. The white American soldier is never notable for his docility.

The San Francisco police feared that the negro soldiers might cause much trouble when they were mustered out, but their fears were groundless. The negroes made haste to buy their railway tickets, filling several special trains bound for the South. They left the city with the parting benison of the city police that they were "good niggers." But, from the dispatches which began to come back over the wires, it looked as if the people along their route thought they were "had niggers." Here are a few items:

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., July 4th.—Two men wounded, one fatally and one shot through the leg, were brought here late last night on one of the soldier trains passing through to the East. Near Holbrook the discharged negro soldiers got to shooting promiscuously through and out of the cars, and Frank Phillips (colored) received a bullet in the abdomen, while a white soldier named W. A. Eversole and claimant Deever as his home, was shot through the fleshy part of his right leg. A woman living in a small town west of here was coming out of a door when one of the soldier trains was passing, and received a bullet through her arm. Frank Sheppard, the colored soldier, who was killed on the train Tuesday night near Navajo Springs and brought to this city, will be buried here by charity to-morrow if his people in Huntsville, Ala., are not heard from.

At Winslow yesterday, before the soldier train reached that town, the citizens armed themselves with shotguns and rifles, and when the train stopped at the depot would not allow the soldiers to leave the train, and ordered the railroad officials to pull out with the train forthwith. All the discharged soldiers carry arms, and are accused of committing many depredations along the route.

Owing to the peculiar quality of the American dailies, it is never possible to tell whether anything they print is true. Generally speaking, news near at hand is apt to be approximately more correct than distant news. If the mild-mannered darkeys, who left San Francisco so peacefully, began fighting among themselves in Southern California, shooting while

IMPORTING  
FILIPINO  
LABORERS.



soldiers in Arizona, and killing women and children in New Mexico, what will they not do when they get to Alabama and Georgia?

A fortnight ago the *Argonaut* asked, apropos of a recent draft on Cornell University for pedagogues, whether California was furnishing her quota of the young men and women going to Manila as teachers for the Filipinos. In reply, President Wheeler writes:

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,  
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.  
BERKELEY, July 3, 1901.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: While I appreciate very highly the spirit which dictated your recent editorial with regard to the appointment of teachers to the Philippines, I want to call to your attention the fact that within the last year we have selected, at the request of Superintendent Atkinson, forty-two university people as teachers for service in the Philippine Islands. Some six or seven others who have studied at the university, or are graduates thereof, have received appointments directly through the superintendent's office in Manila. A half-dozen others have received appointments of a special character. From time to time, as these appointments have been made, notice has been given to the public press. The items have easily, however, escaped observation, as they have been brief and have not generally been given the attention they deserve in the newspapers. We have neither concealed nor advertised the matter. I inclose a list of those who have been appointed during the first half of this year.

Very sincerely yours, BENJ. I. WHEELER.

P. S.—Since writing the above, a further request has come from Manila for five teachers; this will raise the total to forty-seven. About thirty of these will leave on transport sailing July 23d. B. I. W.

During the first half of the year 1901 the following graduates and graduate students of the University of California have been appointed to positions as teachers in the Philippines:

Ben F. Wright, Edward E. Christensen, Thomas D. Mansfield, Charlotte E. Neale, Irving Needham, Euphemia Paxton, Howard C. White, George A. Bond, Laura L. Donnelly, Thomas Gamble, Archibald B. Anderson, Lucy C. Mount, Dolores Machado, Charles E. Putnam, William C. Spencer, Gertrude McVenn, Agnes Adams, Janet Nunn, Ray Howell, J. A. MacKenzie, John A. Gammill, Stella M. Price, and Frederick William Abbott.

During the same half-year the following State Normal School graduates, who have been students of the University of California, have been appointed:

Estella M. Murdoch, Lucile Keyes, Margaret C. Thomas, Benjamin C. Bleadale, George W. Campbell, Julia May Abbott, Anna Dunlap, and Harriet A. Bowles.

The *Argonaut* is naturally much gratified to learn that our own university is not being neglected in selecting teachers for the Philippines. We remarked in the article referred to: "We do not write advisedly—it may be that California has her quota of pedagogues." From President Wheeler's reply it is quite evident that Berkeley has her share. How about Stanford?

The statement has been published that three large corporations have ostensibly removed their main offices from the city in order to escape taxation upon their franchises. The companies named are the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company, the California Powder Works, and the California Wine Association. The method adopted is said to have been to move their head offices from the city and establish them at Martinez, in Contra Costa County, and it has been taken on the advice of attorneys. So far, the franchises of the companies are out of the reach of the city assessor, and have not received the attention of the assessor of Contra Costa. The portions of the plants in the latter county have, however, been regularly assessed—the telephone company for \$75,000, the powder works for \$788,000, and the wine association for \$35,000. If the franchises are not assessed at the new home offices, it is pointed out that the matter might still be reached through the board of equalization of the State, which body might raise the assessment of Contra Costa County in a lump sum, though it could not reach individual assessments. The predicted effect is that the people of Contra Costa would serve themselves by seeing that their assessor did his whole duty regarding the assessment of corporate franchises.

The report of Lewis E. Aubury, state mineralogist of California, for the year 1900, shows a gratifying increase in the mineral yield of the State. The total footings of value for the year are \$32,622,945, as against \$29,313,460 for the preceding year. The report divides the substances produced into classes. Metallic substances amounted last year to \$23,358,730, an increase of \$2,053,707, and include the output of gold, silver, quicksilver, antimony, copper, and lead. Non-metallic substances—including borax, coal, mineral waters, salt, asbestos, etc.—return a value of \$2,177,197, a decrease of \$268,873.

A notable increase is seen in hydrocarbons, covering the production of asphaltum and petroleum. This class amounted to over \$4,500,000, an increase of \$1,332,931, giving a fair idea of the progress of the new oil industry in that year. Since the close of 1900 there is good reason to believe that oil consumption has been growing more rapidly than production, furnishing a market and steadying the price.

Structural material was produced to a value of \$2,574,067, showing an increase in this branch of \$191,720. It includes brick clays, cement, lime, marble, glass sand, and building and paving-stones.

Of all the mineral productions, the chief in value is gold; second, copper; third, petroleum; fourth, silver; fifth, quicksilver; and sixth, borax.

Nevada County led in gold production, furnishing \$1,812,036. Most of the copper came from Shasta. Los Angeles was the banner county for oil. Shasta also produced the most silver. San Bernardino is credited with the bulk of the borax. Alameda led in coal, salt, macadam, and manganese. All the asbestos was from Riverside and all the hydraulic cement from San Bernardino. All the fuller's earth was from Kern and all the soda from Inyo. Gypsum is from Los Angeles and Tulare. Turquoise comes from San Bernardino, and lithia-mica and tourmaline from San Diego. These combined industries employed the services of 28,672 men.

San Franciscans were much surprised to learn last week that Andrew Carnegie had been requested to give some money to San Francisco's free public library, and had consented to do so. His conditions are as follows:

"If the city will furnish proper sites for libraries and agree to expend seventy-five thousand dollars a year in their maintenance, I shall be very glad to give seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars as needed to pay for the buildings. About half (not more, I think less) of this sum should be expended on the central library and the remainder on branch libraries. The site for the central library should be amply sufficient to provide for additions in the future, for San Francisco is a growing city."

This gift has turned attention to Mr. Carnegie's remarkable generosity. We are told that he has given over forty millions of dollars in gifts to various institutions; that he has endowed libraries in ninety-five cities; that he has made many large gifts to technical schools, medical colleges, and similar institutions in Europe and America. He has just given the enormous sum of ten millions of dollars to the universities of Scotland, his native country. It is curious and not unamusing to observe that it has been reserved to the canny Scots, his thrifty countrymen, to look the Carnegie gift horse in the mouth. They did not like the conditions of his gift, and said so plainly. They feared their universities would be over-stocked with students and under-stocked with poorly paid professors. Mr. Carnegie therefore amended his endowment, and the canny Scots graciously accepted his gift.

In San Francisco there has been no disposition to emulate the Scottish canniness which bites the bawbee, which rings the shilling. The Golden City is all agog with gratification over Carnegie's gifts of gold. In San Francisco there is practically no discussion as to the ethics of a rich city taking alms. The discussion has all been about what should be done with the money when we get it.

The discussion has brought in many features of local interest. For years the Mechanics' Institute has been the leading library of San Francisco. Its weaker sister, the Mercantile, has attempted unsuccessfully to consolidate with it. The Mechanics' Institute is wealthy. It owns nearly a million dollars' worth of property. It is now contemplating a lease of the Mechanics' Pavilion to bring in \$18,000 a year. From other sources it gets \$24,000, making a total of \$42,000. It has a debt of \$140,000. The sale of its Folsom Street property would wipe off that debt. The directors talk of bonding the pavilion property for \$250,000; erecting an eight-story modern library building down town; setting aside from their income a certain sum to take up the bonds as they fall due. Thus in ten years they expect to wipe off the pavilion debt and have the down-town library building paid for. Then, says their president, they will make all those who have been members of the institute for ten years life-members without dues, and he adds that—by providing recreation-rooms for chess and even billiards—they hope to forestall the competition of the Carnegie free library. From this programme of the president it is evident that the Mechanics' Institute directors feel that they will have reason to fear the new Carnegie public library.

There are some among the Mechanics' Institute members who are in favor of consolidation with the new public library. They will lose their identity, it is true, but they will have all the books they now have and a great many others besides. But there seems to be no reason why the Mechanics' Institute should give itself, like a bride, freely into the arms of the free library. If its members wish the institute to go out of existence as a library, it might dispose of its books and other property to San Francisco for what they are worth. If the institute were to give itself to the public library, it would not have any of the grateful meed of praise which Mr. Carnegie is now receiving. It would have nothing as a reward but a sense of virtue.

The question of the site for the Carnegie public library is complicated with the stand of the Mechanics' Institute. The programme outlined above by President Irving would

practically force the public library uptown. Two large libraries would not be needed down town. In that case the ideal site for the Carnegie public library is the pavilion lot, on the Larkin Street frontage. It is immediately opposite the City Hall, which in itself is an argument for locating the public library there. Furthermore, it is in what is practically the uptown centre of the city. It is within a few feet of Market Street, the city's main artery. It is on the Sutter Street line, which runs across the city like a Greek cross. It is within easy distance of the Mission, one of the most populous sections; it is on the edge of the Western Addition, the next most populous district. It is within fifteen minutes of Pacific Heights, the swell residence quarter; the Valencia, McAllister, Hayes, Castro, and Post Street car-lines pass within a block of it. Furthermore, it is sufficiently far uptown to be the centre of the city for many years to come.

If the free library is located on this admirable uptown site, the Mechanics' Institute will command the situation by retaining its present down-town site and erecting a modern building. The plan recently outlined for the institute, housing all the libraries of the city, would be an excellent one. Here is a list of them:

Sutro Library, 225,000 volumes; Public Library and its six branches, 127,000; Mechanics' Institute, 106,000; Mercantile, 60,000; Bancroft Library, 55,000; San Francisco Law Library, 38,000; French Library, 19,000; Supreme Court Library, 17,000; Academy of Sciences Library, 10,000; B'nai B'rith Library, 10,000; State Mining Bureau Library, 5,000; Wells-Fargo Library, 5,000; Pioneer Society Library, 3,000; Young Men's Christian Association Library, 2,500; Microscopical Society's collection, 1,500; Astronomical Society Library, 1,500; San Francisco Medical Society Library, 1,500; Chamber of Commerce Library, 1,500; other collections of books, aggregating about 50,000 volumes. That makes a total of about 739,000 volumes for a city of 343,000 people.

These specialized libraries do not belong in a free public library. While a public library should possess works of reference, it is very doubtful whether tax-payers would willingly see their money devoted to the purchase of works on microscopy, astronomy, mineralogy, and other lines of specialized research. Therefore, were the Mechanics' Institute to erect a building for its own library, with accommodations for these kindred special libraries, all under one roof, it would make an excellent down-town library.

In the first part of this article we spoke of the disposition of the Civic Crowns on the part of Mr. Carnegie's countrymen and to hesitate over the acceptance of his BEGGARS' CAPS. lavish gifts. No such experience awaits him in America. In the land of the free and the home of the brave, Mr. Carnegie's gifts have been received with grateful enthusiasm. There has been no demur over conditions. The general tone has been: "We will let you make all the conditions you want, if you will only keep on giving."

At the risk of sounding a discordant note in the grand chorus of eulogy over Mr. Carnegie's gift, the *Argonaut* can not help saying that it does not see why San Francisco should solicit from Andrew Carnegie seven hundred thousand dollars, or any other sum. He is not a San Franciscan or a Californian—not even by adoption. He never lived here. He never even came here but once, and then merely passing through. What is he to San Francisco or San Francisco to him? He made his money in the manufacturing districts of the East, and it is eminently fitting that he should spend it there in free libraries and technical schools. He was born in Scotland, and it is eminently fitting that he should endow the universities of "Caledonia, stern and wild." But why should he pour his largess into the lap of this community? Why should he open his fat purse to San Francisco? Why should San Francisco batten on his bounty? This city is a large and prosperous one. She has a long bead-roll of millionaires. She has more savings-bank deposits per capita than most cities, and her workmen get higher wages than anywhere else in the world. Why, then, should San Francisco, Pacific seaport, ask Andrew Carnegie, Scotch millionaire, to build her a library? There is no reason that we can see, unless it be because he is throwing his money around loose. Little cities, struggling towns, country villages, rural communities—for these it may not be unseemly to seek benefactions at the hand of this liberal millionaire. But for large cities like New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco to stoop to such mercenary fawning seems to us unworthy of their urban dignity.

Some San Francisco journals contend that great cities do not derogate from their dignity in accepting gifts; that municipal monuments have often been given to great cities. True—but such gifts should come from their own citizens and not from strangers. The great cities of the Italian republics were filled with magnificent monuments, but they were erected by their own sons. The stalwart free cities of North Germany often received gifts, but they did not come from the rich and free-handed Italians who beautified Genoa, Florence, Milan, and Venice—they came from their own sturdy sons. In our own State there have been many gifts from generous millionaires. Leland Stanford endowed the

ASSESSORS  
AND THE  
FRANCHISES.

THE MINERAL  
YIELD OF  
CALIFORNIA.



famous university which bears his name; James Lick left a large fortune to the Academy of Sciences and the Pioneers, whose buildings to-day adorn our chief thoroughfare. J. C. Wilmerding founded a manual training school which was more needed on this Coast than any institute of the higher learning. Yet these men were citizens of this State, and built up their fortunes here. There was no sentiment other than that of honest and earnest gratitude felt toward them by their fellow-citizens. How different is the feeling toward this Carnegie gift.

We can see no reason for San Francisco seeking gifts at the hands of Mr. Carnegie except sordid ones. We are aware that these views will be unpopular, but we can not help that. Upon sordid and material grounds, however, there is every reason for seeking the sum promised. On similar grounds, there is every reason for seeking to make it greater. By clever management Mr. Carnegie might possibly be induced to yield up a round million instead of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Then we would all be thirty-three and one third per cent. more grateful to him.

But, on any other than sordid grounds, the alms-seeking course seems to us to destroy the city's dignity. If its advocates dismiss utterly the question of civic dignity; if they put the matter on the ground of mendicancy; if Carnegie is to be treated as the wealthy "milor," rolling in his carriage past obsequious European peasants; if San Francisco is content to stand like these same beggars bobbing and courtesying by the roadside; if our fair city is to be ecstatically grateful as she catches the alms tossed to her by the wealthy "milor," then we have nothing more to say.

We have spoken of civic dignity. It is common to picture a city as a beautiful female figure, in ample tunic and flowing gown, with strong, calm face, with well-poised head surmounted by a mural crown. If the acceptance of alms from total strangers should become a custom here, we would suggest that artists in future should depict San Francisco as an elderly lady, with a hawk-like nose meeting her bony chin, the shifty gaze of the mendicant in her ferret eyes, a skinny hand extended from her rags, and a beggar's cap in place of a civic crown.

The Congressional Committee on Rivers and Harbors, who came to take notes of the needs of California water-ways, have come and gone, and our case is in their hands. In the immediate vicinity of San Francisco they were shown the conditions, the work already begun in Oakland Creek, where, since 1873, nearly \$2,500,000 has been spent and where new appropriations are needed to finish the tidal canal and adapt the harbor to larger ships and more of them. They have seen the Napa and Petaluma Creeks, whose channels should be straightened and deepened. They inspected the approaches to Mare Island, where it was estimated \$160,000 should be spent in removing Commission Rock and \$380,000 in dredging to secure a channel of thirty feet at low tide in the shallow reaches of San Pablo Bay. They steamed about the Golden Gate, where they were shown that safety requires the removal of the ledge of rocks jutting out from Fort Point, the removal or marking of Mile Rock where the *Rio* is supposed to have struck, and the necessity for additional lights and signals about the entrance to the bay.

What the results may be no man knows. The members of the committee could make no definite promises. They came and saw, and that is something. Chairman Burton left behind some cautious statements, interlarded with gratification and good-will. He recognized our claims and the importance of the port of San Francisco in the future, and promised the committee's assistance, so far as possible, to furnish the required aid. He pointed out, however, that the improvements demanded in the whole country would cost about three hundred millions of dollars, and that next winter's bill would not carry over fifty millions. Some one must be disappointed in the selections made, but he declared that California would "receive the most careful and friendly attention."

The single item of climate should be sufficient to make a Californian content with the State in which he resides. The subject comes home to him forcibly at least twice a year—once, when a great part of the country is suffering with cold that fairly freezes the blood; and again, when the East and Middle West are sweltering under a humid heat which annihilates energy and spreads death from exhaustion, cardiac troubles, and sunstroke.

The hot season is on now in the East, and it seems almost incredible in our own benign climate to read of a temperature of ninety-two degrees at St. Paul, and ninety-three degrees in Chicago, with a humidity of from seventy to ninety per cent. Here in California the nights are always cool. The midday heat of the interior, which reads high on the thermometer, is relieved by the absence of moisture, making it tolerable. The sweltering heat of the East is

aggravated by a continuance of the same conditions at night, permitting no recuperation. Think of seventy-eight degrees at midnight in those regions, and even worse in the crowded purlieus of New York and Chicago. We may well put up uncomplainingly with an occasional fog and bless our stars that we live in the equable climate of California where the atmospheric conditions throughout the year are benign and one can always "sleep o' nights."

Under the above heading, the New York *Tribune* in a recent issue printed a long article beginning with these lines:

"Graduated, but not present," was the suggestive announcement made concerning the class of 1901 at a well-known institution of higher learning. A majority of the class did not appear at commencement, though their names were called and their degrees were conferred. The case was extraordinary, but the explanation was simple and satisfactory. The services of the young men had been sought and engaged by business men so urgently that the president of the institution had given the students permission to leave school and go to work in advance of actual graduation. Their courses of study were satisfactorily completed and their examinations passed."

Such a heading and such an article are calculated to make the reader rub his eyes. When men like Charles Schwab, Andrew Carnegie, and the late C. P. Huntington dwell upon the urgent necessity that young men should go into business at seventeen if they wish to succeed, such an article seems extraordinary. But we fear that the *Tribune* is slightly disingenuous in its use of the term "college." The careful reader of its article would draw therefrom the conclusion that the "institution of higher learning" referred to is a college of letters. That is the conclusion we reached after a careful reading of the *Tribune's* article.

Yet on investigation we have found that the only college in which such an unprecedented draft upon the students took place was the Stevens Institute, at Hoboken, N. J. At the recent commencement only twelve of the forty graduates were present to receive their diplomas. The explanation is that so great is the demand for engineers that twenty-eight of these young men were offered good positions before graduating. So great was the need for their services that the faculty allowed them to enter upon their duties at once.

This would seem to prove the contention of Schwab and Huntington that practical training is needed for the practical business of life. The *Argonaut* would be the last to undertake the necessity for training in letters. But young men who have a living to make must needs be told that a technical training is a much more valuable equipment for a practical career than a classical course.

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This dispatch may seem like a trifle, but we can assure our Pacific Coast readers that it is not so. Ever since the Philippine business began there has been a determined effort on the part of the East to ship soldiers, sailors, and munitions of war via the Suez Canal. Fast warships have been sent that way. Fast troop-ships have been sent that way. And there has been a tacit understanding from the heads of both War and Navy Departments that these ships must make time. Our San Francisco merchants know how earnestly they have had to fight to keep the government trade on this side of the continent. San Francisco is the natural outlet to our Oriental trade. She is the *entrepôt* of the Pacific. But we are very much inclined to think that the merchants from the East, with their superior resources, their superior pull, and their superior smartness, are going to get away with ours. Every ship which, like the *Newark*, beats San Francisco time is an argument against this Coast.

Telephone communication, which has become an indispensable adjunct of business and commercial life, may now take a still greater stride, owing to the fact that the business of conducting telephone companies is about to be thrown open to capital everywhere. This is likely to be the result of a decision, recently rendered by Judge Brown, of Boston, that the second Berliner patent, on which the Bell Telephone Company depends for a monopoly, is void. The only adverse possibility is a reversal by the Supreme Court of the United States, but this is not expected.

The Berliner patent was issued in 1880 and ran for seventeen years. In 1891 the Bell Company secured a second patent, intended to cover the same principles. This is the one that has failed, because the court held that it was really a re-issue of the original patent. Numerous improvements and inventions are now open, without fear of in-

fringement suits, to the use of any one who can organize the capital to handle them. If the opportunity is used, as no doubt it will be, the public may soon be served with better results and at rates which will be at least reasonable. It opens a large field for the employment of capital, to the great benefit of the public.

The death of Professor Joseph Le Conte has come with a shock to the community, despite his advanced age. He succeeded in inspiring a warm personal affection among the thousands whom he has educated, both in and out of the university. He was not one of those cold instructors who give to their students only the mint, anise, and cumin of education, but he gave to them of all that he had. It is safe to say that there are few if any members of college faculties whose loss will be felt so keenly as is his to-day.

Despite the rigid censorship over the Kaiser's speeches, the press has apparently succeeded in reporting another one. Speaking at Potsdam July 7th, on the occasion of the entrance of Prince Eitel Frederick, Emperor William's second son, into the First Guards Regiment at Potsdam, his majesty said:

"The noblest task is the defense of the fatherland. The noblest weapon is the sword. The noblest uniform is the uniform of the Prussian soldier. The first thing I imagine is the earnest soldier, inflexible as iron in everything which constitutes the chivalry of an officer; hard toward himself, upholding with rigid self-discipline the traditions of his house and regiment, indifferent to the opinions of others, and with one goal before his eyes. Responsible only to his God and his father, so may my son follow his path in life."

It would be amusing to print in parallel column with the Kaiser's war speeches some extracts from Swift's bitter satire on the war spirit of which we on this planet are so proud. Is it not where Gulliver is boasting to the king of the Brobdingnagians of the millions of men slaughtered and the rivers of blood spilled by the kings of earth? William, one of the War Lords of this our Lilliput, ought to vaunt and vapor before the Brobdingnagians as did Lemuel Gulliver.

Professor John Fiske, of Cambridge, the famous lecturer and historian, died at East Gloucester, Mass., July 4th. The cause of death was excessive heat, of which he had complained for two days. Mr. Fiske was fifty-nine years of age and was for many years connected with Harvard. In his death America loses in his prime a man of solid fame in both the United States and Great Britain as a scientist and historian. When Fiske visited London in 1873 he was warmly welcomed by Spencer, who introduced him to his famous friends, Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall. With Huxley Mr. Fiske became intimate. He met Lecky, Green, Romanes, Frederic Harrison, and Hooker, the great botanist, so that before he was forty years of age John Fiske was welcomed as a scientific "man and brother" by the greatest naturalists and philosophers of England. It is as a historian that Mr. Fiske won and kept his highest place in the esteem of the American public. When he first began to devote himself to themes in American history, some twenty-five years ago, Bancroft was regarded as the greatest of our historians, but the charms of Fiske's style soon gave him a higher place. In his numerous volumes on separate periods of national development he familiarized Americans with the history of their country from the date of its discovery. He had the faculty of infusing human interest into the driest of annals. His historical knowledge was encyclopedic, yet with his great powers of memory he also had a rare judgment that enabled him to tell the interesting things and leave out the rest. He wrote history as a good novelist writes stories. While his work was not always free from error, it was in the main remarkably reliable. He did not aim at the brilliancy of Macaulay or Froude, but he was more just and more accurate. His tolerant spirit, his kindly but judicial attitude, and his clear and natural English make his books delightful reading.

Comparisons between the cost of government in France to-day and during the last year of the empire are being made to the disadvantage of the republic. In 1869 the total cost amounted to \$385,000,000. In the year ending March 31, 1901, the expenditures amounted to \$690,000,000. Meantime the population has remained almost stationary and the per capita cost of government for the last fiscal year amounted to \$18. The increase in cost is due largely to the ruinous French policy of refunding debts and annual deficits and to the cost of maintaining unproductive colonies.

To do England credit, all her extraordinary expenses during the past year have not been for war. She also spent nearly ninety-two millions of dollars to fight the famine in India. It would be better for her and for the world in general if the figures could be reversed; if it could be shown that she expended four times as much to abate a famine as to create one; but at least she should be praised for the good she did to her Indian subjects.

Count Franz Josef von Larisch of Austria, a nephew of the late Empress Elizabeth, has married a daughter of the late John Satterfield, a Standard Oil magnate, of Buffalo, whose fortune is not less than four millions of dollars.

Secretary Gage's report on our national debt shows a reduction of \$121,569,238 in the two years ending April 1st last. The Secretary points to it as a creditable fact considering the cost of the Philippine war.

CONGRESSMEN  
COMPLETE THEIR  
INSPECTION.

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## THE GREAT TURQUOISE.

How a Lost Mine Mysteriously Gave Up Its Treasures.

In Spanish, no less than in English, we have an old proverb, saying: "*No hay mal que por bien no viene*" ("there is no evil which does not come for good"). And while poor Wiki-tiki, that most bewilderingly handsome and statuesque of Pueblo maidens, might have wondered where the good came in, in her enforced marriage to hideous old Kopeli, and, last but not least, the customary burial to the neck which all properly trained Pueblo maidens must undergo on the night preceding said marriage, still, as I say, the good was there, as you will see later.

To begin with, Wiki-tiki was more or less to blame in the matter, being a very fastidious person, and hard to please in the matter of suitors. She had plenty of them, from a Pueblo standpoint. There had been good Diego, porter to the Padre Esteban at the mission where Wiki-tiki had been taught her "*Padre Nuestros*" and to sew and embroider. Now, as old Intiwa, the uncle of Wiki-tiki, had groaned, no *muchacha* could have wanted a better man than Diego. But the unregenerate girl had said "no" as emphatically as an Indian female dares to, and—exit Diego. Next, there appeared Rafael, the sheep-herder, sipping like a furnace, and intimating that he was at any hour ready for the "hair-combing" (the betrothal ceremony of the Moqui Pueblos); also, that he had a good little adobe house, three burros, two good pinto ponies, and four hundred sheep. Now, again, was an opportunity that any Indian girl within the boundaries of New Mexico and Arizona would have given her head for. Wiki-tiki merely tossed her scornfully, and said that Rafael could go back and graze with his sheep; she didn't want to comb his hair—the rather would she prefer to pull it hard! So Rafael departed.

Even Padre Esteban was angry with Wiki-tiki, and told the latter's uncle that he himself washed his hands of the girl; it was evident that mild Christian methods would no longer serve in controlling her, and perhaps it would be well to treat her with a little Indian—ahem—chastisement. And then the father departed on his six-weeks' rounds, and Intiwa, with joy in his soul, proceeded to take in hand the unhampered control and spiritual chastisement of his wayward niece.

First, Wiki was given a chance to reform the error of her ways, old Intiwa and all his *shamans*, in solemn conclave assembled, dealing with her case. For a moment or two the old war captain and his *shamans* smoked away in stern Indian silence, their grave faces turned away from the refractory maiden. Then one of them began to speak.

To Wiki-tiki's wrath, horror, and anguish, his speech set forth an old, old Pueblo Indian law, dating far back to the time before the *frailes* and the words of *Tata Dios* came to Old New Spain. She was no less disturbed to hear that she was the first maiden, within the memory of those present (all of whom were aged seventy and over), to be so "corrected." And what a correction it was!

First, for her disobedience in going against the wishes of her uncle, she would be well chastised with a *cariso* cane. Next, she would espouse the very next Indian who made an offer for her to her uncle. To exorcise the spirit of obstreperousness and self-will which seemed to possess her, she would, on the two nights preceding her marriage to whatever suitor might present himself, undergo the burial over night in sand which was prescribed by Pueblo laws, and which, as old Hano significantly grunted, would doubtless be highly efficacious in reconciling her to the ways of the Indians which she, through her convent training, evidently seemed to object to. And last, but not least, she would be kept in retirement, with daily chastisement by means of the *cariso*, until her heart was thoroughly softened and chastened, and, incidentally, until her third and last suitor should appear.

Now, this decree, which at once went into effect, and was duly carried out, not forgetting even the daily chastening with her uncle's *cariso* cane, was highly beneficial. One week of it brought Wiki to her senses, and she duly signified her repentance and willingness to wed with Rafael, or, for that matter, Diego. But these two youths, having meanwhile taken unto themselves other sweethearts, sent word that they were not to be had. Wherefore it was the lot of poor Wiki-tiki to remain under punishment until a third suitor should see fit to present himself.

For a long time it looked as if even the fates could not, or would not, bring about the wedding of Wiki. As a matter of fact, her fame had gone abroad, and none of the young men dared take unto themselves this intrepid maiden to wife. To begin with, she had learned at the convent to sew and embroider and daily washed herself with water! Again, she had long since refused to wear the customary garb of the Pueblo woman, attiring herself in gay pink or green prints, instead of the dark-blue blanket, with silver and turquoise necklets, worn on ordinary occasions by women of her tribe. And there was no doubt (though this was merely whispered, instead of spoken loudly) that the girl, while conforming outwardly to the secret religious rites of the Pueblos, inclined more to the worship of *Tata Dios* and the Santos. Oh, she was more than half *Pee-peed-yeh* (Mexican), and brave would be the man who took her to his house.

Thus it went; every one talked, and the women of the *pueblo*, envying Wiki-tiki her good looks and self-same print gowns, given her by the priest's sister, rested not until they had taken away the poor girl's reputation. "Ah, without a doubt, she was without shame. She, of the Pueblos, and yet not of them. Who, disdaining their clothes, wore clothes of the foreigners and shoes on her feet on feast-days. A girl who washed herself, and even refused to chew yeast, as did they, for the making of the *pigame* pudding. Well for Diego and Rafael that she had given them the *calabazas*." And so on, after the manner of women.

Now, while the women gossiped (as better women than they have done), and old Intiwa made prayer-sticks, and

whipped his troublesome niece, who in turn waited in vain for a suitor (as many better women than she have done), other things were happening looking to the answering of the petitions—that went up from the Intiwa household, addressed variously to Pueblo and Christian gods.

Down in Albuquerque, one "Shorty" Smith, ex-United States soldier, miner, promoter, cow-puncher, and gentleman-of-fortune generally, had run across, in some mysterious way, an old Spanish document setting forth a miraculous story of Spanish adventure away back in the days of Coronado. This yellowed old paper, in brief, set forth the following "fable," as Shorty labeled it:

"That, three hundred and sixty-one years ago, at the time that Coronado was leading his men northward in search of the '*Gran Quivira*,' five of his followers, led away by the devil and their own lust for gold, basely deserted their captain, and, taking with them what food and water they could steal from him, fled with a fugitive Indian slave to a high hill which was full of treasure, being where the Indians mined their blue stones (turquoise), and where, besides, they had stored much precious gold and blocks of silver. And they (the Spanish adventurers), in the innocence of their hearts believing the good faith of their Indian guide, followed, all but one, who distrusted and waited bidden outside the entrance. Of the four men who entered the 'dark bole' none returned; but he, bidden without, heard cries and screams as of those tortured. And he, being frightened, fled with all his might, feeling no more desire for the gold and treasure."

From the above, and a few fragmentary directions and remarks as to "a great, high, gray hill, many miles across," and reference to "*los Indios Cochiteños*," Shorty, knowing New Mexico and Arizona as you and I know Broad Street, made up his mind when he next got out of a job to take a pony and what grub he could find and hunt the "Lost Turquoise," of which fables had been told him before.

One morning in Albuquerque he awoke to find himself "flat busted," save and except for his good bronco and a pair of thirty-eight calibre Colts. One of these latter he sold for enough to grub-stake him for at least two weeks, and, taking his life in his hand, as had even the men of old, forth pricked Shorty on his single-handed search for the "Great Turquoise."

The month was August, and Shorty, as he traveled northward, journeyed with (and from, on several occasions) bands of Indians and other folk bound to the Seven Mesas, where shortly would take place that queerest of all ceremonies, the Indian "snake dance." Telling the Indians that he was also bound for Wolpi, the wily Shorty got from them much information about the lost mine of the turquoises. Boiled down, what he learned was that there had, moons and moons ago, been such a place. There the people of the Pecos and the Cochiteños stored their gold and silver and the blue stones. Where was that *mina*? Only God knew. For the place had been lost—curse by the gods, people said, and bidden by them—many hundred years ago. Why, no one knew. Quizaas, the Pecos, and those others had sinned deeply, for they had been wiped away as in a night, and no one was left to tell the tale, either of them or the great treasure.

Nothing daunted, and guiding himself by his worn and faded map, on traveled Shorty, searching for that "high, gray bill, measuring many miles across." And one day, when water was beginning to get very low, and his *gringo* grit was on the point of giving out, the desert plain, with its population of coyotes, prairie-dogs, vultures, and rattlesnakes, was startled by loud cowboy whoops of joy—Shorty saw before him the gray hill, and knew (or, at least, thought) that his search was ended, and that before him was the "Great Turquoise."

Leaving him, therefore, alone in his glory, we will betake ourselves back to the poor incarcerated and despised Wiki-tiki, of the near-by Pueblos, who bad at last gotten a suitor, a truly undesirable one, as you will hear.

Old Kopeli, of the Tusayan provinces, had for long entertained thoughts of taking unto himself a wife, needing one to take care of his house, winnow the beans, feed and care for the ponies, and otherwise make herself generally useful. But Kopeli was a miser of the most miserly, and at the same time very fastidious. He not only wished a handsome, strong, young wife, but wished to pay for her a dowry not exceeding one pony, a sheep, and fifty bunches of alfalfa. Now, this was about a third of the price that Pueblo girls ruled at, and most papas and guardians laughed the old miser to scorn, telling him to "go to," and that this was not their bargain or remnant day. Wherefore, Kopeli, of the Tusayans, dwelt unwived, and with little hope of finding a wife at the price he desired to pay.

One day—one blessed day—a crowd of young bucks gossiped in his presence of a very beautiful young maiden of the Pueblos, who, having disobeyed her uncle in the matter of a suitor, would be wed to any one desirous of taking her in exchange for one pony and one sheep. "It was cheap," the young men chuckled, "for the girl was very comely and strong. But who cared to purchase a wife for daily beating, and who (whisper it low) washed in water, like they of the Hlah-fab-deh?" And, "bub," grunted the other bucks; of a certainty they did not wish such an one.

No so old Kopeli, who, in his joy in at last hearing of a cheap and handsome young wife, almost broke his ancient neck in his hasty journey to the *pueblo* of Intiwa, and Wiki-tiki, his niece. There, within two hours, the bargain was clinched, for Kopeli had led with him a pinto pony and one baa-ing and reluctant sheep, in return for which he now was to receive the unwilling hand of the equally reluctant maiden. Even stony-hearted Intiwa pitied his niece, in spite of the niggardly dowry she had brought him, and informed Kopeli that, according to the decree of the *shamans* and medicine-men, the girl could not be taken to his house until she had undergone burial for two nights, thus fulfilling Pueblo laws.

That same night, therefore, the poor girl was attired in her ceremonial costume of woven cloth, her hair was done up into huge shining whorls, in her ears she wore huge

squares of silver and turquoise, while fully fifteen gold, silver, and turquoise necklets were placed on her neck. Thus attired, and with her eyes bound, she was carried by Intiwa and his chief *shaman* to the place appointed for the burial ceremony, miles distant. No outsider was allowed to even view this spot, for it was enchanted ground, marked by a mysterious cross, with devil-formed characters on it that none of the Pueblos could read, on the slope of a great, gray *cerro*, or bill.

Here, therefore, exactly over the caverns of that lost mine, the "Great Turquoise," these old men, not knowing, dug a narrow hole, into which they stuck that unhappy maiden Wiki-tiki, her feet tied at the ankles, arms bound loosely to her side, and eyes, also, loosely bandaged. Then, leaving a huge stone *olla* of water tantalizingly dripping near by, to torment the wretched girl when thirst overtook her, the two old degenerates betook themselves to a convenient spot at the bottom of the bill, where they slept peacefully until the sun was high in the heavens. That no one would assist the girl to escape they well knew, for not an Indian would even approach the accursed bill, much less ascend it. They themselves, safely guarded with their *shaman* necklaces and other potent charms, would not spend the night on the enchanted ground. How much less, then, would a plain, every-day Indian put his foot there!

It had seemed to the girl, upon being stuck feet down into the hole, that her toes struck hard rock. She remembered this after concluding her prayers, and wiggled out as well as she could with her bare toes. There was no doubt about it; she was standing on stone, and, moreover—oh, most miraculous—stone that moved! Only a little—still, it did move. Forgetting her pain, Wiki-tiki pulled her feet apart until the rope tying them cut cruelly into her flesh, then moved her body up and down and sideways, until she felt things beginning to give. She thumped again, and a yell and a very heartfelt appeal to the Virgin gurgled together in her throat as everything under and about her gave way, and with the crash of stones grinding against each other, and falling sand and earth, she was precipitated downward (as she believed) a mile or two, and fell, accompanied by clouds of dirt and sand, flat on her back in a queer, dark, cold place, all smelly, into which the pale starlight flickered, strangely through the hole left by her entrance.

Thinking that she had most certainly landed in the *Infierno*, Wiki-tiki groaned and shut her eyes. At which Shorty Jones, seated on a big block of silver in one corner of the cave, his eyes popping out of his head in the first genuine fright he had ever known in his adventurous life, let out in his relief a string of oaths that would have made a burro-driver green with envy. For, while he had found the great lost mine, and in it enough wealth to make ten men millionaires, he could not find the little fox-hole through which he had crawled into the mysterious cavern, had about a tumblerful of water left, and was, altogether, on his very decided "uppers." Add to all of the above the sight of a barbarically clad Indian maiden falling from nowhere on to his head, as it were—no wonder poor Shorty swore.

Within a few minutes the two, by the aid of pantomiming and much broken Spanish, arrived at a mutual understanding. Wiki-tiki had her bonds and handages removed, and she privately thought, as she gazed upon her fair-faced, blue-eyed deliverer, that a saint himself had been sent by the Virgin to help her. While as for poor, thirsty Shorty—upon hearing her tale of woe, and of the water cooling at the other end of the passage through which she had been precipitated upon him—be, in turn, thought that a dusky angel had been sent to him, and that, if they ever got out "O. K.," with the treasure, he would marry her himself, by the jumping John Henry Rogers. And, with her looks, he would take her to New York—yes, and to Paris and London, and she'd take the shine out of all of them. Which he, in his excitement, imparted to Wiki-tiki; who, not understanding, said, "*Si, si, señor*," and gazed at him in shy adoration.

Well, it all turned out properly. Now that a helpmeet bad, as it were, been sent to him from above, Shorty felt that it behooved him to get out, and that quickly, if the two were to save themselves and the treasure. And while he collected all the gold and turquoises that they could carry, Wiki hunted about for some way of exit, which she found in the shape of a very narrow animal's burrow. At the same time, it was found that the great stone on which her feet had rested, and which their movement had dislodged, was ingeniously contrived and placed on a groove, which made it open and shut at will by a certain pressure. And when the two escaped (not looking again at four armor-covered skeletons which lay in one corner of the cave), they covered every trace to the caverns, and, having already pushed the great stone into position, filled up the cavity with fresh earth and otherwise smoothed out their tracks. Then, taking the water-bottle, they made haste to flee. By dawn they were far away, and soon thereafter were made man and wife. I may state, incidentally, that they lived happily thereafter, and were I to mention real names, you would at once recognize them as two of our richest and most aristocratic representatives in a great European city, where they cut a great swath, and where the beautiful "Mexican wife" of the millionaire, Mr. Blank, is greatly admired and run after.

Words fail when it comes to telling of the bewilderment of those mighty *shamans*, Intiwa and Nampo, when, ascending the hill to release their victim the next morning, they found her gone, the hole closed, and no traces remaining. They realized that devils had taken her for their own, and, with one hand on their scalps, and the other on their charms and *fetiches*, they silently fled down the hill, and ran for miles before stopping. And not for millions can an Indian be hired to approach within five miles of the "accursed hill" with its mysterious cross, the token of fabulous wealth, of which the four skeletons alone remain to tell the tale of the "Great Turquoise."

G. CUNYNGHAM TERRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1901.



## TOURING THE EMERALD ISLE.

Latest Experiences of Penelope.

Kate Douglas Wiggin's trio of lively heroines who, in "Penelope's Progress," were made known to us a few years ago through their journeyings in England and Scotland, find themselves in "Penelope's Irish Experiences" again together planning a tour—this time through Ireland. Penelope is married, but her husband has been called back to America on business, shortly after their arrival in Dublin. Francesca is engaged to a Scotsman, but must wait a year before her marriage, in compliance with a stern parent's mandate. Salemina is still single. The three friends determine, in their tour of the Emerald Isle, to explore the less frequented towns and hamlets, to rub up against the genial wit and humor of the Irish peasant-class, to forego the tourist's life in hotels and lodgings, and to become either Irish landlords or tenants, with a view to the better understanding of the burning Irish question—in short, to be for a while of the Irish people.

The mutual relations of the friends have changed but little, notwithstanding the marriage and betrothal which have taken place since their last trip together. Francesca, as before, is the frivolous one of the party. Salemina's usual remark on entering a none-too-inviting-looking hostelry is characteristic of her conservatism: "If the hall is as dirty as this, what must the kitchen be! Order me two hard-boiled eggs, please." Penelope, as the matron, has charge of the traveling arrangements and relates their adventures. She suggests planning their route to visit the haunts and homes of the Irish poets and song-writers. But this does not appeal to the less serious Francesca, who consults the guide-book and suggests an itinerary of her own:

"Let us do the literary pilgrimage, certainly, before we leave Ireland, but suppose we begin with something less intellectual. This is the most picturesque map I ever gazed upon. All the names seem to begin or end with kill, hilly, whack, shock, or knock; no wonder the Irish make good soldiers! Suppose we start with a sanguinary trip to the Kill places, so that I can tell any timid Americans I meet in traveling that I have been in Kilmacow and in Kilmacnmas, and am going to-morrow to Kilmore, and next day to Kilmalea."

"I think that must have been said before," I objected. "It is so obvious that it's not unlikely," she rejoined; "then let us simply agree to go afterwards to see all the Bally places, from Ballyhugh to the south to Ballycastle or Ballymonee on the north, and from Ballydehinch to Ballywilliam on the east to Ballyvaughan or Ballyhugh on the west. Don't they all sound jolly and grotesque?"

On asking our jargon the meaning of Bally as a prefix, he answered, reflectively: "I don't think there's anything under-handed in the main, melody; I think it means *bally* just."

Belonging to a nation well developed on what Penelope calls the "train-catching" side, the three friends find it difficult to accustom themselves to the ways of a country where time is of little or no value—where the national motto, as rendered in the vernacular by Penelope, is "Take it aisy." Our own may be said to be, "Keep up with the procession":

The starting of the daily "Mail Express" from Ballyfuchsia is a time of great excitement and confusion, which on some occasions increases to positive panic. The station-master, armed with a large dinner-bell, stands on the platform, wearing an expression of anxiety ludicrously unsuited to the situation. The supreme moment had really arrived some time before, but he is waiting for Farmer Brodigan with his daughter Kathleen, and the Widdy Sullivan and a few other local worthies, who are a "thrill late on him." Finally they come down the hill, and he paces up and down the station, ringing the bell and uttering the warning cry: "This train never stops! This train never stops! This train never stops!"—giving me the idea that eternity, instead of Killarney, must be the final destination of the passengers. The clock in the Ballyfuchsia telegraph and post-offices ceases to go for twenty-four hours at a time, and nobody heeds it, while the postman always has a few moments' leisure to lay down his knapsack of letters and pitch quints with the Royal Irish Constabulary.

"If you have an exact time to depend upon, how do you catch trains?" I asked Mr. Brodigan.

"Sure that's not an every-day matter, and why be footstherin' over it? But we do, four times out of five, ma'am!"

"How do you like that fifth time when you miss it?"

"Sure it's no more trouble to you to miss it the way time than to hurry five times! A clock is an overrated piece of furniture to my mind, Mrs. Beresford, ma'am. A man can eat when he's hungry, go to bed when he's sleepy, and get up when he's slept long enough; for faith and it's him clocks he has inside of himself that don't need anny winding!"

"What if you had a business appointment with a man in town, and missed the train?" I persevered.

"Trains is like misfortunes; they never come singly, ma'am. Wherever there's a station the trains do be dhroppin' in now and again, and what the differ which of them you take?"

Their Sunday afternoon diversion in Ballyfuchsia, which is in the County Kerry, is to watch the "crossroads dance." A blind fiddler makes the music. Blindness is still common in Ireland, owing to the smoke in the wretched cabins where a hole in the roof is the only chimney. So there are blind fiddlers in every community, who usually endear themselves to the people and are welcome at every fireside. They are always at hand for the Kerry dance:

A place is generally chosen where two or four roads meet, and the dancers come from the scattered farm-houses in every direction. In Ballyfuchsia they dance on a flat piece of mud under some fir-trees and larches, with stretches of mountain covered with yellow grass or purple heather and the quiet lakes lying in the distance. A message comes down to us that they expect a good dance, and the blind boy is coming to fiddle; and "so if you will be coming up, it's welcome you'll be." We join them about five o'clock, passing on our way groups of "boys" of all ages from sixteen upward, walking in twos and threes, and parties of three or four girls by themselves—for it would not be etiquette for the boys and girls to walk together, such strictness is observed in these matters about there.

When we reach the rendezvous we find quite a crowd of young men and maidens assembled, the girls all at one side of the road, neatly dressed in dark skirts and light blouses, with the national woolen shawl over their heads. Two wide stone walls, or dykes, with turf on top, make capital seats, and the boys are at the opposite side, as custom demands. When a young man wants a partner, he steps across the road and asks a colleen, who lays aside her shawl, generally giving it to a younger sister to keep until the dance is over, when the girls go back to their own side of the road and put on their shawls again. Upon our arrival we find the "sets" are already in progress—a "set" being a dance like a very long and intricate quadrille. We are greeted with many friendly words, and the young boatmen and farmers' sons ask the ladies: "Will you be pleased to dance, miss?" Some of them are shy and say they are not familiar with the steps; but their would-be partners remark, encouragingly: "Sure, and what matter? I'll see you through." Soon all are dancing, and the state of the road is being discussed with as much interest as the floor of the ball-room. Eager directions are given to the more ignorant new-comers, such as:

"Twirl your girl, captain!" or, "Turn your back to your face!"—rather a difficult direction to carry out, but one which conveys its meaning. Salemina confided to her partner that she feared she was getting a bit too old in dance. He looked at her gray hair carefully for a moment, and then said, chivalrously: "I'd not say that that was old age, ma'am. I'd say it was edification."

Unlike many of their traveling companions, who are constantly grumbling about the weather or the table or the customs of the country, the three friends are determined to make the most of their Irish holiday. A disgruntled Englishman repents bitterly that he ever conceived the idea of traveling in the West of Ireland, and relates the tale of his woes, much to their amusement:

He remarked that the scenery was magnificent, but that there was an entirely insufficient supply of hot water; that the waiters had the appearance of being low comedians, and their service was of the character one might expect from that description; that he had seen coming out of an Irish hut three geese, eight goslings, six hens, fifteen chickens, two pigs, two cows, two hare-footed girls, the master of the house leading a horse, three small children carrying cloth bags filled with school-books, and finally, a strapping mother leading a donkey loaded with peat baskets; that all this poverty and ignorance and indolence and filth was spoiling his holiday; and finally, that if he should be as greatly disappointed in the fishing as he had been in the hotel accommodations—here we almost fainted from suspense—he should be obliged to go home! And not only that, but he should feel it his duty to warn others of what they might expect.

"Perhaps you are justified," said Francesca, sympathetically; "people who are used to the dry, sunny climate and clear atmosphere of London ought not to expose themselves in Irish rain without due consideration."

He agreed with her, glancing over his spectacles to see if she, by any possibility, could be amusing herself at his expense—but, indeed, Francesca's eyes were so soft and lovely and honest, that the more he looked at her, the less he could do her the injustice of suspecting her sincerity.

Another relates some interesting facts about America:

He had never been there himself, but he had a cousin who had traveled extensively in that country, and had brought back much unusual information. "The Americans are an extraordinary people on the practical side," he remarked; "but having said that, you have all, for they are so stupid and absolutely devoid of idealism. Take an American at his roller-top desk, a telephone at one side and a typewriter at the other, talk to him of pork and dollars, and you have him at his best. He always keeps on his Panama hat at business, and sits in a rocking chair smoking a long cigar. The American woman wears a blue dress with a red lining, or a black dress with orange trimmings, showing a survival of African taste; while another exhibits the American Indian type—sallow with high cheek-bones. The manners of the servant classes are extraordinary. I believe they are called the 'help,' and they commonly sit in the drawing-room after the work is finished. And there are other extraordinary customs, among them the habit of mixing ice with all beverages. They plunge ices into mugs of ale, beer, porter, lemonade, or Apollinaris, and sip the mixture with a long ladle at the chemist's counter, where it is usually served."

They find the Irish pig a trifle too much in the foreground to suit their American taste. "Him as pays the rent" is too often seen snoring in the doorway of the Irish cottage. He pays the rent, no doubt, Penelope admits, "but this magnificent achievement could be managed from a sty in the rear." Among other Celtic eccentricities they notice that their landlady's, maid-of-all-work, unrebuked, feels of the potatoes to see whether they are warm or cold:

When Onah brings in the toast-rack now she balances it carefully, remembering the morning when she dropped it on the floor, then picked up the slices and offered them to Salemina. Never shall I forget that dear martyr's expression, which was as if she had made up her mind to renounce Ireland and leave her to her fate.

When the passing bicyclers appear for luncheon or tea, Onah picks up the napkins that we have rolled into wads and flung under the dining-table, and spreads them on tea-trays, as appetizing details for the weary traveler. There would naturally be more time for housework if so large a portion of the day were not spent in pleasant interchange of thought and speech. I can well understand Mrs. Cloughan's objections to the housing of the Dublin poor in tenements—even in those of a better kind than the present horrible examples; for, wherever they are huddled together in any numbers, they will devote most of their time to conversation. In them talking is more attractive than eating; it even adds a new joy to drinking; and, if I may judge from the groups I have seen gossiping over a turf fire all night, it is preferable to sleeping. But do not suppose they will bubble over with joke and repartee, with racy anecdote, in every casual new-comer. The tourist who looks upon the Irishman as the merry-andrew of the English-speaking world, and who expects every jargon he meets in him as whimsical as Mickey Free, will be disappointed. I have seen suspicious that ragged, trivial Mickey Free himself, delicious as he is, was created by Lever to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon idea of the low-comedy Irishman. You will live in the Emerald Isle for many a month and not meet the clown or the villain so familiar to you in modern Irish plays. Dramatists have made a stage Irishman to suit themselves, and the public and the gallery are disappointed if anything more reasonable is substituted for him.

Mr. Alfred Austin says of the Irish peasants that idleness and poverty seem natural to them. An Irishman, somehow, is always going in his work "jist," or coming from it, or thinking how it shall presently be done, or meditating on the next step in the process, or resting a bit before taking it up again, or reflecting whether the weather is on the whole favorable to its proper performance; but however poor and needy he may be, it is somewhat difficult to catch him at the precise working moment.

In the north-eastern end of Erin they take a day of golf at the Ballycastle links:

Salemina, who is a neophyte, found a forlorn lady driving and putting about by herself, and they made a match just to increase the interest of the game. There was but one boy in evidence, and the versatile Benella offered to caddy for them, leaving the more experienced ensconce in Francesca and me. The Irish caddy does not, on the whole, perhaps, manifest so keen an interest in the fine points of the game as his Scottish brother. He is somewhat languid in his search for the ball, and will occasionally, when serving amiable ladies, sit under a tree in the sun and speculate as to its whereabouts. As for staying by you while you "hile nut" on your last round, he has no possible interest in that proceeding, and is off and away, giving his perfunctory and half-hearted polish in your clubs while you are passing through this thrilling crisis. Salemina, wishing to know what was considered a good score by local players on these links, asked our young friend: "What they get round in, here?" and was answered: "They tries to go round in as few as possible, ma'am, but they mstly takes more!"

This bright and refreshing narrative of Irish experiences closes with the happy culmination of a romance. Salemina and her Irish lover plight their troth, much to the gratification of her two friends who have watched the pleasant friendship of the middle-aged pair ripen into love with the keenest interest.

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A French scientist has discovered that plants are very sensitive to poison. The higher plants, as well as fungi, enable us to detect the presence of copper, mercury, and other toxic substances, which chemical analysis does not detect.

## A DAUGHTER OF CALIFORNIA.

Sibyl Sanderson.

The re-appearance of Mlle. Sanderson at the Théâtre National de l'Opéra Comique created quite a stir in Paris. Was she still beautiful? Was her voice still good? Did her original figure remain, or did she have only *des beaux restes*, good remains of her former beauty, figure, and voice? A subject of importance to the subscribers to the regular seats. Was she still to be the pet of the *habitués* of the Opéra-Comique, or had she been reëngaged on her past reputation?

I could not get in the first night, June 11th, but on the second night had the thirteenth, an excellent seat—an orchestra chair, six rows back. The theatre is a small one—orchestra chairs, then a *parterre*; in the former, the women are not allowed to wear their hats; in the latter are not permitted to sit. Then behind the *parterre*, the *baignoires*—dark boxes where people in plain dress or half-mourning can go; then the upper boxes; then the gallery where nice people go, but where the *claque*, the paid applauders, are. First was given "La Fille du Regiment," by Donizetti, to a French libretto. During the time given to "La Fille du Regiment" the house was only half-full. I feared that it was going to be a "frost," as such things are called by theatrical people in America, and I was sorry that the fair Sibyl had such a small audience. When last I saw her it was in Golden Gate Park, seated in a carriage with another lovely young lady from San Joaquin County, now married and living on the peninsula, and I remember how fair and lovely Sibyl was. I approached their carriage, with a very handsome young American, who has since disappeared from San Francisco. His distinctive features were his eyes, eyelashes, and eyebrows. Miss Sanderson, who was a little deficient in eyelashes and eyebrows, remarked to me in an aside: "A girl ought to have those—they belong to a woman. A man doesn't need them as a woman does." Standing behind the glamour of the footlights, as she did last night, I noticed that she had found some since.

The opera that she appeared in was "Phryné"; scene, Athens; three centuries before Christ. Libretto by L. Auzé de Lassos; music by C. Saint-Saëns. Two acts; and in the modern French style as to music. The house had filled at the conclusion of the first opera; there was not a seat left, nor an empty box; everything was taken, and men and women were sitting in the centre aisle.

The curtain went up, and later on "La belle Phryné" (Sanderson), as the heroine is called, came in. She looked the part. In flowing Greek costume, her chest exposure very low; she can wear it very low—no necessity for stays. She has the chest of the singer, such as Nordica has, full of lung-power, but with none of that excess of *seins, ventre, et hanches* which so many *prime donne* suffer from. And her back, with its curve, also with the dress cut low—nothing else to be seen but the bare arms and hands, all else drapery—she stood there, all the opera-glasses on her, with one arm uplifted, the hand placed on the side-frame of the door, the other arm dropped gracefully by art, care, or nature; and the Californian was a picture of beauty.

There was no applause. But the stillness of the audience—most of them *habitués* of that theatre—was intense. I looked around. It was not only the men, young and old, but the women, young and old—all were looking at her. "Who is it that comes?" sings Diciphile, the haritone. "C'est elle! La divine Phryné," answer the chorus.

And there was a ripple of a murmur through the audience, showing that they also thought she looked divine.

Taller than the others, more graceful, slender but plump enough, *bastante no mas*, dignified—she stood there a moment, then came down the steps. She looked as if she were gliding, not walking, neither foot being shown. She sang a few bars in recitative. There was no applause, but the interest was shown in all eyes.

She had little given her to sing in the first act—she was more to be seen than heard. There is talking done. It is in verse, and it seemed to me that she did hers slowly, hesitatingly. It is a difficult thing to talk before a critical audience in a foreign language, and, as all know, the French speak very rapidly.

In the second act came her applause. They had seen her—she was still young; still beautiful, slender, and graceful. But they withheld their applause till she sang the test song of the opera, her solo in the duo with the tenor. He stops, gazes at her, and she sings alone. Her full voice is not sweet, at least it was not last night, but her half-voice is delightful. This song was done in half-voice. As she ended, the audience, who had been leaning forward, dropped back in their chairs, and then what she had been waiting for came. The sigh of the audience—the critical but appreciative French—the "Ah!" "ah!" "ah!"—the sigh at pleasure given—then the "Brava!" "brava!" "brava!" and then the clapping of hands. She had been welcomed by the second audience, as she had by the first; she was still admired and liked, and she gave us that exquisite smile of hers, with that touch of *espiglerie*, which the French love so much. "*Enfant espiègle!*" She gives her audience that touch at times, and it's enjoyable to the eye.

The opera continued, and then finished. Again applause. The curtain was called up. She came to the front, smiled again, and bowed. A young, excitable gentleman—I could not tell his nationality—forced himself down the centre aisle to the orchestra, stood there unflinchingly, forgetting everything but her, clapping quickly. She gave him a sliding smile and how. The curtain went down again, and a delightful evening was over.

When one thinks what she went through—the study and the struggle, the success, the continued success, and now the renewed success—it was good to see.

A lovely woman from a lovely State! A daughter of California!

COVINGTON JOHNSON.

PARIS, June 14, 1901.



## HEATED DAYS AND NIGHTS.

New York a Glowing Furnace—Hot Weather Records for June Broken—The Parks and Piers as Sleeping-Places—Flights from the City That Give Little Relief.

Last Sunday was the hottest June day ever known in New York, and July opened with a promise of keeping up the record-breaking blaze. For seven days the city has been a glowing furnace, and night and day alike are full of horrors. The great buildings have become heated through and through and thermometers on the roofs mark a temperature as feverish as those on the ground-level. It was two weeks later in the season when the wave of torridity submerged us last year, and even then it was not equal to this. Fatal cases of prostration from the heat already outnumber those recorded then, and more than two hundred a day is Manhattan's ghastly total during this visitation of the summer terror. Of course the mortality is almost exclusively confined to infants, new-comers from other climes, and those who are suffering from excesses, but there are instances where the blow has fallen unexpectedly before apprehension was felt. A clerk in the City Hall dropped at his desk yesterday, and remained unconscious for hours in spite of all medical aid.

Before nine o'clock to-day labor was suspended on all public works and in many manufacturing houses. Not a man was left to toil in the great sub-way, though the contractors are still anxious to make up for lost time. Over in Brooklyn the Rapid Transit Company found more than one-third of their force of forty-five hundred men unable to report for duty. Out-door traffic is affected more than the business in doors, and this notwithstanding the seemingly greater necessity for its progress. Street-cars did not even make a show of running on schedule time. They came and went in happy-go-lucky style, but the red and perspiring conductors did not look as if there were any trifling pleasures connected with their duty. Everybody who had a spare nickel rode, whether his journey were four blocks or four miles, and, strange to say, nobody objected to being crowded or stepped on. They were all too nearly exhausted to resent any indignity that was not distinctly intentional.

Ambulances have the call among the vehicles in the streets. Every hospital conveyance is busy from sunrise till midnight. They go out in answer to a summons and before they reach their intended destination they pick up two or three patients, discovered along the way. Bellevue Hospital had over one hundred calls yesterday, its greatest record. Surgeons and attendants stand the extra labor very well, but the ambulance horses are not equal to the strain. Dead horses are as common a sight in the streets as hydrants. Some of the poor animals fall on the blistering pavement while tugging at heavy loads, make a feeble kick or two, and then lie still. But if a veterinary ambulance comes, and an effort is made to drag them in with a windlass, the beasts struggle as if mad with fright. It is said that none recover from this attempted kindness.

Three thunder-showers came last evening a little after four o'clock, and the temperature was lowered for a little while. But the heated walls and pavements drank the water greedily or drove it off in clouds of steam, and in an hour it was hotter than ever. At midnight the mercury stood at eighty-three degrees. The nights, after all, have the most trying hours. There is no rest in the stifling rooms that are called home by hundreds of thousands. In most of them there is no air to breathe. The authorities have made new rules for the benefit of the sweltering multitudes, and now the parks and the piers along the city front are open to all well-behaved persons at all hours. Five thousand men, women, and children have slept on the grass at the Battery every night this week. The piers are crowded at night even more densely than during the busiest hours of the day, and young and old lie down on the hard planks and try to sleep where the breeze from off the water is cooler than in the streets.

Flights to the seaside are taken by all who can go, women and children at all hours of the day, men in the early hours of the evening and on into the night. At Coney Island fifteen thousand people lie all night on the sand of the beach. Returning trains from nine o'clock to midnight are crowded with those who can not stay longer, but many make no effort to get back to the heated city until the early morning. And when those who have found a small degree of comfort on the beach return to the brick and stone of Manhattan, they soon lose all the satisfaction that a little relief had brought them. Exception must be made of those who can avail themselves of the privileges of the country clubs. Some who go to Tuxedo, Morristown, Ardsley, or Baltusrol for a day or two, and return leisurely, can carry the memory of pleasant hours on the links, and at club teas, musicales, and dinners for a week; but even these appear in wilted collars, coatless, and undignified soon after they have met the hot blasts that await them in the haunts of business.

Even the roof-gardens offer but weak temptations to those who try to forget the weather when night comes down. New ones open continually, but there are few novelties among the attractions. Vaudeville reigns at all of them, light opera even being driven out by the managers' necessity of providing an entertainment that can be enjoyed in half-hour portions. But three theatres offer a programme of a single piece, and those are all of the musical and specialty order—"The Strollers," "Florodora," and "The King's Carnival." The heat of the footlights combined with that from the outer world is too much for the players, and one theatre refunded the money taken for seats for this week and closed its doors, to remain dark until the fall season opens.

To Mr. John Arbuckle, of Brooklyn, is credited an idea for the amelioration of summer-season suffering that may bring good results. He proposes to fit up "sleep-ships," which are to leave the wharves at nightfall and go up the Hudson or up the Sound, returning in the morning, giving all who are on board a cool night's rest. At first thought the plan seems feasible, but when one reflects on the various

disadvantages inseparable from the scheme, enthusiasm begins to wane. Even if all who sail away are able to sleep in berths rocked by the waves when there is silence, there will be many who would rather celebrate their escape to a cooler zone with song and story, and make night hideous. Then, after a night of mixed pleasures, think of being delayed for hours by a fog, and missing connections with breakfast and business! The philanthropist who would rescue his overburdened fellow-creatures in Manhattan during these burning days must build a plan that will shadow the whole city and leave the workers free to struggle for their wages big and little.

NEW YORK, July 3, 1901.

FLANEUR.

## OLD FAVORITES.

The Lone Mountain Cemetery.

Far beyond the city's tumult,  
And the thronging passers' tread,  
Stands the beautiful Lone Mountain,  
City of the Dead.  
Grandeur sleeps along the hill-sides—  
Beauty in each grassy vale;  
And the stirring trees chant vespers  
To the evening gale.

Statesmen with their tasks unended,  
Poet with rare songs unused,  
Little child, and maid, and matron,  
Love's sweet harp unstrung;  
God's true nobles, poor, yet loyal—  
Honored brows from many a clime,  
Gently rest where gates of silence  
Shut them out from Time.

They have left the sunny vineyard,  
And the classic palm-tree's shade;  
Turned them from the green savannah,  
And the heathery glade—  
Looked their last on Alpine glaciers,  
Or the dreary Northern snows,  
And the Orient's howers enchanting,  
There to find repose.

They have braved unnumbered dangers,  
Tempests of the raging main,  
Perils of the mountain passes,  
Langours of the plain;  
All the treacherous miasma,  
And the tropic's fervid breath,  
Amid Nature's peaceful beauty,  
Thus to learn of Death!

Wails of unavailing anguish,  
From all climes beneath the sun,  
Have gushed forth for these mute dwellers,  
Though their griefs are done!  
Cheeks have blanched with secret sorrow,  
Silvered heads have howed with care,  
Childish mirth been hushed in weeping  
For the Sleepers there!

Winter, as in soft compassion  
For the strangers none may weep,  
Leaves his snows, to scatter roses  
When they lie asleep.  
Spring and summer light the valleys  
With a wilderness of bloom;  
Every season weaves in passing  
Garlands for the tomb.

When the morning's ruddy lustre  
Breaks along the eastern hills,  
O'er their graves like tears of amber,  
The rich light distills.  
Hour by hour in dreamy splendor  
The clear heaven above them lies,  
With the mellow depth and beauty  
Of Italian skies.

Murmurs of the blue Pacific,  
Which the wandering winds have caught,  
With a sadder sound than silence,  
Overleap the spot.  
And when twilight's lucent splendors  
Flush and pale along the west,  
Pilgrims by the Gates of Glory  
Seem they, taking rest!

Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California, expired suddenly at Camp Curry in the Yosemite Valley on July 6th of angina pectoris. So unexpected was Professor Le Conte's death that only his daughter was present in the tent he was occupying at the time. Mrs. S. M. Davis, a nurse whose services had been secured of another patient at the camp, had been sent to the hotel for refreshments. Professor Le Conte had not been feeling well since the night before, but did not think seriously of the attack. Joseph Le Conte came from a family of scientists. His father, Lewis Le Conte; his uncle, John Eatton Le Conte; his brother, John; and his cousin, John Lawrence Le Conte—all gained fame by wrestling secrets from nature, but Joseph Le Conte was the greatest of the five. He was descended from William Le Conte, a Huguenot, who fled from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and settled in the vicinity of New York. Joseph Le Conte was born on February 26, 1823, in Liberty County, Ga. He studied and gained his first degree at the University of Georgia at the age of eighteen, then studied medicine, and, after securing his diploma, practiced several years at Macon. In 1850 he went to Cambridge, and took a course in practical science under Professor Agassiz. He afterward held chairs in Oglethorpe University and the University of South Carolina, and was an official chemist in the employ of the Confederate government during the Civil War. In 1868 he accepted a call to the chair of geology and natural history in the University of California, then about to be organized. He was present when the university opened, in September, 1869. His brother John, now dead, became a member of the faculty at the same time. During the thirty-two years he was connected with the University of California his name had become known throughout the world, and his reputation as among the greatest of geologists was secure. Among his best-known published works are "Religion and Science," a series of Sunday lectures; "Elements of Geology"; "Sight: An Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision"; "Compend of Geology"; and "Evolution: Its Nature, Its Evidence, and Its Relation to Religious Thought."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Jewell B. Knight, of Belchertown, Mass., a graduate of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has been appointed by the British Government to go to India to establish an agricultural college.

Vice-President Roosevelt has accepted the invitation to deliver an address at the celebration of Colorado's twenty-fifth anniversary as a State, which will be held at Colorado Springs, August 2d, next.

General Wood has been made a member of the Academy of Science of Havana. The academy is one of the most exclusive organizations in Cuba. It is limited to forty members, and each member is elected for life.

Théodule Ribot, professor of experimental psychology at the Collège de France, the founder of the *Revue Philosophique*, and the inspirer of an entire generation of students and professors of the new psychology, not only in France but all over the world, will retire on a pension, at his own request, at the beginning of November.

M. Paul Revoil has accepted the governorship of Algeria. He is forty-five years of age, and is the brother of the late George Revoil, the explorer of the Somali country. Originally a journalist, he has served in various public departments, was minister to Brazil, was sub-resident at Tunis, and not long ago was appointed minister to Morocco.

The professorship of astronomy in the University of Missouri, which has been vacant since the resignation of Professor Milton Updegraff, to accept an appointment in the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, has been filled by the selection of Dr. Frank H. Seares, of California, now studying in Paris. Dr. Seares is a graduate of the University of California.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann, who will make a tour of the United States in concert next winter, has not appeared to advantage for several seasons. Not long ago she tried to sing in "Norma," with the music transposed fully a tone below the original score, but it was evident that the great singer's voice was no longer in its prime. The most satisfactory work of the great German soprano has been done in the United States, where for many seasons she has sung in German opera. She was specially successful in her rendition of Wagner's music.

Cecil Rhodes, hero of London jingoes and the uncrowned king of South Africa, is returning to England, a physical wreck. He will consult the most eminent specialists of London and the Continent, but it is predicted nothing can rescue him from the clutches of general paralysis, of which he is said to be the victim. The change is especially noticeable in his hunched figure, his drooping lip, and his lack-luster eyes—eyes which once shot magnetic fire and were his chief aid in securing power in the Dark Continent. The steamer on which he is returning is fitted out for his especial comfort.

Mme. de Margerie, the sister of Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," is the wife of the new first secretary of the French embassy, M. de Margerie, a young diplomat who came to Washington about a month ago and will act as *chargé d'affaires* of the embassy during the absence of the ambassador, M. Cambon. Mme. de Margerie, whose mother was a Spaniard, has inherited from her her dark beauty of feature and color. She possesses also the reputation of being one of the brightest and wittiest young women of the diplomatic corps in the national capital.

The head of the House of Bonaparte, Prince Napoleon, as he is called, is now in Brussels. He is tall and well made, the upper part of his face being astonishingly like that of Napoleon the First, yet, with his sweeping mustache, he bears a strong resemblance to the prince's grandfather, Victor Emmanuel the Second. Should he ever ascend the throne he would assume the title of Napoleon the Sixth, and not the Fourth, for it is presumed that, although they never actually reigned, the Prince Imperial and the late Prince Napoleon, like the Duc de Reichstadt, succeeded to the imperial dignity.

Michael Davitt, who will soon begin a tour through the United States, is one of the leading Irish statesmen and journalists of the United Kingdom. Mr. Davitt, after a long and honorable career in Parliament, resigned from that body in 1899 owing to his intense convictions concerning the injustice of the Anglo-Boer War. He has the distinction of having been elected a member of Parliament while he was a political convict under sentence in the Portland Prison. Of course he was disqualified by the House. Mr. Davitt is an eloquent orator and a writer of great force. He is now in his fifty-fifth year.

Ernesto Tamagno, the distinguished tenor, went from London to Paris to take part in the performance at the Opéra given in honor of the retirement of Mme. Laurent, an actress of melodrama who has been for several years at the head of the orphanage for the children of French actors, and has been decorated by the government for her efforts in this field with the cross of the Legion of Honor. All the noted French actors and singers were delighted to take part. Even Mme. Patti, who was in Paris when the plan was proposed, was willing to sing. Tamagno decided that as it would be out of the question to expect payment in money on such an occasion, he would suggest the Legion of Honor as the appropriate reward for his services. The suggestion was of course rejected by the officials, and President Loubet was so disgusted by the affair that he refused to attend the performance. The tenor also declined to take part, as his suggestion that he would like the decoration was received with so little courtesy. The result of the matter was that he left Paris vowing that he would never return. The feeling over the affair is such that he will in all probability never be asked to sing at the Opéra under any circumstances.



## ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS MEN.

Further Extracts from the Last Two Volumes of Augustus J. C. Hare's "The Story of My Life."

Owing to the wide scope of Augustus J. C. Hare's third and fourth volumes of his autobiography, we were compelled, in our review of June 10th, to confine our extracts to merely one phase—the many weird stories which were told to the author on his visits to noted English houses and on his extended travels in Europe. These reminiscences, however, are so liberally sprinkled with interesting anecdotes, most of which are new and worthy of preservation, that we have decided to give our readers the benefit of another series of extracts from Mr. Hare's gossip volumes.

On one occasion Mr. Hare visited Airlie Lodge, where Lady Airlie talked of the death of Mme. Dante Gabriel Rossetti:

Her husband felt so completely that all his living interests were buried with his wife, that he laid his unpublished poems under her dead head, and they were buried with her. But, after a year had passed, his feeling about his wife was calmed, while the longing for his poems grew daily, and people urged him that he was forcing a loss upon the world. And the coffin of the poor lady was taken up and opened to get at the poems. For one moment Mme. Rossetti was visible in all her radiant loveliness, as if she were asleep, then she sank into dust. She was buried with her Testament under her pillow on one side and her husband's poems on the other.

The Duke of Teck was also present, and told a remarkable tale of an old lady in Germany, an ancestress of his, who had the most glorious pearl necklace in the world:

When she died, she desired that the pearl necklace might be buried with her. And the family were very sorry to part with their aged relative, but they were still more sorry to part with the family jewels; and in time their grief for the old lady was assuaged, but their grief for the pearl necklace was never assuaged at all, and at last there came a moment when they dug up the coffin, and took the pearl necklace from the aged neck. But, behold, the pearls were quite spoiled, and had lost all their lustre and beauty. Then pearl-dealers were summoned, men who were learned in such things, and they said that the only thing which would restore the beauty of the pearls would be if three beautiful young ladies would wear them constantly, and let the pearls drink in all their youth and beauty. So the eldest daughter of the house took them and wore them constantly, and all the beauty and brilliancy of her loveliness flowed into the pearls, which grew brighter and better every day. And as her beauty faded, another daughter of the house took them, and so three beautiful young ladies took them and wore them in three generations, till, when sixty years were passed, the pearls were so beautiful and glorious, so filled with youth and radiance, that there is no such pearl necklace in the whole world.

While dining at Lord Castletown's he met, as usual, an interesting party. Lord Castletown talked of his youth at Holland House, when he was brought up there as the ward of Lord Holland:

"Lord H. was most indulgent, and was always finding amusements for me. One day, two days before the end of the Eton holidays, he asked me to go somewhere. 'No, sir,' I said, 'I can not do that, because I have got my holiday task to finish.' 'And what is your task?' said Lord Holland. 'Latin verses on St. Paul preaching at Athens, seventy lines.' 'Oh, what a grand subject,' said Lord Holland; 'leave it to me. I will do your task for you, and do you go out and amuse yourself.' And he did it all but four lines, and then some important business called him away, and he gave them back to me, saying I must finish them as well as I could. It was a most grand set of verses, and when I gave them up to Keate, he would read them aloud before the whole school. In the middle he said: 'Who wrote these, sir?' 'I, sir,' 'You lie, sir,' said Keate. At last he came to the last four lines. 'You wrote these, sir,' he said. I heard no more of it, but I never got back my copy of verses.

"Once I escaped from Eton, and Lord Holland caught me—found me in the streets of London. He made me get into his carriage at once, and told the man to drive to the White Horse Cellar, whence the coach started for Eton. Unfortunately for me, there was one starting at once, and he made me get in. I remonstrated, saying that I had not got my things. 'They shall be sent after you,' he said. 'But I shall be flogged, sir.' 'Serve you right, too; I hope you will be flogged,' he said. I looked very piteous, and as I got into the coach he said: 'Well, good-by, John; I hope you'll be flogged,' and he shook hands with me, and in my hand I found a five-pound note. He was always doing these kind things."

Lady Herbert, of Lea, related a unique story of Hogg, the Etrick shepherd, who had a sheep-dog to which he was quite devoted, and which used to go out and collect his sheep:

One day in winter a thick snow came on, and Hogg was in the greatest anxiety about his flocks. He called his dog and explained all the matter to her, telling her how he was going all round one side of the moor himself to drive in his sheep, and that she was to go the other way and collect. The dog understood perfectly. Late in the evening the shepherd returned perfectly exhausted, bringing in his flock through the deep snow, but the dog had not come back. Hour after hour passed and the dog did not return. The shepherd, who was devoted to his dog, was very anxious about it, when at last he heard a whining and scratching at the door, and going out found the dog bringing all his sheep safe, and in its mouth a little puppy, which it laid at its

master's feet, and instantly darted off through the snow to seek another and bring it in. The poor thing had pupped in the snow, but would not on that account neglect one iota of its duty. It brought in its second puppy, laid it in its master's lap, looked up wistfully in his face, as if beseeching him to take care of it, and—died.

Once, when Sir Horace St. Paul was at college, he found a man lying drunk in the quadrangle and tried to make him get up:

"You're drunk," he said; "you don't even know who I am." "Yes, I know very well who you are," said the man; "you're the fellow that wrote an epistle to Timothy and never got an answer." I have heard this quoted as one of the naturally clever retorts of drunken men.

Lord Grey was fond of relating this story of the death—in a court in Edinburgh—of a naval captain who had been noted for his cruelties at sea, but especially in the slave trade:

Mental terror made his death-bed most appalling. According to Scottish custom, the family opened the door for the spirit to pass more easily, when, to their horror, the bloody head of a black man suddenly ralled into the room. The dying man gave the most fearful scream, and his relatives rushed in his bed-side. When they looked round, the head was gone, but there was fresh blood upon the floor. To them it seemed inexplicable, but the fact was that Professor Owen had been attending an anatomical *salut* at which the body of a black man had been dissected, and there was something so curious in the way in which the head had been attached to the body that he had obtained leave to carry it home in a cloth, that he might examine it more carefully. It was a very slippery, wet day, and, as he was passing the open door of the dying man, the professor had stumbled, and the head, slipping out of the cloth, had rolled into the house; then, in the moment when they were all occupied with the dying man, he had pursued it and whipped it up into the cloth again, and hoped it had not been observed.

Lord Eversley gave, as a curious instance of the awe in which the great Duke of Wellington kept his duchess, that Mrs. Leveque, going one day to visit her, found her dissolved in tears:

When she asked the reason, the duchess said, sobbing: "Look there," and from the window Mrs. Leveque saw workmen cutting down all the ivy which made the whole beauty of the trees before the house; and when Mrs. Leveque asked the duchess why she did not remonstrate, she showed her a written paper which the head man had just brought in, having received it from the duke—"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington desires that the ivy may immediately be cut down from every tree on his estate." They had begun with those nearest home; the duke had evidently forgotten to except those, but his order could not be trifled with.

While visiting Lady Suffolk at Charlton Hall, one of the guests told of an American who never was in time for anything in his life:

One day, in a very out-of-the-way place, he fell into a cataleptic state, and was supposed to be dead. According to the rapidity of American movement, instead of bringing the undertaker to him, they took him to the undertaker, who fitted him with a coffin and left him, not laying the coffin-lid loosely on the outside of it. In the middle of the night he awoke from his trance, pushed off the lid, and finding himself in a place alone surrounded by a quantity of coffins, he jumped up and pushed off the lid of the coffin nearest to him. He found nothing. He tried another—nothing. "Good God!" he cried, "I've been late all my life, and now I'm late for the resurrection!"

Speaking of impostors, Sir Julius Benedict told of an American bishop who one day called in his carriage at Hunt & Roskell's:

He asked to see some bracelets, mentioning that he was returning to America and wished to take a present to his wife. "Nothing very expensive," he said; "he could not afford that, but something about \$350 or \$400." Eventually he agreed to take a bracelet that cost \$300. He said that he would pay for it with a \$500 note which he had with him; it happened to be the only money he had at the moment, but he would wait while they sent it to the bank to ascertain that it was all right; he should really prefer doing this. They sent it to the bank and received answer that it was perfectly correct.

Having paid for his bracelet, the bishop took it, and was just about to step into his carriage, when a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Hello, Jim! you're up to your old tricks again, are you? You'll just come along with me," and he brought him back into the shop. Hunt & Roskell said there was some mistake, that the gentleman was an American bishop, that he had just bought a \$500 bracelet, and paid for it with an excellent \$500 note. "Just let me look at the note, will you?" said the policeman. He looked at it and said: "Yes, it's just as I thought; this note is one of a particularly clever batch of forgeries, which are very difficult to detect, and the man is no more a bishop than you are. We will go off to the police station at once. I will take the note and go on with the prisoner in the carriage, and you must send your men in a cab to meet us and bear witness." So the policeman took the bishop and the bracelet and the note, but when Hunt & Roskell's men reached the police station, they had not yet arrived; and they have never been heard of since!

On one occasion Sir Robert and Lady Sheffield were going down to visit some friends near West Drayton, where a carriage was to meet them:

Arriving in the dark, they found a carriage waiting and jumped into it. After driving some way, they entered a park and drove up to the door of a great house. They were shown up to a long gallery where a little old lady was arranging some books. "Ah! some companion," they thought, and for a time they

took no notice of her. At last they said: "Is Lady — not coming down soon?" "I am not cognizant of the movements of my Lady —," said the old lady very sharply, rapping her ebony stick violently on the floor; "but you are under a misapprehension. This is Osterley Park, and I am the Duchess of Cleveland." And then subsiding into her most gracious manner: "And now, whilst my carriage is getting ready to take you on to Lady —, I hope you will allow me to have the pleasure of giving you some tea."

A clergyman desirous of a living went to the Bishop of London and asked him for an introduction to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow:

The bishop said: "I should be willing to give it, but an introduction from me would defeat the very end you have in view." However, the clergyman persisted in his request, and the introduction was given. The lord chancellor received him with fury. "So that damned scoundrel the Bishop of London has given you an introduction; as it is he who has introduced you, you will certainly not get the living!" "Well, so the bishop said, my lord," replied the clergyman. "Did the bishop say so?" thundered Lord Thurlow; "then he's a damned liar, and I'll prove him so; you shall have the living." And the man got it.

At Arundel the guests were astonished by the butler coming in one day abruptly and saying to the duke: "May it please your grace, Lord Thurlow has laid an egg!"

It was one of the owls which existed at Arundel till the time of the present owner. Lord Thurlow's daughter, going round their cages in the wall, had stopped opposite one of them, and, looking at the blinking bird, said: "Why, he's just like papa." The bird was ever after called Lord Thurlow.

Lady Airlie told Mr. Hare that she had known Leigh Hunt very well when she was a child:

He had taken her into the garden, and talked to her, and asked her what she thought heaven would be like, and then he said: "I will tell you what I think it will be like: I think it will be like a most beautiful arbor all hung with creepers and flowers, and that one will be able to sit in it all day and read a most interesting novel."

Of her early acquaintance with Washington Irving, Mrs. Stewart said:

"It was at Havre. My guardian was consul there. People used to say: 'Where is Harriet gone?' and he answered: 'Oh, she is down at the end of the terrace, busy making Washington Irving believe he is God Almighty, and he is busy believing it.'"

One day in the street, Sir George Dasent passed a party of Germans abusing each other with most outrageous language, and he said: "Remember there are police here as well as in Germany." He said to Mr. Hare:

"When I went near St. Peter's Church, I was aware that one of the Germans was following me, and he came up and said: 'I am come to demand satisfaction.' 'Very well, you shall have satisfaction,' I said, and I beckoned a policeman from the other side of the street, who came across, saying: 'What can I do for you, sir?' for all the police knew me. So I said: 'You will just take this man up, and I will go with you and appear against him.' So we went on our way, the policeman, the German, and I. When we had gone some way, the policeman said: 'It's giving you a great deal of trouble, sir, isn't it, to go to the police station; couldn't we manage it here?' So I said: 'Yes, perhaps we may as well try him here. If he kneels down in the gutter in the mud and prays for forgiveness, we will let him off.' So I said in German: 'He (the policeman) says that if you kneel down in the gutter and beg for forgiveness, he will let you off.' 'May not I kneel on the pavement?' he said. 'No, that will not do; you must kneel in the mud, with your hands up so.' So down in the mud he went, and said: 'I am very sorry for what I have done, and we let him go.'

The Bishop of Lichfield's wife, Augusta, had many interesting reminiscences of Lord Beaconsfield:

One day, at luncheon, she offered him the mustard. "I never take mustard," he replied, in his sepulchral voice. "Oh, don't you?" she said, airily. "No," he continued, in solemnest tones; "there are three things I have never used: I have never touched mustard, I have never had a watch, and I have never made use of an umbrella." "Well," said Augusta, "I can understand the mustard—that is a mere matter of taste; but surely going without the other things must have been sometimes rather inconvenient." "And why should I want them?" continued Disraeli, more sepulchral than ever; "I live under the shadow of Big Ben, and there is a clock in every room of the House of Commons, so that I can not possibly require a watch; and, as I always go about in a close carriage, I can never want an umbrella." Disraeli was always full of these small affectations.

Mr. Knowles, of the *Nineteenth Century*, whose family was very intimate with the Tennysons, said to Mr. Hare:

After dinner, Tennyson will sit smoking his pipe by the chimney-corner. That is his great time for inspiration, but he will seldom write anything down. "Thousands of lines just float up this chimney," he said one day. Sometimes he will go into the drawing-room and recite something he has just composed. Some of these poems Mr. Knowles has written down. If asked to repeat them again, Tennyson can never do it in the same way—something is always altered or forgotten—so hundreds of his poems are lost. One day lately, when he was unusually melancholy, his nurse, whom he greatly likes (he always has a nurse now), took him to task, "Mr. Tennyson, you ought to be ashamed of your-

self for grumbling in this way; you ought to be expressing your gratitude for your recovery from your bad illness by giving us something—by giving it to the world." And he took her reproval very well, and went away to his own room, and in half an hour had written his lines "Crossing the Bar," which he gave to her.

While in Rome, Mr. Hare met the Storrs, Miss Hosmer, and many other Americans. Miss Hosmer told him a number of good stories:

An American came in one day with: "Have you heard this extraordinary news from England?" "No; what?" "Why, about the Archbishop of Canterbury." "No; what about him?" "Why, about his having refused to bury a waiter at the Langham Hotel." "No; what a proud contemptuous priest he must be; but what possible reason could he give for refusing to bury the waiter?" "Why, that he was not dead."

Here is another:

A young man—a very charming young man—was engaged to be married, and he went down from London for the wedding to the place where his bride lived, full of the brightest hopes and expectations, and in his pocket he carried the ring with which he was going to marry his love. But, alas! when he reached his destination, his love had changed her mind, thought better of it—would not marry him at all. So he came away very miserable, and he thought he would go and hide his sorrows in a little fishing-village, where he had often been in happier days; he really could not face the world yet. And as soon as he arrived at the village, he went out in a boat, and took the ring from his pocket, and threw it far out to sea. Next day a remarkably fine fish was brought to table, and when it was opened, what did you think they found? "Why, the ring," of course you will say, as I did. No, a fish-bone. A most provoking story!

George the Fourth, as Prince Regent, we learn, was very charming when he was not drunk, but he generally was:

He asked Curran to dinner one day to amuse him. Curran was up to it, and sat silent all through dinner. This irritated the prince, and at last, after dinner, when he had had a good deal too much, he filled a glass with wine and threw it in Curran's face, with: "Say something funny, can't you?" Curran, without moving a muscle, threw his own glass of wine in his neighbor's face, saying: "Pass his royal highness's joke."

Of the old Queen of Sweden this story is related:

She was furious at the appointment of Bernadotte, and would have nothing to do with him; at which people congratulated rather, because if she had seen him, they said, she would certainly have killed him. But at last she seemed to get tired of her estrangement, and she invited Bernadotte to a banquet. He was delighted—so glad to be friends; but as he was going to her palace, a paper was put into his hands inscribed—by whom he never knew—with the words: "If she offers you food or drink, as you value your life, refuse it." He arrived, and the queen was most affable, courteous and kindness itself. After dinner a cup of coffee was brought on a golden salver, and, with the most exquisite grace, the queen offered it to Bernadotte. He was just about to drink it when he remembered the warning, and he returned it to her, saying: "Après vous, madame." The queen turned deathly pale, looked him full in the face, and—drank it. Next day Stockholm was agitated with terrible news. The queen-dowager had died in the night.

We close our extracts with this anecdote told to Mr. Hare by William Waldorf Astor: "A man who was always late for everything, suddenly one day, when he was expecting a party to stay with him, rushed home after all his guests had arrived. On the stairs he met a man, with whom, to make up for lost time, he shook hands most warmly, saying: 'Oh, my dear fellow, I'm so glad to see you; do make yourself quite at home and enjoy yourself.' It was a burglar, very much surprised at his cordial reception, for he was carrying off all the valuables."

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price (two volumes), \$7.50.

## BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Love and Ambition in a Petty Kingdom.

It is not extravagant praise to say that "The Puppet Crown," by Harold MacGrath, is one of the finest romances of the year. Originality, force, and clever writing are its marked characteristics, the story it tells is full of interest from the beginning, and its figures are as real as the principalities in which they move. There is much of plot and intrigue, some passion that rarely descends to melodrama, and occasionally some good fighting. The stakes played for are worth the hazard of the game, and if the end has as much of disappointment as happiness for those who have gained the sympathy of the reader, it is none the less true to life.

The romance tells of a king who rules but weakly a kingdom that is half of new France and half of old Austria. It is really a duchy that in the end reverts to the Austrian crown, but for a dozen years it is the theatre of great ambitions. Leopold, the reigning monarch, is given the crown because he has so little force that no harm is probable from his course. His brother, the deposed ruler, is a plotter, and the ministers willingly aid him in his efforts to regain the throne. An English diplomat of vast wealth, his son, and an adventurous young American, are more forceful characters. A beautiful princess, and a proud and scheming woman who hopes to reign when Leopold and his brother have destroyed each other, are the prizes that seem to the young Englishman and the younger American better worth battling for than the honors of a puppet crown.

With the story of the struggle that wears out four of these participants is interwoven many threads of romantic adventure. It is told with directness and skill. Heralded as a first book, its show of strength in wealth of incident and quickly succeeding dramatic situations is distinctly notable. It is much more than an echo of earlier tales of modern life among the restraints of feudal systems.

Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; price, \$1.50.

## Short Stories by John Luther Long.

There are eight stories in the volume by John Luther Long which bears the title of the first in the collection—"The Prince of Illusion"—and all are in the author's characteristic style. The dramatic and emotional possibilities of the situations developed are never slighted, yet they are seldom overworked, and in his simple, direct manner there are charms that make amends for his evident preference for shadows and sorrow. "Madame Butterfly" will be recalled by many of the readers of this book, though not for any parallel experiences, or for Oriental suggestions—except in one of the stories—but for the unusual, primitive natures which he chooses to describe, and the touches of pathos that are so deftly given, as in the author's earlier work.

The story that gives its name to the volume is of a little boy who was born blind and crippled, and whose term of life is hardly to be extended beyond his childhood. His mother makes him believe he is a prince, as some slight compensation for the burden of suffering and discontent she can not lift from his shoulders. It is a delicate piece of work, with few false notes. "Dolce" is an attractive love story; "Ein Nix-Nutz," another sketch of childhood's sorrows; "The Honorable Christmas Gift of Yoshida Aramidzu," a Japanese story of pleasing qualities; and there are four more that none of Mr. Long's admirers will pass unheeded.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

## With the Cuticle.

L. O. Howard, Ph. D., of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has furnished a volume on a timely topic under the comprehensive title, "Mosquitoes: How They Live; How They Carry Disease; How They Are Classified; How They May Be Destroyed." The book is handsomely printed and adequately illustrated with engravings from microscopic enlargements. It is scientific, yet there is no repelling abundance of technical terms in its pages. There need be little hesitation in accepting the work as a reliable presentation of the facts about the mischievous and often dangerous insects, and it could hardly be better suited to the popular taste for natural science. Much good might result from a general knowledge of the descriptions and directions so carefully set down. The observations of investigators at the universities and under government auspices in different countries are referred to throughout the work, yet the author has achieved important results in his own studies and experiments, and the summing up is done with authority. Malaria and mosquitoes, yellow fever and mosquitoes, and remedies against mosquitoes, are especially valuable topics discussed at length, while the drawings and plain instructions for recognition and classification are full of interest.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Golf players will be interested in a portfolio of pictures by F. T. Richards about to be published by R. H. Russell, under the title of "The Royal Game of Golf." The portfolio will contain hand-colored prints of single figures in old-time costume, making

a unique pictorial history of the royal and ancient game.

Dr. Thomas Dunn English, the author of "Ben Bolt," and former congressman from Essex County, N. J., celebrated his eighty-second birthday at his home in Newark a few days ago and received many visitors. His health is good, but he is almost totally blind.

About twenty thousand copies of "David Harum" have been sold in England, Australia, and other British colonies. The Australian demand for it has been remarkable.

Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner, the daughter of the late Richard H. Dana, Jr., who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast," has written a novel entitled "Heart and Soul," which will be brought out soon. Mrs. Skinner's "Espiritu Santo" is still in favor with readers.

The book on "Famous New York Families," by Margherita Arlina Hamm, will be lavishly illustrated with reproductions of family portraits, many of which the owners have not hitherto allowed to be copied.

Sophia H. MacLehose has prepared a work on Marie Antoinette which the Macmillan Company has in preparation. Miss MacLehose, who is already known through her "Tales from Spenser," has had her forthcoming work illustrated from rare pictures and prints.

At the one hundred and ninety-ninth commencement of Yale University, held June 26th, the honorary degree of master of arts was conferred on Theodore L. De Vinne, the master printer and man of letters.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke will publish in the autumn a new volume entitled "The Ruling Passion." He is quoted as having recently described it as "fiction pure and simple, out of door stories, plain humanity in action on nature's stage."

The career traced by Isaac R. Pennypacker in his "General Meade," a new volume in the Great Commanders Series, is one of singular consequence, including as it did the experiences of the Mexican War, and service as brigade commander in 1861, the vicissitudes of the Peninsular campaign, and the arduous responsibilities of division commander at Antietam, corps commander at Fredericksburg, and the command of the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg and afterward. The basis of this biography has been found in the official records of the Union and Confederate armies. A forcible argument is presented to show that General Meade was underrated by the commander-in-chief, and that he was entitled to the promotion given to another.

It appears that Sir Walter Besant left behind him an autobiography which was finished before the close of last year, and is now in the hands of Mr. Watt, who was the author's agent and is now one of his executors.

George Brandes's elaborate critical undertaking, "Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature," will be completed in six large volumes. The first is devoted to "The Emigrant Literature" of France; the others will treat of "The Romantic School," "The Reaction in France," "Naturalism in England," "The Romantic School in France," and "Young Germany."

Mrs. Burton Harrison's new novel, "A Princess of the Hills," is not a romance of New York society or of colonial life, but a story of an American tourist in the grand solitudes of the Bavarian Alps.

William A. Mowry's work, entitled "Marcus Whitman and the Early Days of Oregon," adheres closely to documentary evidence, and gives a romantic description of Dr. Whitman's ride on horseback across the continent in the winter of 1842-43, three thousand miles to Washington, where "he stood amid the halls of State, in tattered garments fringed by storms, and told how he had ridden with fate and borne an empire in his arms."

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has completed a new drama with an essentially new plot, and E. F. Benson, following the example of numerous novelists, is writing a play.

An interesting study of flowers from an artistic point of view is being published by Charles Scribner's Sons under the title "Decorative Flower Studies." The artist-author, J. Foord, has chosen only the well-known flowers for his bouquet, and has pictured them as nature made them, not ignoring the defects.

The novelist-poet, Dr. George MacDonald, with his wife recently celebrated at Haslemere, in Surrey, England, their golden wedding.

"Who Lies?" written by Emil Blum and S. B. Alexander, is published by Mrs. Nancy B. Irving, of Chicago, who offers one thousand dollars to a man who will stick to the unvarnished truth for one month. The book takes up the physician, merchant, banker, professor, lawyer, politician, editor, even the preacher, and proves that one and all are forced to lie in their daily work for a living.

"Maxwell Gray," the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," has recently finished a new novel, "Four-Leaved Clover." It will be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co.

## LITERARY PRETENSE.

## Have We Read Half the Books We Quote?

If all of us who in these latter days have acquired some repute of knowledge of literature were to be tried before a jury of real experts, it is to be feared (says Guy Carleton Lee in the *Baltimore Sun*) that the vast majority of us would win this sentence: "Guilty of having gained a reputation under false pretenses." Let us be candid with ourselves, since the confidence need go no further. Have we really made ourselves familiar with English masterpieces? It were damning to confess ignorance of Chaucer, for example; let all who have read the "Canterbury Tales," to take but a portion of his works, mentally hold up their hands. The resulting show might not carry an election in the smallest election precinct.

Perhaps we have taken an unfair test. Chaucer is difficult reading to any but the scholar, and the quaint old words are apt to interfere with any pleasure in the reading. Let us return, then, to writers of a later date, whose language holds no obscurity of form. How many of us have read "The Faery Queen" from beginning to end? Perhaps some few, to whom literature is a profession, not a recreation; but of the rest of us who so glibly discuss Edmund Spenser and his influence upon poetry, and who talk learnedly of the Spenserian stanza, the vast majority are utter strangers to the works of the poet they praise.

The early dramatists, again. Most of us are vaguely aware that Marlowe wrote plays called "The Jew of Malta" and "Tamburlaine," and a dramatic poem entitled "Doctor Faustus"; but our knowledge of him stops there. Massinger, because of the occasional presentation on the stage of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," is more familiar to us; but our acquaintance with him is strictly limited to that one work. Beaumont and Fletcher are by name "familiar in the mouth as household words," but some of us would be sorely puzzled to quote a line written by these old collaborators. Ben Jonson we know by his epitaph; but by his works we know him not. Shakespeare—ah, there we are safe; all of us have read him. Have we so? Along comes some villainous prier-into-secret-places and questions us of our knowledge of the "Sonnets"; and straightway we wish that we were dead or that Shakespeare had never been born to write twaddle that is called literature.

Dryden, again. He is sometimes talked of nowadays; is he ever read? And the dramatists of the Restoration—Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh? And—to retrace our steps for the moment—Sidney and Harvey and Rochester and Herrick—oh, yes, we all know the quotation from the latter concerning the little feet which stole in and out; but, singular as it may appear, these lines were not the sole production of Herrick.

Pass on. Is Pope ever read nowadays? Who of us can ever give a list of his principal poems? It would be a good wager that ninety-nine out of a hundred among us, being asked to do this, would promptly exclaim: "The Essay on Man," and then continue: "Er—and—'The Rape of the Lock,' you know—and—h'm—oh, well, and all the rest."

Cowper—didn't he write something about a sofa? Southey? Oh, yes, he wrote "How the Water Comes Down at Lodore," and—and other things. Richardson? Addison? Steele? We seem to know these names—we are before our jury of experts now—but we can not recall their writings for the moment. Swift? Oh, he wrote "Gulliver's Travels"; we read that when we were young; yes, we have entirely forgotten it, and recall no political satire in it. We know that Fielding and Smollett were very coarse writers; we do not remember any other characteristics. Ever read them? No, but we have read of them.

But, the attorney for the defense may urge, these are not names of giants; knowledge of their works is not indispensable. Waiving this point, the prosecuting attorney sternly demands if we have never claimed acquaintance with these men, if we have never referred to them with an air of easy nonchalance calculated—and intended—to impress our auditory with the fact that we were profoundly versed in their works. How many of us pretenders can honestly answer "No"?

"Now," says the prosecuting attorney, "I have but one more question to ask you. You have often sneered at Byron's out of date and monotonous; have you ever read 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' or that magnificent dramatic poem, 'Cain'?" And we answer desperately: "No; Byron is no poet; he is not literature; it would be waste of valuable time to read his stuff."

And then the attorney for the defense, in despair at our admissions, yet still fighting his case, asks us to name the works with which we are familiar, that we may show that our reputation is deserved. Sure of our ground, we go trippingly on with a list of the "Tribles," the "Ladies of Quality," the "Richard Carvels," the—but here our attorney hastily bids us leave the stand, and submits the case without argument.

Is the picture overdrawn? We fear not.

Sir Edwin Arnold is now quite blind, and there seems to be little reason to hope that he will regain his sight. His general health, also, leaves much to be desired.

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The three periodicals quoted are without doubt the first critical authorities in their respective localities. It should be worth YOUR while to get acquainted with the magazine of which they speak in such terms.

Upon request, we will enter the name of any reader of the ARGONAUT on our subscription list, and will remove it again at the end of three months, if so requested at that time, making no charge for the copies sent. If "cancel order" is not received at the end of three months, we shall expect remittance of the subscription price—one dollar per year.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## More Good Stories of Alaska.

Even if it may not be said that Jack London reaches even greater excellence in his second volume of stories of the North—"The God of His Fathers"—it is certain that he holds with ease the high place he attained with his first book. This latest collection includes eleven stories, all of which have been seen in the pages of the magazines. They are not of even quality, but the least impressive among them has the London touch, which is a good thing in itself. Not all of his figures are real. Some of them are shadows of characters we have met before in novels of the West, but they move in new scenes and they seldom quote old phrases. "The Grit of Women," "Where the Trail Forks," and "The Scorn of Women" are not reminiscent. They are vigorous, clear-cut tales of unconventional people who struggle with primeval passions. Adventures are told in of these that bring the white, cold silence close; they are real, even if they are fiction. In "Jan, the Unrepentant," there is a grim humor that but rarely shows in the young author's work. His force, his knowledge of the salient traits of the figures in the field which he has made his own, his instinctive appreciation of romantic values—these are the commendable qualities of his work.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Adventures in West Africa.

The unusual experiences of a woman in a country but yet little known, and at a time of war and thrilling dangers, are well told in Lady Hodgson's volume, "The Siege of Kumassi." Sir Frederic Hodgson was governor of the Gold Coast at the time of the siege, and Lady Hodgson was the first Englishwoman to enter the West African town that afterward became famous. The author's journey from the coast to Ashanti was made early in 1900, and her description of the trip is circumstantial yet full of interest. Native characteristics and customs were observed with care, and her pictures of unfamiliar scenes are sketched with a sure hand. The gathering of the storm and its sudden outbreak in the rebellion of the natives is depicted with impressiveness, and the scenes of the siege are vividly presented. At the end of the history of that eventful period there is a spirited presentation of the few attractions in social life on the Gold Coast, and some cheerful reminiscences. The engravings are not numerous, but they are illuminating, and the book is a handsome piece of work from the publisher's point of view. The index is full, and there are two folded maps.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$4.00.

## Some New and Notable Novels.

Five novels of more than ordinary art come bearing the imprint of a single publishing house. "Good Red Earth," by Eden Phillpotts, would have attention for the recommendation of this author's work held in his earlier books, "Lying Prophets" and "Children of the Mist," but it has a force and value of its own. It is a story of the West of England, with some notable character-drawing and a love-interest developed naturally. "A King's Pawn," by Hamilton Drummond, is a dashing story of Spain and France in the days of Henry the Fourth. "Masters of Men," by Morgan Robertson, is the first novel by this popular author of sea stories, but it is well sustained and as exciting and romantic as any of the shorter tales that have preceded it. "The Lion's Brood," by Duffield Osborne, is a romance of the days of Hannibal. The Carthaginian and Roman leaders live again in its pages, and the far-off time is brought freshly before the reader. "Joscelyn Cheshire," by Sara Beaumont Kennedy, is a story of the Revolution, with its scenes in the Carolinas. It will bear well comparison with the best of the historical novels of the day.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 each.

## New Publications.

"Anton's Angels," by Anita Truema, is a somewhat labored romance of childhood and youth, with its scenes and interests divided between America and Europe. Published by the Alliance Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Way of the Gods," by Aquila Kempster, is a volume of stories and sketches of India, and though they contain many suggestions of earlier books from other pens, they are not imitations. Published by Quail & Warner, New York; price, \$1.00.

Another volume of personal experiences in South Africa comes with the title, "The Great War Trek." It is written by James Barnes, who was an American war-correspondent with the British army in the Transvaal. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A practical guide for amateur sportswomen has been prepared by J. Farmlly Paret, and is brought out under the title "The Woman's Book of Sports." Physical development and outdoor recreation are the ends it aims to serve, and it tells of golf, lawn-tennis, sailing, swimming, bicycling, basket-ball, and their allied interests, and also explains the leading sports of men from the woman's point of view. It is none

the less an interesting volume, for all its seriousness of intention. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Of making cook-books there surely is no end, yet each new effort meets with wide appreciation. "How to Cook for the Sick and Convalescent," by Helena V. Sachse, promises well and should meet a real need. Its arrangement is all that might be desired. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

A Southern story of interest and no little power is offered in "When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads," by Payne Erskine. Its heroine is a Northern girl, and it has a poetic romance, but its sketches of negro character and discussions of the race problems are its most distinctive features. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

In the International Handbooks to the New Testament Series the latest volume is "The Epistles to the Hebrews, Colossians, Ephesians, and Philimon, the Pastoral Epistles, the Epistles of James, Peter, and Jude, together with a Sketch of the Canon of the New Testament," by Orello Cone, D. D. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

Eighteen months spent in China in travel, diplomacy, and fighting, gave Clive Bigham, an attaché of Her British Majesty's Legation in Peking, the experiences described in "A Year in China, 1899-1900." The volume is soberly written, from a comprehensive view and exact knowledge. Its worth is emphasized by forty fine illustrations and four maps. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.50.

Georges Ohnet, whose novel, "The Ironmaster," has had many American readers and in its dramatic form is familiar to play-goers, has had his latest work, "In Deep Abyss," translated from the French by Fred Rothwell, and the book possesses many elements of distinction. It is a story of wrongs suffered through a legal error, with its scenes laid in Paris, London, and San Francisco. Its characters are well drawn, and the action is continuous. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.20.

Nearly two hundred specimens of the rhyming facility of the late Eugene Field have been rescued from the columns of the Denver newspaper on which he was employed twenty years ago, and they are now offered in a volume entitled, "A Little Book of Tribune Verse." Those who treasure "Little Boy Blue" and "A Lyttel Boy" will welcome this collection, even though its contents were written with little thought of their winning permanent regard. Published by Tandy, Wheeler & Co., Denver, Colo.; price, \$1.50.

Language work in the public schools has not been wholly satisfactory. Valuable aids to progress in a better way is offered in "Foundations in English," by O. I. Woodley and M. S. Woodley. Book I. is prepared for pupils of the intermediate grades, and it offers some suggestive work in conversation lessons and expression, with many good examples (40 cents). Book II. continues the method on the spiral plan, and its practical value may be demonstrated easily (50 cents). Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

## Ned Townsend's New Book.

Ned Townsend seems to have made quite a hit with his new novel, "Days Like These." In it he gives pictures of New York on all its sides—both the "society" side of up-town and the life of the slums as well. Townsend has made a careful study of his New York, and is very well equipped for spitting it upon the point of his pen. He is familiar with the up-town and club life of New York, and with Wall Street as well, while he has found useful the studies he made of the slums for his novel, "A Daughter of the Tenements." He has not yet repeated the hit he made with "Chimmie Fadden," but some day he may do so. When "Chimmie Fadden" first captured New York, the remarkable slang which Townsend put into his hero's mouth was heard on every hand. Even the semi-profané "What tell" you heard from rosy lips as well as from mouths bearded like the pard. When "Chimmie Fadden" was booming, Townsend was frequently addressed humorously by his friends as "Chimmie." A New York newspaperman tells this anecdote:

"I once was at a dinner-party in New York when 'Chimmie Fadden' was at the height of its vogue. Now, New York's good form is modeled on London's good form, and it is not good form in London to be bright, witty, and conversational at table. On the contrary, it is bad form and very American. The deadly dull level of mediocrity which characterizes the conversation at London dinner-tables is imitated in New York. It is very easy to imitate. Dull men outnumber witty men by a hundred to one. Therefore they take refuge in silence and commonplaces to cover their mental nudity. Ned Townsend was among the guests who were gathering for this New York dinner-party. Among the latest to arrive there entered one who was the very type of the New York middle-aged swell. I will call him Mr. Stuyvesant. He was a member of one of the oldest Knickerbocker families, but, like many old New York families, his had become poor, and he had repaired its damaged fortunes by marrying the vulgar widow of a rich soap-boiler. He was heartily ashamed of his frowsy spouse, and there-

fore went everywhere without her. He accepted invitations to dinner-parties where she would not be welcome, and he took jolly little yachting-parties, cruising on the yacht paid for by her money, and left her at home. In short, he was the typical New York middle-aged swell—the pink of fashion, precise in utterance, cold, dull, selfish, and narrow. He was clever enough to know that he was not clever, and he objected to men who were. And with it all he possessed a certain pompous manner, which he utilized in snubbing men much brighter than he. Ned Townsend was rattling along in his merry fashion, when some well-meaning person said: 'Oh, Mr. Stuyvesant, have you met Mr. Townsend? Chimmie Fadden, you know.' Townsend turned and held out his hand, saying cordially: 'Glad to meet you, Mr. Stuyvesant.' Mr. Stuyvesant extended two fingers, saying stiffly: 'Ah, delighted, I am sure—ah—Mr.—er—Fadden.' And during the rest of the evening, with punctilious politeness, he addressed poor Townsend as 'Mr. Fadden.' The effect upon that merry person was exactly the same as that of a snuffers upon a candle."

If the New York newspaperman's report of the dinner incident be correct, Ned Townsend must have changed a good deal since his old Bohemian Club days, when he was very quick at repartee.

## LATE VERSE

## In Angel Court.

In Angel Court the sunless air  
Grows faint and sick; to left and right  
The cowering houses shrink from sight,  
Huddling and hopeless, eyeless, bare.

Misnamed, you say. For surely rare  
Must be the angel shapes that light  
In Angel Court!

Nay: the Eternities are there.  
Death by the doorway stands to smite;  
Life in its garrets leaps to light:  
And Love has climbed the crumbling stair  
In Angel Court!  
—Austin Dobson in *The May Book*.

## Instruments.

To-day we are the fruits of Yesterday  
And what To-morrow shall of us demand—  
The helpless tools within the Master's hand  
To do His will and never say Him nay.  
He blends our souls with iron, fire, or clay,  
He shapes our doom according as He planned  
The scheme of life, and who shall understand  
The why He gives or why He takes away?  
Somewhere the universal loom shall catch  
These broken, flying threads like thee and me,  
And, twined with other broken threads to match,  
As back and forth the year's swift shuttles flee,  
So weave them all together one by one,  
Till lo! the foisted wool is brighter than the sun.  
—Charles Hamilton Musgrove in *Collier's Weekly*.

## Sonnet of Revolt.

Life—what is Life? To do, without avail,  
The decent ordered tasks of every day;  
Talk with the sober: join the solemn play;  
Tell for the hundredth time the self-same tale  
Told by our grandfathers in the self-same vale  
Where the sun sets with even, level ray,  
And nights, eternally the same, make way  
For hueless dawns, intolerably pale.

Aod this is Life? Nay, I would rather see  
The man who sells his soul in some wild cause:  
The fool who spurns, for momentary bliss,  
All that he was and all he thought to be:  
The rebel stark against his country's laws:  
God's own mad lover, dying on a kiss.  
—W. L. Courtney in *Fortnightly Review*.

## Euthanasia.

Let me not die in a room, shut out from the glory of  
Nature,  
Proove on a feverish couch and girt with horrible  
curtains!  
But when I go, may I die in the depths of shadowy  
woodlands,  
Far away under the leaves that whisper a threnody  
o'er me!  
Looking my last on the Suo, setting blood-red far  
o'er the mountains,  
Flushing the sea with his flame as he sinks to sleep  
in the distance!  
Then as the winds of the night uprise from mystical  
slumber,  
Singing a song of the old days, bringing me rest in  
the twilight,  
Oh! in a dream may I pass to the shore where  
spirits await me.  
Carrying there from the earth a picture never to  
vanish!  
This is the death that I crave, to pass on the wings  
of the night wind,  
Far away over the stars to the land of Infinite  
Silence.—F. B. Douvion in *The Academy*.

William James Stillman, author and journalist, died after a protracted illness at his home in Surrey, England, on Saturday, July 6th. Mr. Stillman was born June 1, 1828, in Schenectady, N. Y. He was educated at Union College, and, after his graduation, founded and edited the *Crayon*, a New York journal. In 1861 he was appointed United States consul at Rome, and four years later was transferred to a similar post in Canea, Crete. From that date his attention was largely occupied with literature and journalism. In 1884 he became the Rome correspondent of the *London Times*. His last work, "An Autobiography of a Journalist," in two volumes, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has been reviewed at length in the *Argonaut*.



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The original edition of Jerome Hart's "Argonaut Letters" having been all sold out, the publishers have succeeded in preparing a limited number of supplemental copies. This was made possible by reason of a few extra quires having been run off before the type-forms were distributed. Taking these unbound sheets, the half-tone plates were reprinted on extra-heavy coated paper, thus making up a small number of specially fine copies, which have been bound with extra care. The binders have experimented with stamping the cover design on leather, both morocco and calf, with excellent results. The effect on morocco is particularly rich, and the book bound in full oze calf, red or green, full gilt, with side stamp in gold and color, makes a superb volume.

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Ooe thing is certain—that the "rights" of the American citizen are very unevenly distributed. They seem to have been accorded with lavish generosity to the man with bad manners, while the man with good manners has comparatively none at all. It is the "right" of the former individual to talk persistently and uninterruptedly during a theatrical performance, to thrust his views on people who do not want them, to parade his unmitigated ignorance with the clashing of cymbals and the ringing of bells, yet it is obviously oot the right of the better-bred unfortunate to ask him to desist.

I do not know of any European theatre where this sort of thing would be tolerated. In France or in Germany one would not dare to converse during a performance—there is a threat in the very atmosphere toward any disturbing element. In this country, with all of our boasted equality, we are farther apart in manners than where class distinctions are avowed. We are overbred or underbred. The foreign aristocrat shakes his fist at the plebeian who disturbs him, and feels none the less a gentleman; on the other hand, the plebeian has an hereditary sense of the fitness of things, and rarely exhibits the disposition to disturb. This low-class bawling out of ignorance, with which we are all so familiar, is peculiarly American in character. It seems to be so inalienable right of the underbred American citizen; his overbred neighbor has nothing whatever to say about it; all that he may do is to sit in silence, sublimely martyr-like, and stand it.

During the performance of "Secret Service," the other evening, it was my misfortune to sit in front of a very loquacious party—moreover, they were very knowing, very *blat*; theatrical erudition weighed heavily upon them; they had seen everything last year and this year and anticipated everything for ooe year. They knew Mary Van Buren when they passed her on the street, and Frawley—well, as everybody knew, "Tim" was a good fellow in private life, but he wasn't much of an actor. Edward Morgan was a cheap imitation of Henry Miller, and Pearl Landers a bogus Hope Ross. These brilliant generalities formed the prologue of their remarks. They were not very harmful and might have been forgiven had they spared us further details, but they didn't. Each and every one of them had seen the play before and seemed determined that the rest of us should realize that fact. The verdict was rendered before the curtain went up at all that Gillette's performance was superior to anything that Frawley might present; then they proceeded to unravel the plot. During the first act they told us the second, during the second the third, and during the third the fourth, while during the fourth act they put on their hats and cloaks and discussed the "largeness" of the audience. The information that they volunteered was not intended for each other for all were equally wise. We could form no other conclusion than that it was simply meat for us—poor "us," whom fate had happened to locate within the sound of their voices. We were expected to shrivel up and blow away undoubtedly under the blast of their superiority—we, who had not seen Gillette; we, who could not anticipate every situation; we, who had come in our simplicity to look, to be surprised, and to enjoy. Of course they had no way of knowing that we were not as enlightened as they. It was not at all improbable that we, too, had seen Gillette and could make our own comparisons; it was not without the range of possibility that we, too, knew Mary Van Buren when we passed her on the street; that the news of Frawley's good-fellowship had drifted our way as well as theirs; but such a depth of logic is not to be expected from a dressed-up American plebeian who is endeavoring to "show off."

As far as I was concerned, however, they were right. I had oot seen Gillette, I had never beheld Mary Vao Buren on the stage or off, and never a word had reached me concerning the good-fellowship of Mr. Frawley. It would not require a very lofty flight of fancy to endow Mr. Frawley with qualities of this nature, yet under the circumstances I am justified in downing the supposition. The knowing people behind me pronounced Mr. Frawley a good fellow but a bad actor. As he proved himself on this occasion a very good actor, it is oot illogical to deduct that he is a very bad fellow. Is it any wonder that under the circumstances my memories of "Secret Service" are not as delightful as might have been? The play itself was something of a disappointment. I had never seen it before, having been out of reach of American drama at the time of its presentation. With such eulogium as "the best American drama" ringing in ooe's ears, ooe naturally

expects a great deal, and it is not improbable that I expected too much. A young man was relating to me the other day his first serious disappointment. He said it was seeing Booth when he, the young man, was only seven years old. His parents, who were Booth enthusiasts, had filled the boy with the rapture of anticipation. His expectations were raised to heights that nothing human could attain. When he found Booth only a man not unlike his own father, his confidence in human greatness was destroyed for years. People are not uncommon to whom traveling presents a series of disappointments. To a lady of my acquaintance the Eiffel Tower was not at all high, the Louvre was not spacious, the Rhine was not romantic, St. Peter's was not imposing. Perhaps my judgment of "Secret Service" is this sort of a judgment. The play may be, and is, in all probability, deserving of its reputation.

Added to the disappointment resulting from over-anticipation, I confess to an inherent indifference to military plays and a positive abhorrence of melodrama. Should all the melodramas on earth be buried at the bottom of the sea, I, for one, should waste no tears in lamenting them. The people wait them, you will say, which is most deplorably correct—the people always will want them as long as they know of nothing else. "Capacity for the nobler feeling," says John Stuart Mill, "is, in most natures, a very tender plant, easily killed, not only by hostile influences, but by mere want of sustenance." Yellow journalism affects the same argument—"the people want it"—and to this idea is systematically sacrificed the talent of a nation. It is nothing less than sinful that certain writers that I know of should waste their time and talent in the low work of the daily papers; it is equally sinful that many of the actors whose aspirations are legitimate, whose aims are exalted, are compelled for their daily bread to cater to the yellow taste of the public. I am not a reformer, and I know not what remedy to suggest. I only know that something is wrong. The stage and the press, that in other countries are recognized as marked educational influences, are with us the polluters of talent and the perverters of taste. With all of our little red school-houses, we have yet something to learn—we free-born American citizens.

"Secret Service" brought to my mind an oft-repeated statement of Théophile Gautier's—that the skeleton of every good play is a pantomime. There is no denying it that Mr. Gillette's play has a very good skeleton. It could probably be acted through without a word and yet be entirely comprehensible. I don't think I ever saw a play wherein there were so few words. How Charles Lamb would have hated it! "The plot, damn the plot!" he used to say, with *naïf* vigor. The finish, the wit, the poetry of a play were all that interested him—one must not forget, however, that he was an unsuccessful dramatist. I do not understand why the part of Arrelsford, the Confederate spy in "Secret Service," is made so contemptible. Was he not quite as honorable as the Union spy? Was he not acting through patriotic motives? It astonished me in the end when he was rebuked and humiliated by the Confederate general. I imagine that Edward Morgan, who acts this part, hates it with all his soul. Morgan impresses me as the genuine thing—an artist—as a man who would be an artist under any circumstances whatever, whether before the footlights or in some prosier avocation. His charm is "temperament," the sort of thing that can never be acquired and that can never be destroyed. There are times when he speaks indistinctly, times when his acting is not absolutely satisfactory, yet, through all and in spite of all, he is never for one moment uninteresting.

It was George Henry Lewes, I think, who said that an artist must be judged by his excellences and not by his faults; that we measure a beam by its weakest parts, a man by his strongest. With this formula in mind, Edward Morgan will stand the test. Whatever his faults may be, his excellences are sufficient to rate him unquestionably an artist. It is quite the fashion to declare that he imitates Henry Miller, but I do not see why he should. Morgan's own personality is more striking than Miller's. Morgan is essentially subjective while Miller has a pronounced tendency toward objectivity. I receive an impression from Morgao of vast reserve force, of immeasurable vistas beyond what he actually reveals, while Miller seems to act up to the limit. I did not see Miller's Sydney Carton, but I saw Morgan's and am quite content. Whether it were an imitation or not it was a very artistic performance that I shall not soon forget.

Frawley, in Gillette's part, is surprisingly satisfactory. It is the universal verdict that he has found a part to fit him. Mary Van Buren, as everybody knows, is exceedingly pretty and is never inharmonious. Her part does not require any great acting. The most that Gillette has asked of her is to seem a woman that men might fight for, and in this respect she succeeds admirably. Pearl Landers looks very fetching in her great-grandmother's gown, but is horribly affected. In real life a girl of that sort would be an unmitigated bore.

GENEVIEVE GREEN HAMILTON.

—DID IT EVER STRIKE YOU THAT YOU CAN buy Jesse Moore Whisky for the same price that is paid for just ordinary whisky?

"Sapho" in London.

Until two weeks ago, "Sapho" had not been seen on the stage in England. Mme. Réjane has just produced it at the Coronet Theatre in London, and it was received with no special marks of favor. "The play is much less workman-like, less artistic, and, one must add, less interesting than the novel," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "It is practically a selection of scenes from it designed for family reading. But, despite the emasculation, it provides Mme. Réjane with several great scenes. She has furious moments in which the woman before you is really furious, caressing moments in which she is really caressing, more physically and less spiritually than Signora Duse's hysterical, beaten-to-earth moments in which one's whole heart goes out to her. One would like to pick her up, comfort her, kiss her, if need be, and explain it to the wife afterward. Mme. Réjane is a great artist, but this piece does not play up to her. Scene after scene, it leaves her uninspired. As a rule, it denies her straw, but when she can lay hold of a single wisp, she makes her bricks gloriously. These good passages amount in all to about half an hour. Yet so fine are they that they make it well worth one's while to see them. And as Mme. Réjane is supported by an excellent company, half an hour is by no means the limit of the time during which one enjoys one's self."

Laureled.

Back from the strenuous wars he comes to me.

He is my son, grown brow, with strange scarred hands;

The months of blood and death in alien laods

Are in his face; his boyish will to be

Is fourfold won. I glow and weep to see

The trodden meadow blackened with the bands

Of bearded, marching men whom he commands.

With being re-arranged he comes to me.

I, small beside him, try to utter prayers;

I, honored for the laurels that he wears!

God knows, God knows I stand with empty hands,

And lonesome heart no need of praises warms.

I crush the laurel branch. Oh, God, I miss

The soft-mouthed baby I cao never kiss!

—Zona Gale in the Bookman.

In a recent issue of *Longman's Magazine*, Andrew Lang thus complains of this hurrying age:

"Our condition of gregariousness and futile hurry is the real bane of literature, which needs leisure both in the producer and the consumer. Moreover, the increase in the number of readers has begotten a class of prioted trash adapted to the needs of those who can read, but have oo converse with great ideas or distinguished expression; no knowledge at all of anything but the present. The trash being handy and omnipresent, we all read it. The educated are like the Japanese suddenly brought acquainted with modernism. Their old leisurely art, their old aesthetic instincts die in preesence of Brummagem. I feel sure that a few cargoes of Paris ornaments would have swamped the art of Greece. It is human nature. The Florentines want, it is said, to pull down the Ponte Vecchio, and have a broad new bridge, with a tramway. In the same way one buys Dante's 'Inferno' in the Temple Edition. There is a prose version in English, the type is good, the book lighter in the hand than a cheap magazine. Nothing could be better. But does one read Dante in a train? Alas! I fear ooe reads a silly sensational story, and where is culture? One might be studying the Florentine; one is perusing Captain Kettle, and a very entertaining sixpence-worth the captain provides. Is it not so,

'Hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère?'

We are all miserable sinners, intellectually ruined by the fruits of popular education."

The Tavern of Tamalpais, just under the summit of the mountain, which rises 2,592 feet above the level of the sea, is an excellent destination point for those desirous of enjoying a pleasant day's outing. The trip through Mill Valley on the Scenic Railway is luxurious, ioexpoeive, and enchanting.

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Third Big Week, Monday, July 15th. The Glittering Midsummer Show.

—BABES IN THE WOOD—

By Ferris Hartman. Announcement Extraordinary.  
Grand Opera Season—Monday, July 29th.  
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone Bush 9.

## COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Fourth and Last Week Begins Next Monday. Charles Frohman's Great Production, by Arrangement with David Belasco.

—UNDER TWO FLAGS—

Paul M. Potter's Drama Founded on Ouida's Novel, With Blanche Bates as Cigarette. Last Time, Saturday Night, July 20th.

July 22d—Chauncey Olcott in "Garret O'Magh."

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinées To-Day and To-Morrow. Last Two Nights of "Secret Service."

Beginning Monday Evening Next, T. Daniel Frawley Will Present Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton's Great Melodrama.

—THE WHITE HEATHER—

First Production of the Play in This City. A Great Cast, Including Every Member of the Frawley Company. Popular Prices—20c, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Good Orchestra Seat, All Matinées, 25c. Branch Ticket-Office, Emporium.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## "White Heather" at the Grand Opera House.

The last four performances of "Secret Service," by the Frawley Company, will be given at the Grand Opera House to-day (Saturday) and to-morrow. William Gillette's famous military play has been attracting large houses throughout the week. The next production of the Frawley engagement will be that of "The White Heather," by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, one of the celebrated Drury Lane melodramas, which will be put on next Monday night, for one week only. The play has never been seen in San Francisco. It will be one of the most elaborate scenic productions ever attempted by Mr. Frawley, which is saying a great deal when his mounting of "The Great Ruby" is remembered. In "The White Heather," Mary Van Buren has a rôle similar to that played by her in "The Sporting Duchess"—that of Lady Janet McClintock, a jolly, rollicking aristocrat, with much good sense and a ready sympathy, who comes to the aid of the heroine in time of need. Harrington Reynolds will appear, for the first time this season, as a polished villain, a line of work in which he has gained no little fame. E. J. Morgan will play a young countryman, who gives his life for the woman he loves. John Mason will have the leading male rôle. Katherine Grey will be the heroine, and Theodore Roberts will be seen in a striking character part. Among the scenic features of the piece will be a fight at the bottom of the sea.

## Fourth Week of Blanche Bates as Cigarette.

There is no sign of lessening interest in Charles Frohman's production of Ouida's "Under Two Flags" at the Columbia Theatre, and Blanche Bates's engagement promises to be the record event of all times. At no period in local theatricals has a production been known to fill a theatre to its capacity for four weeks in the summer time, as in the present case. The play will enter upon its fourth and last week next Monday night, and already the sale of seats indicates a remarkable patronage up to the close of the engagement on Saturday night, July 20th. Miss Bates's portrayal of the rôle of Cigarette is a magnetic one, and a warm reception is tendered her at each performance. The final matinee of "Under Two Flags" will take place next Saturday.

Following the present engagement, on the evening of Monday, July 22d, comes the Irish comedian, Chauncey Olcott, in his latest success, "Garrett O'Magh," as played by him for over five months in New York. Olcott will be surrounded here by the same company that appeared with him in the East, and all the scenic effects will be brought here intact.

## The Summer Burlesque at the Tivoli.

There is no room for doubt that "The Babes in the Wood" at the Tivoli Opera House until the close of the summer season of burlesque, for the audiences continue large. A lot of fresh fun is introduced each week, and the principals and the chorus continue industriously tuneful and frolicsome. Ferris Hartman is never at a loss for topical hits. Wehli's and Cunningham's songs are appreciated thoroughly. Cashman still amuses as the tramp, and Annie Myers is more than duplicating her success in the "Toy-Maker." New songs will continue to be heard during the vogue of the "Babes," and the burlesque will be further garnished with new jokes. The regular season of grand opera opens on Monday, July 29th. "Aida" and "Rigoletto" will be the first week's bill.

## Etta Butler's Farewell to Vaudeville.

The Orphenon offers a strong hill for next week, including Chevalier Enrico Mario Scognamiglio, one of the world's famous cellists. His engagement in this city will be quite an event in local musical circles. Etta Butler returns to the city of her home to appear for one week only, and it will be her farewell week in vaudeville. She leaves shortly for New York to commence rehearsals of a big production of which she is to be the star. Damm Brothers are acrobats and hail from Europe. Charles Leonard Fletcher is a monologist who works along original lines, and he is a big favorite in the East. Among the hold-overs will be the Prosper Troupe, Gilbert and Goldie, Arras and Alice, Irving Jones, and the Biograph.

## The Tivoli Grand-Opera Season.

The regular season of grand opera to be inaugurated at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening, July 29th, promises to be more brilliant this year than ever before, both as to the artists engaged and the new operas to be produced. Besides the operas that are usually given, and without which no repertoire would be complete, three works that have never been produced at this house are promised. They are Boito's "Mephistofele," Giordano's "Fedora," and "Andrea Chenier." Concerning the artists, many of the favorites of last year will be heard, and a number of singers of world-wide reputation have been recruited to swell the Tivoli ranks.

Linda Montanari, one of the most polished of sopranos, who gained fame in this country by her wonderful singing and acting in "Bohème" and "Manon," is the new prima donna. Guiseppe Agostini, who appeared in the same productions at the Baldwin and the California Theatres, and who has the reputation of being one of the finest lyric

tenors on the stage, will be heard in his favorite parts. He has recently spent some time in Italy, and his voice is said to be greatly improved.

Agusto Dado is the basso-profundo who was here with Mme. Sembrich in concert. His first American appearance was with the Mapleson company in New York, when he created a genuine sensation. He is said to be the greatest interpreter of the rôle of Mephistofele in Boito's celebrated opera.

The Tivoli orchestra will receive a most valuable acquisition in the person of Mme. Carusi, late of the Seidl and Damosch orchestra, New York, and the Philharmonic Society. She is one of the finest harp players in this country, and has held the position of harpist in the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra.

Of course Salassa is coming—the most popular male singer that ever appeared in this city. Colla-mari, the incomparable Carmen, is here, too, and a warm welcome awaits her advent. The public has a surprise in store in her characterization of Amneris in "Aida." Russo—he of the diminutive figure and big tenor voice—will again be Don José in "Carmen," and the Duke in "Rigoletto." Mme. Repetto, who possesses one of the most flexible and carefully cultivated voices among sopranos, will be heard again. Ferrari, the baritone, is also on the Tivoli roster. Nicolini, the basso who was one of the sterling attractions for two seasons, is coming from Italy to figure once more in the Tivoli cast; and Castellano, the tenor who showed to such good advantage when heard here in "Aida," "Otello," and other operas, has been re-engaged. Barbareschi, the dramatic soprano who was here last year, comes again, and has a large repertoire. Polletini is down for some of the contralto parts, and her voice is a most pleasing one.

Paul Steindorff, who will direct the season of grand opera, has been at the Tivoli only a short time, but he has already a large following of admirers. His work has been careful and conscientious throughout. The famous Tivoli orchestra will be augmented for the season, and the chorus this year will be larger and better than ever before. The members have been carefully selected from among the best material obtainable, only cultivated voices being admitted. The management feels confident in predicting the most enjoyable season of grand opera ever given at this house.

The opening week will be devoted to Verdi's works, the classic "Aida" to alternate with the sparkling "Rigoletto." Both operas will be given with complete casts, and the mounting and dressing will be historically correct. During the progress of the season, other artists besides the ones mentioned will be engaged, and every opera given will receive the best attention possible.

London is being over "bridged." The game has become a social plague. One thing about it is that it lures men away from their work in a way that other card games, not to mention billiards and chess, have never done. The card-rooms of West End clubs, which used to be empty during the afternoon, are now filled with lawyers, doctors, city men, and other ex-workers—even parsons—who seem to have adopted "bridge" as a profession. At the ladies' clubs matters are just as bad. In fact, bridge can no longer be regarded as a game. It is a fell and insidious disease, which renders those who succumb to it incapable of doing or talking about anything else. The poker plague which swept over London society a few years ago was a hagatelle to it. The virulence of the bridge mania may be judged from the fact that a West End tradesman has put on the market a miniature bridge-scorer for hanging on chateaux. The article has come to be regarded as necessary a part of a lady's equipment as a button-hook, a scent-bottle, or a pair of scissors.

James Gordon Bennett's new steam yacht, the *Lystrata*, is just receiving the finishing touches at the yards of Denny & Dumbarton, on the Clyde. The *Lystrata* is of 2,000 tons measurement, and on her trial trip reached a speed of 19½ knots, a greater speed than the contract required. The engines are of nearly 7,000 horse-power. The *Lystrata* cost \$625,000, and will require a crew of 100 men. The decorations of the saloons and state-rooms are of the most luxurious description. G. L. Watson is the designer, and the yacht has only one mast, which is stepped aft. On the bow and stern are large owls, with electric lamps for eyes.

A resolution has been passed by the harbor commissioners to lease the sea-wall lots in the block bounded by Broadway, Davis, and Vallejo Streets, for a period of from ten to twenty years, to the highest bidder, to be used as a railroad freight-yard, to be operated in connection with the belt line controlled by the board. The completion of the belt road will undoubtedly enhance the value of waterfront property north of Market Street.

Although June is a vacation month, it was a record-breaker with the Mechanics' Institute Library. An average of two hundred more books was taken out than during the month of January, when everybody is in town. In one day no less than ten hundred and seven books were drawn out, an unprecedented record. The library has about thirty-seven hundred members.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## Society for Protection of Italian Immigrants.

NEW YORK, June 29, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The *Argonaut* contains a very pleasant notice of our Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants. Allow me, however, to correct a slight mistake you make in stating that our society is purely American. Mr. Guio C. Speranza, an Italian, is our corresponding secretary, and Mr. Celestino Piva and Professor Charles P. Fagnani are distinguished representatives of the Italian colony in New York.

Very respectfully, SARAH W. MOORE.

The Grand Opera House Company has been incorporated by M. Meyerfeld, Jr., Charles L. Ackerman, Edward C. Brown, J. R. Howell, and T. J. Craig, who are the directors of the corporation. The amount of the capital stock is one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in thirty thousand shares at five dollars per share. Each of the stock-holders has subscribed for two shares. The property already secured by the corporation is a three years' lease of the Grand Opera House, with an option on its renewal for five years more, and the furnishings of the theatre.

At the Hotel Rafael on Tuesday evening Miss Grace Fern gave a series of clever readings and impersonations for the amusement of the hotel guests.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 10, 1901, were as follows:

|                             | BONDS.            |  | Closed.     |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|--|-------------|
|                             | Shares.           |  | Bid. Asked. |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....      | 2,000 @ 106       |  | 116½ 117½   |
| Oakland Transit 6%.....     | 3,000 @ 117       |  | 102½ 103    |
| Oakland Water 5%.....       | 5,000 @ 102½      |  | 100½        |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....      | 7,000 @ 101       |  | 111½ 111½   |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909..... | 6,000 @ 111       |  | 135 136     |
| S. P. Branch 6%.....        | 7,000 @ 135       |  | 113½ 114½   |
| S. V. Water 6%.....         | 10,000 @ 113½-114 |  | 103 103½    |
| S. V. Water 4%.....         | 3,000 @ 103½      |  | 101 102     |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d.....      | 2,000 @ 101½      |  |             |

|                           | STOCKS.        |  | Closed.     |
|---------------------------|----------------|--|-------------|
|                           | Shares.        |  | Bid. Asked. |
| Water.                    |                |  |             |
| Contra Costa Water.....   | 30 @ 80½-80½   |  | 81          |
| Spring Valley Water.....  | 489 @ 85½-83   |  | 85½         |
| Gas and Electric.         |                |  |             |
| Equitable Gaslight.....   | 300 @ 4½-5½    |  | 4½ 4¾       |
| Oakland Gas.....          | 30 @ 50½       |  | 50½ 51      |
| Pacific Gas.....          | 65 @ 47        |  | 47½ 48      |
| S. F. Gas & Electric..... | 545 @ 47-43    |  | 43½ 44      |
| Banks.                    |                |  |             |
| Bank of Cal.....          | 10 @ 409½      |  | 408½ 410    |
| Street R. R.              |                |  |             |
| Market St.....            | 25 @ 70-70½    |  | 70½ 71      |
| Powders.                  |                |  |             |
| Giant Con.....            | 25 @ 76-76½    |  | 75½ 77      |
| Sugars.                   |                |  |             |
| Hana P. Co.....           | 75 @ 6½-6½     |  | 6½ 6¾       |
| Hawaiian C. & S.....      | 15 @ 50        |  | 50          |
| Honokaa S. Co.....        | 1,995 @ 19-20½ |  | 19 19½      |
| Hutchinson.....           | 525 @ 18       |  | 17½ 18      |
| Kilauea S. Co.....        | 125 @ 18       |  | 17½ 18½     |
| Makaweli S. Co.....       | 480 @ 34-34½   |  | 34½ 36      |
| Onomea S. Co.....         | 225 @ 22-22½   |  | 22 22½      |
| Paauhau S. P. Co.....     | 480 @ 25-25½   |  | 24½ 25½     |
| Miscellaneous.            |                |  |             |
| Alaska Packers.....       | 185 @ 131-132  |  | 131½ 132½   |
| Oceanic S. Co.....        | 30 @ 51        |  | 50½         |

The Stock and Bond Exchange resumed their regular session Saturday, July 6th, at 10:30 A. M.

The market has been one of general decline in prices, with the exception of Gas and Electric and Spring Valley Water. The former on sales of about 600 shares sold up two points, and Water on sales of about 500 shares advanced two points. No news of importance in regard to either of these stocks.

The sugar stocks have been weak, and on sales of 4,000 shares sold down from one to two points, and closed in quiet demand.

Large amounts were paid July 1st as dividends on bonds and stocks by local corporations, the total reaching above two and one-quarter millions of dollars. Following are the dividends declared and the sums paid on local bonds:

|   | DIVIDEND-PAYING BONDS. |             |
|---|------------------------|-------------|
| California Street Railway, 5 per cent. on \$900,000.....                |                        | \$ 45,000   |
| Contra Costa Water Company, 5 per cent. on \$2,000,000.....             |                        | 100,000     |
| Los Angeles Lighting Company, 5 per cent. on \$1,000,000.....           |                        | 50,000      |
| Market Street Railway, 6 per cent. on \$3,000,000.....                  |                        | 180,000     |
| Nevada County Narrow Gauge, 7 per cent. on \$250,000.....               |                        | 17,500      |
| Northern Railway Company of California, 6 per cent. on \$5,136,000..... |                        | 309,360     |
| North Pacific Coast, 5 per cent. on \$908,000.....                      |                        | 45,400      |
| Oakland Transit (payable July 1st), 6 per cent. on \$1,400,000.....     |                        | 84,000      |
| Oakland Water Company, 5 per cent. on \$1,500,000.....                  |                        | 75,000      |
| Oceanic Steamship Company, 5 per cent. on \$2,405,000.....              |                        | 120,250     |
| Park and Cliff House Railroad, 6 per cent. on \$350,000.....            |                        | 21,000      |
| Park and Ocean Railroad, 6 per cent. on \$250,000.....                  |                        | 15,000      |
| Southern Pacific of Arizona Railroad, 6 per cent. on \$10,000,000.....  |                        | 600,000     |
| Total dividends on bonds.....   |                        | \$1,572,510 |

Following is a list of the companies, the number of shares on which dividends are payable, and the rate per share on the percentage on the par value:

|   | DIVIDENDS ON STOCKS. |        |
|---|----------------------|--------|
| San Francisco Gas and Electric, 130,251 shares at 25 cents..... |                      | 32,563 |
| Sacramento Gas and Electric, 18,506 shares at 15 cents.....     |                      | 2,775  |

|   |             |
|---|-------------|
| Brought forward.....  | \$ 35,338   |
| Mary County Water (quarterly) 6,000 shares at 7½ cents (payable July 10th)..... | 4,500       |
| Fireman's Fund, 10,000 shares at \$3.....                                       | 30,000      |
| Bank of California (payable July 15th), 20,000 shares at \$4.....               | 80,000      |
| California Safe Deposit, 10,000 shares at \$1.50.....                           | 15,000      |
| First National Bank, \$1,000,000 at 5 per cent. (July 10th, semi-annual).....   | 75,000      |
| San Francisco National Bank, \$500,000 at 2½ per cent. (semi-annual).....       | 12,500      |
| German Savings and Loan, 1,200 shares at \$50.....                              | 60,000      |
| Humboldt Savings and Loan, 300 shares at \$30.....                              | 9,000       |
| Mutual Savings Bank, 10,000 shares at 90 cents.....                             | 9,000       |
| San Francisco Savings Union, 4,000 shares at \$15.....                          | 60,000      |
| Savings and Loan Society, 10,000 shares at \$3.....                             | 30,000      |
| Security Savings Bank, 1,200 shares at \$7.50.....                              | 9,000       |
| Union Trust Company, 1,250 shares at \$21.....                                  | 26,250      |
| California Street Railway, 10,000 shares at 50 cents.....                       | 5,000       |
| Geary Street Railway, 10,000 shares at 50 cents.....                            | 5,000       |
| Market Street Railway, 186,170 shares at 60 cents.....                          | 111,702     |
| Oakland and San Leandro (payable July 15th), 9,000 shares at 20 cents.....      | 1,800       |
| Presidio and Ferries (payable July 15th), 10,000 shares at 15 cents.....        | 1,500       |
| Giant Powder Company (payable July 10th), 20,000 shares at 75 cents.....        | 15,000      |
| Honokaa, 100,000 shares at 15 cents.....  | 15,000      |
| Hutchinson (payable July 10th), 100,000 shares at 20 cents.....                 | 20,000      |
| Kilauea (payable July 15th), 40,000 shares at 25 cents.....                     | 10,000      |
| Makaweli (payable July 15th), 44,880 shares at 40 cents.....                    | 17,952      |
| Paauhau (payable July 10th), 100,000 shares at 30 cents.....                    | 30,000      |
| Alaska Packers (payable July 10th), 48,000 shares at 75 cents.....              | 36,000      |
| California Fruit Growers (payable July 10th), 28,546 shares at 60 cents.....    | 17,109      |
| California Wine Association (payable July 10th), 43,372 shares at 60 cents..... | 25,023      |
| Pacific Coast Borax (payable July 10th), 19,000 shares at \$1.....              | 19,000      |
| Total dividends on shares.....  | \$ 785,674  |
| Total dividends on bonds.....   | 1,572,510   |
| Total dividends.....  | \$2,358,184 |

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
**A. W. BLOW & CO.**  
Tel. Busb 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.

## HAWAIIAN TRUST AND INVESTMENT CO. LIMITED.

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.  
In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.  
References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.  
GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer,  
409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

## Financial Facts

There is lots of money lying idle, uninvested and unused.

On the other hand, there are good men and good enterprises, lacking capital.

Our good offices are effective in bringing about a meeting, to a common profit.

We have something to say to the man who has money or the man who needs it.

## WEST COAST INVESTMENT CO.

118 PHELAN BUILDING

Tel. Main 656

JAMES H. SWIFT, Pres.  
MAURICE B. MAYNARD, Secy.  
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THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S DRINK  
**HUNTER**  
**BALTIMORE RYE**  
CHRISTY & WISE COMMISSION CO.  
Sole Agents for California  
327-329 Sansome St., San Francisco



## VANITY FAIR.

## A HOUSEKEEPER'S DEFINITION.

When Adam woke, and likewise Eve, within the garden fair,  
They looked upon each other with a sort of  
Cheyenne stare.  
Till Adam sauntered past her and politely tipped  
his hat  
And said: "Your pardon, madam, dost thee know  
where we are at?"

Said she: "Alas! I canst not tell; it's my first  
visit here;  
Why don't thee ask the servants?" "There is  
none," said he, "my dear,  
Not one, from Bath to Hackensack, from Crete to  
Kankakee!"  
"Well, then, it's very plain that we're in Paradise,"  
said she.—*Boston Globe*.

One of the books of the day that is attracting marked attention in the United States, though it has come out unheralded and its author is absolutely unknown, is "The Visits of Elizabeth," by Elinor Glyn (John Lane, New York). The reason for its immense popularity must be sought aside from the double meanings which spice the naïve narrative of Elizabeth. It would be unjust to charge readers of fiction with so absorbing a thirst for that which is suggestive as to account for the very large sales of this book, for many French novelists and dramatists supply an almost limitless succession of provocative situations with a far subtler touch—a more delicate hand—than that of Elinor Glyn. But probably the real reason why her book is so universally and so eagerly read lies in the fact that it deals with the intimate life of the upper classes of English and French society—so much charm for us has the sound of a titled name, such a fascination a glimpse into the grand saloons of the *châteaux*, manors, and castles of the French and English aristocracy.

In a recent issue of the *Argonaut* there appeared some extracts from Elizabeth's experiences while visiting her kinsfolk in English country-houses. Not less interesting and amusing are her comparisons of French and English manners, written from the Château de Croixmare, where she goes to visit her godmother. "This morning I woke early," says one letter, "and had the loveliest cup of chocolate, but such a silly bath, and almost cold water. There are no housemaids, and nothing is done with precise regularity like at home, although they are so rich. Agnes had to fish for everything of that sort herself, and such a lot of talking went on in the passage between her and the *valet de chambre*, before I even got this teeny tiny tray to splash in. However, I did get dressed at last, and went for a walk in the garden—not a soul about but a few gardeners. The begonias are magnificent, but there is no look of park beyond the garden, or nice deer and things that we would have for such a house in England. It is more like a sort of big villa. Fortunately godmamma turned up, and we strolled back to *déjeuner*. There was a good deal of ceremony going in to breakfast. Jean gave his mother his arm, and we trotted behind. The dining-room is a perfect room, except there is no carpet, and the food was lovely, only I do hate to see a great hand covered with a white cotton glove, plopping a dish down on the lighted thing in the middle, so that one has to look at the next course all the time one is finishing the last one. There seemed to be oysters of men-servants, who wore white cotton gloves, and their liveries buttoned up to the throat, which takes away that nice clean-shirt-look of our servants at home. This afternoon we are going to pay a visit of ceremony to the Comte and Comtesse de Tournelle; we are going with them on their yacht down the Seine to-morrow."

Elizabeth tells what she thinks of her hostess's mother and of the comte. "The baronne is a delightful person—the remains of extreme good looks and distinction," remarks this candid young lady. "She was a beauty under the Empire, and her feet are so small, she is just as *soignée* as if she was young, and so vain and human. She lives with her daughter while they are in the country—it seems the custom here, these huge family parties living together all the summer. The young people have their *appartement* in the Champs-Élysées in Paris, and the old ones go to the family *hôtel* in the Faubourg St. Germain. We did say a lot of polite things when we went to pay our visit yesterday, and although they know one another so well—as it was a 'visit of ceremony' to introduce me—we all had our best clothes on, and sat in the large salon—(there are four Louis the Sixteenth arm-chairs, sticking out each side of the fireplaces, in all the salons here). The Comte de Tournelle is charming; he is like the people in the last century memoirs; he ought to have powdered hair, and his manners have a distinction and a wit quite unlike anything in England. One can see he is descended from people who had their heads cut off for being aristocrats. Jean says he does not belong to *le Sporting*, and is fearfully effeminate. He never rides or bicycles or anything, but just does a little motor-carrage, and fights a few duels."

The party go ashore at Caudebec and stop over night at an inn. Late in the evening, by some mischance, four members of the party are engaged in a

suite of rooms by the slamming of a spring-locked door to which they have no key. There is no way of escape, for the landlord is nowhere to be found. Elizabeth's room adjoins the suite of the imprisoned quartet. "At last," she says, "the baronne rushed into my room to discover what the noise was. She looks perfectly odd when going to bed; a good deal seemed to have come off; she is as thin as a lath; and on the dressing-table was such a sweet lace eight-cap, with lovely baby-curles sewed to its edge, and when she put that on she did look sweet. It isn't that she has no hair herself, it's thick and brown; but she explained that having to wear a night-cap because of earache, she found it more becoming with the curls. I suppose it is on account of the waiters coming in with the breakfast that they have to be so particular in France how they look in bed. But to go on about the door. No landlord was to be found anywhere. Then the old baronne suggested quite a simple plan, which was for Mme. de Tournelle to share Mme. de Vermandois's room, and to leave the comte and 'Antoine' in her room. No one seemed to have thought of this before; and that is what they finally did, and at last we got to sleep. In the morning no landlord could still be found, and we had no coffee; but presently he arrived, accompanied by two *gendarmes* and goodness knows what other rabble armed with sticks, and they wanted to proceed upstairs. We heard every sort of '*Sacré!*' going on between them and Hippolyte, and eventually the landlord almost crawled up apologizing, and opened the door with his key. It appears that bearing the ooise of the door being tried to be opened and Mme. de Vermandois's screams, he had thought it wiser to decamp for the night, as two years ago there had been a murder there, and he had had '*beaucoup d'embêtement*,' he said, on account of it, and was determined not to be mixed up in one again. '*En ces affaires là, il est bien assez tôt d'arriver le lendemain*,' he said. Everybody was still laughing too much over the situation to be angry with him; and the coffee, which we got at last, was so good it made up for it; but you should have heard the *plaisanteries* they made over the night's adventure!"

In addition to other dissimilarities, Elizabeth finds the French more conversational at table than her own countrymen at English house-parties. "They are all so witty," is her judgment; "but it is not considered correct to talk just to one's neighbor, a conversation *à deux*. Everything must be general, so it is a continual sharpening of wits, and one has to shout a good deal, as otherwise, with every one talking at once, one would not be heard. I know French pretty well, as you know, but they say a lot of strange things I can't understand, and whenever I answer or ask why, they go into fits of laughter and say: '*Est elle gentille l'enfant! hein!*' But even if you wanted to talk nicely to the person sitting by you you couldn't, because every one would at once stop what they were saying and listen. I am getting accustomed to shouting across the table at every one; it will feel quite queer just talking to one's neighbor when I get back home. They seem to have kinder hearts than some of the people at Nazeby, but what strikes one as quite different is that every one is witty; they are making epigrams or clever *tournures de phrases* all the time, and don't seem to talk of the teeny weeny things we do in England. They have most exquisite manners, and extraordinarily unpleasant personal habits, like eating and coughing and picking their teeth, etc.; but they do have nice under-clothes, and lovely soaps and scents and things. They all make compliments upon my French, and are very gay and kind, but I wish they did not eat so badly. The comte and the marquise, who are cousins, and of the very oldest noblesse, are the worst—one daren't look sometimes."

More than once during her visit Elizabeth has occasion to rejoice that she is an English girl. She would not relish being so carefully chaperoned as are the young French girls. While she is visiting at the *château*, an impecunious marquis comes to pay his addresses to Victorine, the daughter of the house. He straightway falls in love with Elizabeth. She is promptly refuses his proposal to elope, but is taken to task by her godmother for trying to "attract the marquis." "But the end of it was," she relates, "that she asked me how much *dot* you were going to allow me. I said I did not know, and that seemed to stump her. At last she said she supposed, as we were people of consideration, and that I was the only child, it would be something considerable. I do believe, mamma, she was thinking that I might do for the marquis! It was only a question of having his debts paid—any one who could do that would answer. It did make me cross—just as if I would dream of marrying into a nation that eats badly, and doesn't have a bath except to be smart. Think of always having to shout across the table, day after day, and never be able to do anything except by rules and regulations; and the stuffy rooms and the eight arm-chairs! I saw myself! and probably ending up with a moustache, or an *embonpoint*, or something like that."

The Street & Smith edition of "The Visits of Elizabeth," which was the first to come out in this country, contained only the English letters. They appeared originally in the *London World*. Under

our copyright law they could not be copyrighted here, having been first printed in England. Hence the pirated edition, which is probably the one which many Americans have read. Needless to say, it is a poor edition and incomplete. The above extracts are quoted from the authentic and complete edition which is now copyrighted in the United States.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## There Are Others.

Mary had a little lamb,  
Likewise a lobster stew,  
And ere the sunlit morning dawned  
She had the night-mare, too.

—*Cleveland Spectator*.

## Blessed Sleep.

How blessed'd the priceless boon of sleep,  
From care a rest benign and deep;  
When nature lulls to sweet repose  
And cures each ill that mortal knows.  
Sleep, priceless jewel that the eye  
Of poor may wear, though none can buy!  
But oft, alas, man wakes to find  
His wife has learned his inner mind,  
For secrets he preferred to keep  
Escaped while talking in his sleep.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

## When Myrtle Cooks.

When Myrtle cooks she looks so sweet  
That, sitting in the window seat,  
I like to gaze upon her while  
She comes and goes in merry style  
On tripping, dancing, dainty feet.  
The maid is gone—it is a treat  
To see my darling pound the meat  
As if 'twere something wicked, vile,  
When Myrtle cooks.

Her arms are round, her waist is neat,  
Her cheeks are reddened by the heat,  
But Satan and hisimps must smile  
To see the stuff she likes to pile  
Before me that 'twere death to eat,  
When Myrtle cooks.

—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

## Fatal Obtuseness.

"Who is the belle to night?" asked she,  
As they stood on the hall-room floor.  
He looked around the room to see—  
And she speaks to him no more.

—*Harlem Life*.

## Some Noble Names Concerned.

An impudent fellow in Hawarden  
Inquired, without asking his pawarden,  
Of the learned Colquhoun  
Is the man in the mequoun  
Always lodged in some nobleman's gawarden?  
Whereupon the fire-eating Lord Cholmondeley,  
Overhearing the words, remarked grolmoodeley,  
To an aw-stricken neighbor,  
Unsheathing his seighbor,  
That the question was heastly uncolmoodeley.  
—*Life*.

## Fishing.

Ev'rybody's fishin'—ev'rybody 'ceptin' me.  
I've done flop down yere on de grass beneaf de shady tree.  
Some folks dey's got tackle fine an' some jes' got a pin;  
Some is mighty lucky an' some nebber sees a fin;  
Some'll hab a string dat's big enough fob three or fo'  
An' some has gotter go an' buy deir dinner at de sto'.  
An' dey all keeps on a-watchin' jes' as anxious as can be;  
Ev'rybody's fishin'—ev'rybody 'ceptio' me.  
It never didn' seem to me dat were de proper way  
To pass de precious moments of a sho' 'nuff holiday.  
De white folks keeps on fishio' till dey ruins deir repose;  
De gemmen fish foh dollars ao' de gals dey fish foh beaux;  
De bunco man is fishio' foh yob silver an' yob notes;  
De politician comes aroun' a-fishin' foh yob votes.  
Dis yere's de fishin'est ol' worl' dat I did ever see.  
Ev'rybody's fishin'—ev'rybody 'ceptin' me.

—*Washington Star*.

Pierre Lorillard died in New York, July 7th. His illness dated from June 20th. He was in England, and was stricken with a uræmic chill. His physician told him that he did not think he would live to get to New York, but the magnate insisted that he would. Pierre Lorillard was the eldest son of Pieter Lorillard, founder of the fortune which made the family name famous. He inherited much of the business ability of his father, and marked success attended the commercial enterprises which he planned and executed. At the death of his father he received about one million dollars and an interest jointly with his brothers and sisters in the great tobacco house of which his father had been the head. He was nearly sixty-eight years of age. He is survived by his wife, a son, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., and two daughters, Mrs. William Kent and Mrs. T. S. Tailor.

## A Mother's Milk

may not fit the requirements of her own offspring. A failing milk is usually a poor milk. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has been the standard for more than forty years. Send rec. for "Baby's Diary," 71 Hudson St., N. Y.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL HAS NO superior. Most economical.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

OFFICERS—President, E. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Robte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and J. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901..... \$28,973,540  
Paid-up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
Contingent Fund..... 448,917

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL..... \$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES..... President  
WILLIAM BARCOCK..... Vice-President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR..... Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,681,497.64  
July 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President  
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary  
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON..... Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS..... Assistant Cashier

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York..... {Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore..... The National Exchange Bank  
Boston..... The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago..... {Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
First National Bank  
Philadelphia..... The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis..... Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California  
London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris..... Messrs. de Rothschild Frères  
Berlin..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies..... Chartered Bank of India,  
Australia and New Zealand..... Australia, and China  
Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

Germania Trust Company  
42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital..... \$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000  
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator,  
Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations  
solicited. Legal depositary for money in Probate Court  
proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings.  
Investment carefully selected for our clients.

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H. BRUNNER..... Cashier

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits,  
December 31, 1900, \$3,620,223.88.  
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;  
H. WANSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier;  
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.  
Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver  
Gray, John J. McCook, John Bermingham, Dudley Evans,  
Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E.  
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081-  
895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.  
411 California Street.

San Jose is now on the map. It has long been one of the finest residence and business points in California. The closing of the "Gap" in the Coast Line makes it the finest. San Jose is in the heart of Santa Clara County, the richest county in the State. Now is the time to invest. Choice residence lots on Tenth Street and future business property on the corner of Ninth and Santa Clara Streets for sale.

WOOSTER & WHITTON, No. 7 West  
Santa Clara Street, San José.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A saotimoolous bore, whose hobby was anti-Catholicism, went to the great evangelist one day and put the direct question: "Mr. Moody, do you ever intend to do any preaching against the Catholics?" "Yes, I may some time." "When will that be?" "After all the Protestants are converted."

The late Bishop Mandell Creighton was once asked if he could state the difference between an Oxford man and a Cambridge man. The professor, as he then was, immediately replied: "An Oxford man looks as if the world belonged to him; a Cambridge man as if he didn't care to whom the world belonged."

The other day in London, a man went up to what he supposed was an acquaintance and began to talk to him. In the course of conversation he said: "I heard your father make such an excellent speech in the House of Lords." "I am so glad," was the reply; "we lost him about ten years ago, and I am highly gratified to hear that he has gone to so respectable a place."

An enthusiastic citizen of the great city of Illinois was one day showing a visitor the wonders of the lake front. "A few years ago," said he, "the lake extended inland far beyond where we are standing. I tell you there isn't a town in the world that's making history as fast as Chicago is!" "It looks to me more like making geography," replied the unemotional stranger.

Pension Commissioner Evans, who is now suffering from one of the periodical wars on his administration of the Pension Bureau, is proud of the practically unanimous support given him by the newspapers of the country. On one occasion some one said to him: "Mr. Evans, it is reported that you have a literary bureau at work for you." "I have," replied the commissioner, "and it is composed of all the reputable newspapers in the country."

One of the business-like young women employed as demonstrators at the food exhibits on the Pan-American Exposition grounds dishes out apple-butter on a cracker to whomsoever will eat. A young man took his dose the other day and then, wishing to be jocular, remarked with an ingratiating air: "That's good apple-butter. Just like mother used to make." The young woman struggled with her desire to be polite for a moment; then her business instinct triumphed, and she replied: "Much better. Your mother had neither the knowledge nor the facilities to make such apple-butter."

While the Rev. John McNeill was holding revival services at Cardiff, Wales, he announced that he would answer any question about the Bible. At once a note was sent to him reading as follows: "DEAR MR. MCNEILL: If you are seeking to help young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife." That seemed a poser, and the audience waited with intense interest, tempered with amusement, to see how the good man would extricate himself. After a pause, he said: "I love young men, especially young inquirers for light, and I would give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives."

Pope Paul the Fourth was so shocked at Michael Angelo's undressed figures in his famous "Last Judgment" that he employed Daniele da Volterra to clothe them; and he, in consequence, received the nickname of "Il Braghettone" (the breeches-maker). Michael Angelo, with his usual wit, punished Messer Biagio da Cesena, master of the ceremonies (who first suggested to the Pope the impropriety of nude figures), by painting him in hell, with ass's ears, as Midas. The story goes that Biagio implored the Pope to insist upon the removal of this caricature, whereupon Paul the Fourth replied: "I might have released you from purgatory, but over hell I have no power!"

Among the wild escapades remembered of Lord Waterford's youth is one of the time when he was living in Dublin with his uncle, the primate. Coming home late at night, he had a great quarrel with his cabman about the fare, and left the man swearing outside the door. Dashing into the hall, he found his uncle's gown and trencher lying on the side-table, and, putting them hastily on, he turned, and going out, with a stick and a gruff voice, said: "What do you mean by coming here and trying to cheat my nephew? I'll teach you not to do such things for the future," and he thrashed him soundly. The man went away, saying that he had been thrashed by the Archbishop of Armagh in person.

When Booker T. Washington began his early attempts to arouse the colored men of the South to work regularly, save their money, stop stealing chickens, lead good lives, etc., one of his agencies was the establishment of schools. Money was scarce, and it was a day of small beginnings. The first class was held on the porch of a house, but it

rapidly outgrew the accommodation, and, in casting about for ampler facilities, he found an old, abandoned heo-house. Fioding a veeerable darkey idly, he said to him: "Sam, you go up to-morrow morning and clean out that old heo-house back of Mr. —'s house." "Sho'y, Mr. Washington," was the reply, "you won't clean out a heo-house io de day-time?"

Colonel Osio was the present King of Italy's "governor" for very many years, when, as Prince of Naples, his charge was a delicate lad. Colonel Osio's strict *rigide* has been very severely criticised, but that the king remembers him with respect, if not affection, is proved by his having conferred the hereditary title of count upon him on the occasion of the birth of the Princess Yolanda. One day a request came from a well-known personage for the young prince's autograph, to be added to a collection containing that of his grandfather and his father. The prince was about to comply, when the colonel said, sharply: "Certainly not; what value has the signature of an insignificant boy who does not even know how to write properly." For some act of disobedience a little later, the prince was brought before his "governor," who exclaimed: "If I were the king I would cut off your head." "And I will cut off yours when I am king," defiantly replied the lad. His punishment is unrecorded, but, instead of cutting off his tyrant's head when that day came, he has ennobled him.

The members of the Athenæum Club in London represent the higher spheres of literature, art, and diplomacy, and particularly the Established Church, inasmuch as nearly all the bench of bishops may be found upon its list. The United Service Club, on the other hand, is made up of officers of the army and navy. One day last summer, while the Athenæum was closed for repairs and its members were temporarily enjoying the hospitality of the other club, there came down into the hall a retired admiral, a man of portly build and violent temper. "Where's my umbrella?" he demanded of the hall porter. Search was made and the umbrella was not forthcoming. The admiral began to fume. A dozen flunkies immediately swarmed into the hall. "My umbrella!" cried the admiral, "an umbrella with a silver knob—where is it, sir?" The bustle continued for a few moments, and then one of the attendants timidly informed the admiral that it could not be found. "What, sir—what, sir? Not to be found, sir! Why not, sir?" "I am afraid, sir," replied the hall porter, "that some gentleman has taken it by mistake." "Taken it! Taken it!" roared the admiral, now fairly apoplectic with rage; "you mean stolen it—yes, sir, stolen it! I might have known what would happen when we let in all those d—d bishops!"

## A QUIET HOTEL.

Blewit's wife and children were in Europe. He heard from them by cable, and he sent a return message and wished that he could go with it. But no, he was chained to Boston. After their departure he learned that there was some business that imperatively demanded his attention, and he resigned with a sigh his proposed trip across the water. He wrote Mrs. Blewit a pathetic letter, in which he regretted the escapade which made him miss the boat on which she departed for foreign shores; and he said, in his usual effusive vein, that he had given up all hope of ever seeing the white cliffs of Albion. He had just posted this letter when he met his evil genius, Stagers, who said:

"How do you like keeping bachelor's hall?"

"Not at all," was Blewit's reply; "it's deucedly dull. Nobody's in town, and I feel like Robinson Crusoe and his desolate island."

"Minus the animals," suggested Stagers.

"Hardly," was Blewit's response. "I have plenty of homeless cats to keep me company. I have a kind of sympathy for them, because they are in much the same condition that I am myself."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. Why don't you open an asylum for abandoned felines? I'll head a subscription list for raising money to support the institution."

"Perhaps if you looked after some of your poor relations it would be more to the purpose," said Blewit, sarcastically, as he thought of Stagers's father bending under a load of debt to support his family, while his oldest son was a rapid man about town, who was always ready to make a big fellow of himself by opening wine for people who laughed at his extravagance behind his back.

"Hang it, don't be personal!" exclaimed Stagers, not at all pleased by Blewit's not too delicate sarcasm. "Come down to the shore with me and I'll show you how to banish the blues. Let care kill the cat. You've got to live, even if Mrs. Blewit and the kids are having a good time in London—foggy London."

Blewit weakly accepted this invitation, and was soon on the train going to a near-by watering-place, which was described as an earthly paradise that combined the charms of seashore and country in an eminent degree.

"Ah! this is delightful," said Blewit, after dinner, as he sat on the piazza of the Top Knot House. "The ozone gives me new life, and the odor from the woods is full of healing balm to lungs that have been filled with the vile smells of city thoroughfares."

"Ozone be blowed, you old seetimeotalist! Come upstairs and have a little game."

"You don't mean to say that you come down here to play cards. Doo't you get enough of that in town?"

"Well, a man must do something. What is the use of sitting here listening to a lot of women gabbling about dress, or abusing their neighbors. You'll hear more scandal here in five minutes than you will upstairs all night. Come along!"

"I suppose I'll have to," replied Blewit, resignedly, as he cast a lingering look at the water where the boats seemed to be nodding to him to stay and enjoy the outdoor beauty of the night. "Let me take a loog breath," continued Blewit, "before I go into the tobacco-laden atmosphere where you are bringing me."

"Oh! if you want exhilaration, I'll take you where you can get it," was Stagers's response, as he took his companion into a little closet where about a dozen men were crowded, all intent upon taking what they called "three fingers" from sundry black bottles.

"Ah, Blewit!" squeaked Poppers, a very large man with a very small, bald head and very weak lungs; "came down to get a little fresh air, did you?"

"Yes," was the rejoinder, "but there doesn't seem to be much of it here."

"True," interrupted Balmy, a little man with a deep bass voice; "but we've got something that's better."

"Perhaps you have," sneered Blewit, "but is there any necessity for going into the Black Hole of Calcutta to swallow it?"

"Well, the fact is, this is a temperance hotel, and there is no bar. Therefore we have to come in here to take a nip; but you mustn't give it away now that we have let you behind the scenes. Our wives don't know that this place exists."

"I should think they would nose it as they go upstairs," said Blewit, with a weak attempt at a pun.

"Mrs. Blewit might," ejaculated Balmy. "I've heard she could smell out most anything, but as she isn't in these parts, and you are enjoying a selfish picnic, you needn't be afraid. I'll promise not to write to her, so drink heartily, my boy, the cable won't carry the news to Amanda!"

Blewit couldn't stand chaffing, so he took his poison with as good grace as possible, not only once, but several times, and he soon forgot all about the ozone, and was as eager for bluff as any one, as he followed the party into a room at the top of the house, in the cupola, in fact, which was dimly lighted by kerosene-oil lamps. It was even more stuffy than the closet they had just left, and Blewit couldn't help laughing as he remarked:

"So this is what you call coming down to the shore to pass a quiet night with your families?"

"No moralizing," piped up Poppers; "shuffle the cards and play for fun."

How long they had forgotten their cares in the fascinations of poker Blewit did not know, but it must have been somewhere about midnight when, through a haze of smoke, he saw a female figure in the doorway. It belonged to a diminutive but determined-looking woman, who exclaimed:

"Mr. Blewit, how dare you keep Mr. Poppers up until this hour? A man of your age ought to be engaged in better business than leading married men astray. I'm not surprised that Mrs. Blewit went off to Europe without you!"

Having delivered this tirade, the mite of a woman led the gigantic but submissive Poppers from the room, as Stagers remarked:

"I say, Blewit, what do you mean by coming down here and upsetting a nice, quiet family hotel?"

—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

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Cochino. (Via Honolulu). . . . . Tuesday, August 27  
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## NOTES AND GOSSIP.

The wedding of Miss Florence A. Davis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Davis, and Lieutenant Louis Ray Burgess, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., took place Thursday, July 11th, at high noon at the residence of the bride's parents, south-east corner of Scott and Green Streets, the Bishop of California, Right Rev. William Ford Nichols, D. D., officiating. Miss Lillian Van Dyke, of Los Angeles, was maid of honor, and Lieutenant Albert J. Bowley, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Helen Stubbs, Miss Florence Dunham, Miss Meda Houghton, and Miss Jessie Hooper. The ushers were Lieutenant Ward B. Pershing, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Ralph P. Brower, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant Lloyd England, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Guy E. Carleton, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Louise Sheppard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Taylor Sheppard, to Mr. Percival Lewis, took place Wednesday evening, July 10th, at the home of the bride's parents, 1624 Taylor Street. Rev. Bradford Leavitt, of the First Unitarian Church, officiated. Miss Agnes Bowman acted as bridesmaid, and Professor William Scott Ferguson was best man. The ceremony was followed by a bridal supper, at which nearly one hundred guests were present.

Miss Alice Helen Chipman and Mr. Chester S. Smith were married at noon Wednesday, July 10th, at the home of the bride's parents, General and Mrs. N. P. Chipman, at 2515 Laguna Street. Rev. Dr. Macon read the marriage service. Miss Florence Deming attended the bride as maid of honor, and Mr. Julian Thorne supported the groom.

On the afternoon of July 3d, Mr. Charles S. Greene and Miss Olivia Day, daughter of Mrs. Roger Sherman Day, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. C. T. H. Palmer, in Berkeley. Mr. Greene is librarian of the Oakland Free Public Library, and was formerly associate editor of the *Overland Monthly*. He is president of the Alumni Association of the State university. Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, of this city, is his aunt.

The marriage of Miss Grace Loud, daughter of Congressman and Mrs. E. F. Loud, to Mr. James O'Connell was solemnized Tuesday, July 9th, at the home of the bride's parents, 1305 Octavia Street.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Frank Van Ness, son of T. C. Van Ness, of this city, to Miss Hilda Kennedy, of Cape Town, South Africa. The wedding is to take place on the twenty-second inst. Frank Van Ness was formerly in business in this city, but two years ago went to South Africa and at present is employed by the De Beers Explosive Works, with headquarters at Somerset West, where the young couple will live.

On the evening of July 3d Mrs. A. P. Whittell gave a dinner dance at Burlingame for her daughter. For the cotillion, which was the feature of the evening, a number of beautiful favors were brought from Paris. Mrs. Whittell and her daughter returned last fall from Europe after a residence abroad of several years. They have since been residing at Burlingame.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Lockwood, wife of Major Lockwood, and Mrs. Rethers, wife of Captain Rethers, gave a card-party at the Presidio in honor of Miss Nan Marshall, the daughter of Colonel J. M. Marshall, U. S. A. Miss Marshall soon leaves for Manila, where she is to be married to Captain James H. Cole, of the Sixth Cavalry.

Mrs. Hattie Smith, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Florence Ives, Mrs. Ella K. Hotelling, Mrs. Lucy May Hayes, Miss Minnie Hennessy, Mr. and Mrs. de Young, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. William Smith, Mr. Charles K. Field, and Mr. John Housman were the guests of Mr. Richard Hotelling at his country house in San Rafael over the Fourth.

In Portland, Or., Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Leta Gallatin were the guests of honor at a card-party given by Mr. George P. Dekun.

## Farewell Banquet to Dr. Stewart.

Dr. H. J. Stewart was tendered a banquet last Monday evening, July 8th, at the Bohemian Club. The affair took place in the Red Room, which was decorated for the occasion. About forty guests were present. A cartoon, the work of Gordon Ross, and representing the guest of honor arriving among the sages of the Hub, was presented to Dr. Stewart as a memento of the feast. Among the prominent club members who were present and some of the friends of Dr. Stewart, who responded to toasts, were Professor Barrett Wendell, Professor Stephens, of Cornell, President Frank Deering, General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, Colonel Isaac Trumbo, Mr. Edward Peixotto, Mr. W. F. Goad, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Dr. Julius Rosenstirn, Mr. George T. Bromley, Dr. Benjamin Swan, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Dr. Russell Cool, and Mr. A. Gerberding.

## The Fourth at Burlingame.

In the forenoon there was a pigeon shoot. Mr. W. L. Tubbs won the trophy, which was a large silver loving-cup, offered by Mr. Francis Carolan. If he wins it a second time, the cup will be his. The second best shot was Mr. Fred Tallant.

The feature of the day's celebration was the pro-

gramme of pony races which took place after luncheon at Mr. Walter Hobart's race-course, three miles distant from the club-house. About fifty guests were served with luncheon at small tables on the broad veranda of the club. During the meal the orchestra discoursed patriotic airs. While "America" was being played the merry diners rose from their chairs and remained standing until the last chords of the national anthem were struck.

Then all Burlingame drove over to the race-course. Fully seven hundred and fifty people assembled to see the races, for they were free to all. The two small grand-stands were crowded and the space inside of the rail near the judges' stand was packed with conveyances. There were only eight events on the programme, though several additional "events" took place in the shape of a runaway and exhibitions of skill by the gentlemen jockeys between whistles. The winner of each race was awarded a loving cup.

## Calvary's Corner-Stone.

The corner-stone of the new Calvary Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Jackson and Fillmore Streets, was laid on the afternoon of July 4th by the pastor, Rev. John Hemphill, D. D. Dr. Henry C. Minton, Dr. Robert McKenzie, Rev. George C. Eldredge, Rabbi Nieto, Rev. E. A. Woods, Dr. George C. Adams, Bishop Hamilton, and Dr. Alexander assisted at the impressive ceremony, which was largely attended. In the course of his address the Rev. Dr. Minton, of the San Anselmo Theological Seminary, said that it is a truth that goes in the East without much contradiction that "few cities offer more stubborn obstacles to church work than San Francisco." Calvary Church was among the early Protestant churches to be founded in San Francisco. Its first location was on Bush Street. From there it moved to the corner of Geary and Powell Streets, which location was purchased about a year ago by the heirs of Colonel Fred Crocker for the erection of a modern hotel building. It was too far down town for a church, and the trustees and pastor, realizing this fact, three or four years ago purchased the present site in the Western Addition. Dr. Hemphill was for thirteen years pastor of the church in its youth. He left it to accept a call to a large church in Philadelphia, but returned after an absence of ten years to assume again the pastorate of his old church. It is largely due to his untiring efforts that the church has been moved to its new location. The good wishes of the community go with the church and pastor for their well-being and prosperity in the future.

## Bohemian Club Midsummer Jinks.

The midsummer jinks will be held Saturday, August 3d, at the Bohemian Club's Grove, near Guerneville.

The members will leave by Tiburon Ferry at 11 A. M., arriving at the grove about 2 P. M., on special train. Members' tickets will also be honored on the boat leaving at 3:30 P. M., and train connecting therewith. The late train will reach the grove about 8 P. M.

The club will leave the grove on Sunday, August 4th, at 2 P. M., arriving in San Francisco at 6 P. M. The camp will be open for members during the two weeks beginning Saturday, July 20th. Tents will be provided by the club for the use of members on and after July 20th.

Unusual preparations have been made for the musical side of the jinks. Victor Harris, the New York composer, is to be present, and is expected to take part in the musical features.

Mr. Charles L. Fair will leave soon for Europe, accompanied by Mrs. Fair, expecting the trip will occupy three months. Upon his return to this city he will let several big contracts for the erection of buildings on the property that was left by his father. The most important contract will be for modern apartment-houses on the entire block bounded by California, Sacramento, Powell, and Mason Streets. The houses will be built on the latest New York plans, and no expense will be spared in their erection. In the centre of the block a large garden with fountains has been planned. On the Fair property at the north-west corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Jones Street, a modern hotel has been decided upon. The plans have not as yet been made. The Lick House is also to be wholly remodeled on entirely different lines. The plans of the late James G. Fair for building up the tide-land at North Beach will also be attended to. A solid wall will be erected and the land improved and made into a desirable location for factories and other commercial industries.

Mrs. Anna C. Schram, wife of Jacob Schram, died at St. Helena, July 4th. Mrs. Schram and her husband, the pioneer viticulturist of the State, located upon their present place in 1862. They at once began the planting of vineyards and making of wines, and their wine is famous all over the world.

— THE "VISITS OF ELIZABETH," BY ELINOR Glyn—for sale at Cooper's, 745 Market Street.

— DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 Market. Specialty, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

— EDWARD A. BELCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 412-413 Call Building.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., commanding the Department of California, has appointed as his aids Captain Harold P. Howard, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain William R. Smedberg, Jr., Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., and First-Lieutenant James F. McKinley, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A.

Major William H. Baldwin, U. S. A., is now chief commissary of the Department of California, in place of Major Oliver E. Wood, U. S. A., relieved.

Lieutenant Ashton Potter, U. S. A., is expected back from Manila next month. He has been transferred from the Fourth to the Twelfth Cavalry, and is coming here to join his regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry O. S. Heistand, assistant adjutant-general, U. S. A., has been assigned to temporary duty at headquarters in this city.

Lieutenant-Colonel Allison, U. S. A., arrived in the city this week en route to Manila.

Major William A. Glassford, signal corps, U. S. A., leaves San Francisco soon for Juneau and Skagway, Alaska, on business pertaining to the laying of the cable between the latter places.

Colonel William M. Wallace, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., was designated by Major-General Young, U. S. A., to command the United States troops participating in the Fourth of July ceremonies in this city.

Captain Louis F. Garrard, Jr., U. S. A., acting quartermaster at San Francisco, will leave for Manila July 16th.

The Tenth Battery, Field Artillery, U. S. A., which has been in camp at the Presidio, left on July 6th by rail for Vancouver Barracks, Wash., where the battery will be stationed.

The Navy Department has issued formal orders reestablishing the European station, with Rear-Admiral Bartlett J. Cromwell, U. S. N., in command. The cruiser *Chicago* is ordered to proceed from Rio and will be the flag-ship of the admiral. The *Albany* and *Nashville* have sailed from Singapore, en route for the new station. The headquarters of the squadron will be designated by Admiral Cromwell, and probably will be in the Mediterranean.

## Death of Paul Neumann.

At Honolulu, July 1st, Paul Neumann died of paralysis of the brain. He had been in failing health for many months.

Paul Neumann was born in Prussia in 1839, and came to California when he was fifteen. He was admitted to the bar in 1864, and served as a State senator three terms. In 1883 he went to Hawaii. He was attorney-general under Kalakaua, and for a short time under Liliuokalani. He was created a member of the House of Nobles and received a decoration of the Order of Kalakaua. In 1884 he went to Mexico as Hawaiian envoy; in 1890 he was sent on a diplomatic mission to Japan, and, in 1897, to the Central American States. He was counsel for the ex-queen and for the more prominent of the Royalist defendants in the trials for treason before the military court.

He married, in 1875, Elise Dinklage, of Mexico, who, with six children, survives him. His children are Mrs. Herman Focke, of Honolulu; Mrs. W. F. C. Hasson, of Honolulu; Mrs. Alfred Fowler, whose husband is a member of the manufacturing firm of Fowler Brothers, of Leeds and Manchester; Miss Lillian Neumann, now with her sister, Mrs. Fowler; Paul Neumann, Jr., a student in medicine at the University of Edinburgh; and Edward Neumann, a cadet at the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

Paul Neumann was a prominent member of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, of which he was president nineteen years ago. He was very popular, being much admired for his wit and much loved for his amiable and genial disposition. There probably never was in the history of the old club a more popular Bohemian than he. Countless stories are told of him, and scores of his jests are still related in the club. It is a very difficult thing for a man to be witty in any other than his mother tongue; for most men it is difficult to be witty in their own. But Paul Neumann possessed the power of being very witty in what to him was originally a foreign tongue—English.

There will be many sincere mourners for poor Paul. His memory will be ever green in Bohemia.

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San Francisco, Cal.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Schnsler have been to Sao José for a short stay.

Mrs. William Wolff and daughter, Miss Paula Wolff, have returned after a three months' sojourn in Great Britain, France, Holland, and Germany.

Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapmao and family are visiting Mrs. Porteous at her home, Hippolyte Ranch, in Ross Valley.

Miss Sophie Pierce is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Amy Talbot, in Placer County.

Mr. Peter D. Martin left for the East on last Saturday morning. It is his intention to go direct to Newport.

Mr. Knox Maddox took a trip to Southern California on business last week.

Mayor James D. Phelan has been spending a few days at the Hotel Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. L. C. Lane are sojourning in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan have been staying at the Palace Hotel for a few days.

Mrs. Leland Stanford who last heard from was in Lucerne.

Mr. Horace G. Platt arrived home the first of the week from his trip to British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Cracker entertained a party of friends at their country place in Sonoma County over the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels recently entertained Mrs. Robert Oxnard at their country place in Sonoma County.

Mrs. Walter Hohart has been up from Burlingame for a few days' stay at the Palace Hotel.

General Young and his family moved into their new home at Fort Maso, Saturday, July 6th.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding left this city on his way to New York last Saturday morning.

Among those who spent the Fourth in Sao José were Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Miss Edith B. Coleman, and Mr. W. T. Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith, Miss Heleo Smith, and Miss Bertha Smith are at their country place in Sao Rafael. Mrs. Philip Lansdale is with them.

Mrs. Remi Chabot and her daughters are at their country home near St. Helena.

General and Mrs. Bahcock are stopping at the Hotel Rafael.

Bishop and Mrs. Moreland have taken a house in town, where they will reside until after the Episcopal Convention in the fall.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn and her younger daughters are in New York State. Miss Florence Josselyn is in Paris.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham and their daughters entertained a party of friends at their home on Lake Tahoe over the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee have returned from a trip to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean have been stopping at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. John Spruance is sojourning in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Shortridge are spending the summer at Sausalito.

Mrs. H. K. Withrow, Miss M. Withrow, and Miss E. H. Withrow were registered in New York during the week.

Mr. J. A. Fillmore returned on Monday from the McCloud River, where he has been spending several weeks with his wife and daughter.

Miss Sarah Collier and Miss Dorothy Collier were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Miss Jennie Flood has been spending a few days in San José.

Mrs. William H. Mills and the Misses Ardella and Bessie Mills have returned to San Francisco from a short visit to their country home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Teresa Watsoo (widow of the late Commodore Watsoo), who has been passing several months in San José, leaves next week for the East to join her daughter, Mrs. O. C. Berryman, wife of Major Berryman, U. S. A., at Portsmouth.

The Misses Morrisso, of San José, have returned from a tour of Southern California, and will leave shortly for Portland, Or., as guests of Judge and Mrs. W. B. Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Bowman, of Sao José, and Miss Edna Bowman returned this week from an Eastern trip—including the Buffalo exposition and tour of the Eastern cities. Miss Bowman also visited Porto Rico as the guest of Major Fishbeck, U. S. A., and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgao arrived here from Portland, Or., on Monday.

Judge and Mrs. Carroll Cook and family are spending a few weeks at Gleo Ellen.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., are spending the month of July as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tobio at their country home, "Arcadia," near Calistoga.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent expects to leave soon on an army transport to join her husband in the Philippines. Captain Bent is with the Twenty-Ninth Infantry.

Mr. A. J. LeBreton is in New York.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and her sister, Mrs. William J. Somers, are in San José for a few weeks.

Mrs. Homer King and the Misses King are at Lake George, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masteo and family are now located in their new home on Washington Street.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller is at Blithedale.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and her son, Porter, have been spending a few days in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. Willard Bartoo will spend several weeks in Siskiyou County.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard and her son, Shafter

Howard, are at Camp Reverie in Sonoma County, after having spent several days at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Miss Mae Perkins, daughter of Senator Perkins, was at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Miss Pansy Perkins, daughter of Senator Perkins, and Miss Henderson, daughter of Speaker Henderson, have returned from a visit to Oroville.

Miss Louisa Breeze was the guest of Mrs. George de Latour during the week at her country home at Rutherford.

Mr. Frank P. Deering spent the Fourth at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Burnett and their daughter have returned to the city after a year's travel abroad and in the Eastern States.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee was in New York last week.

Dr. H. G. Powers, of this city, was registered in New York last Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Cooper (née McGrew), of Honolulu, is visiting friends in Oakland.

Mr. William H. Keith, who has been spending some time on this Coast, will leave soon for the Buffalo exposition and New York.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht left Cherbourg for New York on June 26th, and expects to reach San Francisco about the middle of July.

Dr. and Mrs. James Keecey have been spending a few weeks at Rowdennao.

Mr. George E. P. Hall and Mr. Northrop Cowles have left Paris for Loodoo, and are expected back home soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Silhersteio are in New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. S. Hoffman and Mrs. Hoffman have been at Congress Springs, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. J. W. McClung, Miss Alma McClung, and Miss Gladys McClung have been spending a few weeks at Mooterey.

Mrs. J. N. Rogers (née Kirketerp) is spending the summer at her old home on Bush Street.

Miss Bessie Zaeo was the guest of Mrs. Eugene Leot in San Mateo last week.

Mr. E. O. McCormick and Mr. William Sproule were in Chicago last week.

Mme. Julie Rosewald intends returning to San Francisco on August 4th. En route she expects to visit the Buffalo exposition and the Thousand Isles.

Mrs. Blakeman and Miss Leontioe Blakeman are in San Diego.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs left this city on July 4th for Chicago, where he has gone to fill the office of traffic director for several of the Harriman roads. Mrs. Stubbs and her daughters will join him in Chicago on the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Wilson and Miss Bessie Wilson will remain in the Santa Cruz Mountains for several weeks.

Mrs. Hypolite Dutar and her niece, Mrs. Houghton (née Sheldon), have taken the W. H. Mills place at Sao Mateo for several months.

Mr. William Aldrich, former vice-consul at Hoog Kong, returned to San Francisco last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Mead, of Los Angeles, were at the California Hotel this week.

Mrs. Henry E. Dutton and her cousin, Miss Gertrude Dutton, and Miss Polly Duno are in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers have recently returned from an extended Eastern visit. They spent most of their time in New York City.

Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Frances Baldwin have returned from Paso Robles.

Mr. W. W. Foote and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Jackson spent the Fourth in Stockton, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Beede.

Mrs. Harry S. Milzoer and son, Lioel R. Milzoer, are spending the summer at the White Sulphur Springs, near Vallejo.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec B. Wilberforce are at present in Colorado Springs.

Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne and family have been camping in Sonoma County.

Mr. H. W. King, of Washington, D. C., was at the California Hotel this week.

Mrs. Leo M. Myers (née Shaiwald) arrived from Auckland, New Zealand, by the Oceano steamship Sierra.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Harnes and Miss Belle Harnes are spending the month of July in the Sierras, near Truckee.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. R. B. Dallam and Mrs. C. A. Painter, of Mill Valley, Mrs. E. F. Berger, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Carey, Mr. and Mrs. G. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. C. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Smith, Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, Mrs. J. Eppinger, Mrs. A. C. Almy, Mr. H. M. Whitney, Mr. W. H. Crim, Mr. G. H. Umbao, Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mr. John Zeile, Mr. James Sullivan, Mr. J. Eppinger, Mr. H. L. Slosson, Jr., Mr. George W. Elder, and Mr. W. C. Bartlett.

Among the guests of the Hotel Rafael during the past week were Mr. G. E. Crothers, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Irving Ackerman, Mr. Charles S. Ackerman, Mr. L. E. Delaio, Miss Delano, Miss Gay, Mr. F. S. L. Mitchell, Mr. Paul Cowles, Dr. J. W. D. Lawton, Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Nohle, and Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Root, of San Francisco, Mrs. A. H. Busch, of Los Angeles, Miss Jackson, of Oakland, Mr. O. B. Russell and Miss Mariel Russell, of Alameda, Miss Rycroft and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Elston, of Honolulu, Mr. L. H. Bartlett, of Boston, Mrs. W. A. Bissell and son, of Alameda, Miss Edwards, of Kansas City, and Miss E. J. McKioley, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Among the week's arrivals at Congress Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Piefer, Mrs. F. Owens, Miss Owens, Miss Jessie Wiley, Miss Hazel A. Siogetoo, Mr. B. Owens, Mr. John Crothers, Mr. John Kirby, of Alameda, Mrs. John Duoo, Mr. Mantell Taylor, of Oakland, Mrs. D. M. Packer, of Boston, Mr. M. J. Samuels, of New York, Miss Jessie Goldsteio, of

Hanford, Miss Snyder, of Woodland, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Chaddock, of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. H. Ferguson, Mr. F. S. Oliver, Mr. L. Mackeezie, Mr. B. Tanoabaum, Mr. A. A. Brown, Mr. F. E. Harris, Mr. S. C. Wallis, Mr. W. M. Field, Mr. H. A. Mosher, Mr. F. P. Kelly, Mr. Charles W. Pike, Mr. D. P. Foley, Mr. J. B. Medao, Mr. A. Barlaod, Mr. L. A. Kelly, Mr. F. Roth, Mr. Arthur Green, Mr. A. B. Saohorn, and Mr. M. M. Green.

Among the guests at the California Hotel this week are Mr. J. W. Forgeus, of Santa Cruz, Rev. W. L. Clark, of Beecia, Mr. W. S. Morrison, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. A. Herbert, of Honolulu, Mr. D. M. Lindsay, of Salt Lake, Mr. W. A. Mackinder, of St. Helena, Mr. J. J. Hartley, of Glencoe, Mr. J. C. Searle, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cowie, of Stockton, Mrs. G. C. Beckley and daughter and Mr. G. M. Whitney, of Honolulu, Miss A. M. Waldron, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Collins, of Denver, Mr. R. M. Bourne, of Salt Lake, Mr. C. P. Soule, of New York, Miss E. Duolap, of Kansas City, Mr. F. Crowther, of Chicago, Mr. P. C. Drescher, of Sacramento, Mrs. M. E. Carithers, of Santa Rosa, Mr. James Lanagan, of Deover, Colo., Mr. L. R. Wilson, of New Zealand, Mr. J. T. Crawley, of Honolulu, Mr. E. H. Hirsch, of Atlantic City, Mr. J. H. Granby, of Buffalo, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hendersoo.

Dr. Harvey Willsoo Harkness died at his rooms in the Pacific Union Club in this city July 10th, aged eighty. Dr. Harkness was born in Pelham, Mass. He came to California in 1849, and practiced medicine in Sacramento nearly twenty years. He retired from active practice in 1869 and came to San Francisco. For more than twenty-six years he was identified with the California Academy of Sciences, and was president of the society nine consecutive terms. As a scientist Dr. Harkness devoted his investigations chiefly to fungi of the Pacific Coast. It was he who discovered truffles in California. His work, "Californian Hypogaeous Fungi," is a volume of three hundred pages. Dr. Harkness was married in 1854. His wife was Miss Amelia Griswold. She died in the first year of their union.

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| SAN FRANCISCO.                        |   |          |
| (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)   |   |          |
| LEAVE                                 | From June 16, 1901.   | ARRIVE   |
| 7 00 A.                               | Benicia, Suisun, Elmhurst, Vacaville,<br>Rumsey, and Sacramento.  | 6 25 P.  |
| 7 30 A.                               | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa,<br>Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.   | 6 25 P.  |
| 8 01 A.                               | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing,<br>Marysville, Oroville.  | 7 55 P.  |
| 8 02 A.                               | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.  | 12 25 P. |
| 8 00 A.                               | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.   | 7 25 P.  |
| 8 00 A.                               | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia,<br>Porterville.   | 4 55 P.  |
| 8 30 A.                               | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams<br>(for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red<br>Bluff, Portland.                      | 7 55 P.  |
| 8 30 A.                               | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione,<br>Sacramento, Placerville, Marys-<br>ville, Chico, Red Bluff.             | 4 25 P.  |
| 8 30 A.                               | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma,<br>Carmichael.   | 4 25 P.  |
| 9 00 A.                               | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.   | 11 55 A. |
| 9 00 A.                               | Vallejo.  | 12 25 P. |
| 9 00 A.                               | Los Angeles Express—Martinez,<br>Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced,<br>Fresno, and Los Angeles.                  | 7 25 P.  |
| 9 30 A.                               | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.  | 7 55 P.  |
| 10 00 A.                              | The Overland Limited—Ogden,<br>Denver, Omaha, Chicago.  | 6 55 P.  |
| 11 00 A.                              | Sacramento River Steamers.  | 15 00 A. |
| 3 30 P.                               | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.   | 7 55 P.  |
| 4 00 P.                               | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento,<br>Woodland, Knights Landing,<br>Marysville, Oroville.                            | 10 55 A. |
| 4 00 P.                               | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa,<br>Calistoga, Santa Rosa.   | 9 25 A.  |
| 4 00 P.                               | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Ione,<br>Hayward, Niles, San José, Liver-<br>more.                                  | 18 55 A. |
| 4 30 P.                               | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton  | 10 25 A. |
| 5 00 P.                               | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare,<br>Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Bar-<br>bara, Los Angeles.                    | 8 55 A.  |
| 5 03 P.                               | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced,<br>Fresno.   | 12 25 P. |
| 5 30 P.                               | Yosemite.   | 12 25 P. |
| 5 30 P.                               | New Orleans Express—Mendota,<br>Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles,<br>Deming, El Paso, New Orleans,<br>and East. | 7 55 A.  |
| 6 00 P.                               | Hayward, Niles, and San José.   | 7 55 A.  |
| 6 00 P.                               | Vallejo.  | 11 25 A. |
| 6 00 P.                               | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne,<br>Omaha, Chicago.   | 12 25 P. |
| 6 00 P.                               | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver,<br>St. Louis, Chicago.   | 4 25 P.  |
| 7 00 P.                               | Oregon and California Express, Sac-<br>ramento, Marysville, Redding, Port-<br>land, Puget Sound, and East.      | 8 55 A.  |
| 8 05 P.                               | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez,<br>and Way Stations.   | 11 25 A. |
| 18 05 P.                              | Vallejo.  | 7 55 P.  |

| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). |   |          |
|----------------------------|---|----------|
| (Foot of Market Street.)   |   |          |
| 17 45 A.                   | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz<br>and Principal Way Stations.   | 18 05 P. |
| 8 15 A.                    | Newark, Centerville, San José, Fel-<br>ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz,<br>and Way Stations.                         | 5 50 P.  |
| 12 15 P.                   | Newark, Centerville, San José, New<br>Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek,<br>Santa Cruz, and Principal Way<br>Stations. | 10 50 A. |
| 4 15 P.                    | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.  | 10 50 A. |
| 4 15 P.                    | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz   | 8 50 A.  |

| CREAK ROUTE FERRY.                              |                                       |  |
|---|---------------------------------------|--|
| From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip B). |                                       |  |
| 17 15   | 9 00 11 00 A. M. 1 00 3 00 5 15 P. M. |  |
| From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—                  |                                       |  |
| 18 05   | 10 00 A. M. 12 00 2 00 4 00 P. M.     |  |

| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).     |   |          |
|-------------------------------|---|----------|
| (Third and Townsend Streets.) |   |          |
| 6 10 A.                       | San José and Way Stations.  | 6 30 P.  |
| 17 03 A.                      | San José and Way Stations.  | 1 30 P.  |
| 17 00 A.                      | New Almaden.  | 7 40 P.  |
| 17 30 A.                      | Sunday Excursion to San José, Santa<br>Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal<br>Way Stations.  | 18 30 P. |
| 8 00 A.                       | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz,<br>Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis<br>Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Princi-<br>pal intermediate Stations. | 7 30 P.  |
| 10 30 A.                      | San José and Way Stations.  | 4 10 P.  |
| 11 30 A.                      | San José and Way Stations.  | 5 30 P.  |
| 12 45 P.                      | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park,<br>Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José,<br>Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas,<br>Monterey, and Pacific Grove.  | 10 45 A. |
| 3 30 P.                       | San José and Way Stations.  | 10 45 A. |
| 14 45 P.                      | San José and Principal Way Stations   | 9 45 A.  |
| 15 00 P.                      | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal<br>Way Stations.   | 10 00 A. |
| 5 30 P.                       | San José and Principal Way Stations   | 8 30 A.  |
| 6 00 P.                       | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas,<br>Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.  | 10 00 A. |
| 6 00 P.                       | Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove,<br>Lompoc.  | 10 00 A. |
| 6 30 P.                       | San José and Way Stations.  | 8 03 A.  |
| 11 45 P.                      | San José and Way Stations.  | 7 30 P.  |

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The "General Funston March," a new piece of  
music, must be full of runs, with no rests.—*Balti-  
more American*.

"What ground has he for expecting to get her?"  
"Ground enough; he owns three ranches in Cali-  
fornia."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"His wife says that he holds the record for talking  
in his sleep." "No wonder; it's about the only  
chance the poor devil has to get a word in edge-  
ways."—*Ex*.

Jackson—"I hear your baby was kidnapped."  
Currie—"Yes. The kidnapers have offered us five  
thousand dollars if we will take him back, but we  
are holding out for more."—*Life*.

City boarder—"Tell me, did you ever buy a gold  
brick, Uncle Josh?" Uncle Geckow (of Hay Cor-  
ners, disgustedly)—"Naw. But I hev bought lots  
of bricks. I thought was gold."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Teacher—"What is an island?" Bright boy (who  
had been reading the newspapers since Dewey sailed  
into Manila Bay)—"An island is a body of land en-  
tirely surrounded by the United States."—*New York  
Times*.

Has caught the American spirit: General Cailles  
followed his dramatic surrender at Manila with an  
application to be appointed governor of one of the  
provinces. This proved him a true convert to the  
American idea.—*Toledo Times*.

The time for reflection: "Biddy," Pat hegan,  
timidly, "did ye iver think av marryin'?" "Sure,  
now, th' subject has never interred me thoughts," de-  
murely replied Biddy. "It's sorry Oi am," said Pat,  
turning away. "Wan minute, Pat!" called Biddy,  
softly; "ye've set me a-thinkin'."—*Bazar*.

Economy in the East: "Briggs must be getting  
queer in his top story." "What's the proof?"  
"He had his bare head out of his office window at  
noon yesterday, and when I asked him what he was  
doing, he said he couldn't afford a regular hair-cut  
and was trying a singe."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Transparent excuses: "Now, don't tell me any  
story about misfortune an' wantin' to be a hard  
worker, 'n' all that," said the hard-faced lady; "I  
can see right through you." "Geel!" said Dismal  
Dawson; "I know I ain't had nothin' to eat for  
three days, but I didn't know it had thinned me  
down like that."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

Harry—"Wonder why it was that Frank and  
Bertha broke off their engagement? I understood  
it was all arranged, even to the marriage day."  
Dick—"It was discovered that the wedding ring  
was made by non-union labor, so the clergyman re-  
fused to perform the ceremony, and no other minis-  
ter in town dares to do it."—*Boston Transcript*.

Circumstantial evidence: Papa—"Where's my  
umbrella? I'm sure I put it in the hall-stand with  
the others last evening." Willie—"I guess Mahel's  
beau took it when he went home last night." Mabel  
—"Why, Willie! The idea!" Willie—"Well,  
when he was sayin' 'good night to you I heard him  
say: 'I'm going to steal just one.'"—*Philadelphia  
Press*.

The man who lives in a flat and is often annoyed  
by the violent piano-playing of his otherwise agree-  
able neighbor on the floor below, remarked to his  
wife the other day: "That Smith down-stairs would  
make an elegant carpet-beater." "Why?" asked  
his wife. "Because he has the regular carpet-  
beater's touch," replied her husband.—*New York  
Times*.

Thoroughly British: Hicks—"Did you ever see  
any one so uncompromisingly English as Perkins?"  
Wicks—"No, and I never saw any one with any  
pretension to style make such a ridiculous breach of  
good form as he did yesterday. He appeared in  
full-dress at two o'clock in the afternoon." Hicks—  
"That's all right from his standpoint. It was after  
six, London time, you know."—*Catholic Standard  
and Times*.

The distinguished personage who had been an-  
nounced as the speaker of the evening was late in  
arriving, and an effort had been made to entertain  
the audience in the meantime by vocal music and  
short impromptu speeches. A dozen or more per-  
sons began calling lustily for "Goo-Goo Eyes."  
Somewhat perplexed, the professor of philosophy  
and belles-lettres, who was acting as chairman,  
arose. "If Mr. Googoo Wise is in the audience,"  
he said, "he will oblige by coming forward."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Thousands of mothers give their children Stead-  
man's Soothing Powders during the teething period.

"Yes, Mrs. Bouncer wanted to send her daughter  
to Bryn Mawr, but she decided on Vassar." "What  
influenced her decision?" "She couldn't pronounce  
Bryn Mawr."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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For several weeks, in fact, even before the capture of Aguinardo, the Filipino generals have been surrendering and abandoning the system of guerrilla warfare that has been so difficult to handle. On June 16th, General Cailles, the last of the prominent leaders, and one of the ablest and most relentless, opened negotiations looking toward the surrender of himself and his troops. This practically put an end to the condition of hostilities, and early this month the civil government was organized, with Judge Taft, the president of the commission, as governor. The ceremonies, when the supreme power was passed over from the military authorities to the civil authorities, must have impressed the spectacle-loving Filipinos. A great tribunal, one block in length, had been erected just outside of the Plaza Palacio. The entire front was decorated

with flags. In the centre were Governor Taft, General MacArthur, and Military Governor Chaffee. Upon their right sat the other generals, and upon their left the naval officials. Behind them sat the members of the commission, the justices of the supreme court, and the foreign consuls. Beside them, on either side, were several hundred officers, with their families and friends. The mass of the people stood in the park opposite, the Americans outnumbering the Filipinos. The oath of office was administered by Chief-Justice Arellano, of the supreme court. The heads of departments were announced as follows: Interior, Worcester; commerce and police, Wright; justice and finance, Ide; and public instructor, Moses. It was further announced that on September 1st three natives would be added to the commission. The islands have been divided into forty-eight provinces. Of these seventeen have been organized, and hostilities still exist in five of them. Sixteen provinces are still unorganized, but hostilities are reported to have ceased in them. Four are not yet ready for civil government.

A somewhat heated protest is being made against the intention of the Yosemite commission to establish an electric-light plant in the valley. The last legislature made an appropriation for a pumping plant and an electric-lighting system. The commissioners are now about to carry out the intentions of the legislature. The Sierra Club is backing the outcry against the electric-light plant. They state that its installation would be "vandalism." If it is vandalism to install an electric plant in the valley, how about a pumping plant? Is not that vandalism, too? The camper now may read in his tent by a tallow-dip, and dip water from the Merced River with a tin can. If the camp becomes a hotel, shall it still be confined to the tin can? Even the Sierra Club would say no. Why, then, should it be confined to the tallow-dip? Electric lighting is a safe and simple means of illumination—safer than the tallow dip, if not so simple. Why, then, should it be forbidden?

If it comes to vandalism and desecration, everything which is not sylvan and primeval is out of place in Yosemite Valley. The irruption of stage-coaches covered with tourists in ugly "dusters" is vandalism. The existence of hideous hotels is vandalism. The presence of dingy campers with kitchen-middens of empty tin cans is vandalism. Man's presence in the valley is vandalism. The Sierra Club itself is vandalism. When its members take snap-shots of one another, with the valley for a background, they are vandals. They are out of drawing. They are modern and the valley is old. They destroy the symmetry of the sylvan scene.

In fact, nobody belongs in Yosemite—that is, nobody except the Indians, and not even they when they are attired in the cast-off coats and trousers of civilized man. When an Indian is in his Indian garb he is not at all clean and he smells to heaven, but he is picturesque and fits into the valley vistas. Therefore we should abandon the valley to him, according to these supernatural ideas of vandalism.

But we won't.

This matter seems to us like a tempest in the tea-pot. The talk about making electric illuminations of the Yosemite falls seems absurd. We doubt whether the commissioners seriously have any such intent, and even if they have the intent they haven't got the money. Fancy illuminating a water-fall half-mile high! Well-meaning pyrotechnic freaks in the valley occasionally set off fire-works from Glacier Point, and the people on the floor of the valley below have to be warned of the exact hour in order to recognize them. Even when they know that they are coming—when they crane their necks and look up toward the eternal heavens from the bottom of this cataclysmic gorge—when feeble-minded persons are affronting with half-penny fire-works the majestic cliffs—at such times the spectator in the valley never knows whether they are fire-flies half a yard off or fire-works half a mile away. So would it be with an "electric illumination of the Yosemite falls." It would be almost as gigantic a jest as the valley is colossal.

One of the Sierra Club is reported as saying: "Just fancy, with the machinery once installed, what commercial commissioners could accomplish with the everlasting power there is at hand. I can see the name and face of some ambitious governor outlined in incandescents on one of the domes." We do not believe there is any danger of this electric torch of fame blazing our governors' names on Yosemite's granite walls. But since the Sierra Club entertain such dark distrust of the Yosemite commission, we will hint to them that there is a project entertained by that body which may be carried into effect. It will be remembered that Deinokrates proposed to Alexander the Great that he would let him carve Mt. Athos, a mighty mountain, into a seated statue of Alexander—in one hand a town of ten thousand inhabitants and in the other an urn pouring a torrent into the sea. We are credibly informed that the Yosemite commission have a similar project, which is to carve El Capitan into a gigantic statue. In one hand, as a baton, will be held a mighty redwood-tree, some four hundred feet tall. In the other will be a gigantic urn in the form of a modern beer-schooner. From this urn will pour forth Ribbon Fall, dashing down in one clear leap to the floor of the valley thousands of feet below. The statue will be a life-like representation of G-v-rn-r G-ge.

Ohio Democrats have held their State convention and nominated a full State ticket, in which James Kilbourne became the nominee for governor; the Johnson and McLean factions were outwardly harmonized; and Mr. Monnet, the former Republican attorney-general, was badly defeated in his desire to secure vindication at Democratic hands. The most notable action of the convention, however, and one that will test the possibility of union in Democratic ranks, was the decided rejection of Bryan and Bryanism. In debates over the platform, members of the committee on resolutions denounced the late leader in positive terms, and some of them were men who lauded him vociferously in the conventions of the two previous Presidential campaigns. After it had been agreed not to mention either the Nebraska or his platforms made in Chicago and Kansas City, a minority report reaffirming the latter platform and expressing confidence in Bryan was rejected, and he received only six votes out of nine hundred and fifty delegates on the substitute for the platform preamble. His portrait was not only denied a place among the counterfeit presentments of party leaders displayed, but a banner bearing his picture, which was introduced, was trampled upon and disfigured during a demonstration made over the nominee for governor. It is now fully settled that Ohio Democrats no longer have any use for Bryan or his opinions.

The immediate result is a counter defiance from Mr. Bryan and his remaining friends, that they will fight Democratic re-organization to the last ditch unless their claims on the party are allowed. "It strikes me," said Mr. Bryan to his friends among the Democratic editors assembled in convention at St. Louis, "that it is a case of gold-bugs trying to administer absent treatment to the Democracy of the nation." Missouri is probably one of the best strongholds he has left, but even there evidences were not wanting of the presence of the same spirit evinced by the Ohio Democrats. Neither does Bryan lack followers in Ohio, where his friends are already preparing a rump convention.

The epidemic of strikes, involving thousands of laborers and millions of capital, that is sweeping over the country is attracting public attention to the fact that it is not alone those who are directly involved who are affected by the struggles. The striking labor-unions, assuming that their cause is equitable and that the end justifies the means, have developed a plan of campaign that disturbs all industrial activity. It was inevitable that this policy should bring outside forces into active participation. One of these outside forces is the courts of law, and both in Wisconsin and in Pennsylvania the courts have taken action that is likely to have an imper-



tant influence upon the strikes of the future. In Wisconsin the case was brought in the name of the Vitter Manufacturing Company, though the plaintiff was in reality the National Metal Trades Association. An injunction was granted that is very radical in its rulings. The strikers are enjoined from interfering with the workmen employed by the company. They are not to gather around the works, not to post pickets, and not to combine for the purpose of preventing tradesmen selling to workmen so employed. In other words, the decision is to the effect that while the strikers have a right to refuse to work for the company, the latter has a right to conduct its own business and to employ whom it chooses. This decision does not go so far as the Northern Pacific order, which sought to restrain men from striking, but is likely to be followed more closely as a precedent since it follows the fundamental legal rule that a man may do as he pleases provided that in so doing he does not infringe upon the rights of others. In the Pennsylvania case certain leaders of the strikers were brought up for contempt of court for interfering with the work of the York Manufacturing Company, in violation of an injunction issued by the court. One of them escaped with a nominal fine, the other two were fined two hundred and fifty dollars each and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment. Such punishment as this is likely to discourage the more radical among the strikers.

The supervisors, acting for San Francisco, have gratefully accepted Andrew Carnegie's alms, and the mayor has appointed a committee to select a site for Mr. Carnegie's library. It goes without saying that already there have arisen individuals clamoring to put the Carnegie building on a public square. In all village-like communities there is danger that these individuals may be headed. In all suckling cities, when a public building is to be erected, the first instinct of the foolish is to suggest placing it on a public square. Already they are discussing public squares as sites for Carnegie libraries in cities the size of San Diego and San José. This is amusing when one reflects that a few minutes' walk in any direction takes him out of such a city and into the open fields.

But San Francisco is threatened with the same curious epidemic of folly. She ought to know better. She has had it before. She sold off her City Hall Park for building lots, and now is sorry that she did so. Long prior to that she chose this slightly plot in the heart of the city for a grave-yard, and then was sorry that she did so. She dug up the remains of the pioneers, carted them some four miles west, and planted them in another grave-yard, which she considered as remote as the crack of doom. Now she is sorry that she did so. The present pioneer grave-yard is on a point overlooking the bay, the Golden Gate, and the Pacific Ocean. It would make the finest park in the world. There is nothing like it anywhere, its only rival is the promontory by Pozzvoli, on the Bay of Naples, and that is not a public park but private property.

San Francisco merely went through the experience of older cities when she put her grave-yards in the centre of the town. Boston did it—there you may find old grave-yards within pistol-shot of Parker's. New York did it—there are grave-yards within a stone's throw of Wall Street. London is fairly pitted with old grave-yards. But why did not San Francisco take warning by these examples? Yet she did not. After it was past the time to dig up pioneers on the City Hall plot, San Francisco was still burying pioneers on Lombard Street. In ten years their plaintive coffins were sticking out of raw banks of earth made by grading streets. After San Francisco had dug up the pioneers at City Hall Park, while she was getting ready to dig them up at Lombard Street, she was just beginning to to bury them at Laurel Hill, the finest site for residences in the city.

Why did young San Francisco commit all the blunders made by older cities? It is because every city has to learn everything all over again, for itself, without profiting by the knowledge of its predecessors. In historic cities prehistoric fools have recommended using public squares for public buildings. Wiser men have meekly yielded, until these cities were masses of bricks and mortar. Open spaces and parks are the lungs of cities, and it was soon found that vast masses of human beings could not breathe without urban lungs. So, centuries after the prehistoric fools were buried in intra-mural cemeteries—where their rotting remains continued to harm their fellow-citizens—it was found necessary to buy back at fantastic prices land for public parks. New York knows that. Many years ago she put up a public building on her City Hall Park and has been sorry for it ever since. Of late years she has been buying real estate at enormous prices in the congested quarter, and clearing off tenement-houses to make breathing-places for the poor.

But the fools always exceed in number the wise men in any community. It is not impossible that San Francisco may decide to put the Carnegie library on Union Square.

Yet the new City Hall is a mile further west than the old City Hall.

The town has drifted further west than the new City Hall in its short life. It is to be presumed that this Carnegie library building is to last for at least a generation. If the town has traveled a couple of miles in one generation how far will it travel in two? Utterly waiving the preposterous folly of covering one of our too few public parks with bricks and mortar, Union Square is not the site for a public library. It is too far down town.

The shiftless persons who would misappropriate a city's parks for building purposes act as if they thought the city's life would scarcely be a hundred years. Yet if you were to ask them how long the city would last they would probably reply "forever." They are mistaken—both ways. They are mistaken in acting as if the city would end in a century, and mistaken in saying that she will last forever. This city may last for two thousand years. But these short-sighted persons, if they had their will, would render her uninhabitable in a tenth of that time.

Although the present Presidential term is only fairly begun, although it is now three years to the next nominating convention, and although it would be mere guess-work to say what issues will be paramount or what men will forge to the front in three years, there is yet considerable speculation as to the personality of the Republican candidate for the election of 1904. A prominent figure in the contest, and admittedly a candidate, is Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana. Personally, his strength lies in the facts that he is possessed of good business and political ability gained from long experience, that he has the good-will of the present administration, and that he belongs to a doubtful State in the Middle West. On the other hand, he lacks a record which would make him a spectacular candidate, arousing popular enthusiasm.

Secretary Root may also be classed as a candidate who would have the benefit of administration favor. He has made a good record in the Cabinet and attained the position of a widely trusted public servant. His affiliations are almost wholly Eastern, and it is difficult to say with how great a favor his nomination would be accepted in the West.

Colonel Roosevelt is still a possibility. His military record, as well as his municipal services in New York and his governorship of the State, make a good public record with some of the spice of the spectacular. Conservative elements, however, do not trust him implicitly, and he is doubtless injured by the unscrupulous cartoonists. He is not now quite so strong as he was last fall.

Senator Allison is mentioned, but as he will be seventy-five years old, he considers himself disqualified by age. He suggests that Iowa could present a desirable candidate in Governor Shaw. The latter, however, can be considered now as no more than the darkest kind of a dark horse.

Senator Hanna is persistently talked about, although he has several times disclaimed an ambition to be President. He has proved himself an efficient politician, but not Presidential timber. He might receive a complimentary vote in the convention, but nothing more serious.

Governor Odell, of New York, is a growing man, with an excellent record behind him and a chance to win golden opinions by the score in the near future. His position in New York may make him a strong Eastern candidate, though he is likely to fail personally in making a strong appeal to Western sentiment.

Thomas B. Reed is also considered, although some say that he has shrunk in public estimation. The idea may be only a fallacy superinduced by his recent quiescence. As a candidate he would have the prestige of residence in New York, a strong and widely trusted character, great experience, and possibly might be no weaker from the fact that he has differed with some of the administration policies. He is by no means an impossibility in the next contest.

The names mentioned practically cover the field so far, unless Senator Lodge is included, who represents a decidedly far Eastern sentiment, and Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, who represents the most Western elements in so far as the West has been looked to for a candidate. Both of these have been talked about, and either would measure up well for the place so far as experience and character goes. No candidate has yet been mentioned belonging to the region west of the Father of Waters, though whatever name is selected its owner must have favor with the West to be elected.

The statistician of the health department has just issued his report on the deaths that occurred in this city during the fiscal year that closed last month. The total number of deaths—9,687—shows an increase of 751 over those of the previous year. This would be a large percentage of deaths for a city of this size were it not for the fact that many of them were included

in the transient population brought here by the war in the Philippines. On this account there were 2,762 deaths of soldiers and others who died outside of the city, leaving the net number of deaths among residents at 6,925. As usual the greatest number of deaths resulted from tuberculosis, there being 1,100 deaths from this disease in its various forms, pulmonary tuberculosis, or consumption, being responsible for 935 of them. This was to be expected, as the statistics show that tuberculosis is responsible for one-sixth of the deaths, and San Francisco is not more favored in this particular than other localities. More surprising is the large number from cancer, there having been 187 deaths from that source last year. Diphtheria was responsible for 93 deaths and typhoid fever for 70. Diseases of the heart caused 524 deaths. There were 125 suicides, fire-arms being the favorite method adopted.

The Boer war has so split the Liberal party in Great Britain that it is without form and void. It is almost as hopelessly divided as is the Democratic party in this country. The curious phenomenon is presented, both in the United States and Great Britain, of practically no opposition to the party in power. Lord Rosebery has been looked upon by the Liberals as a new Moses, to lead them out of the South African Egypt. In reply to their yearnings he has issued a manifesto on the divisions in the Liberal party. It is contained in a letter to the City Liberal Club, which had invited him to deliver an address. He disclaims any desire to reënter politics, but speaks, "under the remarkable character" agreed upon by Liberal members of the House of Commons, of "hearty and undisputed allegiance to the leaders and complete liberty of action to dissent with regard to the one vital question before the country." The Liberal party can become a power, he continues, only when it shall have made up its mind on the "imperial questions which are at this moment embodied in the war."

"It is a matter of sorrow and anxiety," he says, "to see a weak government faced by a weaker opposition at a juncture of foreign hostilities and international competition which needs all the vigilance, power, and agility at our command." He believes that Great Britain is at a crisis which may have unlimited effects upon its future.

Lord Rosebery's utterances are about as clear as were those of the oracle at Delphi. Like most Delphic utterances, anxious inquirers may derive from him many meanings. For example, his pronouncement is considered by the *Daily Telegraph* as "severing the last connection with a hopeless opposition." The *Daily Chronicle* says: "It is destined to have a profound effect upon the country, pointing to the formation of a national Liberal party, numerous materials for which are scattered within easy reach." The *Daily Chronicle* meaningly asks if Lord Rosebery will take his part toward realizing the desired end. The *Daily News* regards Lord Rosebery as "standing outside the vineyard and throwing stones at the workers." Going on to analyze the letter, the *News* defines it as a "deliberate and mischievous attempt to prevent reunion." The Conservative papers generally commend the letter. The *Times* calls on Lord Rosebery to "place his great abilities at the service of the country by throwing himself, heart and soul, into the work of converting the Liberal party to the policy in which he believes." It alludes to his "singular advantages—birth, ability, and nationality—for playing an important part at a critical time."

When the great London journals are so puzzled by Lord Rosebery's manifesto, it would be useless for a mere American newspaper to hazard even a conjecture as to its meaning. However, it does not seem to us as if Lord Rosebery were exactly yearning to play the rôle of Moses to the Liberal party's Israel. Lord Rosebery has done fairly well already with Israel. It is said that he now meditates mating himself with royalty in the shape of King Edward's sister-in-law, the widowed Duchess of Albany. In that case he will become more royalist than the king.

The bill-board nuisance has been a source of much annoyance and study in American cities on the part of those who seek to beautify the public places in municipalities. That they are unsightly is admitted on all sides; but they are a source of considerable revenue to certain people, and an abuse that is backed by money is difficult to abate. For this reason the crusade against the bill-boards has been productive of little beyond profitless discussion. Even the attempt to limit their height in order that they might not be a menace as well as an offense to good taste has been productive of little relief. France has adopted a plan which, while it does not do away with the nuisance, enables the public to reap some benefit from them. In France bill-boards are taxed and are a source of considerable revenue to the government. According to the French definition, bill-boards include any printed,



written, or painted placard exhibited on a wall, hoarding, or other public place in order to spread information of any kind. Government placards are on white paper; private placards on colored paper and must bear a revenue stamp. The French Government derives a revenue in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million dollars annually from this source. It would be better if these disfigurements of the streets and dead walls were abolished entirely; but if this is impossible, and it seems to be, there is every reason why they should be compelled to contribute something to the public revenue. A graduated tax—graduated in proportion to the nuisance that is maintained—would have a restraining influence. The tax might even be so regulated that it would be prohibitory on the more unsightly and offensive class of advertising matter. This is a subject that these supervisors who are zealous for the public welfare might well look into.

The California Fish Commission has been impressed by the charges made in the celebrated case of The Fish Experts, San Francisco Fishermen *versus* The Seal Fish Stories, Rock Sea-Lions—a case which has long been at the bar of public opinion, but in which a decision has never been rendered. Therefore the fish commissioners have appointed a special sub-commission to investigate the question as to whether the sea-lions do or do not destroy an unreasonable number of food fishes. The sub-commission consists of Professor Starr, of Stanford University, Professor Snodgrass, and Mr. C. Ruller, an assistant fish commissioner. Their examination will extend over the whole of the California coast, and the time allotted to them is a year.

There can be no question that the sea-lions consume large quantities of fish. The only open question is as to whether the amount is "reasonable" or "unreasonable." Before a court of fishermen it would certainly be decided as unreasonable. Before a court of sea-lions—held on Seal Rocks, say, with old Ben Butler on the judge's bench—the court would certainly hold that any quantity was a reasonable one. This word "reasonable" has puzzled many courts. It has been the point of contention in nearly all the corporation cases from the famous "Granger Cases" down—as to what is a "reasonable" rate of compensation for a corporation, such as a common carrier, to exact from the public. It even entered into a case in a prohibition State, where the matter at issue was whether lager beer is or is not an intoxicating beverage when drunk in reasonable quantities. A German saloon-keeper, called as an expert, testified that no man could get drunk on a reasonable amount of beer; that he personally drank forty glasses a day with impunity; but that he did not know what effect it would have "if a man made a hog of himself."

To return to the fish question. There can be no doubt that the sea-lions are great eaters of fish. By the way, the old Spaniards here called them, instead of sea-lions, "sea-wolves"—*lobos del mar*, from which comes the name of our Point Lohos, off which lie the Seal Rocks frequented by these *phocoids*. Scientifically, they are not seals, but are classed as the *Zalophus Californianus*, the genuine seal being *phocidae*. Touching their capacity for fish-eating, the following anecdote proves that it is enormous. A number of years ago the California Fish Commissioners imported some German carp with which they stocked the lakes and streams of this State. These fish, although fair to look upon, are a nuisance in many ways and an affliction to fishermen. They are too dull and "logy" to afford any sport to the angler, and they are not fit to eat when caught. Furthermore, they destroy the spawn of fine game-fish like the trout and black bass. The Spring Valley Water Company were unwise enough to permit the fish commission to stock Lake Merced with carp. In the course of years the carp ate up all the trout spawn and trout fry until finally the trout were exterminated. The immigrants then increased in such vast numbers that the lake was becoming a solid mass of carp. The corporation became alarmed. They did not use the lake water except as a reserve supply in case of necessity, but they feared that if the carp continued to increase there would soon be no lake at all. So they generously gave the fish in the lake to some market fishermen—gratis. These men drew their seines from dawn to dusk and hauled wagon-load after wagon-load of fish into the minor markets of San Francisco. But it made no apparent diminution in the quantity of carp.

A new plan was suggested, and the lake-keeper decided to try it. The stories of the insatiable appetite of the sea-lions suggested bringing a few of them to Lake Merced. They are occasionally caught by the local fishermen to fill orders from zoological gardens and menageries in other parts of the world. So a pair of caged sea-lions was hauled to the lake shore, the cage was lowered from the wagon, and its door opened. The amphibious beasts, their eyes red and angry from the long confinement, snapped and snorted a few moments at the small group of onlookers and then slumped into the strange, sweet water of the lake, and struck

out. It did not take them long to get their bearings. In a moment the largest one dived and rose to the surface with a silvery carp in his mouth. He hit out the most toothsome morsel, the belly part and the abdominal viscera, and left the head, tail, and backbone intact. He repeated this as rapidly as he could dive, and in a quarter of an hour there were a dozen mutilated carp floating on the water. The lake-keeper was much gratified, as were all the spectators, and the problem of cleaning out the lake was considered solved.

But a new difficulty arose after the lapse of a day or two. The surface of the lake was covered with the remains of partially eaten carp. They began to putrefy. That would never do. The lake was intended for drinking water—a reserve supply, it is true, but, nevertheless, it could not be contaminated with decaying animal matter. A number of men had to be employed to row about in skiffs and pick up the decaying carp. But on the third day Nature took a hand in the matter. A sea-gull or two appeared, then a dozen, then some hundreds. These scavengers of nature had never before been seen on the lake. There was nothing there for them to eat. But now there was plenty. They stayed as long as there was anything for them to do and then they departed; the sea-lions, having eaten up all the carp left in the lake, also left; they crawled across country to the ocean, which is only half a mile from the lake. Doubtless they returned to Seal Rocks with marvelous fish stories, even more marvelous than this. This, however, has the disadvantage (for a fish story) of being true.

This anecdote may not assist the fish commissioners in their endeavor to solve the problem as to decreasing the slaughter of food fishes by the sea-lion. But if they have any doubt as to the fish-eating capacity of sea-lions, all they have to do is to subpoena the Spring Valley lake-keeper at Lake Merced. He can testify truly that sea-lions are ichthyophagi.

The Southern Pacific Company is now advertising San Francisco as "the ideal summer resort." While this may make many San Franciscans smile, it is an eminently sensible idea. We hope the Southern Pacific Company will continue so to advertise San Francisco, and that San Francisco may in time come to see that it is useful so to advertise herself. At this writing San Francisco is the only city in the United States which is not suffering from an intense, a tropical, a life-destroying heat. This spell of hot weather has lasted now almost unbroken for some weeks. To us who live upon the coast of California it is difficult to understand what it means. But the daily dispatches have told what it means. It means discomfort to the rich at the seaside and aboard their luxurious yachts; it means oppressiveness and great discomfort to the well-to-do middle-class in their homes and counting-houses; it means suffering to the hard-working lower orders, torture to the tenement dwellers, and disease and death to the invalid, the infant, and the old.

In San Francisco to-day there are some sixty or seventy thousand strangers attending the Epworth Convention and the annual festival of the rifle clubs. These people left torrid cities and came thousands of miles over scorching plains; when they reached the cooling breezes of the Pacific Coast, it was like coming from hell to heaven. They can scarcely withhold their laughter at the complaints of our people about our summer fogs and winds. These complaints seem to them childish.

In view of these facts, why does not San Francisco advertise her summer temperature? During the last few weeks there have been in the Associated Press dispatches the temperatures of every large city in the Union—except San Francisco. These temperatures have ranged from ninety to a hundred degrees, yet San Francisco during the same time has ranged under sixty and frequently has fallen below fifty. It would mean a great deal to this city if the temperature were printed every summer alongside of the thermometric readings of other large cities.

Mr. Chamberlain, who is charged with being the author of the war in the Transvaal, has sprung a new sensation. He has given notice of the introduction of a bill changing the title of King Edward the Seventh to Emperor Edward the First. The text of the bill has not been published as yet, but its purpose and the grounds upon which its necessity is alleged have been. The movement is an outgrowth of the South African war. It is not alone that the colonial troops have proved their loyalty and their utility during that conflict, though perhaps the realization of that loyalty and utility is now more vital than it was before. The war has brought about a more lively appreciation of the unity of the various parts of the empire. The King of Great Britain and Ireland was monarch of those countries and ruler of a number of dependencies scattered over the face of the globe. The English people have been more tolerant toward the colonists

since the war, and the new title is to be a recognition of their admission to something more nearly approaching an equality. There is really little vitality in a title beyond the feelings that it arouses. Emperor Edward will bear the same relations legally to his subjects that King Edward now bears, but the results are likely to be more far-reaching. For a number of years the movement looking toward federation has been increasing in strength. It is not improbable that the feeling that finds expression in the granting of this new title may accelerate the federal movement. Another force that has been working in the same direction is the realization that is finding repeated expression in the British press that the time is not far distant when America will distance Great Britain in the struggle for commercial supremacy, and that closer cohesion among the members of "Greater Britain" is necessary to prepare them for the fight.

It is announced that the commission appointed under an act of the legislature at its last session to appraise and purchase the land of the Big Basin for a State park will visit the spot during August. An advisory committee, composed of representative and competent men, will accompany the commission on its trip, and five days will be consumed in making a thorough investigation. As the land included in the proposed purchase covers only twenty-four hundred acres, this should be ample time. The park as originally proposed covered a much larger area, but this will take in the heart of the Big Basin and will form a nucleus in which additions can be made by private subscription later. The most difficult question that will have to be settled is the price to be paid. The land is held by some forty holders, and they are naturally desirous of getting as much as they can for their property. The public is as naturally desirous of paying no more than the land is reasonably worth, and the commission has properly declared that this is all that will be paid. Mr. Mills, of the commission, who is familiar with the land, estimates the value at five dollars an acre, with the commercial value of the stumpage and the water rights added. Timber land in Humboldt County is held at from twenty to forty dollars an acre, according to the quantity and quality of the timber and the facilities for getting it to market. An average of thirty dollars an acre should be none too low for the Big Basin property. At present the facilities for getting it to market are not good, there is a great variety of trees other than redwood that would not have any commercial value, and the property could not be profitably worked unless the title was concentrated in a few hands. Some of the advocates of the State park express a fear that the land will be denuded of timber unless it is purchased immediately at the prices demanded by the owners. There is little danger of this. If not purchased by agreement it will be condemned by the legislature at its next session. If a part of the timber has been cut, the price under the condemnation proceedings will be correspondingly reduced; improvements made for the purpose of cutting and handling will not be paid for; if all of the timber is cut, the land will have practically no value. It is a business proposition for the owners to agree upon reasonable terms with the commission.

We recently indulged in some speculations as to the number of teachers drawn by the government from the California universities for service in the Philippines. President Wheeler replied last week to our query, that forty-seven graduates from Berkeley had received educational appointments in the Philippines. In the absence of President Jordan, now engaged on government service in Hawaii, Professor Branner, who is acting-president, sends us the following note:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The last *Argonaut* states that forty-seven teachers have been selected by the University of California to go to the Philippines, and it is asked how many have been sent from Stanford. In reply I beg to say that the president of this institution has been authorized to appoint three. Very truly yours, J. C. BRANNER.

Within the last week there has been an addition to the grave dissensions at present existing between American capital and labor. According to the news dispatches nearly one hundred thousand steel-workers have gone out on strike. The workmen are all members of the vast trades-union called the Amalgamated Association. The employers are all members of the vast association called the United States Steel Trust. The strike has, naturally, profoundly affected the securities of the Steel Trust. They fell heavily the first day of the strike, subsequently recovering. It is now a pitched battle between two great trusts—a workingmen's trust and a capitalists' trust.

The Japanese Government shared with Americans the ceremonies of the unveiling, on July 14th, at Kurihama, of a monument to Commodore Perry, the American officer who opened the gates of the island empire to intercourse with the western world.



## THE GIRL OF THE HOLY EYES.

An Artist's Story of a Beautiful Model.

Messrs. Edward and William Finden were engravers of considerable reputation forty years ago. William, the younger, produced some exquisite book-plates, and others of more importance. The smaller prints appeared in the "Annals" which were so popular during the first quarter of the century and far into the second. They were legion, the "Book of Gems" being perhaps the most popular. After a long reign the public wearied of them, and one after another they ceased to exist. The Findens, Heath, and other "Annual" publishers found the necessity of catering for their many readers in other forms. Heath hit upon the "Book of Beauty," with Lady Blessington as editor of it. The contents consisted of short stories and poems of unequal merit, and many of the beauties of London were pressed into the service, and figured as beauties; a claim, judging from some specimens, to which they had no right whatever. The Findens' venture was in the form of a series of female heads, in oval shape, from Moore's poems, and the title fixed upon was "The Beauties of Moore." A number of young artists living in intimate intercourse—myself, Egg, Elmore, Ward, and others—agreed to contribute. The sums we received for each picture varied from ten to fifteen pounds. "Lesbia," "Norah Creina," "Wicked Eyes," and "Holy Eyes," and many more, fell to me; so many, indeed, that I used up all the pretty models and any of my well-favored friends that I could persuade to sit. "Holy Eyes" became a great difficulty. None of our models had features or expressions that could help one to realize Moore's beautiful lines:

"Some looks there are so holy,  
They seem but given  
As shining beacons solely  
To light to heaven."

Nor could I discover among my acquaintances a form that would assist me. On telling a friend of my difficulty, he said: "I think I can introduce you to a young lady who would be exactly what you want."

My friend, who was, and had long been, an invalid, then told me that his doctor, a man named Rose, in very fair practice, had recently married a young and beautiful girl.

"They are both coming to dine with me," said he. "Come and meet them, and then, if you find the lady won't do, nothing need be said. If, on the contrary, you find that I am right in my judgment of her, I think I can promise that Rose will only be too pleased to let her sit."

On the appointed day I put in an early appearance, and never can I forget, if subsequent and fearful events had failed to fix themselves upon my memory, the vision of exquisite loveliness that appeared, leaning on the arm of a somewhat saturnine-looking man considerably older than herself. Anything nearer to the complete ideal of female loveliness it would be impossible to conceive.

She was tall, of a perfect figure. Her features recalled the most beautiful of the antique statues; the statuesque perfection of her form was inspired by an expression I could not paint, and can not describe beyond saying that it was like that we find in the angels of Botticelli—purity and holiness combined; and if, as I for one believe, the face is the index of the mind, then that mind should have been one that no mean, sordid, or sensual thought could enter.

The dinner was gay. The saturnine doctor told some good medical stories. And after dinner, when a whisper from me to my friend expressed my delight, and the hope that he might succeed in obtaining the great favor for me, he immediately went to the doctor and broached the subject. I watched the grave face anxiously enough, but could make no guess as to the success or failure of my friend, who presently returned to me and informed me that Dr. Rose would "think about it." This did not look quite hopeful. The evening ended by the doctor asking me for my address; he then promised that he would call and talk my request over.

In a few days the promised visit was paid. At his request I showed him two or three of the pictures just completed, and explained to him my straits in the matter of "Holy Eyes."

"Yes," said he, "I can see that my wife would do; and if you can persuade her to sit—I can have no objection. Will you dine with us on any disengaged day? You have my card. You will find my address No. — Harley Street."

A day was fixed, and the sitting followed speedily. I found Mrs. Rose in every respect delightful. She drew fairly well, and had much love and taste for art. The sittings were too agreeable to allow of their being hurried over. I introduced Dr. and Mrs. Rose to my mother, who lived in Osnaburgh Street with my brother, sister, and myself—my painting-room being in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. An unusually rapid intimacy sprang up between us all. We were constantly at each other's houses; and the more I saw of the Roses, the better I liked them.

One night, when I was reading in the dining-room, and meditating an immediate retirement to bed, I heard a loud ringing of the front-door bell, repeated still louder almost immediately. The servants and the rest of the family had gone to bed, and the house was closed for the night. I hurried to the front door, and, before I could open it, the bell rang again. To my amazement I found Rose, seemingly wet through—for the night was very stormy—his face marked with lines of passion and despair to such an extent as actually to change the man's appearance almost beyond recognition. "Great heavens," thought I, "is the man ill, or drunk, or what?"

I supported him into the dining-room. "Now, dear fellow, tell me what has induced you to wake me up at this time of night?"

"Is that soda water?"  
Yes; have some?  
And brandy, if you've got it."

"Now, then, what is it that distresses you so?"

By this time the doctor's face was buried in his hands, and his tears and sobs were awful to witness. After a seemingly desperate struggle with himself, he looked into my face with an expression in his own never to be forgotten, and then said, calmly:

"I'm going to tell you something that you won't believe."  
"Very likely," said I, with a forced smile; "what is it?"  
"What is it—my God! what is it? Why, it's just this: My wife is a drunkard."

"You must be mad to say such a thing."

"Am I? Well, you go and see for yourself, my dear fellow. She is lying maudlin drunk on the sofa at this moment, and I see now she has been drunk night after night. I go out a good deal, you know, night and day. Several times lately, when I have returned, I have found her sitting up for me in a kind of semi-unconscious condition—stupefied with sleep and fatigue I thought, perhaps. Well, to-night I found her in the same kind of almost epileptic state, and by her side a tumbler with some white liquid. I tasted it, and it was gin! I could not smell it. I can't smell anything, or I might have found her out weeks ago, for I now hear from that d-d old nurse of hers—that a fool I was to let that woman into the house!—that she has been at it for months—for months, I tell you, beginning with brandy which that infernal woman gave her for some trifling ailment. Now look here, Frith, I haven't come here only to tell you all this. I want you and another friend of mine, a lawyer, to take the business into your hands, and arrange for a separation, for I will never live with that woman another day." This he emphasized with an oath too fearful to repeat.

I spent hours that night in reasoning with the poor fellow; and I succeeded at last in talking him into a calmer condition of mind.

"Go home now. I will go to Darrell, the lawyer, in the morning, and we will see what can be done."

He left me a shattered and most unhappy man. Darrell and I agreed that an attempt should be made to reform this young creature. We saw her, and after the first horror of having to acknowledge her dreadful habits to us, she declared solemnly and earnestly that if her husband would forgive her she would consent to be placed in any institution he might appoint, and go through the severest discipline for any length of time. She felt confident, she said, that if the temptation were placed beyond her reach for a short time even, she would lose the taste for it, and a cure would be easy. She was very young, not much past nineteen, and it was impossible to see this fair young thing and listen to her pleadings without being very much touched. Our difficulty was with the husband. For a long time he would not listen to us.

"She might go, and she should go; she can drink herself to death, and then she will trouble nobody any more. And who, pray, ever heard of a woman, who had once acquired the habit, being reformed?"

"I have," said Darrell; "four in my experience, and they were all older than your wife."

"Are you telling me the truth now, or is that what you lawyers call a legal fiction?"

"It is the solemn truth," said Darrell.

We at last wrung from him his consent that the trial should be made, and it was made on the morning following. The dipsomaniacal institute was given up, and the young lady was consigned to the care of two elderly French ladies, who kept a school at Bridgewater—what is called, I believe, a finishing school, where only girls of a mature age are admitted. These ladies were, of course, made acquainted with every particular, and they cheerfully undertook the attempt at a cure.

Eighteen months passed away, bringing us (Rose would not hear of direct communication with himself) at intervals most cheering accounts. Mrs. Rose was the delight of all with whom she came in contact. At first everything in the shape of wine and beer was kept out of her sight; but she soon could be trusted to see them, though never taste them, and she never showed the least desire to touch wine, beer, or spirits; in fact, she assured the elder of the French ladies that it was a mystery which perplexed her much, how she could ever have drunk what was offensive to her now—even to smell.

All this was communicated to Dr. Rose; and at last, to our great happiness, he consented to receive her home again. But first she must sign a paper in the presence of myself and Darrell, in which she undertook, in many solemn words, never to touch alcohol in any form—wine or beer—except by the permission of her husband. The day of her arrival from Bridgewater we all dined together; the girl's beauty seemed to have increased, if possible, and it was an inexpressible satisfaction to Darrell and me to see our efforts crowned with success.

Six weeks, or at most two months, only had passed, when Rose, returning home, found his wife in such a condition of drunkenness as only to leave her power to stagger across the room, fall at her husband's feet, cling about his knees, and implore him not to go and fetch me and Darrell, so that we might see what a "depraved wretch" she was. He rushed from the house to fetch us. There was an unnatural calm in Rose's manner when he announced the failure of our "well-meant efforts," as he called them.

"I am sorry," he said to Darrell, in bantering tones, "that you have not been able to add to your list of redeemed ones. As you were both witnesses to the woman's solemn pledge, you must come with me and see how well she has kept it."

Not another word was spoken till we arrived in Harley Street. Rose let us in by means of his latch-key, and led the way to the drawing-room. No one was there. He rang the bell.

"Where is your mistress?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Wait here, Darrell. I will go and look for her; she couldn't go out."

He left the room. Too distressed to talk to one another, we sat awe-struck. In a few moments we heard a cry that literally froze my blood. We rushed from the room. The cry was repeated, and a voice added: "Come here—come here!"

We descended the stairs, and met a frightened footman, who pointed to the surgery. We entered, and found Rose on his knees by the dead body of his wife. The smell of prussic acid that seemed to fill the surgery told the fate of the miserable girl.—*Reminiscences of W. P. Frith.*

## MEETING OF THE SOUTH-SEA LOVERS.

... In the land  
Where history is but a charming tale  
Droned by old men at twilight, future days  
Pleasantly certain as the next repast,  
Where gods and goddesses appear as birds,  
Trees, plants or moonlight, gently rising tide,  
And shining girdle of leaves,—all homely things,  
Which hold the people's hearts.—In this fair land  
Taka was born. Thro' sixteen years of moon  
And tropic sun she blossomed in the air.  
Cribbled by no frost, the world unconsciously  
Mirrored her sweetness back to her. The sun  
Had kissed her skin to a warm topaz; rare  
As dusky wealth of Autumn, her sweet breast,  
Gleaming and bare, was hung with ropes of flowers  
Yellow and white, and in her curling hair  
Glimmered the pure gardenia. All the braves  
Wished her for wife, but old Akau, the chief,  
Knowing Uhila's prowess and the blood  
Left by an English forebear in his veins,  
Knowing that Taka, too, could boast, or mourn,  
A foreign ancestry, had lately pledged  
His daughter to this brave, and now the village  
Made preparations for the marriage.  
There  
By the warm sea the maidens paid their court  
To Taka, who so soon would leave their gay  
Indifferent frolic lives to wed the grave  
Stern chief. She did not falter at the choice.  
Love which the maidens sang was but a word;  
She wished no better fate than to be mated  
To a strong warrior whom her heart held dear  
As friend to kind Akau. So she waited.  
In her slim hands she held a polished cup,  
The shell of coconut, which caught the light  
Like a brown pool. The toil of many days  
Had turned the tawny shade to warmest black  
In gradual depths as shaded Taka's cheek;  
With perfumed oil her fingers gave caress  
And waked the hidden pictures in the grain,  
The yellow sand, the dusky amber girl,  
The brown perfected in the shining globe.  
Earth's monotonies are justified in this.

... Tui Tua Kau,  
"King of the Reefs," had ventured over far  
From Tonga's shore. Caught by a wanton gale,  
His idle racing, lengthened in a whim  
To cheat his laughing mates, grew a wild flight.  
The frail canoe seemed, on the angry sea,  
A sweet rose petal blown across the night.  
Yet wisely now the winds had mind to crown  
Their joyous undertaking, and upon  
The shores of Fiji's isles they drew their prize.  
The maidens on the shore had seen afar  
The stranger's coming, and the songs were stilled  
To hush of expectation. Even so  
A prince might come to claim his kingdom, lone,  
In a frail craft, with weary eyes, and hair  
Crowned with a fading wreath, more beautiful  
Than all their lovers, slender, strong, and young.  
With one lithe spring he gained the yellow sand  
And caught the boat and drew it with a swing  
High on the beach,—its movement seemed alive.  
His sinewy fingers loosed the flapping sail,  
Gay shells clucked musical against the mast,  
And all the maidens, timorous as birds,  
Laughed at the sound, with shy averted face.  
Then straight and slender as the cocoa-palm,  
Straight as its shaft and crowned with shining hair,  
The stranger lifted up his head. The wreath,  
Faded yet still alive thro' ocean's breath,  
Drooped o'er his brows. His flashing sun-bright eyes  
Struck thro' the group of girls as shoots a dart,  
And caught and quivered in sweet Taka's breast.  
More noble than the rest, she scorned to fear,  
And graceful in her modesty she faltered,  
Then came to meet and greet the stranger guest.  
Erect she faced him, o'er her brow the frail  
Curves of the crest she wore, antennae-wise,  
Trembled a little. As a maid beneath,  
Her eyes drooped from his gaze, yet not too soon  
To miss the gleam with which he caught the first  
Flash of her beauty. With that glance he gained—  
Half conscious of a gladness—that this maid  
Was still for winning. As the custom is  
Her hair fell in twin braids, and were she wed  
They had been sacrificed to that estate.  
Maiden she was, his eyes caressed the sign  
Black o'er the topaz beauty of her breast.  
—From Helen Hay's "The Rose of Dawn."

The crowning of Emperor Francis Joseph next year at Prague as King of Bohemia will be an incident of considerable interest from a sentimental and historical point of view. It will mark the reestablishment of an ancient kingdom which once ranked among the great powers of Europe. It will mark, also, the transformation of the composite and polyglot dual realm into a triple realm. Once more the storied city of Prague will be a royal residence, and, after many years, the Czechs will be able again to call themselves a nation. The act will generally be regarded as a just and graceful one, too long deferred, yet none the less welcome. It is probable that credit for it is to be given to the venerable Kaiser himself, who, by the simple force of his personal influence, has so long held together a vast and discordant empire. Bohemia has been for many years only a province of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire, with its own governor—Count Carl Coudenhove—but with no legislative body.

By the new parole law of Minnesota, the Younger brothers, principals with the James brothers in robbing the bank at Northfield, in 1870, have been released after twenty-five years of imprisonment. They have paid a frightful penalty for their crime. A sister's love has battled for the law, which may now free them, for the last fifteen years. This devotion has been supported by Senator Stephen B. Elkins, who has repeatedly in the last five years given his influence in favor of the parole of the men.



## BOHEMIAN LOVE-LETTERS—II.

Our Bohemian in the Balkans—On the Adriatic, Ægean, Ionian, and Black Seas—Up the Danube to Vienna.

MY DEAR R—: Keep an eye fixed on this part of the world. Things are happening and are going to happen over here that you should take note of as they progress.

I received your letter only the other day on returning from a five-week whirl about the Balkan Peninsula. I was delighted to learn that you had turned farmer and to note that your epistle was blotted, in the old-fashioned way, with sand from your own furrow. I immediately thought of Cincinnatus returned to his plow after a hot political campaign.

The things that are going to happen in the Balkan lands may not be at all what political chess experts predict. The unexpected crops up in the game of nations as frequently as it does in the experience of individuals. What may happen when good and much beloved and respected Francis Joseph of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, and so forth, dies, no one can foretell. Everybody suspects the supporters of the Hapsburg dynasty of designs for extending the empire to Salonica, on the Ægean Sea, and harmonizing the twenty-one different kingdoms and provinces of which the multi-monarchy is composed. Germany wants to take in the Tyrol, Carinthia, Carniola, and Istria, in order to possess the commercial harbor of Trieste and the war harbor of Pola, on the Adriatic. Thus she would cut Europe in two, and have a very commanding situation both ashore and afloat. Hungary is ambitious enough to want a confederation of the Balkan states under her leadership. No one knows what Russia intends to accomplish in this particular direction, but she is accused of coveting the earth, and, as she is gradually but surely getting it, and the Balkans are a part of the earth, time may bring about that monopolistic result, especially as Servia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria, the independent and warlike nations of the peninsula, are Slav countries, and have a strong leaning toward kindred Russia if their separate independence can not be maintained. Roumania is now independent, and has elements of considerable strength. She won her independence and the respect of the world at Plevna, and has to be counted as more than a pawn in the game. Her people claim lineal descent from the Roman colony established by Trajan after the conquest of Dacia and his victory over Decebalus, account of which is pictorially perpetuated on the column of Trajan at Rome. The king of the Roumanians was a prince of a lateral branch of the House of Hohenzollern, and hence must have leanings toward Germany, but like England, France, Italy, and the rest of interested Europe, she is agreeable to the present *status quo*, while it prevents the present balance of power from being disturbed. Turkey keeps a foothold in Europe through suzerainty and by reason of the jealousies of the European nations.

These speculations regarding some of the possibilities of the future seem reasonable enough, but we Quaker-Bohemians hope that Europe will not make any sudden moves of a warlike nature while we are prospecting the land that has been recently opened to our enjoyment. We would like to have Austria "administer" the whole section, because she builds fine roads, and preserves ruins, and sells excellent cigars and cigarettes at reasonable prices within her domains. Austria does now pretty nearly administer this whole section, even where her soldiers are not on guard. On our recent trip we used Austrian postage-stamps as far south as Durazzo, in Albania, and even at Constantinople, and we voyaged in Austrian bottoms all the way from Venice to Vienna. On the Adriatic, Ionian, Ægean, Marmora, and Black Seas, we traveled in the steamships of the great Austrian Lloyd Company, and all the way up the Danube, from its Sulena mouth to Vienna, we made temporary but very comfortable homes on steamboats of the Austrian or Hungarian steamboat companies.

I am not now going to weary you with an account of the material revival of these new-old countries of South-Eastern Europe. Agricultural and manufacturing developments are in progress, led by Hungary, that are truly phenomenal, and their influence will be felt from California on the one side to Japan and China on the other side; but I want to call the attention of you Argonauts of the Pacific Coast and Bohemians in general to a big mine of picturesque, romantic, poetic, and piratical interest that is just being reopened after having been practically closed to Christians by the Mohammedan Turk for more than five hundred years. During that long period this part of the world became almost forgotten. Even now it is scarcely known to any but the peoples that surround it; but it is being re-discovered and its wealth will be the next novelty to unfold for tourist delectation.

It is a mine in which every Bohemian should stake out some kind of a claim as soon as possible. If I were emperor of the world, I would give to each of the elect a latch-key to the Balkan artistic preserves, so that they might have free access to its delights before it is overrun and spoiled by the swarm of ordinary globe-trotters who will infest the place as soon as it becomes fashionable.

Plutocratic and titled steam-yacht owners have held the coasts of Dalmatia and Albania as a cruising reserve for several years, and have tried to "keep it dark." I heard one of them say, one day: "For God's sake don't popularize the Dalmatian coast; if you do, you will spoil it." It is about the only genuine part of the world left." I had not made any threat to "popularize the Dalmatian coast." I had merely been expressing my appreciation of its beauty and grandeur.

When we started on our voyage, we had no idea of making so complete a circle, but we were led on from charm to charm, from Cattaro to Corfu, from Corfu to Athens, from Athens to Constantinople, from Constantinople up the Black Sea to the mouths of the Danube, and all the way up the Danube against its mighty current to Vienna. It was truly

a voyage of circumnavigation, for we traveled only by water, and the circle was so nearly completed when we finally went ashore at Vienna that we were but a few hours distant by rail from our Venetian home. We were lured on from beauty to beauty and from pleasant surprise to pleasanter surprise, as fatally as were the ancient mariners of the Rhine by the cooing of the Siren of the Lorelei. Even when we floated up to our water doorstep on the Grand Canal, we were loth to get out of the gondola, so infatuated had we become with going round and round among strange and bewitching scenes. The sensation was something like that felt in the delirium of a waltz, when the music is intoxicating and the *huggee* is dizzy and sympathetic. We did not want to stop going on and on, until we were dead of fatigue or until the music of the letter of credit ceased to vibrate.

Now that we have become somewhat sober, we are glad that we made so comprehensive a tour, and we are also glad to rest for a time in our lovely home by the Adriatic and to take advantage of the quiet to write you about our trip. We made thousands of notes and kept the Blick and the camera busy in so doing. Some of the people we met on the way had never seen a type-writer or a photographic instrument, so that we were wonder-makers as well as wonder-seekers, and we enjoyed the reciprocity immensely. There is a charm in being the first to see or the first to do anything, so that we had the pleasure of being pioneers as well as that of being travelers.

We find it a good plan to walk quickly through a museum or picture gallery at first, or to ride all about a new city on arrival in the place, in order to satisfy the grand curiosity. It is then more enjoyable to go over the ground and take in the details at leisure, arranging the available time to the best advantage. When I wrote you last we had no idea of applying this method to so big a subject as a whole country, much less to a whole bunch of countries like the Balkan group, but we find it applies equally well to any sized subject. We are glad that we have mapped out a large section, for it all promises much and in its variety is all necessary.

In ordinary travel, satisfying curiosity is sufficient, for little is encountered that is worth lingering over or returning to. But it is not so with the Balkan lands and peoples. They are interesting from so many points of view that one can not tire of them any more than he can tire of one of their inimitable and indestructible carpets, which, like those of Persia and other parts of the near Orient, are counted as classic productions among the fine arts. Especially in the tones of the landscapes and in the quality and taste of the costumes of these sturdy folks, do they win and hold the favor of those who have artistic sensibility.

VAN FLETCH.

PALAZZO SAIBANTE,  
TRAGHETTO MADONETTA, CANALE GRANDE,  
VENICE, ITALY, June 22, 1901.

The untrained big man will beat the untrained little man at fisticuffs or in a wrestling match, but in trained armies weight tells for very little (remarks the London *Spectator*). So long as their armies were recruited from the cities and villages of Italy the small-limbed Romans defeated the large-limbed Germans in almost every encounter, and this although the men of the forest were hunters, lived in the open air, and ate, it is always assumed, quantities of meat. The wiry little Roman who took blows from a vine-stock from his own officer must have been one of the best soldiers who ever lived. It was after Rome had enlisted the big barbarians in scores of thousands that her standards went back in battle. The slight and pallid Saracen drove the picked soldiers of Europe out of Palestine. If armor is any test, the heroes of the Middle Ages were comparatively little men. Of the men who fought at Jena, the Frenchmen were probably by ten per cent. the smaller, yet German, Pomeranian, and Pole alike receded before their charge.

Naval officers and the newspapers have been greatly impressed by the successful exploit of the French submarine boat *Gustave Zede* in torpedoing the turret-ship *Jaureguiberry*, which was taking the part of one of a hostile manœuvring squadron in Ajaccio harbor. The *Zede* was towed a certain distance from Toulon and then proceeded alone. She entered the harbor submerged, eluded all the warships and signal stations, planted a dummy torpedo on the bottom of the biggest battle-ship, and escaped without detection. Experts and non-experts alike regard the event as one of grave suggestiveness, possibly rendering the manœuvres of 1901 historical, as marking a revolution in naval warfare.

Dr. Bentafield, who has lived for twenty-seven years in Tasmania, ascribes the healthfulness of that island, where, according to his testimony, consumption and bronchitis are almost unknown, in large part to the eucalyptus-trees, whose odor is everywhere apparent. The volatile essence of the eucalyptus oil appears to have an aseptic effect upon deleterious germs of all kinds. The trees sometimes attain great size. One that has been measured is three hundred and thirty feet tall, and some are said to attain a height of four hundred feet.

The new Corporation Art Gallery in Glasgow, just finished at a cost of over one million three hundred thousand dollars, is said to be one of the most beautiful and complete buildings in the world devoted to the fine arts. It is situated on the banks of the Kelvin, just opposite the college, and is of red sandstone. The architecture is characterized as Renaissance, with suggestions of Spain.

The political troubles in the Hawaiian Islands have revived the scheme of adding them as a congressional district to the State of California, says the Rutland (Vt.) *Herald*, and adds: "Why not make Guam a county in Rhode Island? The latter needs more land."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Empress of Russia operates a type-writer, and assists her husband by taking down many of his letters from dictation.

Andrew Carnegie still has two hundred and eighty millions to give away in public benefactions. Mr. Carnegie himself is authority for this statement, which he made recently at Skiho Castle to a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce committee.

Fred W. Martin, of Indiana, has been appointed commissioner of immigration for the port of San Juan, Porto Rico. The appointment of Mr. Martin by the President is the beginning of what is intended to be a thoroughly organized immigration service in Porto Rico, under which the laws observed in the United States will be enforced. Mr. Martin will take charge of his new office at an early date.

Henri Fournier, the winner of every stage of the Paris to Berlin automobile race, while in America introduced motor-racing at Baltimore. When he raced there Fournier was dubbed the "Red Devil," and was noted for recklessness. His race against Crooks and Scherer, two Americans, was very sensational. Since his races in Baltimore, Fournier has attained the greatest international reputation ever achieved by a motor-racer.

The reported engagement of Winston Churchill, the well-known young Englishman, to Lady Helen Stewart, is one of the chief topics in London society. Lady Helen Stewart is the only daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry. She is a handsome girl, with a talent for acting, and is the companion and comrade of her mother, whose place she takes as hostess owing to the delicate health of the marchioness. She and Winston Churchill are second cousins.

Controller of the Currency Charles G. Dawes has placed his resignation in the hands of the President, to take effect on October 1st. This action is taken by Mr. Dawes to free himself of all connection with the administration in order to make an open fight for election as United States Senator from Illinois to succeed William E. Mason. Senator Mason's term will expire on March 3, 1903. The legislature to elect Mr. Mason's successor will meet in January, 1903. The legislature itself will be chosen in the November preceding. From these dates it will be seen that Mr. Dawes proposes to devote an entire year to his canvass. Mr. Dawes will have been the Comptroller of the Currency for about four years of his five-year term.

To discover the whereabouts of Lieutenant R. E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, and to determine whether, by death or success, his search for the North Pole has been ended, Herbert L. Bridgman, secretary of the Peary Arctic Club, left New York, July 11th, for Sydney, Cape Breton, where he will take command of the steamer *Erik* and sail to the Far North. No word has been received from Peary since March 31, 1900. This is the third expedition sent out by the club in carrying out Peary's well-defined plans for reaching the pole. These plans he outlined in January, 1897, at a meeting of the American Geographical Society in Chickering Hall. He was to go north and stay till his work was done, while the Peary Arctic Club was to maintain communication with him by a series of annual expeditions.

Alfred B. Kittridge, of Sioux Falls, has been appointed senator by Governor Herreid, of South Dakota, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Kyle. Mr. Kittridge is a native of New Hampshire, having been born in Cheshire County, March 26, 1861. His early education was obtained in the public schools, and when seventeen years of age he entered Yale University. He was graduated from that institution in 1882, and at once commenced the study of law. He removed to Sioux Falls, S. D., in 1885, and began practice. Mr. Kittridge early manifested an interest in State politics, and was for a long time ex-Senator Pettigrew's trusted lieutenant. In 1896 the two parted upon the money question. Mr. Kittridge was the Republican committeeman from South Dakota in 1892 and 1896. He is a bachelor.

Señorita Natico Terry, whose marriage to the Count Stanislaus de Castellane, brother of Count Boni de Castellane, was recently announced, is the daughter of Señor and Señora Francisco Emilio Terry, of Cuba, New York, and Paris. She is a niece by marriage of the *prima donna*, Silyl Sanderson, and a granddaughter of the late Tomaso Terry, the Cuban planter, who began life as a peddler of cheap jewelry in Havana and ended as one of the richest land-owners on the island. The new Countess Castellane is twenty-two years old. She was educated at a convent in Paris, and has lived in great seclusion, after the fashion of aristocratic French girls. She brings to her titled husband a fortune which, while large, is by no means equal to that of Anna Gould. Count Stanislaus is a larger and more manly edition of his brother, Count Boni, with whom he has lived for the last few years.

An exception to the rule that men of transcendent genius do not transmit their ability to their sons seems to have been found in Siegfried Wagner, only son of the creator of "Lohengrin" and many other masterpieces, although the recent production of the son's new opera, "Herzog Wildfang," at Munich was not an unqualified success. The great difficulty young Wagner has had to meet is the unreasonable demand on the part of a portion of the musical public that he shall be equal to his father at the start, practically beginning where the father left off. This is, of course, one of the penalties that a man must pay for being the offspring of a mighty genius. He has been a conductor at Wagner concerts, and has composed several operas, one of which, "Der Barenhauser," was a genuine success. The tumultuous scenes which marked the first night of "Herzog Wildfang" at Munich were not in themselves an evidence of failure, although they have been construed in some quarters as such.



## AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S BEAUTY.

Geraldine Bonner Contrasts London, Paris, and New York Belles and Their Adornments—A Dull Season—Mrs. Langtry in "A Royal Necklace"—Robert Taber's Aid.

After La Belle Touraine, London looks very gray and dingy. But there was a sense of joyous anticipation in entering the solemn, old city, so different from Paris, so sedate, and darkly serious by its full, silently flowing river. There is something inspiring and full of promise in the very smell of London—an unmistakable smell, suggesting moist asphalt and soot; a curiously characteristic smell that would recall London twenty years after one had left it.

I expected to find things very dark and sombre, owing to the mourning that still prevails in a modified degree. But London is lifting up its head and beginning to be frisky in a well-regulated, self-respecting way. Mourning expresses itself in elegant black-and-white, lace-trimmed muslins, and pale-heliotrope chiffon. Englishwomen, in the season, will wear extravagant, summery clothes, no matter who they may be in mourning for, or how inclement the day. In the evening their sorrow takes the form of black net and jet, low-necked, lace-sleeved, and with diamond ornaments. Altogether, though, they are mourning still—they are mourning becomingly and expensively.

Though the season is said to be a very dull one, with no drawing-rooms and royalty absent, it seems to my unaccustomed eye quite as brilliant as last year. There is a steady stream of fine carriages, with liveried and powdered men on the box, every afternoon in Hyde Park. There are crowds of muslin-clothed women and high-hatted men in Bond Street every day. Round every sedate and fashionable square there are lines of carriages waiting at dignified doorways. Toward midday every street and avenue near Hyde Park shows its little groups of equestrians returning, flushed and freshened, from their morning's canter in the Row.

I have again been struck, as I was last year, by the light and extravagant dressing that one sees here in the street. In Paris, as in New York, women only wear this brilliant plumage in carriages or on special occasions like the races. Moreover, neither in Paris nor New York are such perishable materials worn. Englishwomen have a passion for light and transparent fabrics like muslin, lace, and chiffon. These they wear all day—shopping in the morning, driving and visiting in the afternoon. With the lace or muslin dress is worn a large hat to match, or else all white, or perhaps all black, and a huge ruche of the same pale color as the dress, or entirely white. The ruche, which is popular in Paris and is also worn in New York, is universal here with women of every class. The more fashionably and expensively clad the larger the ruche; that is the only distinction. One sees women driving by in carriages with a fleecy white mist of gauze around their necks, so voluminous and deeply plaited that their heads have difficulty in emerging. This is the last touch on a mistily light and frothy costume in the palest of hues and the most delicate of fabrics. The effect is undeniably charming, but nothing could be imagined that would be more extravagant. And we Americans have stood for years the accusation that we spend twice as much money on clothes as our English cousins!

Another thing one notices here about the women is that they seem impervious to changes of temperature. It was exceedingly cold when we arrived—damp, raw, and chill. We Americans put on our woolen dresses and consulted as to the wisdom of taking jackets when we went abroad. The sun was hidden, there were occasional sprinkles of rain, cold airs caught you spitefully at street corners. It was wretched weather. Yet the Englishwomen—thin, fragile, and delicate—wore their muslin dresses with calm and unmoved fortitude. A favorite fashion of theirs is a transparent yoke of lace with the bare neck visible through it. In this semi-clad state they walk or drive about, apparently perfectly comfortable, while the perishing American is seriously considering the wisdom of going to the bottom of her trunk for her fur jacket.

It may be this weakening exposure to the inclemency of a damp and trying climate which makes the Englishwoman so delicate in appearance. One seldom sees those huxom, rosy heanties in London that we have always supposed were the British type. *Au contraire*, the type is tall, small-boned, and exceedingly thin. The Englishwoman of fashion that one sees in the London of to-day has that kind of figure that the novelists call "willowy"—long in all the lines, very slightly rounded, with the smallest of waists, no hips at all, and an inclination to stoop in the shoulders. With this they wear very clinging dresses, long trains, and, in the evening, very décolleté bodices. The general effect is of something incredibly slim, serpentine, and delicate. The latter suggestion comes not only from the peculiarly slender and undeveloped figures, but from the universal tendency to the droop in the shoulders that I have just mentioned. One sees very few women who stand upright. All have an air of fragility, ennui, and languor that suggests certain paintings of Burne-Jones and Rossetti.

If, however, one sees few fine figures, one sees many handsome faces among these ethereal ladies. Beauty, like any other good thing in England, seems to belong to the dominating, aristocratic class. One seldom sees a good-looking woman in the middle or lower-class world. But the flowers of the aristocracy are often dowered with a fine and patrician beauty all their own. The type is unmistakable and peculiarly English. The face is oval, small, and sometimes thin, the features are cut with the cold, precise regularity of a cameo, the nose and chin generally prominent. There are calm, clear eyes under arched brows, which in turn are nearly hidden by the curled and crimped "fringe" that is still worn in this country. It is a type that speaks of high breeding, absence of vivacity, and physical delicacy. Compared to it our American women are Amazonian in their robustness, weight, and general suggestion of vitality.

Propos of beauty, I went to the theatre the other evening

to see Mrs. Langtry, who is still blooming with unabated brilliancy. I had seen her in the winter in Paris at the Ritz, where she was staying with her daughter. She looked very handsome, but a subtle change had taken place in her; the lustre was gone from her beauty in some curious indefinable way. She is too clever a woman and has reigned too long to prosily grow old or become *passée*, but with the best will in the world, and Paris to back it up, even Mrs. Langtry's beauty must fade. It would be impossible to say in just what respect she has changed. Her wonderful, silky, golden-brown hair—worn again in the famous Langtry knot—is as bright and glossy as ever. The blue eyes are as clear as a young girl's, and there are no wrinkles on the smooth, ivory skin. Gossip says that she has had the entire skin of her face taken off, and that what there is now is what might be called a second crop. If that is true, it is certainly a case of *il faut souffrir pour être belle*. And though she is still a handsome, noticeable woman, she is not the goddess of old that Millais painted.

Her daughter is a small-featured, gentle, pretty-looking girl, who has the air of a lady. Mrs. Langtry, with all her adventures and stage connection, has never lost her appearance of being a *grande dame de par le monde*. The daughter was presented at court last year, which made a good deal of talk and revived many old stories. The general opinion is that she is a quiet and well-bred girl, whose style and manner does her mother credit. But she has not only no suggestion of the beauty of her mother—she has no suggestion of her intellectual force and dauntless initiative.

But to return to the play. It is one of the numerous dramatizations of the Story of the Diamond Necklace, and is as bad as most of them are. Handsome actresses love this play, for it gives them a chance of wearing more costumes in the one evening than any other piece that ever was written. They always double the parts of the queen and Gay d'Oliva, and as both ladies were fond of pretty clothes the chance for a fine millinery display is unrivaled. Mrs. Langtry was in Paris, consulting *couturiers* when I saw her, and her costumes are marvelous and varied. I would not risk saying how many changes she made. But they were so numerous and so quick, that they were by far the most interesting feature of the performance.

Her dramatization is a French one, and is extremely bad. Carlyle made the best arrangement of the Story of the Diamond Necklace, Dumas not excepted. Most of the journeymen who have tinkered at it since then have worked on the Dumas model, which, despite length and garrulity, has some splendid situations. Mrs. Langtry's performance has one or two scenes taken wholesale from Dumas, but most of it was a shapeless and formless mass of dull talk through which the beautiful lady wanders in beautiful clothes. Count Fersen plays an important part, and is represented as being madly enamored of the queen, who would like to love him, but Duty, with a capital D, prevents her. Even when following Duty, with a capital D, she is represented as being somewhat hazy in her ideas of right and wrong, and only really seriously considers her loyalty to her royal spouse when the cardinals and Mme. La Motte have trapped her into a position from which nothing but Louis's relief in her can extricate her.

Altogether, the play is one of the poorest I have seen in a long time, and Mrs. Langtry's acting is not much better. I have seen this lady when she acted with capacity and intelligence. In "A Royal Necklace" she does not play at all—simply walks through the part, stiffly carrying her expensive wardrobe. This is really interesting from a historical point of view. Every costume worn by the queen or the street-girl, who so fatally resembled her, has been studied down to the minutest detail, and is a marvel of eccentric and elegant quaintness. In two scenes the queen wears dresses copied from the portraits of Marie Antoinette by Mme. Le Brun. One of these was the famous costume with the velvet turban looped up with a tuft of feathers, and in this the actress looked in very truth a queen, and was once again invested with her rich and conquering beauty.

All the characters connected with the tragic story marched through the play in gorgeous raiment—Cardinal de Rohan, Mme. La Motte, Gay d'Oliva, Cagliostro, the king, and his two brothers. Each one acted as badly as possible, and had it not been for the Count Fersen of Robert Taber—an American, once the husband of Julia Marlowe—it would have been one of the worst performances it ever was my fortune to sit through. Robert Taber's acting and Mrs. Langtry's clothes saved the day. The former was quite remarkable. It is very odd that he should play in such a poor company, as he is an excellent actor with a high reputation in both countries. I never realized before how exceedingly clever he was. Nothing but sheer genius could have made so much of such a wretched part. It is a pity he ever separated from his wife. They were a brilliant pair.

LONDON, June 23, 1901.

GERALDINE BONNER.

A little Russian girl named Tyna Helman became a pupil in the Wells Grammar School, of Boston, last autumn. She did not know a word of English, but she could speak a little French and Spanish and her own native tongue fluently. She was placed in the lowest grade in the school, but in a few weeks her teacher thought that she would probably gain more in the next higher grade. This was repeated, until the principal advanced her to the highest class in the school. When it came time for the last examination and the diploma list was made out, the name of this little girl was among the list of graduates, and with honors.

"Take care of the forests," says a Tennessee paper, in announcing that out of a single tree in Dyer County a citizen had got four cords of firewood, three gallons of honey, and five raccoons.

The Uganda Railway is laid as far as mile four hundred and eighty-nine. The line will be laid to the Victoria Nyanza by November next.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Wanderer.

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea  
I found a shell;  
And to my listening ear this lonely thing  
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,—  
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came this shell upon the mountain height?  
Ah, who can say  
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,  
Whether there cast when oceans swept the land,  
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,  
One song it sang:  
Song of the awful mysteries of the tide,  
Song of the storied sea, profound and wide,—  
Ever with echoes of old ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height  
Sang of the sea,  
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,  
So do I ever, wandering where I may,  
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home, of thee!  
—Eugene Field.

## Schumann's Sonata in A-Minor.

The quiet room, the flowers, the perfumed calm,  
The slender crystal vase, where all aflame  
The scarlet poppies stand erect and tall,  
Color that burns as if no frost could tame,  
The shaded lamp-light glowing over all,  
The summer night a dream of warmth and balm.

Out breaks at once the golden melody,  
"With passionate expression!" Ah, from whence  
Comes the enchantment of this potent spell,  
This calm that takes us captive, soul and sense?  
The sacred power of music, who shall tell,  
Who find the secret of its mastery?

Lo, in the keen vibration of the air,  
Pierced by the sweetness of the violin,  
Shaken by thrilling chords and searching notes  
That flood the ivory keys, the flowers begin  
To tremble; 'tis as if some spirit floats  
And breathes upon their beauty unaware.

The stately poppies, proud in stillness, stand  
In silken splendor of superb attire:  
Stricken with arrows of melodious sound,  
Their loosened petals fall like flakes of fire;  
With waves of music overwhelmed and drowned,  
Solemnly drop their flames on either hand.

So the rich moment dies, and what is left?  
Only a memory sweet, to shut between  
Some poet's silent leaves, to find again,  
Perhaps when winter blasts are howling keen,  
And summer's loveliness is spoiled and slain,  
And all the world of light and bloom bereft.

But winter can not rob the music so!  
Nor time, nor fate its subtle power destroy  
To bring again the summer's dear caress,  
To wake the heart to youth's unreasoning joy,—  
Sound, color, perfume, love, to warm and bless,  
And airs of halm from Paradise that blow.  
—Celia Thaxter.

## A Woman's Wish.

Would I were lying in a field of clover,  
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,  
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,  
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the leash of worry  
In eager haste from Thought's impatient neck,  
And watch it coursing—in its heedless hurry  
Disdaining Wisdom's whistles, Duty's beck.

Ah, it were sweet where clover clumps are meeting,  
And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest;  
No sound except my own heart's steady beating,  
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast,—

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing  
That comes of listening to a free bird's song!  
Our souls require at times this full unseathing—  
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too long.

And I am tired!—so tired of rigid duty,  
So tired of all my tired hands find to do!  
I yearn, I faint, for some of life's free beauty,  
Its loose beads with no straight strings running through.

Ay, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech,  
But women sometimes die of such a greed,—  
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,  
And the assurance they have all they need.  
—Mary A. Townsend.

## A Midsummer Song.

O Father's gone to market town, he was up before the day,  
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay,  
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill,  
While mother from the kitchen door is calling with a will,  
"Polly! Polly! The cows are in the corn!  
Oh where's the Polly?"

From all the misty morning there comes a summer sound,  
A murmur as of waters from skies and trees and ground,  
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo,  
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud halloo:  
"Polly! Polly! The cows are in the corn!  
Oh where's the Polly?"

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by with buzz and boom,  
And in the field and garden a thousand blossoms bloom,  
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy blows,  
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny rose.  
But Polly! Polly! The cows are in the corn!  
Oh where's the Polly?

How strange at such a time of day the mill should stop its clatter!  
The farmer's wife is listening now and wonders what's the matter.  
Oh wild the birds are singing in the wood and on the hill,  
While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill.  
But Polly! Polly! The cows are in the corn!  
Oh where's the Polly?—Richard Watson Gilder.

French scientists have been making experiments in regard to the effect of certain perfumes upon the voice. Many of the most successful teachers in singing have cautioned their pupils stringently against the use of perfumes or the proximity of odorous flowers. Some masters go so far as to forbid their pupils the use of any perfume at all, and if one of them is detected wearing a hunch of violets the lesson is postponed. The perfume of the violet has been found by the use of the laryngoscope to be particularly injurious.



## VICTOR HUGO'S ARDENT WOOING.

The Great French Author's Love-Letters Addressed to His Fiancée, Mlle. Adèle Foucher—His Mother's Opposition—How He Finally Overcame All Obstacles.

"The Love-Letters of Victor Hugo," translated by Elizabeth W. Latimer, differ from the love-letters of the Brownings and the much-discussed "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" in that they are solely about love and free from all attempts at clever epigrams. They extend over a period of two years, from 1820 to 1822, and are addressed to his fiancée, Mlle. Adèle Foucher, who modestly destroyed her own but preserved those of her betrothed, despite the fact that he constantly entreated her to burn them. Never do his letters speak to her of his writings, of his literary successes, or of his growing celebrity; or if he makes any allusion to these things, it is only to repeat that all is for her sake, that in all she has inspired him. As Hugo himself said in his "Feuilles d'Automne," they are "letters of early manhood, virtue, love," abounding in youthful extravagances, and revealing his discouragements, his complaints, his bursts of joy, his little scoldings, his caresses, and their real quarrels and reconciliations. Paul Meurice supplies a thread of comment to explain the sequence and missing links of the letters.

Victor had known Adèle when they were children. Their two families, the Hugos and the Fouchers, had been intimate before their birth. Their children grew up together. They called each other "thee" and "thou." It was on April 26, 1819, that the hearts of these two young people became known to each other. Victor was seventeen years old and Adèle sixteen.

Even when they made to each other the supreme confession, they were mere children playing the game of love, as other young persons at their age play hide-and-seek. It was all very naïf—very charming:

Adèle, older and more curious than Victor (for she was a girl), wanted to find out what was the meaning of his silent admiration. She said: "I am sure you have secrets. Have you not one secret greater than all?"

Victor acknowledged that he had secrets, and that one of them was greater than all the rest.

"Just like me!" cried Adèle. "Well, come now, tell me your greatest secret, and I will tell you mine."

"My great secret," Victor replied, "is that I love you."

"And my great secret is that I love you," said Adèle, like an echo. The ice was broken. It was no gradual thaw; yet the love of these young people was moderate and under restraint. After this, letters were occasionally exchanged, but it seems that they were "cold and short." They were not preserved.

It was on the return of the Foucher family from Issy, during the last months of 1819, that a regular correspondence between Victor and Adèle commenced:

Victor by this time seems to have grown a less timid lover; he asked and obtained from Adèle appointments to meet in places where they could see each other alone. . . . On the first discovery of their secret the duty of their parents must be to separate them. For which reason they agreed to speak rarely unless they were alone together, and in the presence of other people to pretend that they were wholly indifferent to each other. But this was painful to Adèle. Victor's mother, to whom he was as submissive and obedient as a boy of twelve, still looked upon him as a child, and never for a moment imagined that at his age he could be in love. Mlle. Foucher was more alert, and warned her husband of what was taking place. . . . M. Foucher, chief clerk in the war office, was a man held by all who knew him in high esteem; he wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and was in every respect an honorable man; but he had three children; he had only his salary to live upon, and his daughter would have no dot on her marriage. Victor's worldly prospects were even less promising. To be sure, he was the son of General Hugo, and generals of the empire, even among Royalists, do not seem, in 1820, to have lost their prestige. Furthermore, M. Foucher was a great reader; he knew more about literature than he cared to show. He was quite able to appreciate Victor's talent, and to foresee his future career. M. Foucher thought his old friend, Mme. Hugo, might not show herself altogether averse to the marriage, and he decided to go, therefore, and talk to her.

Victor knew his mother too well to feel anything but dread of such an interview:

The wife of General Hugo was the dearly beloved mother of her three sons, but she was greatly feared by them. She loved them tenderly, but she managed them roughly. She was the only parent who had had charge of the three boys, for General Hugo had at that time almost separated himself from his wife and sons. He had another domestic establishment, and the only connection he still kept up with his family was to pay a small sum annually for their support, which was very insufficient for their needs. Mme. Hugo, an arbitrary woman by nature, kept a very tight hold on the conduct of her sons. Her system was to leave them wholly free in all that concerned their intellectual progress, but to require from them in everything that concerned their conduct the most absolute obedience to her will.

On April 26, 1820, just one year after the day when Victor had for the first time told Adèle that he loved her, M. and Mme. Foucher came to Mme. Hugo's house and asked for a private interview:

At first Mme. Hugo was stupefied by what they told her. Was it conceivable? Victor, who so short a time before had been a baby clinging to her skirts—Victor in love?—in love for months? He could not be in earnest! But it was serious. She knew her son. She knew his ardent nature, and she felt that keen pang—a mother's jealousy. Her son could love, and he did love, another better than herself, and that other was a young girl—almost a child! And, after all, who was she that had stolen from her the love of her own son? Here came in a mother's pride. Victor was the son of General Count Hugo; Victor had acquired already some celebrity, and before long he might see fame before him; then why might he not aspire to make one of the very best, the richest matches?—and, meantime, he was making silly love to the daughter of a clerk in the war office, a girl without family or fortune. If Mme. Hugo had been prepared for the blow she was about to receive, she would assuredly have softened the expression of her sentiments to M. and Mme. Foucher; but, taken as she was by surprise, she put no curb on her tongue. Now or hereafter such a marriage was impossible! Never, never, as long as she lived, should such a marriage take place! M. Foucher, whose paternal feelings were naturally much hurt, replied coolly, coldly. It was settled that the two families should at once cease to see each other, that all intercourse should be broken off. It was more than a mere separation—it was an absolute quarrel.

They sent for Victor to tell him their decision. He had had time to collect his strength and to arm himself with courage. He felt that he must show himself to be a man:

It is strange, but he was not angry with his mother. It was his nature to find excuses for those he loved; but this father, who said it was his duty to watch over the purity of his daughter, a purity that Victor knew never had been in peril, seemed to him despotic and unjust. He subsequently wrote to Adèle: "Your father had no right to peer into a secret which belongs to us alone." He made up his mind,

therefore, to assume a lofty attitude before this tyrant. He boldly confessed his love, and then listened to the sentence which shut him out from paradise without change of countenance. Only when Adèle's father and mother were gone, when he was alone with his own parent, the man disappeared, the child returned, and he burst into tears. His mother, much afflicted by the suffering of her beloved son, tried to console him. But he rushed away, and shut himself up in his chamber, where he wept and wept until he could weep no more. M. and Mme. Foucher when they returned home seemed to have avoided any clear explanation with their daughter as to the step that they had just taken. They only told her that all intercourse with the wife of General Hugo was broken off, that she would cease to see any of the family.

Eighteen months later the renewal of friendly intercourse was partly effected by a laudatory review of M. Foucher's "Manuel du Recrutement" which appeared in the semi-monthly magazine, *Le Conservateur Littéraire*, which Victor and his brother Abel started. Adèle at that time was taking lessons in drawing from a friend, Mlle. Duvidal, and Victor knew that Adèle almost every morning walked to her house alone. At the beginning of 1831 he took a great resolution; he went one morning and a little distance from her home ventured to accost her. After this she accepted and wrote notes which expanded into letters. These letters were tender at first, but before long they became anxious and sometimes showed vexation. They had seen each other once more, and that was a great gain; but they could only meet in the street, and that involved great peril. Adèle soon perceived the risk she ran. She tried to put an end to these walks. Victor, in despair, grew angry. They were resumed, but Adèle contrived to make them less and less frequent.

On April 27th, Hugo wrote:

"You told me I must not see you all this month. Well, chance, or my good angel, have several times brought me within sight of you. Thus, on the fifteenth of last July, I met you at the hall at Secayx. I had several times obstinately refused to go there. At last I yielded to persuasion, or, rather, to the advice of my good angel, who was leading me, although I knew it not, toward her whom I was looking for everywhere! You seemed displeased to see me, and I had the cruel happiness of seeing you dance with other partners. You see, Adèle, I love you more than you love me, for nothing in the world would have induced me to dance at that hall. We went home before you did. I was very tired, but I insisted on walking back to Paris, hoping that the carriage in which you rode would overtake me; and, as it happened, half an hour later a *fiacre* passed me, in which I thought I recognized you. This fancy paid me for the dust and the fatigue of my long tramp. Adèle, forgive me; I may tire you, but do you love me thus? Let me talk to you a little of my deep devotion. Nothing in me is perfect but the merit of deeply loving you. Adieu. I am, at all events, very grateful for all that you have done for me."

Their meeting on the twenty-eighth of April, from which Victor promised himself so much happiness, was their last:

The lovers after that day ceased to see each other, or even to write. Not that they had been discovered, and once more separated by parental decree, but Mme. Hugo, whose health had been failing for some months, became very ill in May. From that moment Victor scarcely left her pillow, and devoted himself entirely to her. Her illness, with alterations of worse and better, lasted two months. Mme. Hugo died on the twenty-seventh of June. It was deep grief to Victor. . . . He felt himself all alone in the wide world. He was estranged from his father, who was indifferent to him to say the least of it. He was coldly treated by his brothers, who were jealous of his superiority, and separated from Adèle, whose hand was refused him.

On July 15th, M. Foucher, with his wife and daughter, went to Dreux, twenty-five leagues away from Paris. On the sixteenth of July, Victor set out, and in three days reached Dreux, having tramped all the way. By a clever ruse, he managed to gain permission to see M. Foucher, and pleaded his case so well that Adèle's father consented to allow Victor once more to visit at his house. The engagement of the young people was not to be officially acknowledged nor made known to the public. This could not be until Victor's financial station was put upon a surer basis. Till then they might see each other once a week, but never alone; they might meet in the Luxembourg Gardens; they might go to the theatre in a family party. Victor, as he could not do better, accepted these conditions. When they returned to Paris, however, he induced Adèle to give him an occasional meeting outdoors, and their correspondence was once more renewed.

In a passionate letter under date of November 20th, Hugo describes what he calls "genuine love":

"Listen! There is within us an immaterial being, in exile, as it were, within our bodies, which will survive to all eternity. This being, which is the essence of all in us that is best and purest, is the soul. It is the soul that is the source of all enthusiasm and all affection, and upon it depend our conceptions of God and of heaven. I am treating of matters beyond our knowledge, because it is necessary to do so in order to make myself fully understood, but lest this strike you as unusual, let us speak of things which require only simple but elevated language. To continue. The soul, being superior to the body, with which it is united, would remain on earth in an unbearable isolation, were it not that it is permitted to choose among other human souls a companion with whom it may share the misfortunes of life and the happiness of eternity. When two souls, which for a longer or a shorter time have sought each other amid the crowd, at length find each other; when they perceive that they belong to each other; when, in short, they comprehend their affinity, then there is established between them a union, pure and ardent as themselves, a union begun upon earth in order that it may be completed in heaven. This union is love; real and perfect love, such love as very few men can adequately conceive; love which is a religion, adoring the being beloved as a divinity; love that lives in devotion and ardor, and for which to make great sacrifices is the purest pleasure. It is such love as this that you inspire in me, and it is such love that you will some day assuredly feel for me, even though, to my ever-present grief, you do not do so now. Your soul is formed to love with the purity and ardor of the angels, but it may be that only an angel can inspire it with love, and when I think this I tremble."

"The world, Adèle, does not understand this kind of affection, for it is the appointed lot only of those who are singled out either for happiness or misery; like yourself, in the former instance, or, in the latter, like me. Love, in the eyes of the world, is either a carnal appetite or a vague fancy, which possession extinguishes or absence destroys. That is why it is commonly said, with a strange abuse of words, that passion does not endure. Alas! Adèle, do you know that passion means suffering? And do you seriously believe that there is any suffering in the ordinary love of man, so violent in appearance, so feeble in reality? No; immaterial love is eternal, because that part of our being which experiences it can not die. It is our souls that love, and not our bodies."

In a letter dated December 7th, he confides to Adèle that in spite of and in addition to his own sorrows and domestic annoyances, he is forced to endure all the vexations of literary spite:

"I do not know what evil genius drove me into a career in which every step is hindered by some secret enmity or some base rivalry. This is pitiable, and it makes me feel shame for the profession of letters. It is discouraging to awake each morning exposed to the paltry attacks of a mob of enemies, whom one has never done anything to in-

jure, and whom, indeed, for the most part one has never seen. I should like to inspire you with respect for this great and noble profession of letters, but I am constrained to admit that it affords a singular study in the various forms of human baseness. It is, as it were, a great slough, into which one must descend, unless, indeed, one has wings by which one is enabled to rise above its mire. I, myself, do not possess these pinions, but I am a man apart—isolated by an inflexible character and incorruptible principles—and I am sometimes tempted to laugh at all the little traps that are laid for me; but more often, to the shame of my philosophy he it spoken, I am moved to anger."

Hugo's jealousy was aroused one day when Mme. Foucher incidentally mentioned that Adèle had accepted the arm of some friend who was unknown to him. He writes:

"The idea that this favor—in my eyes so immense—had been granted to a stranger; that this privilege of approaching you so nearly, which belongs to me by right only, might every day perhaps be shared by others—that privilege which is so innocent and which fills me with such delight—the very idea of this, I say, altogether overcame me. . . . I have examined myself several times, and I find that I do not agree with the opinion commonly expressed that jealousy is ridiculous. I have asked myself if I was to blame, and not only have I found myself unable to condemn my jealous passion, but I am convinced that it is actually a part of the chaste, pure, and exclusive love that I feel for you, but with which I seem unable to inspire you. . . . Under ordinary circumstances, jealousy is a suspicion insulting to the person who excites it and degrading to the person who indulges it. . . . Such jealousy as mine, dear Adèle, ought to give you pleasure. If it frightens you, you do not love me. If you met me, who am a man, giving my arm to a young girl, or to any woman, would it be a matter of indifference to you? . . . Love that is not jealous is neither true nor pure. Be very sure that those who are without a feeling of jealousy concerning one woman are in love with them all."

More than six months had passed since the death of Mme. Hugo, the new year (1822) had just opened, and as yet no change had taken place in Hugo's worldly prospects:

His father had not yet given to his marriage the necessary consent, and, indeed, remained in entire ignorance of his son's love affairs. As to a position under government or the promised pension, his hopes of them seemed constantly to recede. M. Foucher, worthy man, would perhaps have had patience, but he was not alone. Uncle Asseline and his wife, Victor Foucher, the elder brother, and the cousins—above all, the cousins—expressed themselves astonished at the delay, blamed the affection of the lovers, and spoke of Adèle's reputation as compromised. They threw the blame on poor Adèle herself, who, in her turn, threw it upon Victor—a cruel anxiety for his susceptible poetic soul. In vain he postponed the supreme moment. It became necessary to put an end to this clamor, to take some decision, to act. He only half believed in the pension; he worked at his romance; he worked at a drama; he already felt his power. Money he knew would be forthcoming in the end. His greatest difficulty would, he feared, be to obtain the consent of his father. Adèle, to prove her love, promised to elope with him, if his father refused his consent. But this sacrifice on her part was rendered unnecessary by the arrival of General Hugo's answer in which he gave his consent. He was even glad to give it, for he himself had to ask his son's forgiveness for a very serious thing. Three weeks after his wife's death he had married the person for whose sake he had left his family, and he had not told his children what he had done.

There was nothing now to be waited for, before fixing a day for the marriage, except the bestowal of that miserable royal pension to which they looked forward:

It was very slow in coming, and it was not until September 22d that he secured the poor reward of a pension of twelve hundred francs, which afterward was reduced to one thousand! This, possibly, was somewhat Victor's fault, for he could not bear to solicit favors and "run after ministers." Ever since 1819 the odes and articles written by the young poet in the interest of monarchy—the only lasting and sincere testimony we have to the fictitious enthusiasm of France after the return of the Bourbons—did battle for the cause of the Restoration, and it was not until three years later, in September, 1822, that he secured the poor reward of a pension of twelve hundred francs, which afterward was reduced to one thousand!

The last letter here is an extract from the last letter, dated October 4th:

"When I reflect, my Adèle, that our happiness is so near, and that henceforth nothing can hinder it, my life seems to me like a dream. . . . Nothing can separate us any longer, Adèle; nothing can now constrain our interviews, our caresses, our love! I repeat that I can hardly believe in this happiness, because it seems to me that I have, even yet, done so little to deserve so much! The joy in my soul is in the same condition as my love—that is to say, expression fails me to-day for the one as it has always failed me for the other. All words for passion and devotion have been so extravagantly used that they are enfeebled by force of being made common, and what I myself experience is emotion of happiness so pure, so sacred, so profound, that it resembles nothing that voice or pen is adequate to express. Ask your own soul, Adèle, my dearest, and if it is true that you love me, then it will tell you all that mine is unable to present in material form."

The marriage of Victor Hugo and Adèle Foucher took place on the twelfth of October, 1822, two years and a half from the day when, on April 26, 1819, they had confessed their love.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00.

In the essay entitled "Athenian and American Life," which is printed in his volume, "The Unseen World," John Fiske, who died last week, had these striking words:

"One of the common arguments in favor of the study of Greek at the present day, is based upon the opinion that in the best works extant in that language the art of literary expression has reached well-nigh absolute perfection. I fully concur in this opinion, so far as to doubt if even the greatest modern writers, even a Pascal or a Voltaire, can fairly sustain a comparison with such Athenians as Plato or Lysias. This excellence of the ancient books is in part immediately due to the fact that they were written in a hurry, or amid the anxieties of an over-busy existence; but it is in great measure due to the indirect consequences of a leisurely life. The books were written for a public which knew well how to appreciate the finer beauties of expression; and, what is still more to the point, their authors lived in a community where an elegant style was habitual. Before a matchless style can be written, there must be a good style 'in the air,' as the French say. Probably the most finished talking and writing of modern times has been done in and about the French court in the seventeenth century; and it is accordingly there that we find men like Pascal and Bossuet writing a prose which for precision, purity, and dignity has never since been surpassed. It is thus that the unapproachable literary excellence of the Greek books speaks for the genuine culture of the people who were expected to read them, or to hear them read. For one of the surest indices of true culture, whether professedly literary or not, is the power to express one's self in precise, rhythmical, and dignified language."

It was William Pitt who originated the income tax in Great Britain in 1798 as a war tax. The Napoleonic wars were fought with it. From that time to this it has been the resort of all ministers to meet war expenditures.

Many French automobiles have a large piece of plate-glass in steel frame in front of the driving-seat to protect the operator from dust and wind during fast work.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Dramatic Story of Santa Fé.

Charles Fleming Embree has not gone far from the field in which he found the characters and motives of his first novel, that picturesque romance of Old Mexico, "A Dream of a Throne." He has crossed the border to the north, and in Santa Fé has found people of the same cast, and remembrances of Spanish occupation that still linger in the Territory whose name comes from the dominion across the Rio Grande. There are other shadows of the first work in this, though there is no striking resemblance. It is even a sadder story, with many passages of emotional power.

The heroine, Ramoncita, who has the "heart of flame," is not the central figure. Her sister, Mathilde, is the one who hears the burden of the tale, and whose unforgiving nature and impassioned eloquence set in motion the forces that culminate in a tragedy. Wrongs at the hand of a man who afterward steals the livery of the church, sets Mathilde against him not only, but against all priests, and when she comes to Santa Fé the time seems ripe for an uprising against the representatives of religion. Patricio Borrego, a Mexican, easily falls under her sway, and his enmity for church and priest is soon kindled. Antonio, his brother, who is captivated by the winning innocence and gaiety of Ramoncita, is drawn into the trouble. Patricio's child dies and its mother hegs in vain for the last rites over the dead, the priest, whom Mathilde has followed for revenge, denying his offices unless money that can not be had is forthcoming. The father, crazed with fever, leaves his bed and traces the funeral procession to the doors of the church, and there, recognizing the fact that some indignity has been offered, sets upon the old bishop, who has just returned from a long journey and is not implicated, and strangles him. A flight to the mountains follows, with a sheriff's posse in close pursuit. Patricio and Mathilde are brought back and suffer for Patricio's crime. Antonio and Ramoncita escape into the wilderness.

This, briefly sketched, is the story. To its telling the author is by turns vividly clear and hazily impressionistic. Some of its pictures are lighted by the glare of a tropic sun, others are indistinctly seen. The Mexican brothers, the sisters, who are Spanish-American, the cruel churchman who has gained his power by deception, and the priest who leaves his duties to follow Mathilde to the mountains, and then to her death, are all well drawn. All are figures of strength and purpose. The action is dramatic, the end inevitable. It is a story not easily forgotten, and in some qualities more notable than its predecessor from the same pen. Mr. Embree has many gifts. His work never lacks interest, for with all his liking for the sombre, the romantic, he never gets far from life, and the saving grace of humor, if but rarely shown, is never entirely absent.

Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.; price, \$1.50.

## New Short Stories by W. D. Howells.

The Basil March with whom W. D. Howells made his readers acquainted two decades ago, tells some of the stories in his latest volume, "A Pair of Patient Lovers," and he is still a pleasing acquaintance, as is Mrs. March, who appears in some important episodes. There are five stories in the volume, and the first, which gives its name to the book, is the least attractive of the collection, even though it brings back the Marches with reminiscences of a trip down the St. Lawrence. "The Magic of a Voice," which tells of a young man who falls in love with a young woman through bearing her speak and sing, and then, after corresponding with her for months, was woefully disappointed on seeing her, is a pretty story with all of Mr. Howells's charm in its play of fancy and circumstantial detail. "The Pursuit of the Piano" is a more humorous story, yet it is a romance in little, and it is felicitous in its ending. "A Circle in the Water," the closing story, is a serious study, lightened by gracious touches of New England kindness, and its strength is none the less because its motive is a daughter's memory and love for a weak and affectionate father.

This is the first volume in a series to be known as "Harper's Portrait Collection of Short Stories," and the book is notable for its handsome cover and attractive pages. The colored portrait of Mr. Howells, however, is not a particularly happy presentation of the genial novelist.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.15.

## The Deceiver in Society and Politics.

It is a true mirror that George Gissing holds up to nature in "Our Friend, the Charlatan." His characters are drawn from life, and with skill and vigor. Dyer Lashmar, his hero, is a superficial young fellow who has no scruples to obstruct his ambition. He trades upon a girl's unselfish friendship for an introduction to a wealthy and eccentric old woman who may be won to support his political aspirations. He accepts money from another woman who believes him to be honest and sincere, and who wishes to see him succeed. He palms off as his own a sociological theory that he has stolen from a French author, but is found out. He deserts the one who has done the most for him, to attempt the capture of an heiress,

and all his plans fail. Yet he is not sufficiently punished in the end, for the sentimental widow who has already given him the greater part of her little fortune accepts him and becomes his slave.

It is a bright hook, notable for its well-drawn characters, its natural development, its grip of interest. Few novels of the season display a more admirable manner, a more thorough knowledge of human nature under present conditions. It is English in scene and in its prominent features, but it is cosmopolitan in its motives and sympathies.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Nighthawk" is the title chosen by a new writer, Alix John, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, for her first hook, which is in active preparation. The story has to do with the Confederate blockade runners which took their venturesome course betwixt Halifax and the ports of the Southern States. The heroine of the story is a Southern woman of wealth and good birth, who acts as a Confederate spy in Halifax and whose career is to some extent founded on fact.

An abridged and annotated edition of Lessing's "Hamburgische Dramaturgie" is soon to appear. It is edited by Charles Harris, professor in Adelbert College, who has also contributed an introduction, discussing the condition of the German drama in Lessing's time, the origin and influence of the "Dramaturgie," and Lessing's general doctrines on the subject of the drama.

Frank T. Bullen, whose fame as a writer of seascapes is constantly increasing, has just completed a new story under the title "Apostles of the South-East." Since the success of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," his first hook, his pen has been kept busy.

Inspired paragraphs in the dailies and weeklies announcing J. M. Barrie's approaching visit to America dwell upon his timid shrinking from all lionizing. Sensible Americans should take the hint.

M. Zola, in declining an invitation to a banquet given in his honor by the Fourier Society at Paris, for the purpose of celebrating the success of his latest work, "Labor," wrote in these terms: "If I am not with you, it is because it seems to me more modest, more logical, that the man be absent. It is not I who am important—nor my work. That which you celebrate is the struggle for more justice, the good fight for the happiness of humanity."

D. Appleton & Co. have just added to their handsome series of nature-hooks in color, "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," by F. Schuyler Matthews, and "Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden," by the same author, which formerly were presented with pictures in black and white.

J. A. Mitchell, the editor of *Life*, made his first serious effort in fiction a few years ago when he published "Amos Judd." He has just completed a short novel which will begin in the August number of *Scribner's Magazine*, and run through the fall months. The title is "The Pines of Lory," and the scene is a promontory in the St. Lawrence.

Sarah Grand, author of "The Heavenly Twins" and "Babs, the Impossible," has been signed for a season's lecturing tour in the United States. The noted British novelist has just closed a lecture tour of England in which she has proved a success of the first class. She is said to be even a better lecturer than writer.

"The Worm That God Prepared" is the somewhat curious title of a new novel by John Oliver Hobbes, which will shortly make its appearance simultaneously in England and America.

The first number of Clement Shorter's *Tatler*, which he promises will be the "lightest, brightest, and most interesting society and dramatic paper ever published," was issued in London on July 3d.

George Croal, of Edinburgh, is said to be the only survivor of the large assembly which in 1827, at the Edinburgh Theatre Royal dinner, heard Sir Walter Scott acknowledge his authorship of the Waverley novels. Mr. Croal, who is in his ninety-first year, still walks about Edinburgh, and his recollections are vivid.

That picturesque and forceful California magazine, the *Land of Sunshine*, began with the July number a new department devoted to "The Twentieth Century West." The three interests—irrigation, cooperation, and colonization—will be made particular features. William E. Smythe, founder of the National Irrigation Congress, will be in charge of the new department.

A new novel by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" is to be published in the autumn under the title of "The Benefactress."

Many of its American readers do not know that the *Illustrated London News*, the most successful of all the illustrated papers of the nineteenth century, was originally brought out to advertise a patent medicine, Parr's Life Pills, of which Mr. Ingram was the proprietor. That was nearly sixty years ago.

Edwin Asa Dix, author of "Old Bowen's Legacy," has lately been drawn aside from the paths of fiction by the preparation of an elaborate hook to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the graduation of his college class, the Class of 1881, at Prince-

ton. At the recent reunion and dinner the class showed its appreciation of Mr. Dix's labors by presenting him with a magnificent silver loving-cup, bearing a cordial inscription, and with a picture of Old Nassau Hall finely etched upon the silver.

In his "Reconstruction in Mississippi," Professor James Wilford Garner has made a thorough study of the actual workings of reconstruction in one Southern State, with the idea that its processes and results were practically the same in all, and that such a study will therefore be a useful contribution to the study of the history of the whole section. The Macmillan Company has just published the book.

The Shakespeare-Bacon people may take some comfort in the theory recently advanced by a German professor that Rembrandt did not do the Rembrandt paintings. They were done by Ferdinand Vol (or Bol), whose signature, usually reversed, is, it is alleged, discoverable on nearly all of the paintings attributed to Rembrandt, as well as on most of the etchings.

In George Moore's new novel, "Sister Teresa," the Evelyn who figured in "Evelyn Innes" is brought forward under new conditions. The author himself regards "Sister Teresa" as the finest thing he has done, the most satisfactory from an intellectual point of view, and the most satisfying to his desire to picture life as it really is.

In Germany there seems to be a regular movement against keeping green the memory of Heine. Several German towns have refused legacies left with the object of commemorating the distinguished poet. The latest instance comes from Erlangen, where a gentleman who died recently left seven thousand dollars to the municipality for such a purpose. The members of the city government, however, sheltering themselves behind what they termed the "anti-patriotic" character of the poet's works, rejected the gift, which will now, according to the terms of the will, be offered to Buda Pesth.

## THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

[Philip Freneau, son of a French-Huguenot wine-merchant of New York, was born in 1752. He was educated at Princeton, and after the Revolution edited a radical newspaper in Philadelphia. He wrote poetry that has survived, containing, sometimes, notes that had not before been struck in our literature. In Professor Barrett Wendell's "Literary History of America" the following poem is quoted, and its simplicity and hearty remark. Attention has been called to it for the fact that Thomas Campbell, in "O'Connor's Child," stole one of its lines. Professor Wendell says that in its pensive melancholy there is likeness to John Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn."]

In spite of all the learned have said,  
I still my old opinion keep;  
The posture that we give the dead  
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands;—  
The Indian, when from life released,  
Again is seated with his friends,  
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,  
And venison, for a journey dressed,  
Bespeak the nature of the soul,  
Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,  
And arrows, with a head of stone,  
Can only mean that life is spent,  
And out the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,  
No fraud upon the dead commit,—  
Observe the swelling turf, and say,  
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,  
On which the curious eye may trace  
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)  
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,  
Beneath whose far projecting shade  
(And which the shepherd still admires)  
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen  
(Pale Shehah with her braided hair)  
And many a barbarous form is seen  
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,  
To habit for the chase arrayed,  
The hunter still the deer pursues,  
The hunter and the deer—a shade!

And long shall timorous Fancy see  
The painted chief and pointed spear.  
And Reason's self shall bow the knee  
To shadows and delusions here.

—Philip Freneau.

Charles Nordhoff, the well-known journalist, died of diabetes in this city July 14th. For some years Nordhoff and family have lived at Coronado. He was a native of Prussia, and was born in August, 1830. In 1853 he came to America and attended school in Cincinnati. In 1854 he shipped at Philadelphia in the United States navy, and spent three years in the service. For over thirty years he was a correspondent and editorial writer for the New York *Herald*. His best-known literary works are "California for Health, Pleasure, and Profit," and "Politics for Young Americans," which has been widely used as a school text-book. Other works of his are the "Communist Societies of the United States" and "God and the Future Life."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Letters of Marie Bashkirtseff.

"The Last Confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff" is a small volume containing the diary kept by this remarkable Russian girl during the last year of her life. It includes also her correspondence with Guy de Maupassant, whom she had never met nor even seen. She knew him only by his books. He knew her not at all. She remained so to him always—unknown.

They are not love-letters. They are not written by Marie to Guy, and by Guy to Marie, as friends would write. They are rather an interchange of wit and thought between two morbid and introspective people who are posing each before the other. Each is in search of new sensations. He, because of boredom, *ennui*, writes to her; and she, through a craving for excitement, something new on which to feed her abnormal fancy, initiates the correspondence. From Cannes he writes to her:

"Yes, madame, a second letter! It surprises me. I feel, perhaps, a vague desire to utter impertinences. This is permissible, because I do not know you; and it is just as well I do not. I write to you because I am abominably bored.

"You reproach me for having used a threadbare theme with regard to the old woman and the Prussians. But everything is threadbare; I do nothing else; I hear nothing else; all the ideas, all the phrases, all the discussions, all the creeds are commonplace.

"Is it not one, and an extreme one and a puerile, to write to an unknown person?"

"In brief, at heart I am a simpleton. You understand me, more or less. You know what you are doing and to whom you are addressing yourself; you have been told this or that about me, good or bad; it matters little. . . . But I? You may be, it is true, a young and charming woman, whose hands I shall be happy one day to kiss. But you may be also an old housekeeper, nurtured on the novels of Eugene Sue. You may be a young woman of literary society, and hard and dry as a mattress. In fact, are you thin? Not too much so, eh? I should be distressed to have a thin correspondent. I distrust myself altogether with the unknown.

"I have been caught in ridiculous traps. A boarding-school of young girls carried on a correspondence with me by the pen of an assistant mistress. They passed my replies from hand to hand in class. The trick was droll, and made me laugh when I heard of it—from the mistress herself.

"Are you worldly? or sentimental? or simply romantic? or, again, merely a woman who is bored, and who wants distraction? I, see you, am not the man you seek.

"I have not a half-portion of poetry. I take everything with indifference, and I pass two-thirds of my time in profound boredom. I occupy the third in writing lines that I sell as dear as possible, distressing myself at being obliged to ply this abominable trade which has brought me the honor of being distinguished—morally—by you. Here are confidences—what do you say of them, madame? You must find me very unceremonious. Pardon me. It seems to me in writing to you that I am walking in subterranean darkness with the fear of holes before my feet; and I strike my stick on the ground at hazard, to sound it. . . .

"I do not ask if you are married. If you are, you will reply 'no'; if you are not, you will reply 'yes.' I kiss your hands, madame.

"GUY DE MAUPASSANT."

De Maupassant comes to the conclusion that his unknown correspondent must be a college tutor and, ceasing to be gallant, he tells her so. In the same letter he answers some of her questions regarding himself:

"You ask me who is my painter. Among the moderns, Millet. My musicians? I have a horror of music.

"In truth, I prefer a pretty woman to all the arts. I put a good dinner, a real dinner, a rare dinner, almost in the same rank with a pretty woman. There is my profession of faith, my dear old professor! I think that when one has a good passion, a capital passion, one must give it full swing, must sacrifice all the others to it. That is what I do. I had two passions. It was necessary to sacrifice one—I have to some extent sacrificed gluttony. I have become as sober as a camel, but nice in no longer knowing what to eat.

"Do you want yet another detail? I have the passion for violent exercise. I have won big stakes as a rower, a swimmer, and a walker.

"Now that I have given you all these confidences, Sir Usher, tell me of yourself, of your wife since you are married, of your children. Have you a daughter? If so, think of me, I beseech you.

"I pray the divine Homer to ask for you, from the God whom you adore, all the blessings on the earth.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT."

Soon he wearies of the correspondence, and declares that he will break it off:

"There is not under the sun a man more bored than I. Nothing appears to me worth the trouble of an effort or the fatigue of a movement. I bore myself ceaselessly, without rest and without hope, because I desire nothing, I expect nothing—so far from weeping over things I can not alter—or expect only from them that I shall be helplessly imbecile. So, since we are frank with one another, I warn you that this is my last letter, for I begin to have enough of it."

This is his fourth letter. Marie refers to it in her diary as coarse and stupid. She regrets that she did not address herself to Zola instead of to De Maupassant. "Or is there," she says, "a living being I could admire completely? Balzac is dead,

Victor Hugo is eighty-two years old, Dumas fils sixty." Nevertheless, she replies to his "coarse and stupid" letter, and not long after he writes again, begging for a rendezvous. "One knows more things," he writes, "about any one in hearing him speak for five minutes than in writing for ten years."

"This man whom I did not know," she sets down in her diary, "occupies all my thoughts. Does he think of me? Why does he write to me?" But Marie realizes that she is never constant. At another time she had written in her "brain's novel," as she calls her diary:

"All is imagination with me. I see Bastien-Lepage, and I believe he pleases me (on the last visit); on the morrow it has passed. A few days after I said to myself: 'Hold! And Bastien-Lepage, I think no more of him, then?' No more at all!

"But if I thought no more of him, of whom should I think? For, I tell you this, I must always have something, no matter what, for the stories that I tell myself in a whisper to send myself to sleep at night. It has no other purpose, and is not like some one who is obtrusive—like real love, in fine. . . .

"I have read Daudet's new book, over which Paris is distracted. It is called 'Sappho.' I have read it twice, wishing to be reconciled with Daudet's style, which unnerves me. Am I ridiculous to be provoked by it? It runs, runs; it spins along, always quickly. It is a flight, a scattering. The reader strives to follow, breathless. It is all scraps of phrases—scraps thrown off, as if regretfully, by a pitiful man, who is too much pressed to say as much as he knows, and always something sinister in hints apropos of fried potatoes. It is like a picture painted in daubs—the eye is fidgeted by not being able to rest on anything solid. An endless pizzicato.

"How Zola would exorcise it! But he will not say so. If he disparage Daudet, whom should he praise? And he must have the air of loving others besides himself. He burns incense to Goncourt and Daudet so as not to seem to adore himself only."

In a word of preface, Jeannette Gilder, through whose instrumentality the first "Confessions" were published in this country, touched upon the circumstances of Marie Bashkirtseff's short life and untimely death; her overweening ambition; her dread of dying, to be forgotten; the honorable mention of her paintings in the Salon. On the thirty-first of October, 1884, Marie died. Bastien-Lepage, also stricken with disease, died soon after. They were much together in their last days.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.10.

## New Publications.

Hypnotism plays an important part in "The Mysterious Burglar," a story by George E. Walsh. Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The moving life-stories of two women are well told in "Anne Mainwaring," a novel by Alice Ridley. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

West Point in the latest times is the scene of the events described in Florence N. Craddock's novel, "The Soldier's Revenge." Published by the Abbey Press, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Frédéric Mistral: Poet and Leader in Provence," by Charles Alfred Downer, is an admirable biographical and critical study. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Third in the American Novels Series, "Martin Brook," by Morgan Bates, is equal in interest and force to any that have appeared in the list. Unlike the others, it has a religious element, personified in its hero. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Rich in contrasts of character and scenes, Maud Howard Peterson's novel, "The Potter and the Clay," is notable among the novels of the season. It is cleverly conversational in tone, and never prosy. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

A haunted chair is the object around which "The White Flame," by Mary A. Cornelius, has been written. It is an ambitious and mystical story of struggling interests, but it holds more than a germ of promise. Published by the Stockham Publishing Company, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"Nature Biographies: The Lives of Some Every-Day Butterflies, Moths, Grasshoppers, and Flies," by Clarence Moores Weed, is a handsome volume of outdoor studies, profusely illustrated with fine engravings from photographs. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

One of the many historical novels of the season, and one that deserves more favor than most, is "Garcilaso," by J. Breckinridge Ellis. Its hero is a young Spanish courtier who figures at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella and sails with Columbus. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"McMaster's Primary History of the United States," by John Bach McMaster, is concise, interesting, handsomely illustrated, and carefully indexed and keyed for pronunciation (60 cents). In the Eclectic School Readings Series three late issues are "The Story Reader," by Alfred E. Logie and Claire H. Uecke, in large type for young pupils (30 cents); "Stories of Ancient Peoples," by Emma J. Arnold, which is made up of sketches of early

Oriental civilization, made attractive for children (50 cents); and "The Discovery of the Old North-West," by James Baldwin, which tells of the work of Cartier, Champlain, Joliet, Marquette, and others (60 cents). Published by the American Book Company, New York.

Poultny Bigelow dedicates his latest work, "The Children of the Nations: A Study of Colonization and Its Problems," to Mark Twain. The volume presents a mass of historical matter carefully arranged and digested, and the comments are philosophical and timely. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Marcus Whitman and the Early Days of Oregon," by William A. Mowry, is an appreciative record of early days, and is of biographical and historical value, though its claim that Oregon might have been lost to the United States but for Whitman's efforts is disputed. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Professor Karl Groos, of the University of Basel, has embodied his original and accurate observations in psychology and sociology in a volume entitled "The Play of Man," which follows his important work on parallel lines, "The Play of Animals." The book is practical, though scientific in purpose and plan. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Late issues in Cassell's National Library Series are "Old Age and Friendship," from the essays of Cicero; Shakespeare's comedy, "Love's Labour's Lost"; "Travels in England During the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," by Paul Hentzner; "The Shepherd's Calendar," by Edmund Spenser; "Lives of the English Poets—Gay, Thomson, Young, Gray, etc.," by Samuel Johnson; and "Peter Schlemihl," by Adelbert Chamisso, the last-mentioned also containing "The Story without an End," by Carodé, and "Hymns to Night," by Novalis. Published in paper covers by Cassell & Co., New York; price, 10 cents each.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

Lee, Herrick, and "Literary Pretense."

SAN FRANCISCO, July 15, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your issue of this date contains an article on "Literary Pretense," credited to Guy Carleton Lee, of the Baltimore Sun. The writer of the article affects to doubt the sincerity of many who claim to be familiar with the writings of various old-time English authors. He mentions, among others, Herrick, and then says:

"Oh, yes; we all know the quotation from the latter concerning the little feet which stole in and out; but, singular as it may appear, these lines were not the sole production of Herrick."

The use of the word "sole" leaves one in doubt as to whether Mr. Lee intended to mean that the lines in question are not the only ones Herrick ever wrote, or whether he means to convey the impression that the poet was assisted by some one in their production. This matters little, however, in the face of the fact that Herrick had nothing whatever to do with writing the lines referred to. The words Mr. Lee quotes are from the description of a bride in the "Ballad of a Wedding," by Sir John Suckling. Mr. Lee would better be quite sure of his ground before constituting himself an expert just to pass upon the genuineness of other people's claims to literary attainments. I think his assumptions regarding the average reader's acquaintance with the works of Ben Jonson, Richardson, Byron, Southey, and the Shakespeare sonnets are not well founded. Perhaps Mr. Lee might with profit remember the saying: "It is better not to know so much than to know so much that isn't so." G. F. R.

A correspondent of the *Chronicle* furnished that paper with this report of a recent incident at the University of California:

"Professor Barrett Wendell stirred up a lively tempest in a tea-pot one morning this week by a lecture to a class in one of his courses at the university summer school. Irritated by the flattery which he found in the papers written for him as a class exercise in his course in English composition, he unmercifully roasted the class. Many of the students filled their papers with laudatory references to their instructor. When Professor Wendell looked over the papers in the class he poured out scathing criticisms. The writer of one paper said she had 'come to the university lured by the fame of the great professor from Harvard, whom she had long worshiped from afar off, to sit at his feet and gather inspiration from his gifted lips.' This and other effusions Professor Wendell energetically declared idiotic and said he never before had known of a case where a woman had made such a fool of herself on one page. The papers, he said, were 'disgusting slop.' The class, which is almost entirely made up of teachers from the public schools of the State, has not yet recovered from the shock."

Robert Henry Newell, a well-known writer and a former newspaper man, was found dead in his room in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 11th. Newell was about sixty-five years old. He was engaged in editorial work on the New York *World* from 1869 to 1873, and later became editor of the *Hearth and Home*, an illustrated weekly, and wrote the well-known "Orpheus C. Kerr" (office-seeker) papers of the Civil War period. He was the author of "The Palace Beautiful," and other poems, and wrote "Avery Glibb," an American romance, and "Clovefoot," an American adaptation of Dickens's unfinished "Edwin Drood."

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The original edition of Jerome Hart's "Argonaut Letters" having been all sold out, the publishers have succeeded in preparing a limited number of supplemental copies. This was made possible by reason of a few extra quires having been run off before the type-forms were distributed. Taking these unbound sheets, the half-tone plates were reprinted on extra-heavy coated paper, thus making up a small number of specially fine copies, which have been bound with extra care. The binders have experimented with stamping the cover design on leather, both morocco and calf, with excellent results. The effect on morocco is particularly rich, and the book bound in full oze calf, red or green, full gilt, with side stamp in gold and color, makes a superb volume.

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"White Heather," presented by the Frawley Company this week, is not without its distinction. Of all the had plays that have been given us lately, it is undoubtedly the worst. The sin of mediocrity can not be ascribed against it; there is nothing wishywashy in its color nor to the adjectives that are needed to describe it; it is so absolutely had that it is interesting and useful in suggesting a negative guide for students of the drama—a sort of "don't" philosophy for aspiring playwrights. Just as in our catechism we contemplate the seven deadly sins that we may know the pitfalls that beset us, so the aspirant to canonization among playwrights may contemplate "White Heather" and learn a lesson therefrom. He will find therein most of the absurdities and enormities into which it is possible to fall; he will realize the crimes that may be committed in the sacred name of drama. There are two kinds of bad plays—those that are bad because they are not good and those that are aggressively, violently bad. "White Heather" is of the latter sort; it can be called drama only as a gaudy sign covering yards of hoard, splashed in offensive colors, to be hung at the Oakland Ferry, can be called a picture. Its leading sin is against that first great canon of aestheticism—simplicity. It attempts the extraordinary and arrives at the vulgar. With its booe and sinew, commonplace and ordinary, it would deck itself with the unusual; it is like an ignorant servant-girl adorned with *bizarre* paste.

The part to be played by Edward Morgan was described to me in advance—a young countryman in love with a woman of superior station, his love unrequited, to the end dying to save her honor. It sounded very well, indeed; there were possibilities for Morgan in such an outline, and I looked forward to the performance with a great deal of pleasure. Alas! I forgot to inquire how and where this disappointed swain would meet his death. Had my imagination been called into play, it might have described any other death within the range of possibility, but I am sure that it would never have hit on the one which this dexterous playwright has devised. Pistols, swords, starvation—even the watery wave might have suggested itself, but I am very sure that it would have been the *top* of the wave; the most experienced reveler in sensationalism could hardly anticipate an encounter at the bottom of the sea. Yet this is the climax situation of "White Heather"; the countryman and the villain meet in divers' outfits among the monsters of the deep; the villain falls over rather suddenly, and I assume that the swain has clipped his air-tube; in any event, this is the last of the villain; the swain possesses himself of the marriage certificate which had been lost in a wreck, and succeeds in delivering it a few moments before his own death.

Would it be possible to perpetrate anything worse than this? It is almost too absurd for serious consideration. Were it presented at the Central Theatre or at Morosco's under ordinary circumstances, we should enjoy it as a joke, but we do not like to be joked by the Frawley Company. We insist that they take us as seriously as we take them.

Mr. Frawley has some good people in his company, but of what avail are good actors under such conditions? The first essential of any actor—good, bad, or indifferent—is something to act. A good play may, and often does, carry along mediocre actors and yet retain the interest. It is much more difficult and very much rarer for an actor to put meaning and intelligence into a part if the author has put none there before him. George Henry Lewes relates a story of when "Faust" was first presented. The actor who played the part of Mephistopheles was taken ill at the last moment and had to be substituted by a very inferior man; yet so great was the interest inspired by the character, intrinsically considered, that fastidious critics unwittingly approved the crude performance. The case of Sothern in Lord Duodreary may be cited on the other side. It seems that Sothern hated the part and cursed it nightly. Finally, in his disgust, he began a series of capers that were calculated to destroy the part completely—at least as far as he was concerned—but in doing so he stumbled accidentally upon his fortune. The capers "took" and Sothern awoke one morning to find himself famous. This is a rare example, however, and even here I refuse to believe that the part had originally nothing in it. Sothern simply discovered its possibilities, and, the rest of the play being meritorious, was able to help it out.

"What is the matter with Morgan?" people are asking this week, because they can not separate the part from the actor. It is only a guess on my part, but I am disposed to suggest that there is nothing the matter with him. Morgan is probably not an

imbecile, although he seems mightily like it in "White Heather." All that he has to do is to go moping about, occasionally muttering things about being in love. A most melancholy young man is he—a moonmaniac, as well as a hypochondriac. He has no other attitude but that of being in love; one can not imagine that he eats or sleeps, or that he has any other business in life but to walk about and mope. I caught something on the fly about him being addicted to drink, and instantly smiled approval. Ah! I thought, he has character enough to have a vice; but this idea was not sustained. I heard nothing more about it.

Even his great *coup*—the killing of the villain—does not seem like any important achievement. The clipping of an air-tube is not calculated to develop any particular excitement in the spectator, even if it be at the bottom of the sea. We do not behold him go down; we know nothing of any physical or mental struggle that may have accompanied his descent; the curtain raises, and he is there with the villain in the domain of monsters and of fishes. There is nothing to indicate that he is particularly uncomfortable, and, as we have never seen him at the bottom of the sea ourselves, we can form no authentic estimate of his condition. His heroism does not come ringing home to us as it would more likely have done had he cooked his deeds within the possible range of our experience. Mr. Frawley may have the earth for his company and welcome, but let us beg of him not to transport us again to regions where mortal man dwells not, unless he conclude to forsake the drama entirely and to enter the realm of *Faerie*. Joseph Jefferson has said that he would rather play a good part to a bad audience than a bad part to a good audience—yes, even though he were the manager. Of the truth of this statement I have no doubt whatever, for surely a man of delicate sensibilities must suffer cruelly in an absurdly bad part. There is no reason that I know of why a man like Edward Morgan should not be giving good parts to good audiences. I can understand how an actor of Morgan's equipments could rejoice, if need be, in playing Hamlet's ghost; how he could be an amiable grave-digger, or a noble Roman of lusty yell for Brutus or for Aethio; but rare, indeed, should be the inducements that would lead him to support such unmitigated trash as "White Heather." The play is full of threadbare schemes and situations, the leading motive being the efforts of a woman, who is already a mother, to prove her wifedom. The villain is, of course, the father of the child, who denies his marriage to the young mother.

The best part in the whole conglomeration is assumed by Mary Van Buren. It is that of Lady Janet—a gay and somewhat noisy widow. Miss Van Buren's costumes are very stunning and her acting is quite creditable. The sportive widow is one of the very oldest of our theatrical acquaintances, yet she is always interesting, if tolerably well acted. Katherine Grey, who does the abused wife, is a sweet-looking girl who might be interesting in a different sort of a part. The rôle of Marion is utterly inane and commonplace without a relieving situation.

A feature of the play that seemed to please the gallery was the introduction of a real, live automobile besides several bicycles. Responding to a vigorous call, the automobile re-appeared and skirmished across the stage. I suggest that it be taught to bow like *Blanche Bates's* horse.

From the bottom of the sea we are transported very suddenly to a gay ball-room scene where some pretty costumes are displayed; the morbid country youth is already dead, having delivered the marriage certificate; the villain is out of the way, and thus to appropriate strains is the heroine united to rather a commonplace individual who has loved her long and well.

At the Orpheum imitations are decidedly in vogue. There have been two imitators on the hills this week—Charles Leoard Fletcher and Etta Butler, both of them imitating well-known theatrical people. Fletcher essays to imitate Sir Henry Irving and Richard Mansfield—in the former he fails completely. Fletcher has the kind of countenance that I may be pardoned in describing as concave, while Irving's is convex, inasmuch as it goes out instead of in. Without looking the individual, however, Fletcher might yet be a justified imitator had he acquired the characteristics, but he has not. The movement of his hands is not at all like Irving's, nor has he caught the spirit of Irving's personality. His imitations of Mansfield are probably better, although in this respect I am hardly qualified to speak, as I have not seen Mansfield in either of the parts which Fletcher has selected to imitate. Joseph Jefferson, in his autobiography, relates an amusing incident which is not inappropos in this instance. It was in Mr. Jefferson's younger days, when the grass was none too long for him, when any theatrical process of picking up a dollar was not beneath his consideration, that he once endeavored to fill out a programme by giving imitations of prominent actors. The scheme was new to him, and he was not at all sure of his success. The next day he happened to be a passenger in a stage-coach with an amiable old lady. "Your imitations were fine—magnificent," she said to him, enthusiastically; "particularly the one (I think) of Edwin Forrest." Mr. Jefferson was delighted—among the entire lot he had been least sure of this one. His conceit went up with a bound,

but came tumbling down to zero in a very few minutes. The old lady incidentally mentioned that she had never seen Forrest, nor any other of the actors that he was supposed to imitate.

I have seen Mansfield in other parts, though not in these, and it seems to me that Fletcher has caught more of his manner than he has of Irving's. The actor Burton was once asked his opinion of a very clever individual who endeavored to imitate him. "Humph," was the answer, "I could do it better myself." I feel quite sure that Mansfield could do it better himself, yet Fletcher's imitation of him as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde seems to be clever.

Etta Butler is certainly best when she imitates herself. As Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp" she fails conspicuously. Florence Roberts could give her cards and spades on imitating Mrs. Fiske. Etta Butler is clever enough in her own way, but she is not a successful "mimic."

Marie Stuart, who appears in the playette "Geraldine," is exactly the type of woman that one sees very often in Paris *cafés* or on the stage in Paris music-halls. If she be not French she has certainly lived in France, and is a better imitator than those who assume the name.

GENEVIEVE GREEN HAMILTON.

Harry Mann, business manager of the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York City, died at Saratoga, N. Y., July 12th, of Bright's disease. Harry Mann, was long the manager of the California Theatre in San Francisco, coming here for the purpose of taking that position under his brother, Al Hayman, in 1889, and he was one of the most popular of the managers of the last twenty years. When Al Hayman & Co. was dissolved, Mr. Mann was made his brother's chief manager in the Knickerbocker Theatre, where he has been as popular as he was everywhere else. He is one of four brothers, the others being Alfred, David, and Albert Hayman. Albert Hayman is the head of the syndicate. All were in theatrical business, and, to avoid confusion, he adopted the name he has been known by all through his theatrical career.

A great stock company to incorporate all the vaudeville theatres from Chicago to the Pacific Coast has been formed, with a capital stock of about two millions of dollars. Stock will be issued to the proprietors in amounts proportionate to the value placed upon the respective theatres. The large interests involved are the Kohl and Castle theatres, of Chicago, and those of the Orpheum circuit. The only theatres east of Chicago in the deal are the Walnut Street Theatre and Heuck's Opera House, which are managed by M. C. Anderson in Cincinnati. Every Chicago vaudeville manager in Chicago is interested in the scheme. There are twelve houses in the combine. Morris Meyerfeld, of San Francisco, has been in Chicago for some time, helping to perfect the plans.

The historical mansion of Marion Delorme, in the Boulevard Beaumarchais, in Paris, is to be leveled to the ground. The rooms where the *frondeuse* and luxury-loving courtesan mingled excitement with conspiracy still retain some traces of their former splendor. The chief interest of the building is the supposed existence of a treasure hidden when she fled suddenly to England to avoid the severity of Mazarin, against whom she plotted with King Mars, the ex-favorite of Louis the Thirteenth. The after life of Marion Delorme and its final ending are little known. It is generally believed, however, that after a series of adventures she returned to Paris and lived to be a centenarian.

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### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monday, July 22d. For Two Weeks Only. Every Evening, including Sunday. Matinée Saturday Only. The Representative Irish Comedian, Chauncey Olcott, The Sweetest Singer on the Stage, in the New Comedy,

#### -- GARRETT O'MACH --

Written by Augustus Pitou. Manager. The Play Will Be Presented Here with the Great Cast, all of the Magnificent Scenery and Grand Effects that Characterized Mr. Olcott's Long and Successful Engagement of Five Months in New York. Hear Olcott's New Songs.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinées To-Day and To-Morrow. Last Two Nights of "The White Heather." Monday, July 22d, T. Daniel Frawley Will Present Steele MacKaye's Masterpiece,

#### -- PAUL KAUFAR --

One of the Strongest Plays Ever Written. The Cast Will Be the Greatest Ever Seen at Popular Prices. Prices—10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Good Orchestra Seat, All Matinées, 25c. Branch Ticket-Office, Emporium.

## Orpheum

Best and Brightest in Vaudeville. Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena; Anita; Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nicholls; the Three Brooklyns; Ed. F. Reynard; Chevalier Enrico Mario Scognamiglio; Damm Bros.; Chas. Leonard Fletcher; and the American Biograph.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

Chauncey Olcott at the Columbia Theatre.

A notably successful engagement of four weeks will be brought to a close at the Columbia Theatre this (Saturday) evening, when Blanche Bates makes her farewell appearance as Cigarette in "Under Two Flags." Next Monday evening, Chauncey Olcott, the young comedian, who has not been seen here for six years, appears in "Garrett O'Magh," a romantic Irish play, written for him by Augustus Pitou. Mr. Olcott is a popular favorite, for his singing as well as for his dramatic strength, and his admirers flock to him suggestions of Scanlan, Emmett, and Boucicault. In his new play he is given many fine opportunities, and he does not fail to turn them to good account. No less than five of his own songs are introduced, "My Sweet Irish Rose" being among them. Besides the light comedy of the tuneful star there is much of interest in the production, for Mr. Olcott brings the company that supported him in the East, and the scenic features are given special attention. The play had a run of five months in New York, and its success seems assured here.

"Paul Kauvar" at the Grand Opera House.

Steele Mackaye's "Paul Kauvar," considered the strongest of his plays, will be produced by the Frawley Company at the Grand Opera House next week, beginning Monday night. The period of the drama is that of the French Revolution, and picturesque and stirring episodes of that time make up its course, though there are many bits of comedy along the way. The play was first produced by the late Augustin Daly in New York, and the original models have been followed in the stage-settings to be used here. The cast will be made up from the full strength of the company. E. J. Morgan will play the title-role, while Miss Van Buren will be given her best opportunity of the present engagement in the part of Diane de Beaumont, the young aristocrat to whom Paul Kauvar is secretly married. The Duc de Beaumont will be played by Theodore Roberts, and Gouroc, the villain, is in the hands of Harrington Reynolds. John Mason will be General Delaroché, and the remaining parts are allotted as carefully.

The last performance of "The White Heather" is on Sunday evening.

Revival of "The Toy-Maker" at the Tivoli.

"The Babes in the Wood" will be seen for the last time at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday evening, as the management has decided to accede to a general request for one more week of "The Toy-Maker." Beginning Monday night, Audran's comic opera, which was the greatest success of the year at the theatre, will be revived. The same cast will be seen, with all the accessories, and there is no room for doubt that Ferris Hartman, Annie Myers, Edward Webb, Arthur Cunningham, Harry Cashman, and all the other favorites will again score triumphs. There is an abundance of comedy in the opera, and its music is particularly taking, every one of the principals having a song that has been taken up by the public.

Serious preparations are under way for the season of grand opera at the Tivoli. The company is having rehearsals daily, as nearly all the artists have arrived from the East and from Italy. On Monday, July 29th, comes the opening, when the classic "Aida" will be heard. The alternating opera is "Rigoletto."

Next Week's Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum offers a varied bill for the coming week. Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena in Mr. Stanton's one-act comedy, "For Reform," come well recommended, and Amita, a spectacular dancer, will make her first appearance here. Also new to the Pacific Coast are Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nicholls, whose skit, "The Bifurcated Girl," is said to be particularly amusing. This ends in an excellent optical illusion, in which Miss Nicholls appears to cut herself in two, "in order," as she expresses it, "to play two parts." The Three Brooklyn, eccentric musicians and novelty artists, come direct from the Alhambra, London, with an original act. Ed. T. Reyord, a ventriloquist of reputation, will also make his initial bow here.

The bold-overs include Chevalier Scognamiglio, the 'cellist, who has created a profound impression, and who will change his selections; Charles Leonard Fletcher, the really original monologist; the Damm Brothers, European acrobats; and the American biograph, with new moving pictures.

"Uocle Tom's Cabin" in a Paris Theatre.

With the aid of a pack of blood-hounds and a negro minstrel troupe recruited by M. Jean Coquelin in London the Porte Saint Martin has revived "Uocle Tom's Cabin" in the French version, which was written nearly fifty years ago by Denery and Dumanoir (writes the Paris correspondent of the New York Herald). This adaptation of what the *Figaro* and other French contemporaries describe as "Mistress Harriet's" novel, contains a number of extraneous characters, notably the slave-owning, genial Senator Bird, the product of the Dumanoir brain, and two colored personages named Philemon and Bengali, the latter of whom, a freed slave, has bought one of his former fellow-

bondsmen and inspires so little respect that he is constantly being kicked and cuffed by him. The play, when first produced in Paris in 1853, proved a great success, thanks to the prestige of the novel, then fresh in everybody's mind, and to the beauty of Emilie Guion, who played the part of Eliza, and afterward became a noted member of the Comédie-Française. Curiously enough, an actor of the same name, M. Guion, plays the funny part of Bengali to-day. Its reception is such as might be expected from a summer audience which does not seek strong meat in the way of theatrical entertainments. The minstrels, and the double-voiced cantatrice from Philadelphia, Mme. Fields, who sings both soprano and contralto, compete for public favor with the blood-hounds. The playing, it must be admitted, was excellent. M. Jean Coquelin, in the character of Senator Bird, acted with great skill and feeling, while M. Guion and his attendant provoked roars of laughter.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Bliggerson's Degree.

Thomas Henry Bliggerson

Longed for a degree.

"Like to sign

This name of mine

With a tail of LL. D.,"

Said he,

"Or a Ph. D., or a plain A. B.,

Or any old letters would give me glee."

And he gave away

All his cash one day

To a school and a college and a librerie.

Thomas Henry Bliggerson

Looked for his degree—

Watched the mail

Till hope would fail,

For a note to give him glee,

You see,

He fully expected he would be

At once created an X. Y. Z.,

Or an LL. D.,

Or a plain A. B.;

But the poor man wasn't even 1-2-3.

Thomas Henry Bliggerson

Now has his degree.

Each thing sent

His establishment

Bears mystic letters three,

You see,

There was no more cash in his treasury,

And he went down into bankruptcy.

So the credit men,

With a large fat pen,

Write "T. H. Bliggerson, C. O. D."

—Baltimore American.

From Debtor to Doctor.

Said a certain poor sick man named Proctor,

"If I do not shortly get better

The calls of this fancy-priced Dr.

Will make me forever his Dr."

—Philadelphia Press.

Promises, but No Fulfillment.

He promised he'd return the lock of hair

She'd given him in those sweet days before her

Love cooled. 'Twas but a promise ending there,

Like that of any other hair-restorer.

—Catholic Standard.

The Constitution.

With a dashing,

And a splashing,

And a sea-dividing smashing.

The Constitution leaps for joy along the crested

seas;

And her sheets are taut and singing,

As she flies the water, winging

To victorious conclusion with a jolly ocean breeze.

With a ripping,

And a dipping,

Or the smoothest sort of slipping,

She leaves the merry waters swirling 'way back in

her wake;

And there's not the slightest doubt, sir

(And I'm giving you no tout, sir),

That she'll make the Shamrock look a huge and

horrible mistake.

See her leaning,

And careening,

With a nodding full of meaning—

A meaning full of laughter and a confidence im-

mense;

See her side flash in bravado,

Daring zephyr or tornado,

Gayly threatening to make Shamrock feel like less

than thirty cents.

So here's to her!

We'll not rue her,

For there's none can ever do her;

She's a shrewd conception, given form in delicate

design.

And great white clouds have caught her,

To speed her through the water,

Queen of the racing highways on the face of the

flowing brine.—Jo Wilkes in New York Sun.

An egg train of twelve refrigerator cars left New-

ton, Kas., the other day for California.

—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE DISTRICT

Attorney of San Francisco County that I, the under-

signed, intend to apply to the honorable State

Board of Prison Directors for the privilege of being

paroled, at a meeting of the said board to be held

at San Quentin, Cal., on the tenth day of August,

1901.

ARTHUR A. JACKSON.

## Love-Making in England.

In that clever book, "The Island," Mr. Whiteing depicts the love-making of the lower class in England as certainly the worst enemy of the French could never write with any semblance of truth of the same portion of the race in France. "Like their North American sisters, fond of feathers and bright hues. No gaudier thing in nature than the coster-girl in her holiday dress of mauve, with the cruel plume that seems to have been dyed in blood. Relation of female to male, singular survival of primitive state. Love-making always, in form, at least, an abduction of the virgin. A meeting at the street-corner at dusk for the beginning of the ceremony; then a chase around the houses, the heavy boots after the light ones, with joyous shrieks to mark the line of flight; after that the seizure, the fight, with sounding slaps for dalliance that might knock the wind out of a farrier of the Blues. In the final clinch, skirts part in screeching rents, feathers strew the ground. Then the panting pair return hand in hand to the street-corner to begin again." Of the meeting of these dreadful lovers later in the public-house, Mr. Whiteing adds, and here, too, he paints a picture exclusively British, that never could be seen in France: "Nightfall brings them together at the universal rendezvous from every near or distant scene; men and those that were once maidens, mummbling age and swearing infancy, stand six deep before the slimy bar, till the ever-flowing liquor damps down their fiercest fires, and the great city is once more at rest. The imagination of him that saw hell could hardly picture the final scene."

The New York Press asserts that the shirt-waist as a dress for men is demoralizing, and as a proof it says: "Refined women think it no disgrace to ride in the same car with coatless men in negligee shirts, but recently this liberty was quite overdone by three swell lookers who rode in a One Hundred and Thirty-Eighth Street car in their undershirts."

Kawakami and Sada Yacco, the interesting Japanese players, who were seen here in the spring of 1900, are once more in London, where they are attracting much attention. They are playing "The Geisha and the Knight," the twelfth-century drama "Kesa," "The Shogun," and a Japanese version of "Othello."

—THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD MORE delightful than a drink of good whisky—and Jesse Moore is good whisky.

—A MODERN LAWN-PLAN CEMETERY IS A combination of park and garden. Mt. Olivet is an illustration.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 17, 1901, were as follows:

| BONDS.               | Shares. | Bid.      | Asked.  | Closed. |
|----------------------|---------|-----------|---------|---------|
|                      |         |           |         |         |
| Bay Co. Power 5%...  | 29,000  | @ 105 1/2 | 105 1/2 | 105 1/2 |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%... | 7,000   | @ 106     | 106     | 106     |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley |         |           |         |         |
| Ry. 5%...            | 1,000   | @ 120 1/2 | 120 1/2 | 120 1/2 |
| S. P. Branch 6%...   | 24,000  | @ 136     | 136     | 136     |
| S. V. Water 6%...    | 11,000  | @ 114     | 114     | 114     |
| S. V. Water 4%...    | 9,000   | @ 103 1/2 | 103 1/2 | 103 1/2 |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d... | 5,000   | @ 101 1/2 | 101 1/2 | 101 1/2 |

| STOCKS.                 | Shares. | Bid.            | Asked. | Closed. |
|-------------------------|---------|-----------------|--------|---------|
|                         |         |                 |        |         |
| Water.                  |         |                 |        |         |
| Contra Costa Water...   | 50      | @ 79 1/2-79 3/4 | 79 3/4 | 80      |
| Spring Valley Water...  | 165     | @ 84-86 1/4     | 86     | 86 1/2  |
| Gas and Electric.       |         |                 |        |         |
| Equitable Gaslight...   | 120     | @ 4 1/2-4 3/4   | 4 3/4  | 5       |
| Mutual Electric...      | 250     | @ 5             | 5      | 5 1/2   |
| Pacific Gas...          | 390     | @ 47 1/2-46 1/2 | 46 1/2 | 46 1/2  |
| S. F. Gas & Electric... | 1,521   | @ 43-47 1/4     | 46 1/4 | 47 1/4  |
| S. F. Gaslight Co...    | 100     | @ 4 1/2         | 4 1/2  | 4 1/2   |

| BANKS.           | Shares. | Bid.    | Asked. | Closed. |
|------------------|---------|---------|--------|---------|
|                  |         |         |        |         |
| German S. & L... | 2       | @ 1380  | 1370   | 1375    |
| Street R. R.     |         |         |        |         |
| Market St...     | 240     | @ 73-74 | 73     | 73      |
| Presidio...      | 25      | @ 32    | 33     | 33      |

| POWERS.             | Shares. | Bid.            | Asked. | Closed. |
|---------------------|---------|-----------------|--------|---------|
|                     |         |                 |        |         |
| Giant Con...        | 25      | @ 75            | 75     | 76 1/2  |
| Sugars.             |         |                 |        |         |
| Honokaa S. Co...    | 2,705   | @ 17 1/2-19     | 17 1/2 | 17 1/2  |
| Hutchinson...       | 825     | @ 17 1/2-17 3/4 | 17 3/4 | 17 3/4  |
| Kilauea S. Co...    | 35      | @ 17-17 1/4     | 17     | 17 1/4  |
| Makaweli S. Co...   | 5       | @ 34 1/2        | 34 1/2 | 34 1/2  |
| Paauhau S. P. Co... | 820     | @ 21 3/4-24     | 22 1/2 | 22 1/2  |

| MISCELLANEOUS.        | Shares. | Bid.          | Asked.  | Closed. |
|-----------------------|---------|---------------|---------|---------|
|                       |         |               |         |         |
| Alaska Packers...     | 80      | @ 131 1/2-133 | 130 1/2 | 131 1/2 |
| Cal. Fruit C. Assn... | 22      | @ 97-98       | 98      | 98      |

The market was exceedingly quiet during the week, with few fluctuations, with the exception of the gas and electric stocks. On good buying orders San Francisco Gas and Electric, on sales of 1,500 shares, sold as high as 47 1/4 and closed at 46 1/4, a gain of three and three-quarters points. Pacific Gas and Improvement was also in good de-

mand, and sold as high as 46 1/4, a gain of four points; both stocks closing steady, with little stock offered.

Sugars have been steady on sales of 4,600 shares, with narrow fluctuations, with the exceptions of Honokaa Sugar Company and Paauhau; the former selling down to 17 1/4 and as high as 19, and closing at 17 1/4; Paauhau as low as 21 3/4 to 24, and closing at 22 1/4 bid.

Spring Valley Water has been in fairly good demand, with small sales. Contra Costa Water paid a dividend of 42 cents per share on the 15th.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
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References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

GEORGE B. CARTER, Treasurer,  
409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

## Financial Facts

There is lots of money lying idle, uninvested and unused.

On the other hand, there are good men and good enterprises, lacking capital.

Our good offices are effective in bringing about a meeting, to a common profit.

We have something to say to the man who has money or the man who needs it.

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118 PHELAN BUILDING

Tel. Main 656

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Pacific Coast Managers of

## The Traders Insurance Co.

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Assets - - - - - \$2,500,000.00

And Resident Agents

## Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society,

OF NORWICH, ENGLAND

Assets - - - - - \$6,553,403

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Telephone Main 5710

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AT YOUR CLUB OR DEALER'S.



## VANITY FAIR.

The society season of 1901 in London would have been non-existent but for last week's experiment by the Duchess of Sutherland (remarks the correspondent of the New York Sun). The Life-Boat Fund needed money; the war had exhausted the possibilities of bazaars; and the court mourning precluded a charity ball. What more simple than to throw open a stately mansion and let any one who pays two guineas for a ticket stand the chance of a smile from a titled hostess and rub shoulders with her aristocratic friends? The Duchess of Sutherland knew something of human nature when she put the idea in practice last Wednesday night at Stafford House among the royal residences of St. James's, near Marlborough House, where the king lives. It is true that, though the duke was in the house at the time, he did not accompany the duchess and her friends to confront the paying guests who had come to bave their money's worth of the atmosphere of the upper circles, and possibly some ticket-holders think they should have a rebate on the money paid as a set-off against his grace's invisibility. After nine o'clock society began to fulfill its part of the contract and to arrive in such swarms as almost to obscure the two guinea aspirants. If people had paid two guineas to see dukes and duchesses they could not complain that they were not getting their money's worth. For, if only they had been labeled, dukes and duchesses were to be seen in plenty. It was certainly a very brilliant scene, and a very great lady of society, after looking round, was heard to say to a friend: "Well, my dear, it is certainly very much better than slummin'." Surveying the scene, the Duchess of Devonshire said: "Well, Milly Sutherland may like this sort of thing, but catch me opening Devonshire House to any ticket mob." The eagerly anticipated fête brought over twenty-five thousand dollars profit. J. P. Morgan and other Americans paid two hundred and fifty dollars a seat to sit at the table with the five duchesses who graced the occasion. It cost ten dollars to enter the house and five dollars more to enter the picture gallery. Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was performed on the lawn. It was, however, a perspiring, overcrowded, and much-mixed assemblage. At times it was impossible to move. Scores of aristocratic women fainted. Others had their frocks ripped and costly jewels were lost.

Now that the "sailor" hat is an established thing for a woman's costume when riding, it is of interest to look back upon the history of the riding-habit (remarks the London News). Time was when women rode in a costume little different from that they wore on ordinary occasions, with none of those points of resemblance to men's garments that are universal now. The wearing of a man's hat and coat for riding dates back to the reign of the Merry Monarch, and is one of the customs—happily few—of the upper-class women of that time which have come down to us. Like most of their customs, it was regarded by the Mrs. Grundy of the period as of the most doubtful propriety, and, though that good lady's voice was but little heard under the regime of the last Stuarts, it grew more powerful later on. But female pertinacity somehow centred itself on the riding-habit, and it survived the Revolution. In the reign of Anne we find Addison writing in the *Spectator* as follows: "Among the several female extravagances I have already taken notice of, there is one that still keeps its ground—I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat and a periwig . . . in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex." And, in "Rob Roy," Scott makes his hero say, in describing his first meeting with Di Vernon: "She wore, what was then somewhat unusual, a coat, vest, and hat, resembling those of a man, which fashion has since called a riding-habit. The mode had been introduced while I was in France, and was perfectly new to me." When the late queen used to set the fashion, the riding-habit disappeared for a time. A well-known portrait of her late majesty, shows her on horseback in a costume without a touch of resemblance to the male riding kit of the period. But

later on things changed once more, and now the woman on horseback is as much a man, down to the saddle, as circumstances permit.

The gramophone is a great source of pleasure to Turkish ladies. For some years it was strictly forbidden; now nearly every house is provided with one, and the ladies sit round and roar with laughter every night at its productions. Nearly all are fitted with cylinders giving Turkish songs and stories which are rather risqué. If the ladies with their gramophones would only stop at home no one would object; but what they delight in is to get into a boat with their friends and float slowly down the Bosphorus, with the gramophone shrieking in the middle. The Bosphorus on a moonlight night is the most romantic place imaginable. Sitting on a balcony overhanging the water, with no sounds but the soft lapping of the waves and the unceasing songs of the nightingales which swarm all along the shore, one gets lost in all sorts of imaginations, and it is too bad when a boat suddenly drifts close by with a gramophone squeaking out "Daisy Bell" or something else equally incongruous.

English society is extending its sympathy to the beautiful Countess of Essex, who, before her marriage, was Miss Adele Grant, of New York. Lady Essex has lost nearly all her fortune and her husband has lost nearly all his. But, with pluck and enterprise that are always to be found in an American girl (writes the London correspondent of the New York World), this charming noblewoman has set to work to earn her living. She is meeting with a good deal of success in a line wholly new in London—that of furnishing and re-renting apartments. She is by all means the most accomplished person in this line in London. She leases a flat and furnishes it with the exquisite taste for which she is renowned. Paragraphs appear in the society journals describing and praising the art and beauty of her apartment. Then she lets it at a high figure to people who like to bask in an atmosphere created by a member of the nobility. Lady Essex has made quite a snug sum in the past year by this means, and has furnished and leased a number of apartments at fancy figures. When she first started in the business, she lacked executive ability and capacity to keep accounts. Some of the furnishers and upholsterers descended upon the apartments and seized the effects, leaving the sub-tenants carpetless and bedless. This was entirely due to Lady Essex's inexperience and to the fact that she kept no memoranda of when payments were due. Lately, however, everything has been running smoothly and her clients have been more comfortable. Another method by which Lady Essex keeps the pot a-boiling is by chaperoning "paying guests" in society. This business is one which has a good many patrons from America.

The eighteenth annual convention of the American National Association of Masters of Dancing was recently held in Toronto. Professor Bangert, of Baltimore, who was reflected president, is enthusiastic about the work of the association, and said: "The meeting was full of magnificent ideas, and we adopted a number of new figures. What might be called the key-note of the meeting was a determination to bring the lancers and the cotillon before the public more prominently during the coming winter. The New York and Saratoga lancers will receive especial attention, because we think it is a pity that that form of dancing has declined in favor in recent years. Three new round dances were accepted. They are the 'Ontario,' the 'Sylph,' and the 'Rainier.' Besides these we also accepted a number of new figures in the square dances. We expect to make these three dances popular, for we think they possess elements which will make them attractive to the public. Now round dances are much used in the North, especially in the New England States, where something novel is tried not only by the dancing schools, but by the general public. At least one of the new dances, the 'Ontario,' is quite simple, and has features which should make it a go. The dance is simple and neat, gives plenty of opportunity for the display of grace, adapts steps already

familiar, and is easily learned. Second in simplicity is the 'Sylph.' It is longer than the 'Ontario,' and embraces more steps, which is apt to interfere with its popularity. Still, I like the 'Sylph,' for it allows the performer to show all the grace he or she may possess. The last of the dances accepted is the 'Rainier.' I do not suppose that it will ever become a great rage with the majority of people, for it requires some effort to learn, and is more involved than is usually desirable when a couple desire to take a short turn around the floor. You must understand that these were not all the new dances that were laid before the convention, but they were all that were accepted, for our constitution provides that we shall officially adopt but three each year. Besides the official adoption of round dances, various suggestions were made of new figures in the square dances. These are carefully noted, and will be used by many of us. Attention will be paid this winter to the New York lancers. There has been entirely too much tendency to romp through the lancers, and for that reason it has been cut out of the lists at many affairs where it should have held a prominent place. Our object will be to bring about a greater degree of dignity, and thereby restore the lancers to its old position."

The European plan of renting chairs in public grounds has been introduced in New York parks with doubtful results. The New York Sun, reporting the attitude of the public, says that on the Sunday afternoon, when all the green chairs in Madison Square Park had been occupied by people who refused to pay for them, the houncer and the chair watchman walked along the line every ten or fifteen minutes dumping people out. They did not throw any one down, but simply tipped the chair forward so that the person sitting in it had to get up to keep from falling to the ground. Then an argument was sure to follow. It was something like this: "You've got no right to put me out of this chair. This is a public place. The city of New York owns this park. It belongs to the people." "All right, sir, but you can hire the chair for a nickel if you want to sit there." "Well, all the free benches are occupied, so I have a right to sit in one of these chairs." "Buy a ticket, and—" Here a policeman would interrupt the argument by breaking up the crowd and telling every one to "keep moving." Then a crowd of boys would sit in the chairs and shout to the attendant: "You dassn't put us out, and the law says we can't be arrested for sitting here." Little girls with dolls in their arms sat in the chairs and laughed until the chairs were tipped. "What do you charge for looking at the fountain?" said a sarcastic boy, addressing the chair attendant. At five o'clock the crowd in the park got so big that the chair attendant asked for police protection. Policemen simply kept the crowd moving, but did not mix up in any of the arguments.

At Central Park the police called it "Chair Sunday." It was the first Sunday the pay chairs were there. But they were not a success, and the chair contractor will probably discontinue them. When the Sunday morning crowd from the lower part of the city got to the park they made straight for the chairs, sat down and told the attendants they would not pay. This was on the Mall. The attendants had instructions to deal gently with any one who refused to pay, and they simply permitted the crowd to remain. Only a few chairs were paid for and after noon the attendants kept out of sight. They had had so much trouble in the early part of the day that they decided to make no attempt to collect for the chairs occupied in the afternoon. When the attendants went away the crowd left the chairs and sat on the regular park benches. Then for the remainder of the day the chairs remained unoccupied, excepting now and again when a crowd of boys came along and sat in them for fun. Many of the chairs in Central Park bore evidence of having been cut with a knife, and it was said that the cane seats were cut out of several of them a few nights ago. The chair contractor believes the scheme will work all right as soon as the public sees the advantages of the chairs in the park.

## Banks and Insurance.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,290,150.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

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532 California Street.

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Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
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RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

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UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,681,497.64  
July 1, 1901.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits,  
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## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

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"I consider the advertisement a factor of fortunes, and an absolute essential in the propagation of business and the building up of a new enterprise. That mission—any of commerce, the advertisement, appeals to one at all seasons and places; in the cars, at the concert, and by the fireside. In fact, advertising and the arts are getting so mixed that it almost seems that one could not exist now without the other."—Dr. Lyman Abbot.

# KNOX'S (Please remember that Knox is spelled K=N=O=X) GELATINE

Beware of concerns that try to imitate my name and package.

I WILL MAIL FREE my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will send the name of your grocer. For 5 cents in stamps, the book and full pint sample. For 15 cents the book and full two-quart package (two for 25 cents). Each large package contains pink color for fancy desserts. A large package of Knox's Gelatine will make two quarts (a half gallon) of jelly.

CHARLES. B. KNOX, 91 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



San Jose is now on the map. It has long been one of the finest residence and business points in California. The closing of the "Gap" in the Coast Line makes it the finest. San Jose is in the heart of Santa Clara County, the richest county in the State. Now is the time to invest. Choice residence lots on Tenth Street and future business property on the corner of Ninth and Santa Clara Streets for sale.

WOOSTER & WHITTON, No. 7 West Santa Clara Street, San José.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A certain wealthy beefocrat of Harvard humorously complained of President Eliot's treatment. "He comes to me," he said, "for my money and my advice; and, like the women in the Scripture, the one is taken and the other left."

A Philadelphia captain of detectives tells of one of the Malaprops of his force, who, despite his deficiency in education, is a clever operator. Responding to an inquiry, he explained to a friend the possession of two names by a prisoner by saying: "Jim Heory is his real name; Percy D. Klyne is his ananias."

Nothing verbal could be much more delicious than Joseph H. Choate's definition of the dinners of the New England Society of New York as "Those gatherings of an unhappy company of Pilgrims who meet annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl, and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history."

Once a wine agent intruded upon a party of which Maurice Barrymore was one. The agent told Barrymore he was a man of good taste and all that, and wound up by saying: "When you want a bottle of wine in future, will you not gratify me by asking for my wine?" "Why, of course," answered Barrymore, most graciously; "I shall be delighted to ask for your wine. But, heavens! suppose they should have it!"

Ex-Speaker Reed was in the Supreme Court at Washington, D. C., recently, when the justices were slow in assembling. Mr. Reed waited with an elephantine patience. Presently a friend of his leaned over to him and whispered: "Mr. Speaker, can't you count a quorum?" "A look of grave reproach overspread the retired statesman's face. "Sir," said he, in a tone of dignity, "you forget that when I counted a quorum, there always was a quorum."

Senator Bailey, of Texas, has a face like a cherub. It is round and soft and full of color. One day, in the corridor of the Senate, he was approached by a giggling young woman, who asked, rapturously: "Oh, senator, where in the world did you get your pretty pink complexion?" Bailey was embarrassed only for an instant. Looking her straight in the eye and tapping her lightly on her slightly rouged cheek, he very gravely asked: "Where in the city did you get yours?"

Rev. Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") and others recently dined with W. S. Caine, M. P. Mr. Caine offered to give fifty pounds to a hospital fund through the man who would make the best pun on his name within five minutes. Brains cogitated for awhile, and then, just as the time was about to expire and Mr. Caine thought he was to escape, John Watson said: "Don't be in such a hurry, Caine." If this story is true, that two hundred and fifty dollars was about the easiest money that Dr. Watson ever earned.

The speech in the House of Lords of the Bishop of Hereford on the subject of gambling recalls a story told of Bishop Potter, of New York. The bishop, travelling through Louisiana some years ago, addressed inquiries to his fellow-passengers with a view to obtaining information regarding the orchards and fruit interests of the State. "Do you raise pears in Louisiana?" inquired the bishop. "We do," replied the Louisianian, who was a better authority on poker than on horticulture, "if we have three or better."

It is said that when President Polk visited Boston he was impressively received at Faneuil Hall Market. The clerk walked in front of him down the length of the market, announcing in loud tones: "Make way, gentlemen, for the President of the United States. The President of the United States! Fellow-citizens, make room!" The chief had stepped into one of the stalls to look at some game, when Mr. Rhodes turned round suddenly, and, finding himself alone, suddenly changed his tone, and exclaimed: "My gracious, where bas that darned idiot got to?"

A clergyman, taking occasional duty for a friend in one of the moorland churches of a remote part of England, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract a half-crown before presenting the plate at the altar rails. After service he called the old man into the vestry, and told him, with emotion, that his crime had been discovered. The verger looked puzzled. Then a sudden light dawned on him. "Why, sir, you don't mean that old half-crown of mine! Why, O! I've 'led off' with he this last fifteen years!"

A conjurer was performing before a rough-and-ready audience in one of the prohibition States of America (according to an English paper). "I am now about to undertake a feat," said he, "in which I shall need the use of a pint flask of whisky." There was a dead silence. "Will some gentleman in the audience favor me with a pint of whisky?" There was no response, and the conjurer began to look

blank. "Surely," he continued, "in a South-Eastern, prohibition town I ought not to have to ask a second time for such a thing. I give my word I will return it intact. Is there no—" "Stranger," said a tall, gaunt man, as he rose slowly from a front seat, "wouldn't a quart flask do as well?" "Why, certainly! I merely—" But before he could finish, the generous, open-handed audience had risen like one man, and were on their way to the platform in a body.

Edward FitzGerald, who wrote the quatrains from Omar which have come into such great popularity under the Persian name of "Rubáiyát," and thereby excited a curiosity sufficiently great to have his other translations and adaptations given to the world, was witty and when in society left his mark. It is told of him that being once thrown in company with a notorious tuft-hunter, whose only conversation concerned his personal experiences with the nobility, FitzGerald waited for a time, then rose to go, saying with an attitude and accent of profound dejection: "I knew a lord once, but he is dead."

Mr. Sim, the major-domo of Stafford House, the residence of the Duke of Sutherland, is distinguished among the most distinguished major-domos, *maitres d'hôtel*, and butlers of the highest circles. It is said that the king's own servants look up to him as the leader of their profession. The seal is set upon his aristocratic fame by a remark which is attributed to him. They say that he once went to see Beerbohm Tree play "Hamlet." Asked afterward what he thought of it, he is reported loftily to have remarked: "Well, it's extraordinary the various ways the lower orders have of getting their livings."

In Jules Simon's recently published "Premières Années," he tells that once, when a candidate in Brittany, he spoke for more than an hour amid great applause, was "chained," and carried back in triumph to his hotel. There the friend who had organized the meeting said to him: "Well, I hope you are satisfied." The orator assumed a modest air. "Come, now," said his friend, "own up. No one can have an ovation like that without being moved by it." "Well, then, I own up," said Jules Simon. Laughing heartily, his friend continued: "There were two or three thousand people there, were there not? Except you, myself, and three more, whose names I could give, not a soul understood French. You got your applause on trust." Jules Simon concludes: "It was the greatest oratorical success of my life."

## Diary of an American Abroad.

Monday, 10 A. M.—Reached England. Country half asleep.

4 P. M.—Reached London. Village awake, but not really spry.

4:30—Reached Hotel Magnificent.

4:45—Went all over it. Nice house. Do as a *piéd-à-terre* for our directors when over here.

5—Bought it.

8—Dinner. Arranged to turn dining-room into anteroom for callers. Tired. Counted checks. Bed.

Tuesday, 9 A. M.—Read *Times* at breakfast. Leader disparaging our company. Must see to this.

10—Saw proprietors of *Times*.

11—Bought *Times*.

12—Heard of difficulty with staff. Editor resigned.

1 P. M.—Bought some editors.

1:05—Lunch.

3 to 6—Interviewed the company's competitors; three minutes each.

6 to 7—Wrote checks.

8:30—Theatre. Play, "The Ironmaster." Don't like the sound; suggests rivalry; must see if rights are to be had.

Wednesday—Curiously unlucky morning. Admiralty wouldn't sell fleet. War office refused to scrap guns. Colonial secretary declined to let me have Jamaica as a tip for our ashes. At this rate no use staying out. Picked up Thames steamboat fleet for an old song on way back. Will do to run on the canals inside our fitting shop.

Thursday, 5 P. M.—Things have been humming to-day. Steamboat deal evidently leaked out. Bought the P. & O., Cunard, White Star, Orient, Union Castle, and North German Lloyd. Bought the Liverpool docks. Bought the London and North-western. Cabled to my company that they might begin making.

Friday, 10 A. M.—Cable from company asking me to buy less and sell more. Noonsense. Plenty of time for selling. Much best policy to buy up all our customers first; sell to ourselves then and make sure of orders.

4 P. M.—Bought Holyhead harbor. Made an offer for St. George's Channel.

Saturday, 9 A. M.—Cable from home, "Rival trust formed. Underselling. Return at once."

10 A. M.—Returning.—*London Punch*.

## In Substitute Feeding

for infants, physicians agree that cow's milk is the basis for all beginnings. What is required, then, is the best possible milk product. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is ideal, pure, sterile, and guarded against contamination.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; WITH which cook can please all.

## Mr. Dooley on the New York Custom-House.

In one of his latest skits, Peter F. Dunne allows Mr. Dooley to describe the home-coming of a naturalized American:

"There was a Rooshian aboard that'd been run out iv Rooshia because he cud r-read," says Mr. Dooley, "an' people thought he was gettin' r-ready to peg something at th' Czar, an' Hannigan an' him got to be gr-reat frinds. As they shud on th' deck, Hanoigan hanged him on th' back, an' says he: 'Look,' he says, with th' tears r-ruonin' down his cheeks. He was wanst in th' legislature. 'Look,' he says, 'ye poor down-throdden serf,' he says. 'Behold th' land iv freedom,' he says, 'where ivry man's as good as ivry other man,' he says, 'on'y th' other man don't know it,' he says. 'That flag which I can't see, but I know 'tis there,' he says, 'floats over no race iv slaves,' he says. 'Whin I shtep off th' boat,' he says, 'I'll put me box on me shoulder,' he says, 'an' I'll be as free as any man alive,' he says, 'an' if e'er a sowl speaks to me, I'll give him a drink out iv th' bottle or a belt with th' blackthorn,' he says, 'an' little I care which it is,' he says. 'Land iv liberty,' he says, 'I salute ye,' he says, wavin' his hat at a soap-factory. 'Have ye declared yet?' says a man at his elbow. 'Declared what?' says Hannigan. 'Th' things ye have in th' box,' says th' man. 'I have not,' says Hannigan; 'th' contents iv that crate is sacred between me an' meself,' he says. 'Well,' says th' man, 'ye'd better slide down th' companyway or stairs to th' hase-ment iv th' ship an' tell what ye know,' he says.

"Well, Hannigan is an Irish Rappublican that does what he's told, so he wint down stairs. Th' chief inspector come up, an' says he: 'Misther Hannigan,' he says, 'on ye'r wurrud iv honor as an Irish gentleman an' an American citizen,' he says, 'have ye anything in th' box that ye cud've paid more fr in this country?' 'On me wurrud iv honor,' says Hannigan. 'I believe ye,' says th' chief; 'swear him.' Ye know th' solemnity iv an oath. Ye do solemnly swear be this an' be that that ye have not been lyin' all this time like th' knavish scoundrel that ye wud be if ye did,' he says. 'I swear,' says Hannigan. 'That will suffice,' says th' chief; 'go down on th' dock an' be searched,' he says.

"Hannigan says he wint down on th' dock practicin' the lock-step, so he wudden't seem green whin they put him in fr perjury. I won't tell ye what he see on th' dock. No, I won't, Hinnessy. 'Tisn't anything ye ought to know, onless ye're goin' into th' dhyr-goods business. Hannigan says they hadn't got half-way to th' bottom iv th' thrunks, an' there wasn't a woman fr'm th' boat that he'd dare to look in th' face. He tur-ned away with a blush.

"With that another inspector come along, an' he says: 'Open that thrunk,' says he. 'Cut th' rope,' he says. 'Boys, bring an axe an' lave us see what this smuggler has in th' box,' he says. 'What's this? A blackthorn cane! Confiscate it. A bottle iv whisky! Put it aside fr ividence. A coat! Miscreent! A pair iv pants! Ye perjured ruffian! Don't ye know ye can get nearly as good a pair iv pants fr twice th' money in this country? Three collars? Hyena! A bar iv soap. An' this man calls himself a pathriot! Where did ye get that thrunk? It looks foreign. I'll take it!'—*Harper's Weekly*.

The topic of the uninformed: "I regret to inform you," said the man who was called on for a speech, "that I have neglected to make any preparation for this occasion. If any one in the audience will suggest a subject upon which a man is privileged to talk when he doesn't know anything about it I will be glad to make a few remarks." Of course he thought he had excused himself very cleverly, but something over half the aud ence responded almost as one person. "Talk about the army canteen," they said.—*Chicago Post*.

I wonder why old china is so rare and costly?" "H'm! Don't you keep a girl?"—*Heitere Welt*.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy. Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

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(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO  
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

## DOMINION LINE

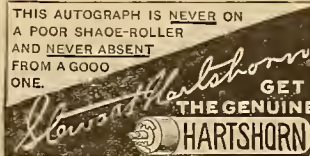
Fastest Twin-Screw Passenger Service.  
Boston to Liverpool via Queenstown

S. S. COMMONWEALTH, 13,000 Tons, Length 600 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, July 31st.

S. S. NEW ENGLAND, 11,600 Tons, Length 575 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, August 14th.

Portland, Me., to Liverpool  
S. S. VANCOUVER, sailing Saturday, July 27th.

S. S. DOMINION, sailing Saturday, August 10th.  
For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast,  
621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

TYPEWRITERS.  
GREAT BARGAINS.

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand  
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

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## H. S. BRIDGE &amp; CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, August 27

Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, September 20  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, October 15

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

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IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.

America Maru..... Saturday, August 10  
Hongkong Maru..... Wednesday, September 4

Nippon Maru..... Friday, September 27  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6000 Tons  
Sonoma, 6000 Tons  
Ventura, 6000 Tons

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, August 1, 1901, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Australia, for Tahiti, August 6, 1901, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Honolulu only, August 10, 1901, at 2 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., July 5,

10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1.30 P. M., July 5, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, August 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles): Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M. Corona—Wednesdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro, East San Pedro, and \*Newport (\*Coos Bay only).

Coos Bay—Saturdays, 9 A. M. Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg, Westbound.

Philadelphia..... July 24 Philadelphia..... August 23  
St. Paul..... July 27 St. Paul..... August 21

Vaderland..... August 7 Friesland..... August 28  
St. Louis..... August 14 St. Louis..... September 4

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Penland..... July 24 Kensington..... August 14  
\*Zeeland..... July 27 \*Zeeland..... August 21

\*Vaderland..... August 7 Friesland..... August 28  
\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Miss Luella Ober Everett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett, and Mr. Everett Ames were married Wednesday afternoon, July 17th, at St. John's Episcopal Church, Oakland, the Rev. Mr. Rae officiating. Miss Florence Edon was maid of honor; Miss Elsie Ames, a sister of the groom, Miss Mila Lally, of San Francisco, Miss Alma Brown, and Miss Belle Carpenter were the four bridesmaids; Mr. John Ames, a brother of the groom, was best man; and the ushers were Mr. Lawrence Harris, of San Francisco, Mr. Francis Wilder, Mr. Herbert Barry, and Mr. Fletcher Ames. After the ceremony the bridal party was received at the home of the groom's parents, Judge and Mrs. Josiah P. Ames, where a breakfast was served. After a wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Ames will reside in Oakland.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy E. Kirk, daughter of State Superintendent of Public Instruction T. J. Kirk, and Mr. Frederick A. Houseworth, of San Francisco, was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents in Sacramento Tuesday, July 16th. Rev. C. L. Miel, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, officiated. The bride was attended by Miss Inogene Kirk, her sister, and Miss Gertrude McCloskey, of Hollister. Mr. and Mrs. Houseworth left on the Oregon Express on their wedding trip. They will make their home in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Helen Aileen Cashman, daughter of Mrs. Mary Cashman, and Mr. Morrison Barclay, of Greensburg, Pa., took place at the home of the bride in Alameda on Wednesday evening, July 17th.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ada White, niece of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Bliss, who reside at 1581 Pacific Avenue, and Captain Joseph Castner, U. S. A. Captain Castner is at present connected with the Information Bureau Department of the government.

Announcement is made of the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Stanford Gage and Mr. William Henry Richardson, of Austin, Tex., which will take place at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Stephen T. Gage, in Oakland, on Tuesday evening, August 6th.

The marriage of Miss Frances Baldwin, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Baldwin, and Mr. Sheffield Sanborn will take place about the end of this month.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Gore Chaffin, of Malden, Mass., and Captain William R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., son of Colonel W. R. Smedberg, U. S. A., retired. Captain Smedberg is on the staff of General S. B. M. Young, U. S. A. He was born in San Francisco and was appointed to West Point by Congressman W. W. Morrow. He was graduated from the military academy with the class 1893, and during the war he won the double bars of a captaincy. He has been with General Young in Cuba and the Philippines.

Mrs. F. A. Frank gave a card-party recently at the Burlingame Club house. The game was six-handed euchre, and the players were seated at eight tables arranged on the veranda. Light refreshments were served during the game. The prizes were won by Miss Genevieve Carolan and Mrs. Wilson. Among the guests were Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. George Shreve, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Princess Poniatowski, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Georgia Hopkins, and Miss Frances Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. McDonald gave a handsome dinner last week at their home in Oakland, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lang, of Portland. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Miss Amy McKee, Miss Nellie Chabot, Mr. Franklin Brooks, and Mr. George Lewis.

Mr. Peter D. Martin, who arrived in Newport last week, and his fiancée, Miss Lily Oelrichs, were given a dinner on Monday evening by Mrs. C. V. Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Luning and their son, who is home for his vacation from the Eastern college he is attending, are camping on Sulphur Creek on the road to the Geysers. Camp Luning is fitted up luxuriously like a summer country place. There are nine tents floored and equipped with all modern conveniences—electric lights (supplied from a private dynamo), a long-distance telephone, an electric fan for reducing the temperature, and a plunge-bath. This is the fourth season Mr. and Mrs. Luning have occupied their comfortable camp.

## The Coast Association Tournament.

The Pacific Coast Golf Association will hold a tournament for the open championship of the Coast at Del Monte on August 24th. Until recently it was generally understood that this event, which will be the first of its kind ever held on the Coast, was not to take place this year, but early next spring, when it was thought that more professionals would enter. Some of the most prominent of the amateur players were opposed to the events being left out this season, and as a result of their efforts the three champions, which the formation of the association promised the Coast, will be announced before the end of the summer. The men's amateur championship has been decided and Ernest Folger holds the title. The

ladies' amateur championship is set for August 21st at Del Monte, while the open event will wind up the list.

The open championship, as its name implies, will be open to both amateurs and professionals, although some restrictions are imposed upon both classes of players. Only those professionals who are employed on the Coast will be eligible and the amateurs must be members of clubs affiliated with the association. The conditions of the tournament will be medal play over 36 holes, and an entrance fee of \$3 will be charged each competitor. Three prizes are offered, which, for professionals, will be \$100, \$30, and \$20, and for amateurs, the gold, silver, and bronze medals of the association.

A large entry is expected on the part of the amateurs, as the association will encourage the gentlemen golfers to enter regardless of their ability, while the five professionals who are at present employed on the Coast are counted on to play. These latter are Robert Johnstone, of San Francisco, Harry Rawlins, of Oakland, F. J. Riley, of Burlingame, A. Bell, of San Rafael, and James Melville, of Del Monte. The entries for amateurs will close at 5 P. M. on August 16th, and must be sent to Secretary Gower, in this city, while the professional entries will be taken by the committee at Del Monte up to the day of play. The committee reserves the right to accept the amateur entries later than the time set should they desire to. Efforts will be made to have Maud, Orr, and others of the Southern California golfers come up and take part.

## Golf Notes.

The class tournament scheduled for July 13th at the San Rafael links was set aside for a team match of 18 holes. There were twenty-one players in each of the teams, one side headed by Mr. J. J. Crooks, the other by Mr. R. Gilman Brown. The latter finished second, and the score was 52 to 41. Four prizes were put up for individual play, three for members of the winning team and one to encourage the players on the losing side. The first prize was won by Graham Babcock, but three men made equal scores in their chase for second and third prizes. They were Mr. A. A. Curtis, Mr. Douglass Hardy, and Mr. S. G. Buckbee. The prize offered for the best player on the losing team was tied for by Dr. W. S. Skaife and Major Charles Christensen.

In August will take place the third competition for the Poniatowski Cup for women on the course of the Burlingame Country Club. At Del Monte there will be the first contest for the women's amateur championship of the Pacific Coast, and also a competition open to all golfers, amateur or professional, with a first prize of \$100 for the winner, if a professional, or of a piece of plate, if an amateur, and other minor rewards. Entries for the women's championship and the open contest will be received by T. P. Gower, secretary of the Pacific Coast Golf Association.

Mr. J. J. Crooks and Mrs. Crooks have presented a trophy to be called the Benedicts Cup, which will be competed for on Saturday, July 27th, at the San Rafael links. It will be a handicap contest, over 18 holes, medal play.

A suit in equity has been filed in the United States Circuit Court by P. J. Gray, a subject of King Edward, against the Roman Catholic archbishop, diocese of San Francisco, a corporation sole, and Patrick W. Riordan, its incumbent. The complaint alleges that in April, 1879, the plaintiff withdrew from deposit in the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, in this city, thirty thousand dollars, and deposited the amount with the defendant diocese and its then incumbent, Joseph S. Alemany. This, he alleges, was done on account of the load of debt under which the church labored. An agreement alleged to have been entered into at that time provided that the money should draw legal interest and be repaid at any time on three days' notice. On April 14, 1899, he made demand on Riordan, who had succeeded Alemany to the archbishopric, for the money and a termination of the trust. The archbishop denied that any sum of money was due Gray, and the latter asked in the State courts for an accounting. Unsuccessful there, Gray now brings suit under federal jurisdiction. He has lived in this city for forty years or more.

Among the prominent Americans now at the Elysée Palace Hotel, Paris, are Senator E. O. Wolcott, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Dick, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes and family, Mr. J. W. Gates, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Kerr, of New York. The King of the Belgians has again taken up his residence at the hotel.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art will be open on the evenings of Saturday, July 20th, and Tuesday, July 23d, for the benefit of visiting strangers in the city, when the regular admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment  
To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

— EDWARD A. BELCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 472-473 Call Building.

## RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

Lillie Hitchcock Coit, widow of Howard Coit, has proved that according to the table of life expectancy she is entitled to live 16.05 years longer, and on this basis she has secured a settlement that terminates the trust which has so long tied up her father's estate. By this arrangement she comes into possession of property worth about \$150,000 clear of all demands of adverse claimants.

When Charles M. Hitchcock, father of Mrs. Coit, died near Larkmead, Napa County, it was found that his will bequeathed half of his estate to his widow and the remainder was put into the hands of trustees, who were directed to pay the income to Mrs. Coit during her life, and, if she left no issue, then at her death the property was to be distributed to Josiah Hitchcock, his brother, Sarah Culbertson, his sister, the University of California, and the University of Maryland.

Mrs. Coit's mother died, and soon afterward her uncle and aunt followed. Mrs. Coit inherited her mother's share of the estate, and the only persons interested in the trust fund were the two universities. Mrs. Coit was anxious to get rid of the claims of the beneficiaries under the will, and, through her attorney, offered to pay cash to the universities in settlement of their claims, taking the expectancy tables of the life-insurance companies as a basis of the calculation. As the beneficiaries could not obtain a cent until her death, and as the cash paid now, if put at interest, will produce the sum to which the beneficiaries will be entitled at the end of that time, the proposition was accepted.

Before sailing from San Francisco, Hugh Tevis, who died in Yokohama, Japan, June 6th, made a will, in which he divided his estate between his wife and daughter, Alice Boalt Tevis, aged nine, a child by his first wife, who was a daughter of Judge Boalt. This little one lives in Sonoma at present, and it is she and not the second wife who will receive the greater portion of Tevis's fortune, estimated to be worth over \$2,000,000. This does not include an elegant country mansion being built near Monterey, which was deeded to the bride, now a widow, just before the couple sailed on the fatal honeymoon trip. By the provisions of the will, a trust is created to manage and operate that part of the estate left the minor child until she reaches the age of twenty. Mrs. Cornelia McGhee Tevis is appointed guardian of the child, and H. L. Tevis and W. S. Tevis, brothers of the deceased, and M. F. Michael are made executors of the will.

An inventory and appraisement of the estate of the late Loring Pickering has been filed with the county clerk. The appraisement was completed in July, 1893, shortly after the veteran editor's death. The value of the estate is estimated at \$164,785.49 by the appraisers—Oscar T. Schuck, W. A. Boyce, and T. F. Boyle. Of this, the personal estate is valued at \$36,835.49, and the realty at \$127,950. The most valuable piece of real estate is the Bush and Leavent worth Streets property, valued at \$50,000.

Foundations have been laid for a seven-story and basement apartment-house on the north side of Turk Street, 137 1/2 feet west of Market, 58 1/2 feet front by 137 1/2 feet deep. The structure will be of brick and terra cotta, with a steel-frame front. The bay-windows will also be of terra cotta. The building will be heated with steam-pipes throughout and lighted with electricity, and will be provided with two electric elevators. The cost of the building will be in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The owner is the Cypress Lawn Cemetery Association.

Mrs. Samuel Parker, wife of Samuel Parker, the well-known Hawaiian, died in New York last week, after a comparatively short illness. Mrs. Parker was a Miss Richardson before her marriage, and came of one of the best native families of Hawaii. She was an intimate of former Queen Liliuokalani and a distinguished figure at the court of that monarch when Samuel Parker was in the queen's cabinet.

## Moët &amp; Chandon

Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.

WHITE SEAL (Grande Cuvée) Champagne now on the market does great honor to this famous house.—HOTEL GAZETTE.

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The gem of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An ideal summer and winter resort. Always open. New management. Table unsurpassed. Best mineral water on the coast.

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P. O. Saratoga, Cal.

## Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?

Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

C. H. MUMM & CO.  
EXTRA DRY


The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O/R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

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FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York,  
Sole Agents in the United States and Canada.

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**Pozzoni's**  
Brunette Complexion Powder is the color of brown skin; it removes freckles and keeps the skin soft. Sample free.  
J. A. Pozzoni, St. Louis, Mo.

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LAWN PLAN PERPETUAL CARE  
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N. W. Cor. Sutter and Hyde Sts., S. F., Cal.  
MRS. J. C. LEVY, Proprietor.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Aooexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and their daughters are at the Hotel Del Moote.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and her daughter, Miss Lurline Spreckels, arrived in New York from Europe last week.

Mrs. H. S. Elkins, a sister of Senator Felton, with her family, arrived here on Sunday from Philadelphia, and registered at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Caro Crockett has been visiting Mrs. Irving M. Scott in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill have been spending some days at Sagamore, Lake George, N. Y.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Lillie Spreckels have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles B. Cooper has returned from Oakland, where she has been visiting friends, and is with her husband, Dr. Cooper, at the Occidental Hotel. Dr. Cooper arrived from Honolulu a few days since on his way to Milwaukee to attend the National Convention of Elks. Mrs. Cooper is a sister of Mr. Tarn McGrew, of Honolulu, and has many friends in California.

Mrs. Henry Scott, accompanied by Miss Susanne Green, Miss Edith McBean, and Mr. Templeton Crocker, have gone to Yosemite Valley for a short trip.

Mr. James T. Boyd spent a few days in San José last week.

Dr. E. R. Taylor has been making a short stay in San José.

Mr. C. W. Bonyne and his son-in-law, Viscount Deerpurst, who are here on a visit from London, have been stopping at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Greeve (*note* Day), of Oakland, have gone to the Yosemite Valley on their wedding journey.

Dr. and Mrs. Hopkins recently sailed for Europe. Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Sober, of Cantoo, O., were at the California Hotel this week.

Miss Ethel Valentine, of Oakland, has been visiting friends in Sonoma County.

Miss Elena Robinson is again in San José with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson.

Mr. J. M. Quay has been spending some weeks at Lake Tahoe and vicinity, trout fishing.

Mr. Truxton Beale has returned from the East, and has been at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Engcoe Frayer, of New York, were among the guests at the California Hotel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Smith and family, of Oakland, are at their country-place on Shelter Island, Long Island Sound, where Mr. Smith has entered his yachts for the Shelter Island Yacht Club races.

Mrs. John Boggs and her daughter, Miss Alice Boggs, are in San José for a stay of some duration.

Mr. Fred A. Greenwood has been sojourning at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Jennie Flood has gone to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill and Miss Diana Hill, who have resided for some years in Paris, are at present visiting this Coast, dividing their time between the Hotel Del Monte and the Palace Hotel in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Magee have been spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Dr. William W. Kerr is speeding his vacation in San José accompanied by Mrs. Kerr.

Mrs. Joho F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. J. C. Bergio has been spending a few days in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Fair recently sailed from New York for Europe.

Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle, Miss Helen Van Winkle, and Mr. Lawrence E. Van Winkle have been sojourning at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. H. H. Bancroft, who now registers from New York, arrived in this city early in the week, and was at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Colin M. Boyd is passing the season at her summer retreat, "Casa Boyd," in Alameda County.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Hill, of Los Angeles, were at the California Hotel this week.

Mrs. Arthur Franklin Bridge has returned from the East.

Mr. Richard A. Lucchesi has returned from a visit with friends in San José, Ben Lomond, and Sonoma County.

Mrs. Peter Banner and daughter, of New York, are in the city, and are stopping at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. J. B. Wattle, an old-time member of the San Francisco Stock Board, is at the California Hotel.

Among those who have been at the Hotel Del Monte during the week are Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott and family, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott, Miss Daisy Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, the Misses Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mayor Phelan, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. Lloyd Breckenridge, Mr. Thomas F. Hurley, and Mr. S. G. Murphy.

Among the visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais this week were Mr. Elliot M. Smith, Miss Annie E. Dean, Mrs. Herman Eppinger, Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Sharp, Mr. John W. Perry, Mrs. Josiah Howell, Mr. M. J. Dohman, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bickwell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Voorsanger, Mrs. H. A. Solomon, and Miss M. Wise, of San Francisco, Mrs. R. B. Dallam and Mrs. J. W. Ames, of Mill Valley, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bradley, of Chicago, and Dr. and Mrs. Duncan Reynolds, of Pasadena.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. George E. Blakelee and Miss Grace Blakelee, of New York City, Mr. E. B. Bean, of Paterson, N. J., Mr. B. E. Shear, of Denver, Mr. C. W. Sarbe, of London, Mr. W. H. Lewers, of New York, Mrs. M. Jacks and Miss Jacks, of Monterey, Mr. C. E. Atwood, of Atwood, Ariz., Mrs. W. B. Hopkins, of

Oakland, Mr. Henry Miton, of Sacramento, Miss Maud Wentwood, Mrs. W. H. Brenner, Miss Helen Brenner, Mrs. A. Cook, Miss E. Gallare, and Miss Gallare.

Among the arrivals of the week at Pacific Coogress Springs were Mrs. J. J. Pratt, Miss Clara Pratt, Mrs. Florence Elloo, Mrs. Hugo Rothschild, Miss Rothschild, Mrs. H. Eisenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Ronsman, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Corryell, Miss Hattie Rutherford, Miss Lewis, Mrs. S. Grozelier, Dr. M. Magnus, Mr. Edward A. Geissler, Mr. A. Bruenn, and Mr. S. C. Wallis, of San Francisco, Mrs. W. J. Caruthers, Mrs. Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. V. Koch, and Rev. A. Brassy, of San José, Miss Minnie Denny, of Berkeley, Mrs. Thomas Pollard, of Los Gatos, and Mr. E. Decker, of Alameda.

Among the guests of the California Hotel this week were Mrs. W. P. Coleman, of Sacramento, Mr. J. M. Wiley, of Boston, Mrs. M. Lemeao and Mrs. S. Bloom, of Chicago, Mrs. J. M. Evans, of Cincinnati, Mr. T. H. Bowden, of Mootana, Mr. W. J. Kelley, of Sausalito, Mr. William Hooper, of Pittsburg, Mr. H. E. Webber, of Lincoln, Me., Mr. J. W. Segelken, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Balch, of Minneapolis, Mr. W. D. Haslam, of Santa Cruz, Major J. B. Wattle and Mr. and Mrs. George Osbourne, of New York, Mr. S. D. Palmer, of Rockford, Ill., Mr. C. M. Porter, of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Stitt, of Youngtown, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. J. Haug, Mr. J. S. Haug, and Mr. T. L. E. Haug, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Porter, of Connecticut, Mr. James O'Neill, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McLennan and Mr. D. McLennan, of Honolulu, Mr. C. D. Spriggs, of San Diego, Mr. D. C. Hazelrigg, of Rushville, Ind., Mr. G. A. Richardson, of Wisconsin, Mr. A. C. Bauer and Mr. L. E. Baner, of Cleveland, O., Mr. J. B. Phillips, of New York, Mr. H. Mallock, of Marysville, Mrs. Beckman, of Sacramento, Mrs. D. Sinnott and Miss K. Sinnott, of San José, Mr. H. A. L. Culmer, of Salt Lake, Mr. J. J. Hartley, of Glencoe, Cal., Mr. E. C. Merritt, of Santa Rosa, and Mr. H. G. Deane, of Massachusetts.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Quartermaster-General Marshall I. Ludington, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Ludington, sailed for Manila, on the transport *Grant*, Wednesday, July 17th.

Major Frederic A. Washburn, Jr., surgeon, U. S. V., had charge of the detachment of hospital corps men for the Philippine Islands that left on the army transport *Buford* July 10th.

Major John A. Metzger, surgeon, U. S. V., having reported from leave of absence, has been ordered to Manila.

Major James S. Wilson, surgeon, U. S. V., Captain Charles H. Andrews, assistant-surgeon, U. S. V., Captain H. Brookman Wilkinson, assistant-surgeon, U. S. V., Captain Albert H. Eber, assistant-surgeon, U. S. V., First-Lieutenant William M. Roberts, assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., and Contract-Surgeon J. Newton Boyce, U. S. A., have been transferred from duty at the Presidio to Manila.

Captain Elton F. Wilcox, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., is now on duty at Alcatraz Island.

Captain George E. Pickett, paymaster, U. S. A., is now on duty in the office of the chief paymaster in this city.

Captain Oscar W. Farenholt, U. S. N., has been detached from command of the *Monadnock*, and returns home to await orders.

Captain Arthur M. Edwards, U. S. A., is now commissary of all volunteer camps on the military reservation of the Presidio, relieving First-Lieutenant Harry F. Rethers, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A.

The Country Club has been sued for fifteen hundred dollars' damages for pulling down a dwelling-house and barn on its shooting and fishing grounds on the O. L. Shafter estate near Olema. The O. L. Shafter estate first leased in 1890 the lands generally known as the "Lake" and "South End" ranches in Marin County to a club of gentlemen composed in part of members of the Pacific-Union Club, of this city, for a term of five years, the club agreeing to protect the game from outside interference; also to protect the property under lease from damage of any kind. When the five years' lease had expired, the club re-leased the grounds for a term of five years, ending in 1900. The estate then demanded a certain rental of the club for a third term, which was refused.

The first stock exchange to be organized in the Orient has been formed in Manila. It is patterned after the San Francisco Stock Exchange, the rules of which will be modified and adapted to conditions prevailing at Manila. John W. Taylor, for many years a member of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, has been made manager and secretary.

Dr. H. J. Stewart will give two farewell recitals at the Mechanics' Pavilion, playing the new Stanford chapel organ, on Saturday afternoon, July 27th, at 3, and Monday evening, July 29th, at 8:15. The programmes will be the same as at two recitals given by Dr. Stewart at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in June.

Professor Hermann Genss has accepted a call to the directorship of the Irving Institute Conservatory of Music, and will assume charge at the beginning of the new session, August 5th.

—WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NEW BOOK, "THE Crisis," can be had at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

## New Southern Pacific Officials.

Following the retirement from the Southern Pacific Company of Manager Jerome A. Fillmore, a popular official for thirty years, came the appointment of E. H. Fitzhugh as assistant to the president and J. M. Herbert as manager to Fillmore's stead. Fitzhugh is to have the place that used to be occupied by H. E. Huntington when his uncle, Collis P. Huntington, was president. It is supposed to yield a salary of about \$20,000 a year. President Charles M. Hays himself is believed to be getting a salary of \$55,000 a year, on a five-year contract. J. M. Herbert, Fillmore's successor, will step into a position worth a salary of \$12,000 a year.

Earl Hopkins Fitzhugh, the new assistant to the president, was born in Missouri, forty-nine years ago, and was educated in the public schools of St. Louis. He has been in the railway business continuously for twenty-eight years. He was with the Wabash when Mr. Hays was a high official there. He followed Mr. Hays to the Grand Trunk and accepted a division superintendency from him. Then five months ago he resigned his double office with the Vermont road to come out to the Pacific Coast, because Mr. Hays requested him to do so. His actual managerial experience consists of seven years as master of transportation of the Wabash, three years as a division superintendent on the Grand Trunk in Canada, and a year and a half as vice-president and general manager of the Central Vermont. Mr. Fitzhugh has a wife and two children—a daughter who was recently graduated from a seminary in Toronto, and a son who will enter Harvard next fall. His present residence is the Palace Hotel.

J. M. Herbert, who is to take Fillmore's old place, is apparently more than sixteen years younger than his predecessor, who is fifty-six years old. Herbert is a tall, athletic-looking man, with iron-gray hair and a grayish moustache. He was born in Queensburg, Pa., and has been in the railway business for twenty-one years. He was with the Grand Trunk in Canada four years as division superintendent, just as Fitzhugh was. For the last nine months he has been general superintendent at St. Louis—Fitzhugh's old home—of the Missouri Southern Railway. He resigned that position to come into the Western headquarters of the Southern Pacific, and arrived here a month ago. He has a wife, and is residing temporarily at the Palace Hotel.

## The Epworth League Convention.

The Fifth International Epworth League Convention, representing the young people of the Methodist-Episcopal Church of the United States, is now in session in this city. Delegates are present not only from all parts of the country, but from the mission fields in over twenty different foreign countries. The Mechanics' Pavilion is in use for convention headquarters, and comfortable conversation-rooms, transportation bureau, information and entertainment booths, an emergency hospital, telegraph and telephone conveniences have been provided. On the evening of the sixteenth a concert by a chorus of two thousand trained voices was given at the convention hall. The programme of the convention includes the consideration of timely topics under the caption "Through the Open Gate of the Twentieth Century" by prominent bishops and clergy of the Methodist-Episcopal Church.

The model for the Daniel O'Connell memorial seat at Sausalito has been completed, and the actual work on the building of the monument to the dead poet will begin in the near future. It will be a thoroughly artistic piece of work, in heavy blocks of granite, and in its place on the cap of one of Sausalito's highest hills, it will prove an imposing tribute to the memory of the dead Bohemian. The seat will be oval in shape, and of a plain but massive design. On its back will be inscribed in raised letters a poem written by O'Connell, entitled, "The Chamber of Sleep." The total cost of the memorial is estimated at twenty-five hundred dollars, which has been subscribed by old friends of the late poet.

The attendance at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, at the midday service has enormously increased during the last three months in consequence of the king and queen usually attending. Queen Victoria had not been seen in that place of worship for more than forty years. It is understood that the Chapel Royal at Buckingham Palace will no longer be used as a place of worship, but that it will be converted into a music-room. This chapel has not been used for ordinary service since 1861.

High heels, it is said, owe their origin to Persia, where they were introduced to raise the feet from the burning sands of that country.

—JESSE MOORE WHISKIES ARE FAMOUS THE world over for purity and flavor as well as for all the other qualities that make good whiskey.

—DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. SPECIALTY, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

## Palace Hotel

In placing these two hotels under one management and joining them with a covered passage-way, the purpose was to provide guests with comforts and conveniences not obtainable in any other hotel in the West. And the plan is a success.

American plan. European plan.

## Grand Hotel

## For Sale or Rent in Santa Barbara

House and corner lot, 105 by 225 feet, with fine lawn, palms, shade and fruit-trees, grapes, shrubs, and flowers; also two-room cottage, stable, and chicken-yard. House contains eleven rooms, newly papered and painted, new plumbing, all in perfect order. For particulars inquire of the owner, MISS MATILDA MCGOWAN, 1434 Garden Street, Santa Barbara, Cal.

## NOW FOR RENT

The new cottages adjoining the Santa Barbara Country Club. Completely furnished for house-keeping. Ideal spot for those fond of golf, tennis, fishing, bathing, etc., as all these pastimes are found at one's very front door. A step from the Montecito Railroad Station. These cottages are modern in every way.

For particulars apply to

W. W. BURTON,  
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## Educational.

## MME. JULIE ROSEWALD

Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils August 15th.

Applications for time may be addressed care of Sherman & Clay's.

## HAMLIN SCHOOL and VAN NESS SEMINARY,

1849 Jackson Street, corner Gough, San Francisco. Boarding and day school for girls. Accredited by Vassar, Smith, Wellesley Colleges, and by the Universities of California and Leland Stanford Junior. Re-opens August 12, 1901. Send for prospectus.

SARAH D. HAMLIN, Principal.

## IRVING INSTITUTE

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

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Accredited to the Universities. Conservatory of Music, Art, and Elocution. For Catalogue address the Principal. Re-opens August 5th.

REV. EDWARD CHURCH, A. M.

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MISS I. L. TEBBETTS,  
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## Epworth League Convention

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Ask nearest Agent for full information.

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### SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.  
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | From July 14, 1901.   | ARRIVE   |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.....  | 6 25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....   | 7 55 P.  |
| 7 30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....  | 6 25 P.  |
| 8 07 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....   | 7 55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....  | 12 25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....   | 7 25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....  | 4 55 P.  |
| 8 30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....                                      | 7 55 P.  |
| 8 30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....                               | 4 25 P.  |
| 8 30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma, Carsters.....  | 4 25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 11 55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.....  | 12 25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....                                  | 7 25 P.  |
| 9 30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 7 55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 6 55 P.  |
| 11 00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers.....  | 15 00 A. |
| 3 30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 7 55 P.  |
| 4 00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 10 55 A. |
| 4 00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....  | 9 25 A.  |
| 4 00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....   | 12 25 P. |
| 4 30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.....  | 12 25 P. |
| 4 30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles..... | 18 55 A. |
| 5 00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....  | 8 55 A.  |
| 5 00 P.  | Yosemite.....   | 12 25 P. |
| 5 30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....                    | 7 55 A.  |
| 6 00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....   | 7 55 A.  |
| 6 00 P.  | Vallejo.....  | 11 25 A. |
| 6 00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 12 25 P. |
| 6 00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.....  | 4 25 P.  |
| 7 00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....                          | 8 55 A.  |
| 8 05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 11 25 A. |
| 18 05 P. | Vallejo.....  | 7 55 P.  |

### COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 17 45 A. | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18 05 P. |
| 8 15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Falmouth, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                      | 5 50 P.  |
| 12 15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 10 50 A. |
| 4 15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....   | 18 50 A. |
| 4 15 P.  | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.....   | 8 50 A.  |

### OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)  
17 15 P. 11 00 A. M. 1 00 P. 3 00 P. 5 15 P. M.  
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway— 16 00 18 00  
18 05 10 00 A. M. 12 00 2 00 4 00 P. M.

### COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 6 10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6 30 A.  |
| 17 01 A. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 1 10 P.  |
| 17 00 A. | New Almaden.....   | 1 10 P.  |
| 7 30 A.  | Sunday Excursion to San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18 30 P. |
| 9 00 A.  | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.....  | 7 30 P.  |
| 10 10 A. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6 30 P.  |
| 11 30 A. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 5 30 P.  |
| 12 45 P. | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 10 05 A. |
| 3 30 P.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations.....   | 4 10 P.  |
| 4 15 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 9 45 A.  |
| 15 00 P. | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....   | 19 00 A. |
| 5 30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 8 30 A.  |
| 6 30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 10 05 A. |
| 12 45 P. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 8 05 A.  |
| 12 45 P. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 7 30 P.  |

A or Morning. F for Afternoon.  
† Sunday excepted. † Sunday only.  
a Saturday only. e Monday.  
e Saturday and Sunday. f Tuesdays and Fridays.  
17 PACIFIC COAST TRANSFER COMPANY will call and check baggage from hotels and residences.  
Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Maud—"I'd hate to think that you'd throw yourself at Fred." Mamie—"Why not? He's a good catch."—*Harlem Life*.

"Did Mrs. Highlife's traveling gown fit well?" "Yes; but it cost so much she had to give up her trip and stay at home."—*Tit Bits*.

Engaging frankness: Millie—"She told him everything." Tillie—"What candor!" Millie—"And what a memory!"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Robson—"Do you think fishes can hear?" Dobson—"I should hope not. Listen to old Smith—he's smashed his rod!"—*New York Tribune*.

"A missing Michigan girl is thought to be the victim of love or somnambulism." "Well, in either case she'll wake up."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Never too late: "I'm eighty years and never smoked in my life." "Well, don't get discouraged; you probably will afterward."—*Indianapolis News*.

Mrs. Graball—"Ther boarders air kickin' 'bout iber milk bein' so blue." Farmer Graball—"Tell 'em ther caow won't eat nuthin' 'cept blue grass."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

Kept awake, anyhow: He—"Did you enjoy the concert, dear?" She—"Very much. I sat next to Mrs. Gadabout, whom I hadn't seen for years. We had a nice long chat."—*Tit Bits*.

"Billie got all the Greek and Latin prizes at college." "Did he? What's he doing now?" "The only job he could get was as assistant to the coroner."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A natural cure: "What is the remedy for poverty?" demanded the lecturer, in thunder tones. He paused for a reply, and during the pause a man in the rear of the hall called out: "You might try the gold cure."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Realism: Church—"How did you like that war-drama at the theatre the other night?" Gotham—"It seemed like the real thing. There was a boy eating peanuts in the gallery, and the shells were dropping all about me."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Premiums: Mrs. Nebb—"Do you take the Sunday Blatherskite? You know a picture goes with every copy?" Mrs. Reed—"No, we prefer the Sunday Gasbag; it comes in four volumes and has a bottle of family liniment with it every week."—*Ohio State Journal*.

"One of our troubles at the club," said Cbolly, "has been to make the waitahs distinguishable from the membahs at our evening weceptions. But we've solved it at last." "Ah!" remarked Kostick; "by getting intelligent-looking waitahs?"—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Your husband seems to be making a large and unique collection of books," remarked the caller, looking with interest at the costly array of rare volumes on the library shelves. "Yes," replied Mrs. Gaswell, with well-bred indifference; "I believe he becomes more bibulous every day he lives."—*Literary Life*.

"T'bis verse," said the Sunday-school teacher, "says 'to him that hath shall be given.' You must have noticed many instances of the operation of this principle. Will you mention one?" "Yes'm," said one of the little girls; "when you've got a sore eye, all the bugs and things fly into it."—*Chicago Tribune*.

His marksmanship: "Did—did you ever shoot a man?" questioned the tenderfoot, timidly, of Pepperhole Pete. "See here, young feller," bawled Pepperhole Pete, in a voice that shook Pike's Peak, "don't you never reflect on my marksmanship ag'in! Shoot a man! I never missed one, y' dern galoot!"—*Ohio State Journal*.

A willing youth: "You say that you don't care for the salary, so long as you can get a chance to work?" said the billionaire. "That's the idea," answered the youth with the sharp nose and chin; "I am willing to start right in at a big reduction, and take one of those twenty-five-thousand dollar positions you say are so hard to fill at half the money."—*Washington Star*.

On the Rialto: "When I was in Philadelphia last week," said Hi Tragedy, pompously, "Starply's manager wrote that he wanted me to come on and take an important rôle. Said he'd expect me to learn the part on my way to New York. Of course that was simply impossible." "Yes," replied Lowe Comedy, "I suppose it is hard to study while you're walking."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

Thousands of mothers give their children Steadman's Soothing Powders during the teething period.

Deadly duel: "Did you hear of that duel between those two medical students?" "No. Pistols or swords?" "Neither; they prescribed for each other."—*Tit Bits*.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:

Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
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The crusade of the Chinese residents in this country and their sentimental sympathizers in the Eastern States to prevent the renewal of the Geary Exclusion Act continues unabated. The New York Tribune of June 30th contains an account of the methods by which the campaign is being prosecuted. After several weeks of preparation, the petition to Congress was circulated in New York, and it is proposed to circulate it in every city where there are resident Chinese in this country. It is written in Chinese, but when the Chinese signatures have all been obtained, it will be translated and presented to white

sympathizers for their signature. The petition, as published in the Tribune, is quite a lengthy affair. It suggests that Lincoln, the martyred President, struck the final death-blow to racial prejudice in this country; that the exclusion act is in direct opposition to the principles of the constitution; that the argument that the immigration of the lower classes from foreign countries has a tendency to degrade American labor has been advanced against the Irish, the Italians, and the Hungarians, as well as the Chinese, while the latter of all these are self-supporting; that the argument that the Chinese are transients is without force, since the very fact that their residence here is merely temporary has been forced upon them by the laws of this country; that the United States is seeking closer and more friendly relations with China, and yet at the same time discriminates against the natives of China; that they appeal to Christian enlightenment, in the appreciation of which they yield to none, for the repeal of an arbitrary and unjust statute. There was considerable excitement in the New York Chinatown when the petition was first issued, and Chinese came from all parts of the city and of the interior to discuss and sign it. The editorial attitude of the Eastern press is generally favorable to the cause of the Chinese, for they do not know what unrestricted immigration means to the labor of this country. They look to organized labor to support them, upon the ground that the Chinese do not compete with skilled labor. The laborers in this part of the country know better than this, and organized labor throughout the country has been informed by them. It is asserted that the State Department is favorable to a radical modification of the exclusion policy, based upon promises of the Chinese Government that they will discourage and restrict emigration to the United States. The administration can not afford to assume this attitude. The laboring classes of the country will not consent to any such arrangement. The Argonaut has several times warned the Republican party of the danger it is assuming; it repeats that warning.

Agitation for the reform of the tariff is progressing in all sections of the country and from varying interests. It is by no means confined to the West, as some Eastern papers pretend to believe. The methods favored for the reform are, however, to some extent more sectional. There is in the East a larger proportional demand for reform by way of reciprocity than can be found in the West. In the latter section reform through re-adjustment of rates and the elimination of inequalities, absurdities, and unjust discriminations is more in vogue. In both sections there is an element which clamors for reform while insisting upon the retention of the true protective principle, and another whose even more ardent demands are based upon an underlying desire for free trade pure and simple.

The friends of protection have good grounds for urging reform, entirely consistent with the Republican tariff policy, and which merit careful attention. These may be considered as follows: To withdraw aid from erstwhile infant industries which no longer need governmental aid; to remove all the inconsistencies and eccentricities of the present schedules; to reduce or remove the tariff from certain lines of manufacture for the purpose of curbing the tendency toward trusts and monopolies, in so far as such a remedy would promise to be effectual to encourage the growth of export trade, and at the same time forestall any alleged purpose on the part of European nations to combine in a tariff war against the United States.

One of the most important questions leading to the present agitation is the apparent interdependent relations between our tariff regulations and the growth of foreign trade. Here on the Pacific it is particularly in evidence because the reports for the last fiscal year disclose a considerable falling off in the export trade with Asia and Oceania. For Asia the figures are \$60,541,123 for 1900, as against \$43,511,485 for 1901, while for Oceania the reduction has been from \$40,695,671 in the former year, to \$33,007,548 in the latter. A part of the decrease may doubtless be attributed to the serious dis-

turbances in China during the past year, and a part to the industrial and commercial depression existing in Japan. But the suggestion is opportune that, while Chinese importations amount to about \$150,000,000 worth of goods annually, and Japanese importations to about \$138,000,000, the part which comes from the United States aggregates only about \$43,000,000, and that the situation is largely due to tariff regulations which drive away instead of encouraging the export trade to Asia. Instances of these may be seen in the applications of burdens which we apply to imports from across the Pacific. We have increased the duties on Asiatic silks which come both from China and Japan, we keep up the tariff on Japanese matting and retain the war tax on tea, although the war is over and the revenue abundant, and notwithstanding the fact that to encourage the trade in these lines, by making them free or freer, would help to furnish return cargoes for transpacific vessels and stimulate a larger exchange of commodities in which our exports would be immensely benefited.

Both as a benefit to export trade and as a trust remedy at home, it is a reasonable proposition that the tariff on any goods of which the cost of production, including a fair profit, is no higher at home than abroad should be radically reduced. Many of the products of iron and steel fall within this class. In these our exports now far exceed our imports, but still we retain the tariff. The principle is also applicable to certain grades of cotton which can be produced as cheaply in the United States as anywhere in the world, and of which for a long time we have exported more than we have imported. In manufactures of paper, also, our imports are less than our exports, and have been so since 1897. Some of the products in this line of industry are available for tariff reductions without destroying the trade. These are some of the examples among prominent lines of manufacture which go far to indicate that reforms could be made in our tariff with good effect on our commercial relations abroad, on our monopolistic tendencies at home, and without disrupting the protective policy under which we have prospered.

If, then, for the reasons stated, a re-adjustment of tariff duties would be just toward certain lines of industry, if it would have a harmonizing effect upon our commercial relations with the rest of the world and encourage the international trade which we seek, if in some instances it would prove to be an effective application of the only known trust remedy ready to our hands, if it would not destroy the basic principle of protection to labor and enterprise, then let it be accomplished—and the sooner the better for all concerned. But in carrying out the reform let it be done by the friends of protection and not by its enemies.

The question of the tariff and how to adjust it to the future is becoming the most vital question of national politics. Upon it apparently depends the success of the Republican party in the coming elections, and upon it hinges the question of protection or free trade. Herein lies the opportunity of Republicans to make a wise decision and come to some agreement upon methods which now halt between reciprocity and re-adjustment. In the situation also lies the opportunity for a leader who can grasp the conditions intelligently and guide the party upon the road which leads to success and continued prosperity.

The attitude of unrest and dissatisfaction that is pervading the laboring classes throughout the country received a new and vivid illustration when the steel-workers went out on strike on July 15th. They had been in consultation with the representatives of the Steel Trust, but the latter refused to concede their demands, and the strike resulted. There are nearly 200,000 laborers employed in the nine concerns included in the combination, and the supposition was that all of them would go out when their demands were refused. The employees of only three concerns were called out, however, and only 74,000 laborers were involved. President Shaffer, of the steel-workers, announces that the other mills will not be closed down unless it becomes necessary. Of the 74,000 men involved, 2,500 are in Pittsburgh, 800 in Allegheny,



and 1,500 in McKeesport. It is probable that if President Shaffer and his followers hope to win they will be obliged to order a general strike. Those who remain at work can help to support the strikers, but the pressure upon the employers will hardly be sufficient to bring them to terms. It is very improbable that even a general strike will enable the laborers to enforce their demands. It was reported at one time that J. Pierpont Morgan was endeavoring to effect a settlement. This he emphatically denies. There has been no settlement, he declares, and there can be no compromise on this question. The position of the operating committee he approves of unqualifiedly. When this is the attitude of the employers there is small hope of success for the men. The trust can hold out longer than the men can, and there is every indication that it proposes to do so. In the meantime, other industries are being affected. Tin-plate jobbers declare that if the strike lasts two weeks longer, every tin-can works and stamping factory will be obliged to close down, throwing thousands of laborers out of employment. The price of tin-plate has advanced twenty-five to fifty cents for each one hundred pounds, and other lines have advanced proportionately.

The Postmaster-General has made a ruling concerning printed matter admissible to the mails at one cent a pound. This ruling will bar out all publications depending on premiums for their circulation where the value of the publication is less than that of the premium. This ruling also bars out printed hooks which circulate as "regular publications":

"Periodical publications, herein referred to, are held not to include those having the characteristics of books, but only such as consist of current news or miscellaneous literary matter, or both (not excluding advertising), and conform to the statutory characteristics of second-class matter."

The order placing under a ban the premium publications excludes from the second-class list all publications the subscriptions to which are not founded on their value as news or literary journals, and which by the general use of premiums or other considerations in the form of chances to win prizes, etc., to induce subscriptions, in effect circulate at apparently a nominal rate:

"The subscription price must be shown by the publication, and when it appears from the contents, or from the extrinsic inducements offered in combination with it, that the circulation of the publication is not founded on its value as a news or literary journal, and that subscriptions are not made because of such value, but because its offers of merchandise or other consideration result, in effect, in its circulation at apparently a nominal rate, such publication does not come within the requirements of the law for acceptance as second-class matter."

As to this ruling, there is no doubt that the law has been abused, and that a vast number of imitation newspapers and magazines are circulated at the expense of the public, when in reality they are simply advertising fly-sheets. As to attacking the circulation of the printed hooks in question, we express no opinion. It is true they come into competition with periodicals, and therefore it should be the aim of all thrifty newspaper publishers to restrict their publication. But the *Argonaut* does not believe that there should be any clog upon the circulation of decent and honest printed matter, particularly when it is literary matter. We do not know whether the matter circulated as "printed hooks regularly issued" is decent and honest, but we know that much of it is not literary matter. Still, this seems to us to be an open question, and not one on which snap judgment should be taken. Congress has continually refused to pass upon the matter. So with the question of premium publications. Congress continually refused to pass upon that.

The Post-Office Department is hostile to these two classes of publications, and has repeatedly endeavored to secure action by Congress and has repeatedly failed. When Postmaster-General Smith was in San Francisco two months ago, he made a speech to the post-office employees in which he said, in substance: "We have failed through the ordinary [probably meaning executive, legislative, and judicial] means to secure reform. We now propose to try administrative methods." This struck us at the time as being a little peculiar. We knew there are executive, legislative, and judicial methods in the United States, but we did not know before that there are "administrative" methods. This smacks of oligarchy. This sounds Russian rather than American. We have no doubt that Postmaster-General Smith has the interests of the department and the nation at heart, but is it not startling that he should have the power to initiate methods which Congress has refused to consider? While the present reforms sought to be accomplished are doubtless praiseworthy, are there not other changes in the Post-Office Department not so praiseworthy which might be brought about by "administrative" methods?

In this connection we call the attention of the weekly press throughout the country to a "reform" which the Post-Office Department, with the aid of Congressman Loud, nearly succeeded in carrying through Congress at the last session. It is the prohibition of the right of a weekly newspaper to mail its copies in the city where it is published for

transmission through the post to persons in that city. This extraordinary proposition passed the House, but failed in the Senate. It will come up again at the next session, and we urge weekly newspapers throughout the country to see that it is defeated.

The labor question in San Francisco is in a most unsettled condition. The cooks and waiters are still on strike, having been out for nearly three months; the iron-workers have been out for over two months, having gone on strike May 20th. Now the teamsters are partly on strike, and are threatening to call out all those affiliated with their business. At present only the Draymen's Association is on strike, but inasmuch as the drivers of express-wagons, house-moving vans, piano-moving vans, and similar vehicles are earning an honest penny by moving freight, the Brotherhood of Teamsters are threatening to call out all the men whose business it is to drive vehicles. The teamsters' strike has caused more general congestion of business than the iron-workers' strike. It has largely checked the moving of freight from the railways to the wholesale houses, and has seriously impeded the movement of fresh fruits from the river and hay boats to the local markets and to the canneries. It has caused so much annoyance that it has made the teamsters sanguine of success, but it seems to us as if that factor were calculated to militate against them rather than for them. They will lose the sympathy of all classes, the producer as well as the consumer. At this season the fruit-growers are making what little money they make—if they make any—during a few brief weeks, and the entire profits of their laborious year are now threatened with annihilation by the teamsters' strike. It will bring about throughout the entire State bitter hostility toward the trades-unions from the farming and fruit-growing classes.

It would seem as if the Employers' Association were hacking up the employing draymen in their resistance to the teamsters' strike. When this trouble began, the *Argonaut* warned the workmen that for the first time in the history of labor troubles in San Francisco they would meet with organized opposition; that in the past it had been organized labor against unorganized employers; that henceforth it would mean organized labor against organized capital; that in the end organized capital was almost certain to prevail. The iron-workers' strike has now gone on for over two months, with some loss in profits, it is true, to the iron-masters, but with absolute penury and suffering to the iron-workers. This strike of the teamsters seems even more ill-advised. The iron-workers are skilled craftsmen of the highest class. Teamsters, on the other hand, are not skilled workmen. There are in the State of California about seven hundred thousand males; of these probably five hundred thousand can drive a horse. It is as inevitable as that night follows day that the striking teamsters should eventually find their places filled when there are so many scores of thousands of men who can do their work about as well as they can. If the skilled artificers in steel and iron have not been able to bring their employers to terms in two months, how long is it going to take the unskilled teamsters to triumph over their employers?

These words are not written in a spirit of unkindness or unfriendliness toward the striking workmen. They have a right to strike so long as they do not commit breaches of the law, and that they have not done up to the time of writing these lines. But they are engaged in an enterprise which can result in nothing but enforced idleness, suffering, and disaster.

Judge Troutt has decided that the personal property of James G. Fair's estate shall be distributed to the heirs. The petition passed on by the court was that filed on April 23, 1897, by the children, Charles L. Fair, Mrs. Theresa Oelrichs, and Mrs. Virginia Vanderbilt. The judge held that the supreme court having declared void the trust as to the realty contained in Fair's will, the whole will fell, and that the heirs were entitled to receive the property in the ordinary course of law. The most significant sentence in the decision is as follows:

"The testamentary trust scheme has been so mutilated and maimed that the testator's expressed intention as to the disposition of the net income of his property and as to the ultimate residue of his estate can not be enforced, and hence the entire trust scheme must fall."

This strikes us as being sound sense, and doubtless the supreme court will hold that it is sound law. When the supreme court held that the trust was void as to the realty, no intelligent man needed profound knowledge of the law to see that the whole trust was doomed. The increment resulting from the real and personal portions of the estate were so inextricably intertangled that it would have been impossible to follow their ramifications. For example, the Fair estate for some years has been filling in certain water lots at North Beach. For this purpose they have been hauling sand from adjacent real property. Part of this real

property belonged to the Fair estate, part to others. The money paid for hauling the sand and dumping it into the water came partly from the rents of Fair's real estate and partly from the income of his personal property. No court could tell when the water lots were filled in with which sand they were filled in and whence it came—whether from Fair's land or from another man's. If purchased from another man, with what money was the purchase price paid? If it was settled that certain sand was paid for with moneys coming either from Fair's city real estate or from coupons on Fair's United States bonds, what court could tell whether sand so paid for went upon Lot 14 or upon Lot 15? Even if this were known, and if the stream of sand was divided, how many grains went upon which lot and which grains?

Judge Troutt's decision will be sustained. The personality will follow the realty. The whole of the Fair trust will be void.

A very remarkable story concerning Bryan and Aguinaldo has just been published by the New York *World*. It is confirmed by Mr. Bryan, and therefore is probably correct as published.

It is to the effect that during the Presidential contest last year Aguinaldo sent messengers to Bryan offering to issue a proclamation promising to surrender unconditionally in case the Democratic candidate should win, also offering a contribution of one hundred thousand dollars to the campaign fund. Bryan refused to see the delegates, but one of his friends made an appointment to meet them. The *World's* story goes on to say that the Filipino delegates declared to Bryan's representative that Aguinaldo, with Bryan's approval, "would at once issue a proclamation announcing that, in the event of Mr. Bryan's election to the Presidency, the Philippine army would, without condition, surrender to the United States, and trust the Bryan administration for a reasonable form of government founded on the principles of the Constitution of the United States. The delegates also announced that they were authorized to offer a contribution of one hundred thousand dollars to the Democratic national campaign fund."

In reply, Bryan's representative informed Aguinaldo's envoys "that the Democratic party could have no dealings or bargains with men bearing arms against the authority of the United States. The Philippine envoys were advised to leave New York at once."

Mr. Bryan acted the part of wisdom in refusing to deal with Aguinaldo's emissaries. Had he done so, and had the fact come to light, it would have lost him tens of thousands of votes. And even if he had not done so, and the story had been disclosed prior to the election, it would have made his defeat even more sweeping than it was.

What are the ethics of eleemosynary solicitation? Like the etiquette of private cars, this question is entirely modern, and there is nothing in the department books regarding it. The point which raises this interesting question we take from a Tacoma dispatch concerning another Carnegie library building. This dispatch tells us that Dr. W. Stewart wants to be paid \$3,750 for soliciting a gift of \$75,000 from Andrew Carnegie to erect a library building in Tacoma; that he is the financial agent for Whitworth College; that he is allowed five-per-cent. commission by that school on all moneys he collects; that the city ought to pay him a similar amount. The Tacoma Library Committee is not inclined to grant Dr. Stewart the commission asked, which is a five-per-cent. commission. That strikes us as being distinctly low—the commission, not the procedure. Architects get five per cent., advertising solicitors all the way from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. Why, then, should not a solicitor of alms get five per cent.? The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. The laborer is worthy of his hire. If Dr. Stewart can make Carnegie cheerfully give Tacoma \$75,000 for a library, is not the feat worth \$3,750 as the doctor's hire? Nowadays such a very material view is taken of scooping the alms of millionaires that we see no reason why the soliciting of such alms should not be put upon a business basis. If Dr. Stewart could get another \$75,000 out of Carnegie for Tacoma, would not Tacoma gladly give him \$3,750 for his hire? The prejudice against commissions for alms-soliciting seems to us out of date.

One of the financial curios of the day is the issuance of bonds by the Salvation Army. This issue consists of one hundred and fifty thousand-dollar five per cent. thirty-year gold bonds, payable in gold coin of the United States, of the present standard of weight and fineness, free from all taxation, either State or federal, secured by mortgages on land colonies. "The money is required for the settlement of worthy city families and making them home-owners on the land colonies of the Salvation Army." The Salvation Army corporation announces that it has about seven hundred thousand dollars worth of property in the United States, and



that among the subscribers to and vouchers for their bonds are Washington E. Connor, Myron T. Herrick, George B. Hopkins, John E. Milholland, and Benjamin F. Tracy.

Among the marvels of our modern times this is not the least marvelous. That a religious organization which a few years ago was looked upon as being merely a band of tramps—whose members were arrested in many cities and made to "move on" in all—whose functions seemed to be the beating of drums and tambourines and singing hymns at street corners—that such an organization should be issuing gold bonds vouched for by millionaires is indeed wonderful. "Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Despite this altruistic text, we do not think Salvation Army bonds will prove to be a favorite security for investors.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has just issued its statistical report for the year ending June 30, 1900. The report is just about twelve months late in its appearance, but it must be remembered that separate reports must be received from the different railway companies; that these reports must be digested and assembled; that the general statistical tables must be prepared; and that, finally, the report must be printed. The figures presented show that the year covered by the report was an unusually favorable one for the railway companies, though it is probable that the report covering the fiscal year just closed will be found to be even more favorable. One of the significant points brought out by the report is the fact that the number of railways in the hands of receivers is decreasing. During the year 16 companies were placed in the hands of receivers, while 35 were released; the total number at the end of the year was 52, a net decrease of 19. The railway mileage was increased during the year by 4,051 miles, making a total of 193,346. This increase was divided among 17 different States in all sections of the country. There were 37,663 locomotives in use, an increase of 960 over the previous year, and about one-quarter of these were used in the passenger service, and more than one-half in the freight service. The total number of cars was 1,450,838, of which 34,713 were classed as passenger-coaches and 1,365,531 as freight-cars. The increase in the number of cars over last year was 74,922, and in this are not included the cars owned by private companies.

The entire capitalization of the roads of the country is \$11,491,034,960, which is equivalent to an average of \$61,490 for each mile of line. This capitalization was divided almost equally between stock and funded debt, one-fifth of the stock being preferred, the remainder ordinary. Dividends were paid on very nearly three-quarters of the capitalization, \$3,176,609,698 receiving no dividends, and the average rate on dividend-paying stock was 5.23 per cent. The rate varied considerably, however, with the different companies. Of the stock paying dividends, 10.18 per cent. paid from 1 to 4 per cent.; 14.58 per cent. paid from 4 to 5 per cent.; 6.93 per cent. paid from 5 to 6 per cent.; 4.29 per cent. paid from 6 to 7 per cent.; and 6.40 per cent. paid from 7 to 8 per cent. Of the mortgage bonds, 5.44 per cent. paid no interest; of the miscellaneous obligations, 3.61 per cent.; and of the income bonds, 4.34 per cent.

The number of passengers carried during the year was 576,865,230, an increase of nearly 10 per cent. The passenger mileage increased in about the same proportion. The number of tons of freight carried was 1,101,680,238, an increase of slightly more than 10 per cent. The number of tons of freight carried one mile per mile of line shows an increase in the density of freight traffic of 75,801 tons. The average revenue from each passenger per mile was 2.009 cents, a slight increase over the year before. The revenue from freight per ton-mile was 0.729 cent, also an increase over the previous year. The percentage of operating expenses to earnings shows a small decrease over the preceding year.

The statistics of accidents are interesting. The number of employees killed was 113, injured 2,570. The number of passengers killed was 249; one for every 2,316,648 carried; the injured numbered 4,128, or one in each 139,740 carried. One out of every 399 employees was killed and one out of every 26 was injured. The total number of persons other than employees and passengers killed was 5,066; injured, 6,549, which would indicate that it is less dangerous to ride on railway trains than to pass along the highways.

A spitting ordinance has just gone into effect in the city of Washington. At first the police have only arrested offenders in the street-cars, but they intend to begin arresting those who spit upon the sidewalk. This is an admirable plan in any city, but particularly in Washington. Foreigners have often remarked that the national disease seems to be catarrh and the national vice spitting. Hence, perhaps, it is that in the capital city spitting seems to be more aggravated and universal than anywhere else. What first strikes the visitor to the public build-

ings is the gigantic spittoons. Most of them are purely ornamental articles, by the way, as the majority of the visitors carefully avoid them. But if the city of Washington succeeds in enforcing the spitting ordinance in the street-cars and streets, how about the Capitol Building? We very much doubt whether she will succeed in making such an ordinance effectual in the House of Representatives, and to enforce it in the Senate would be impossible.

Even the judicial training derived from a twelve-year term on the supreme bench is apparently not sufficient to make the judges "friends of the court"—that is, all of the judges friends of all of the court. For three years two of the justices have been avowed enemies, and now the struggle is to be carried into the Republican State Convention, where it promises to create a very lively row. The trouble began in 1897, when Justice Garoutte is said to have charged Chief Justice Beatty with clogging the business of the court by unreasonable delays. A few months later the chief justice took his turn and declared in a dissenting opinion that the decision of the court written by Garoutte was not only erroneous but mischievous in its consequences. This year the terms of Justices Beatty, Harrison, and Garoutte will expire. Each is naturally anxious to succeed himself. But Garoutte is determined that Beatty shall not again hold the office of chief justice, and Garoutte is strong among the politicians. It is probable that if he wants the nomination for himself he can have it. Judge Sweeney, of Shasta, seems to have a call upon another nomination. He has aspired to it for a number of years; he is extremely popular in the northern part of the State, not only among the Republicans but among the Democrats as well; and he was able to be of considerable service to Colonel Burns during his senatorial campaign. Sweeney is from Shasta and Garoutte from Woodland, which is classed as in the northern part of the State. The third nomination, therefore, is regarded as belonging to the southern part of the State. It is generally conceded that the choice of the southern delegates will be Judge Shaw, of Los Angeles. Should this programme be carried out, both Beatty and Harrison will be left out in the cold. Beatty has an element of strength, however, in the support of Henshaw, who is a very shrewd politician, and under his direction he may succeed in breaking the slate that the politicians are now discussing.

The Mojave Desert, located in the south-eastern portion of the State, has long been regarded as dangerous to life and valueless for any purpose. True, it was known that the arid land could be rendered fruitful by means of irrigation, but there was no water there and none could be obtained without a heavy expenditure. The only plan proposed that promised relief was the construction of immense reservoirs in the mountains to retain the storm-waters of winter, and the ditching of the water for a long distance during the summer. This meant a heavy initial outlay, and neither the State government nor the federal government has as yet expressed a willingness to incur it. Life on the desert, when not positively dangerous, is crowded with hardships, but hardships have no deterrent effect upon the searchers for gold, and lately the waste places of the desert have been invaded by an army of prospectors for oil. The theory upon which they proceeded was that the Kern River oil belt extends through the Mojave Desert. Whether or not there is any virtue in this theory, the facts so far as developed have not justified it. No oil has been found, but water in considerable quantities has been struck, and at the present time this is more valuable than the oil would have been. Artesian water, if a sufficient quantity can be found, is much better than the retained and ditched storm-water would have been, since there is less expense for handling and less loss from evaporation. Three wells have been developed already. The third struck the water at a depth of one hundred and eighty-five feet, which is much more shallow than would be required for an oil well. All of them are said to be "gushers," and the latest flows two hundred and fifteen miner's inches. If the water belt should prove to be permanent and extensive, a rush to this region and something very like a land boom may be looked for.

The activity of organized labor has been extensive lately, and there is a feeling of unrest that is seriously disturbing all branches of industry. The organized activity has heretofore been purely industrial; it is announced now that the unions are to invade the field of politics. A convention of the Union Labor party is to be held and a municipal ticket is to be nominated. It may be that some non-union man, but one who sympathizes with organized labor, will be nominated for mayor, though this point is not yet decided upon; but all the other offices are to be covered with union men, and particular attention is to be paid to the selection of nomi-

nees for supervisors. Representation in the convention is to be submitted to forty-two different unions under the system of the referendum, and the manner of selecting delegates is to be determined in the same manner. It may be that they will succeed in nominating a ticket and in having it placed upon the official ballot. It is not probable, however, that any of their candidates will be elected. The laboring classes may be absolutely honest, but they lack the experience in the handling of large business interests that would qualify them for handling the affairs of a city so large as San Francisco.

#### Concerning the Conduct of Colored Troops.

CLEVELAND, O., July 19, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: No one can read your comment of July 15th upon the circumstances attending the muster-out of the black volunteer troops to your city—no one particularly who has served with or commanded black troops—without being forcibly struck by its appropriateness. After quoting as Albuquerque dispatch tending to show misconduct on the part of these discharged volunteers, I can appreciate your further comment that "owing to the peculiar quality of the American dailies it is never possible to tell whether anything they print is true." I can add my statement, wholly based upon experience, to yours in this particular, and for its verification refer to every field officer of colored United States volunteers, as well as to the gentleman of the army who serve with the four regular regiments composed of colored men, that, while the black soldier is tolerated when he is on his best behavior, any misconduct on his part is immediately magnified a hundred fold, more particularly in the South.

During the Spanish war there were in the service four regiments of colored United States volunteers—the Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth—of the ten regiments of United States volunteers authorized by Congress. A large per cent. of these men reentered the service in the Forty-Eighth and Forty-Ninth, recently mustered out at San Francisco, and nearly every line officer of these last two regiments had been similarly employed during the Spanish war. When the black volunteers were mustered out in the spring of '99 the Southern press, which up to that time had looked upon them with a tolerant eye, did what it could to injure the reputation of the black soldier by magnifying every blemish and disturbance into a pitched battle; and whenever these black soldiers, whose pockets were filled with money, resisted an attempt at being robbed by the low sharpers who were hanging about the camps, the Southern press had little trouble in transforming these frays into race wars. Why, I've in my possession a copy of an official report by an officer of thirty-years' service in the army, certifying with the utmost detail how, when a train-load of black troops, then recently discharged at Chickamauga Park, passed through Nashville, the train was mobbed by some five hundred people, led by the city police and the efficient sheriff, who went through the cars beating the negroes and holding them in their seats at the point of the pistol because, forsooth, there was a report that a shot had been fired from a train preceding this and the town was afraid of being "overrun." Incidentally, half of the soldiers were robbed of all their money by some of the ruffians in the wake of the law and order people.

When all's said and done, you may put this down that the black man, properly officered, will do everything his white comrade can do, and in a climate like that of our insular possessions will do it better; but that his conduct must be ten times as good. For what with the white soldier is passed off as a trivial offense becomes a serious one when the offender is black. And the Southern press will furnish the proof—unwillingly, perhaps, but for that reason all the more forcible.

It appears to me in this connection that the very amendment to the Constitution of the United States which makes for the wiping out of the color line, is violated by the act of Congress that establishes a color line by providing for four regiments of troops to be composed exclusively of colored men. The color question is one which I have no disposition to discuss here, but inasmuch as the black man gets along in the navy berthed alongside of the white jackie, wouldn't it be well to try the experiment in the army? A FIELD OFFICER.

Jacob H. Hollander, treasurer of the Island of Porto Rico, arrived in New York on leave of absence July 15th from San Juan. Mr. Hollander, who holds the chair of assistant professor of finance at Johns Hopkins University, was sent to Porto Rico by the President to formulate a revenue system for the island. When asked concerning his work in Porto Rico he said:

"The present financial condition of Porto Rico compares favorably with that of any State or Territory. The island is free from funded indebtedness, the burden of taxation is less than upon the residents of any other part of the United States, and the treasury begins a new fiscal year with sources of revenue that should supply all necessary expenses. These are the conditions which made it possible for Governor Allen to convene the insular legislature on July 4th, and for that body to pass the joint resolution as to the adequacy of its present revenue system, which, it is hoped, will soon result in free trade with the United States. The annual expenditures of the island are about two millions of dollars, of which about one-half is devoted to schools and roads."

A cable to the New York Sun from Manila says the newspapers have grown bolder since the removal of the strong military censorship, and are exhibiting a tendency to insinuate and to sometimes charge wholesale corruption against the civil and military officials. The Daily American recently accused Professor Worcester, of the Philippine Commission, of exploitation. It subsequently apologized. The Freedom recklessly attacks Governor Whitmarsh and Secretary Spreer, of Benguet. The American devotes the first page to reproducing in large type an article from Liberta of Thursday. It violently attacks President McKinley's policy and the Philippine Commission. Liberta, however, is owned and edited by the friars, and it frequently indulges in spasms of venom and filth, attacking persons without reserve.

In 1888 the first law adopting the Australian system of voting was passed in Kentucky, and by 1898 the Australian system had come into force by legislative action in every State of the country, except North Carolina and South Carolina.

The British Empire is sixteen times larger than all the French dominions, and forty times greater than the possessions of the German Empire.

We manufacture more than England, France, and Germany combined. We grow four-fifths of the world's cotton.



## THE EXHUMED REPENTANCE.

How a Mexican Merry-Go-Round Served a Double Purpose.

Cortés's gray palace with its arches of stone looks down on the spot. The spot is paved with cobble-stones, and, save for a few wistful bandfuls of grass that grow there in the rainy season, it is very bare. It is a tiny public square in the centre of Cuernavaca, surrounded on two sides by the adobe walls of pink, blue, and yellow dwellings, on the other two by the flowery gardens of the Plaza of the Constitution. Pacheco's one-legged statue stands near, leaning on its crutches of bronze.

The pink house is nearest. There on a rainy, gusty day, somebody was dying. The room was full of many-colored things of a cheap sort, such as the print of Mary Magdalene over the bed. The bed was a narrow cot. The moribund lady was exceedingly old.

Having got rid of the priest, she sat up with unexpected vigor, and gazed about. The rain was dripping through the tiles. Nobody was left in the room but her son, Tomas, and his wife, Julia. They beheld, shrieked in terror at this rising of the dead, and fell down by the cot, crying out: "Mother! O Dios!"

"Take it cool, you sillies," said the fat, perishing one, scolding and gasping. "I'm not a ghost, Lord save you. Nor am I going to disappoint anybody. I'll die at ten sharp, or know the reason why. I'm too old a bird by ten years. But there is a weight on me, and I must have it off."

"Lie down!" groaned Tomas, his hair standing on end.

"Oh—lie down!" wailed Julia.

"I've got to lie long enough later on," joked the old lady, grimly. "Now listen."

She clutched Tomas by the shoulder and dragged him nearer. Julia crawled to the foot of the bed and lay there gaping. Julia was one of those lower middle-class Mexicans who are almost incredibly beautiful, and without any distinctly Spanish or Moorish characteristics.

"Now listen fast," said the husky old one, still with a sort of grim humor, "or you'll not keep up. You know the bare space in front of the house? It looks innocent. Fifty years ago a building stood there. The middle of that space was the middle of a *patio* and walls surrounded it. Well, there came a foreigner. Lord knows whether he was French, or Hindoo, or Chinese, or Irish. I take no stock in any of your foreign trash. Anyhow, some fool war or other was just finished, and this fellow was called a deserter from the trashy foreign army, whatever it was. He was big and bony, with a drooping mustache. He was secretive, and bought the house that stood where the bare place is. There he lived alone for ten years. And whenever there was a holiday, or the visit of a general, he shut himself up. Once I climbed the aguacate-tree and looked over, and he was digging in the *patio*. He looked thin. After that I heard him, from my *patio*, digging. Then at night I saw the haze of his lamp-light shine up over the wall. So I climbed up again at night, and sat there an hour in the rain, looking down on him. Now listen. This is what I saw."

She was still clawing Tomas, to make him come closer.

"I saw him take up two boxes. I saw him hold the lamp over them, and the stuff that glittered in them was money. He buried them, and pounded down the dirt, and put the stones on top. Two days after that he died. We went in with the officers who found him. He was lying on the floor with a newspaper in some trashy foreign language in his hand. Some thought he killed himself. They found no money, nor name. There was no heir to the house, so the government tore it down and made a public square out of the ground, and so it is to this day. I never told about the boxes. Mind you," she pointed a fat, admonishing finger at Julia, "wherever there is money buried, there are devils. Bad luck and death comes to him that digs. Besides, it was some trashy foreign money, which can't be passed in Cuernavaca. Every year I thought I might dig. But the place is so public—besides, the devils."

She paused, and, though panting hard, seemed to dream long and absently. At length she sighed and looked at the clock. "Nigh ten—beigh-ho!" She lay down.

"They say a Mexican can't keep an appointment. I am five minutes ahead of time, and the saints can hurry for once," chuckling. "Good-by, Tomas; don't forget that I had the milk hung in the fountain. It'll sour by night."

With this the odd old person passed away.

After a week, during which the life of Tomas and the beautiful Julia established itself on a motherless footing, they began to whisper to each other about the money buried in the square.

"Julia," said he, lying at dusk with his head in her lap, "do you believe it?"

She tickled his chin, propped open his eyes, and twisted his lip; then kissed him all over the face with comical fury.

"I do!" she cried. "Your mother was the most practical woman in the world, Tomas, and never lied."

"Julia, how could we dig down and see?"

"I don't know—without the whole town standing round and booting at us. Oh—oh!" she gurgled in an ecstasy of imagination; "two boxes of gold!"

"I believe it's some old Aztec treasure," said Tomas, "and the man who buried it was an Indian of a tribe unknown to my mother. Aztec gold has been dug up before, thousands of dollars of it!"

She twisted his hair till he cried out, and hugged him convulsively, and said:

"You must devise a plan! I will—I will dig!"

"You don't believe it, about devils?"

"I can charm the devils—is it not so?—little sweet Tomasito—can she charm the *diablos*?" She was kissing his lips and talking endearing baby-talk to the big raw-boned man.

"He can!" swore he. "Let us plan! But bow—but bow!"

And for two whole weeks they moped about, repeating: "But how—but bow?" staring at the bare open space which all the town went trooping over. Tomas worked no more. Julia scarcely cooked, so that they were unconsciously hungry and thin-looking. They grew melancholy during that fortnight looking out of the window at the cobble-stones.

One day at dinner, when neither had spoken for an hour, Tomas suddenly hit his plate with his fist.

"I have it!" cried he.

She sprang up dancing; leaped to him; hugged and twisted and smothered him; uttering a flood of incoherent questions.

"Why—ah—ugh—don't choke me—gr-r-r!" gasped he, with beans in his mouth. "The merry-go-round!"

She sat down with a sudden gloomy thump, and gazed at her coughing lord.

"Tomas! what rude, unkind joke have you played on your little Julia—oh, Tomas!"

"No joke! I say the little horses!"

Merry-go-rounds are called "little horses" in Mexico. He was now arising in excitement.

"But—but," she murmured, sitting there, a beautiful picture disconsolate, "how in the world can we do it with them?"

"Didn't Romero tell me he was losing money with his merry-go-round in Yauatepec, and offer to rent it to me to try in Cuernavaca?"

"Ye-yes," with reproachful doubt.

Tomas was now dancing, dignity gone, the idea fully formed in his brain.

"Big silly!" cried she, running and holding to his ears.

"What is it?"

"Why—can't you see? This is the very spot the government rented once before to a merry-go-round. And merry-go-rounds have small inner circles walled in and hidden with canvas!"

Light came into her eyes. Her lips were apart. She threw her slender body with a cry of joy into his arms and upon his breast.

"And I can sing while you dig!" wept she.

Next morning Tomas rode away to Yauatepec. For a week the world was a prison, life all but unbearable, to Julia. At the end of that time the little horses came.

They had wound along mountain trails from Yauatepec. On the backs of mules and burros were they bound; canvas, poles, ropes, and much timber were bound likewise. A little steam engine, made in Cleveland, O., and sadly out of its element, came a round-about way over two railroads. The caravan was a strange sight, yonder in those mountain wilds. The Cuautla Valley, green and tropical and glorious, whence the little horses came, lies in a basin of the mountains. Over the low range, green and tropical and glorious, too, lies the Valley of Cuernavaca. The two are sisters. The stony mail-route from Yauatepec crosses the range near the two round hills called Tetillas. Across that summit, with the green basins in view on either hand, and the clear air making old Popocatepetl seem close, wound Tomas's train; wooden horse-legs sticking up from mule-backs; wooden horse-heads overhanging burro-heads; all the paraphernalia of a battered, modern, dreary, American merry-go-round, crawling thus over Montezuma's ancient trails.

On the bare space by Pacheco's one-legged statue, the caravan at length came to a halt. The drivers saw the anxious face of a woman looking out of the window of the pink house. Already ragged boys were whooping in the joy of anticipation. For this sort of diversion, the grandest which heaven ever permits to men, comes but once in many moons to the boys of a town like Cuernavaca.

Tomas came and burst open his door, and the two fell into each other's arms as though they had been parted a dozen bitter years.

"My angel, Tomasito!" gurgled she.

"Soon—ah, very soon," he muttered incoherently, with her hair wound round his neck. Then he strode out.

At length the circular canvas top of the merry-go-round was up. Then for two slow days Tomas and some workmen fitted those battered wooden steeds in place. The steeds stood in pairs, woodenly prancing on a circular platform. The engine was delayed. Tomas stormed and walked the *patio*. Julia sat right down on the floor of the corridor and wept many endearing tears for her lord's encouragement.

After a while, the old engine from Cleveland, O., came growling into the open space, and there was a man to run it, and burro-loads of wood for fuel. Julia heard the shriek of the petulant whistle. Hand-bills, of that extravagant, overdone sort common to Mexico, had been strewn in all the streets. For Tomas was no dreamer; and if there should prove to be no Aztec gold below ground, at least there was Aztec copper above. The bills read as follows:

"Viva Mexico! Little horses moved by steam. The company, desirous of pleasing the high taste of this exalted community, is disposed to offer its services, together with an instrumental concert every day. Knowing that we are abjectly unworthy of the commendation of so enlightened a city, we have yet ventured, with humility, to bring forward our poor abilities. Viva Mexico!"

Within that circular platform of horses was a smaller circle of canvas wall, surrounding and hiding the central pole and a space three yards in diameter around it. This was the customary private chamber—Forbidden City—of the owner of the *caballitos*. To the ragged boys it was the retreat of a god. Thereto strode Tomas, and, casually, big iron tools were taken in also and concealed.

At four o'clock, out from her home steps Julia, arrayed in sky-blue, with her hair waving nobly and her eyes like mountain lakes. She takes her seat in a chair on the movable platform, between two pairs of open-mouthed little horses. She carries a guitar in her hand. With that sweet, calm, mild, reliable repose, which is the exclusive property of the Mexican woman of a certain class, she sells little green tickets at three cents apiece to the clamoring boys. True, her calm permits some small scamps to steal rides for nothing, but that is neither here nor there.

"Tomas—ah, where is Tomas?" ask many.

"Taking his chocolate," replies she, sweetly.

The whistle shrieks, the engine gives a puff, and the horses do truly prance, indeed, go all round, one pair snorting after the pair in front, and they in turn snorting after those before them, till finally even the first snorters are snorted after, and the battered circuit is complete.

Julia up-takes her guitar in a fair hand, and, remaining seated on the circular platform with that mild, reliable repose, goes round and round, forever snorted after by incredible rings of those animals. And as she goes she touches her guitar with light finger, and casts up the mountain lakes to the canvas of the tent and sings. Her song is sweet and ringing, clear and full of pathos. Her constant change of place causes the music to have that wavering, sinking, and rising uncertain quality so prized by certain lovers of the art. To be one moment yonder, and the next here, makes the voice of Julia like that of the night wind, which swells and retires with varying gusts and fills the soul with sadness. The words she sang were like these:

"Ah! that sweet, fair señora,  
She lived beside the spring,  
There stands a blue cross over her  
And the breeze goes murmuring:  
'Ah! sweet, sweet, fair señora!'"

It may be mentioned, as a general truth, that there is always something exceeding melancholy about a merry-go-round in Mexico. It is not known why; one's philosophy staggers before this truth. But, alas! a merry-go-round in Mexico is exceeding melancholy.

The movement ceases; other tickets are sold; other circuits are made, and the señora is still mentioned as having lived beside the spring. The shades of night come on and torches are lit.

"And Tomas—why, where is he?" asked many still.

"Taking his chocolate," says Julia, sweetly.

"Faith, he takes much and long!"

"Sí, señor; Tomas was always very fond of chocolate."

Midnight at last arrives. The crowds have gone away. Julia, something of eagerness affecting her repose, descends with guitar in hand, and runs with swift feet into her home, hair flying. The torches are out. The engine is settling down grumblingly to slumber. The engineer has gone. The stone-paved space is deserted.

She sits in her room, staring at the door, waiting. The door bursts open; she springs forward with a cry, to fall upon Tomas, who comes in with a burden. He is toil-worn, earth-stained, with blistered hands. He locks the door and they sink down on the floor beside his burden.

There are two iron boxes, each about eight inches square, and locked with padlocks. She tears at them with her fair hands and falls palpitating on Tomas's breast. He takes a crow-bar, pushes her aside, and smashes the locks; and it is Julia's white fingers that throw the lids back.

The lamp-light shows some silver and gold in little beaps, but not very much. It shows some packages wrapped in cloth. The silver and gold coins are hurriedly piled on the floor. The packages are torn open. They reveal bank-bills and a letter. Tomas and his wife stare stupidly at one another, and at the money. They finger it. The coins and the bills are unlike Mexican coins and bills. They do not know what kind they are, or their value. But there are eagles on some of them, which, at least, is like Mexico, and cheering.

"Read the letter!" she cries, curling up with convulsions of emotion in his lap.

It was as follows, in bad Spanish:

"CUERNAVACA, June 9, 1857."

"This is a confession to be read by him who finds this money. I was born in North Carolina in 1821. I have lived nearly all my life in Texas. I joined General Taylor's army for the war with Mexico in '46. I was in the Battles of Buena Vista and Chapultepec. I was captain of a company in the Twelfth Regiment. My colonel was a beast and treated me beyond the endurance of man. The regiment disliked me and made my life miserable. They stole my money. After a while I was made crazy, so stung was I. I came to hate the name of Americans, my people though they are. Then came a chance to take some money sent down by the United States Government to pay the troops. One night I took it and deserted. Having shaved off my beard I came safely to Cuernavaca, and buried myself here. I have lived the life of the damned; and this is to testify that before God I repent. But what is a man to do?"

ROBERT T. MARTIN."

This was the mute and brief appeal. This foreign trash meant little to Tomas and Julia. They made a secret trip to Mexico. They received twenty-three thousand dollars in Mexican money for the coin and bills. And in a pretty house in San Angel, that delightful suburb of the capital, does Julia twist the lip, and prop open the eyes, and fall upon the breast of Tomas.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1901.

"Anti-Chamberlainism," says the London *Spectator*, "seems to be the only basis the opposition has for a creed. But if the colonial secretary is so valuable as the *nexus* of the Liberal party, it is injudicious if not suicidal for Liberals to clamor for his removal." The *Spectator* quotes, in this connection, a paragraph from the *Bibliothèque Universelle* (Paris) giving the comment of a Russian editor on the death of ex-King Milan of Serbia. This editor (M. Dorochevitch) laments the death of Milan, as the latter was the only personage Russian journalists could discuss freely. Warned off the forbidden ground of home politics, they could always fall back on the latest scandal about King Milan. "Who is left us now?" continues M. Dorochevitch. "Chamberlain! Yes, happily we still have Chamberlain. Of him also I can say anything that comes into my head. But if Chamberlain were to take it into his head to die? Only think of it: may heaven preserve him! For if Chamberlain were to die, there would be nothing left for the Russian press but to repair collectively to his tomb and commit suicide." For "Russian" read "Radical," comments the *Spectator*, and the saying holds equally good. "Take away Mr. Chamberlain and Othello's occupation's gone."



## THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

Lower-Class Life in France and Great Britain Compared.

"French Life in Town and Country" is the first volume in Our European Neighbors Series—a collection of four volumes in which the home and social life of the people of the Continental countries is impartially described. This first number of the series is by Hannah Lynch, a native of Ireland, who was educated in a French convent. Miss Lynch is a keen observer, and is better fitted for a critical study of home life among the people of France than many French writers. An intelligent foreigner in any country observes conditions as they really exist, and can give expression to his impressions without violating his loyalty to his country—his patriotism. So with Miss Lynch. She tells us frankly what she thinks of French rural and provincial life; of the social distinctions that exist among the people; of Paris and the Parisians; of the educational system in France; of the home life of the upper and lower classes; of the peasant and artisan class, the press and the army. Her views have weight, for they are expressed with candor and discrimination.

Concerning the women of France outside of Paris, their dress and manner, Miss Lynch makes some striking observations:

Nothing comes with such a shock upon the traveler in France, used to the feminine grace and charm and witchery of dress in Paris, as the dowdiness and want of ease, the total lack of taste in dress, the heavy figures and unexpressive faces of many of the women of the provinces. They dress shabbily, will even wear cotton gloves and badly cut boots when they consider themselves extremely exclusive, and carry off these defects of costume with a singular and unmistakable air of distinction. The commoner kind prefer to shine in fashions and colors unfamiliar to the eye of Paris; and, as a rule, look clumsy and obtrusive in their fine feathers. The same applies to the men. These, when they prefer to be shabby and roughly arrayed, look far better than the pretentious gallants who, by means of obvious tailoring, offer destruction to the susceptible dames around them. There can be no doubt that an elegant male costume is out of place and a vulgar blot along a sleepy little street where men in blouses pass and bonneted girls and women wheel barrows before them.

Foreigners traveling in France are usually struck by the large numbers of women to be seen working in the fields. Miss Lynch does not condemn the custom among girls and unmarried women, but she considers that the women as a whole are overworked:

It would be difficult to find a people to whom modern feminism is more repugnant than the French, and hard to name one who more to the intelligence, good will, and incessant labor of women. The fields are tended by women, flags are waved at railway gates by them, in the lower ranks they bravely do all the rougher work of men, and nobody lifts a voice in protest. . . . The abandonment of the homes by peasant women is of much more serious consequence to a nation than the infrequent flight into legal and medical circles. The woman lawyer will always be the exception, and if she makes a good thing of her venture nobody is a penny the worse. But examine the home where the wife and mother spends her day in a factory, in the field, whose occupation requires no talent or ambition, and their physical and moral effects are of a very different nature from those that follow the winning of diplomas. The woman works as long and as hard as her husband, and is paid less. They return home to a cold hearth, an uncooked dinner. The man, never an angel where his stomach is concerned, swears and threatens, then sulks and goes off to the wine-shop. There is no compensation for the missing comfort in the few miserable francs earned. No women are more admirably adapted for making the home happy than Frenchwomen. Their general competence is matched only by their industry; and it is a pity to see these fine domestic qualities wasted on outdoor work.

The pleasing and tactful Frenchwoman, our author thinks, is in all things literally the better half of her people. Cheerful, competent, and thrifty, she is the force of the country, its stable influence and salvation, and her children are inwardly devoted to her. But, she adds:

The mother is too apt to encourage her son in the theory of the wild-oats sowing, without ever the saving grace of limiting that period to pre-nuptial days, being trained herself in the fixed conviction of her land that man is a tameless beast who can not exist without fugitive loves throughout his checkered career. Indeed, I have heard a very pious old French lady assert that a married man may have a hundred mistresses and be a perfectly honest man whom nobody should criticize. . . . For this reason the novelists show us the French mother as charmed to discover that her son has started romantic relations with the wife of a wealthy friend. She is convinced that he must have a mistress, and her only hope is that he will choose one who will not ruin him in purse or in health.

The key-note of French life among all classes seems to be economy. In Paris rents are so high that economy of space must of necessity be practiced. This is not to be wondered at among people of limited means, but even the well-to-do and rich are what we would call exceeding "thrifty":

Spare rooms are unknown, and closets and presses must be packed with the nicest precision. But it is surprising how soon one becomes reconciled to want in a French flat, and in how short a time one learns to pity the London householder—above all, his wife and servants—for his superfluity of chambers. . . . A poor lady, a teacher, or a student, can live respectably and agreeably in Paris on an income that would mean squalor and misery in London. A flat consisting of three bright rooms, a kitchen, several presses, a closet large enough to stow away endless boxes in and serve as well as a hanging closet, plenty of water, and excellent sanitary arrangements, may be had in an enviable spot, with pleasant outlook and good entrance, for six hundred francs a year; a *femme de ménage* who will cook, market, mend, and clean up as a Frenchwoman knows how, for six sous an hour, and if you treat her fairly well and secure her loyalty, she will give you devotion and friendship as well as excellent service and amazingly intelligent speech. For here you need never be at the expense or trouble of cooking complicated dishes. These are sold at the pastry-cook's or the baker's for considerably less than they will cost you at home; so that you can live well and keep your household bills within your means, even if meat in Paris be dear. . . .

Frenchwomen of all classes live much more in their bedrooms than Englishwomen do. Of a morning they study, read, work there, give orders to their servants, write letters. These bedrooms are generally very pleasant places, with dressing-rooms off and clothes closets, so that intimate friends of either sex may pass in and out without indiscretion or awkwardness. The bed itself is a handsome piece of furniture, with curtains in match the big bed cover, which hides every atom of white, and sometimes with the pillows in the middle and silk or satin covered bolster at either end under this covering. It resembles those imposing mediæval couches we see in the Cluny Museum.

In speaking of the economies practiced in aristocratic circles in France, Miss Lynch quotes an incident from Taine's "Carnets de Voyage," that happened in the neighborhood of Poitiers:

A Parisian was hunting by invitation on a friend's lands and, without knowing it, crossed the border-land of those of a certain viscountess.

He was not shooting, but carried his gun under his arm; he had lost his way. Up came a keeper and stopped him. The Parisian explained the circumstances, and insisted that he was not shooting. His host and he decided to visit the viscountess personally, and put the case before her, in order to avoid unjust proceedings. They were received in a superb chamber hung with tapestries. The viscountess listened to them, and put out her hand: "Twenty francs each to pay," was all she said. I think I can tell a better tale still, that of the shooting lands are among the best in France. The guests of this lady, who liked a liberal supply of sugar in their morning coffee, were obliged to provide themselves with it before coming, for every lump consumed in the castle was counted by the thrifty *châtelaine*; and the servants were bound, on penalty of dismissal, to give up to her all the tips they received.

A substantial source of income is occasionally derived by the authentic nobles for the presentation of the other kind in the halls of social greatness, and for standing sponsors for them in exclusive clubs. Another source of income for avid noblemen lies in their shooting and hunting grounds. So much is paid for an invitation, still more for the button which permits parvenus to hunt on equal terms with their so-called betters. The extraordinary things these nobles will do passes imagination. I know of a viscountess who possesses magnificent hunting land on which men from all parts are invited to hunt. The guests departing naturally tip game keepers and servants according to their means. Every tip, by order, under penalty of expulsion from the *château*, must be brought intact to the viscountess, and out of these tips the servants are paid their wages.

Among the shop-keeper class there is a similar thrift, noticeable in their amusements and recreations, as well as in their domestic arrangements:

Among the "little people" there is no idle waste of money on fashion and display. Every penny spent brings in compound interest in relaxation and enjoyment. When the small shop-keeper, with his wife and limited family, go to dine at a restaurant, it is an excellent lesson in domestic economy to watch their proceedings. One good dinner will be ordered, and the waiter places this, with a relay of plates, before the shop-keeper, who shares this dinner with his wife, and the children feed surreptitiously off the parents' plates. Thus four persons will have dined, and well, at the restaurant price of one.

Among the pastimes of the people, the "fair" is an established institution in France. Interlarded with the innocent amusements and good-natured fakes these places provide, there are all sorts of infelicitous diversions and obscene spectacles, which the well-mannered French crowd take as a matter of course:

If you have not lived in the neighborhood of a French fair for the traditional three weeks of its existence, you can not understand to what extent a nation or a city may be martyred for the pleasure of its people. The clamor of diverse sounds begins at ten A. M. and ends only at one A. M., fifteen hours later. There are the roars of the wild beasts, the tambour beating outside each booth at intervals, the whiz and whistle of the merry-go-rounds, the frightful music of the dancing-balls, each repeating without intermission the same airs and all simultaneously, so that you hear the waltz of Faust, of Mme. Angot, the jingle of the *Danse du Ventre*, and polkas and marches in a maddening mingling. Add to this the uninterrupted popping of guns, and the shouting of the booth proprietors, and you have all the elements of an inferno never imagined by Dante. To complain were idle. . . . At the fair of Neuilly it is the *chic* thing for the elegant diners to attend in evening-dress, and admire the pugilist, the lions and tigers, the merry-go-rounds, and the exhibitions of the tents.

Miss Lynch has devoted much attention to the subject of education in France. She considers that it has neither the moral nor the social value that it has in England; that there is a superficiality and a sham about the system and methods not calculated to bring out the traits of honor and independence. The Lycée is a government establishment, quite as faulty in its way as the schools controlled by the priesthood. To the unhealthy, enervating, and unmanly training of both the secular and religious schools Miss Lynch ascribes the unhealthy tone of French fiction. The convent training of the girls is no less deplorable than the school training of the boys. Miss Lynch tells of some phases of the life in a convent where she spent a number of years:

On the first morning that I woke in the long, white-curtained dormitory, I proceeded to wash and dress myself as I had been taught to wash and dress in English convents. I had deposited my dressing-gown on my bed, and was splashing my neck with water, when, to my astonishment, a nun approached me noiselessly, lifted my dressing-gown from the bed and, holding her snuffed candle averted, murmured, "*La pudeur, mon enfant, la pudeur*," as she covered my dripping neck in the folds of my dressing-gown. When I clamored for an explanation I was told it was not considered decent in France for a young girl to wash her neck. For the years I was there nobody, to my knowledge, ever had a bath of any kind.

We were strictly forbidden to lift our eyes to a man's face. When the old doctor of eighty passed through the court-yard, if any of us happened to be about there was an instant cry of alarm: "*Baissez les yeux, mademoiselles. Il y a du monde*." *Du monde* always meant the wolf in trousers and coat, and we were invited ever to tremble, blush, and lower our eyes in the dreadful creature's presence.

But my greatest charge against convent education is the elimination by strict supervision of all sentiment of honor. In France two girls are forbidden to talk in the recreation-ground. When they are seen to do so, instead of being separated in an open fashion, a third is secretly ordered to go and join them in a friendly way, and then return and report the subject of their talk to the nun in charge. It would be wonderful if girls so trained would, in after life, scruple to read letters, to steam them if necessary, to listen at doors, to betray confidences of every kind.

That Miss Lynch grew deeply attached to the country of her adoption is revealed by her confessions on her return from Ireland after a brief visit there:

After long residence in France I was struck by the violent contrast between French and Irish character. I was used to the simple, courteous, willing, active trades people of Paris, who give themselves no airs, dress dowdily, live modestly. I found the same class in Ireland, even in a small village, dressed gayly as Solomon in all his glory never was, with tailor-made gowns worth ten and twelve guineas, and with haughty manners that would bewilder a princess of the blood; the one cutting the other, heaven only knows on what assumption of superiority, and all hidden from their counters in smart turn-out duly subscribed their loyal names to the list of the queen's visitors. I felt like Rip Van Winkle—as if I had waked in my native land and found every one gone mad with pride and pretension. When I ventured into a shop to make an insignificant purchase, a gorgeous dandy with a lip condescended to attend to me, or a lady looking like a duchess, and most desirous that you should take her for such, dropped from the height of her grandeur to my humble person, and was good enough in her superior way to look after me. Every one was seemingly so above trade, or business, or bread-winning of any kind, that I was glad enough to pack up my papers and things and come back to a race more simple and less pretentious.

No matter what phase of life she is discussing, Miss Lynch constantly gives us the idea that in France the people are content with their lot. The Frenchmen may not be a pattern of virtue, but at least his manners are pleasing, his behavior is seemly, his gaiety is genuine and unaffected, and his deportment is above criticism.

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## THE COMTESSE DE CASTIGLIONE.

One of the Beauties of the Third Napoleon's Court.

A woman who created quite a stir in Paris at the court of Napoleon the Third, the Comtesse de Castiglione, died here not long ago. She lived in absolute retirement for the last fifteen years, in a little apartment on the Rue Cambon. Interest in her has been revived by her will, the sale of her pearls, pictures, furniture, etc. In her will she orders that her nurse shall see her dressed after death, "beau." The directions she gives as to how she is to be dressed I leave in French as I know little about women's clothes:

"Chemise de nuit 1857 baïste, dentelles et peignoir long, rayé velour noir, peluché blanche. Le collier de perles, 9 rangs, 6 rangs blancs et 3 noirs, collier babillu que j'ai toujours porté avec le sou troué en ternoir cristal, chiffre (deux Ventroïaces) et couronne que toutes les habilleuses connaissent.

"Feet and arms uncovered. My embalmed dogs, Toto and Z'ig, buried with me; at my feet the rosary of the mountain; the medallion of Lourdes at my neck, with the pearls."

Her pearls were sold at the Hotel Drouot the other day. A necklace of five strands went for 421,500 francs (\$84,300). Five additional large single pearls went for nearly \$15,000. One of the newspapers says this about the sale of her portraits:

"To the surprise of the auctioneer and the experts, prices went up in the most exaggerated fashion. Portraits of the beautiful countess, under the strangest and most varied aspects, in satin and silk mounts, embroidered with gold, were disposed of. . . . The colored photograph of the countess's bare legs, up to the knees, showing beneath a turned-up petticoat, was knocked down for 70 francs."

The countess had the reputation of having appeared more or less nude at a ball given at the Tuileries by the Empress Eugénie. Pierre de Lano, who has written a good deal about the court of Napoleon the Third, contradicts this assertion, saying in his book, "Les Bals Travestis," that it was not the countess, but Mme. Gortschakoff, who appeared at the Tuileries in the costume of Salambô, which caused so much talk. He has in his book some twenty-five *aquarelles*, one of them showing the countess's bare ankles and feet with rings on her bare toes. He gives another of Mme. Gortschakoff, showing her entire figure in tights with a scarf around her hips. He further says that Princess Metternich was of the most daring in her costume. At one ball she appeared as a coachman of those days, virtually tights from the waist down, and sang a very *risqué* song. He says that the Empress Eugénie, while cold herself and careful in her dress, liked to have the ladies of her court in such undress fancy costumes.

The Napoleon women, First and Third, seem to have been a curious lot. The inner life of Josephine is now known, and when the immediate descendants of those of the court of Napoleon the Third die, many things that are now locked up will be given to the world. Pauline Bonaparte Borghese, Napoleon the First's younger sister, posed entirely nude to Canova, and it is said that she remarked, when asked if she did not feel cold without drapery: "No the room was kept warm by a stove." *Si non è vero*. The Duchesse d'Abrantes, Junot's wife, in her charming book, says that no picture could represent correctly the extreme beauty of Pauline. One sees her in the Canova statue at the Borghese villa at Rome.

As the Comtesse de Castiglione did not go as far in showing her figure as did Mme. Gortschakoff, nor any further than did the Princess Metternich, perhaps her chief fame ought to rest on the part she took in smoothing over the difficulties between Victor Emmanuel and Pius the Ninth, when United Italy took Rome, September 20, 1870. It is stated that the Pope was advised by the cardinals to leave Rome and go to Gaeta. He was asked—so General Estancelin is reported to have said—to intermeddle between the two powers, and the Pope remained in Rome, much to the gratification of Victor Emmanuel. The Pope here pleased, made the countess a present of a magnificent tiara surrounded by amethysts and emeralds, worth, not considering the value of association, the sum of five thousand dollars. Victor Emmanuel gave her as a recompense a jeweled medallion, with his portrait in the centre, and these words from the donor: "To the beautiful Nichette, her unhappy master." Why King Emmanuel called himself so is probably because, though fighting for United Italy, he was at heart a Catholic, and loved Pio Nono.

General Estancelin said that the countess kept a carriage from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. at her door, but he had never known her to use it. She never went out during the day, walked in the evening around the Place Vendôme accompanied by two dogs (perhaps Toto and Z'ig) and, excepting her servants, he was the only one she had admitted to her darkened little drawing-rooms during the last fifteen years. For forty-five years he had been her friend. Her letters, he went on, have been destroyed, by the diplomatic intervention of Italy. He adds that she was satirical, biting, of an extraordinary conversational charm. One of the Paris papers hints that she had a "flirtation" with Victor Emmanuel. A curious little story, so unimportant that I have left it to the last, is told. She hated her mother-in-law. Her husband got her into a carriage, almost forcing her, and they went to call on his mother. When crossing one of the bridges over the Seine, she suddenly pulled off her slippers, threw them out the window into the river, and said: "You certainly can not expect me to call on your mother in my stocking feet."

PARIS, July 1, 1901.

COVINGTON JOHNSON.

In Strassburg and other German cities dentists have been officially appointed for the public schools. In some parts of Bavaria ninety-nine per cent. of school-children were found to have carious teeth.

Swiss cow-hells have been introduced into the Himalayas as a protection for cattle against tigers. The tigers run as soon as they hear the bells.



## BOHEMIAN YACHTING IN DALMATIA.

Our Bohemians and Their Fleet of Steam Yachts—Royal Names—  
Welcome to Duse—From Venice to Pola—  
Roman Ruins.

## Bohemian Love-Letters—No. III.

MY DEAR R—: Our gondoliers had taken our personal baggage on board our tender-yacht, the *Archiduchessa Carlotta*, in the early evening, so that we were free of all care of preparation. The Duse was to appear that night at the Rossini Theatre in a new tragedy by Gabriele d'Annunzio called "La Citta Morta." Venice, the birthplace and home of The Duse, had been waiting for a very long time to welcome this great artist, and an ultra-fashionable Venetian audience was expected to be present at the play, although it was already the middle of May, and far into the "dead season," or *stagione morta*, as Italians call the time when the place is given over to tourist invasion.

It was an evening of great expectations excited by many disappointments. Society had remained in town for several weeks beyond the fashionable limit to be present at The Duse welcome to begin with, and The Duse had been ill, so that the event had to be postponed from day to day for another week, further to increase the derangement of things; but it all served to whet the expectancy and made it an occasion not to be missed.

For this same reason our yachting trip had been postponed from day to day, and the *Archiduchessa Carlotta* literally chafed at her mooring-chains in the Basin San Marco, in the impatience of her desire to get out into the open sea and do some work.

Steam yachting, and especially yacht racing, as commonly indulged in, is one of the most expensive luxuries in the world. Not only does coal cost money, but a yacht requires as much attention as a royal family. It also entails absence from business; and absence from the arena of give and take is pretty sure to result in all taking and no giving on the part of competitors left behind. For this reason, the ordinary stockholders of the Sir Thomas Lipton Yachting and Tea Company, Limited, voted at their last general meeting to discontinue yachting and stick to tea exclusively, giving as their excuse for the motion the diminished dividends of the company since Sir Thomas took to yachting.

Bohemian yachting, on the contrary, must be managed with an eye to economy of money and responsibility, leaving the element of time to represent the racy and reckless. A Bohemian with only five or six hundred thousand cents a year to spend for his pleasure can not keep his yachts in commission all the year, and hence we have made arrangements with a great Austrian yacht agency, having several of the Rothschilds as special partners, to own our yachts for us and only charge us for the time we use them and the provisions we consume on the trip. In order to economize further we permit our agents to invite other guests, and whatever share of the expense they get out of them they credit to our account.

The Austrian Lloyd Company, with head-quarters in Vienna, and agencies in every port of the Levant and Orient, is our caterer in the yachting department this year. It has a fleet of steam yachts suitable for all waters and all climates, numbering nearly a hundred, and they are the most comfortable things to cruise in that can be imagined. None of them is so fast as the *Deutschland*, but their fastest boats reel off seventeen knots of the log-line every sixty minutes, and that is so fast as any pleasure yacht should be allowed to go, for, beyond that speed, safety is imperiled. If you are particular about the name of your yacht, the selections of this agency will be sure to please, and in the important matter of model and rig the variety is enormous, including specimens built as early as 1850, and every year since that time; some with the old popgun engines and side-wheel fins, and almost everything between, up to quadruple-expansion engines and twin-screw propellers, to suit the fancy of the most fastidious amateur shell-back.

By virtue of these arrangements we have reduced the cost of our yachting in the Adriatic to about ten shillings a day for each member of the party; and as this is almost cheaper than quietly staying at home, and much cheaper than living in first-class hotels ashore, we go yachting frequently, and especially when we want to save money for the winter's fuel.

I wrote you in a recent letter that steam plutocratic yachtsmen had been holding the east side of the Adriatic for some years as a private yachting preserve, and were jealous of it. They do not want it further popularized, for the reason that the present population of the coast and of the hundreds of islands that line the coast is still unspoiled by tourist contamination. Germans and Austrians tour there in considerable numbers, and enjoy it even more than the steam plutocrats do, but they do not spoil things like English and Americans. They pay the local price for what they get, they do not put on any flunky lugs that must be expensive to be effective, and they move along with the current of the place without creating a disturbing wave or a choppy sea.

I don't quite see why I dragged in the plutocratic and aristocratic steam yachtsmen again, except that their craft are among the picturesque features of these yachting excursions. The owners of the craft are harmless persons when they get off on the water. If yawning and stretching is any indication, they seem to be having an awfully good time. We are in nowise jealous of them, no matter how our words are contorted.

But the mere fact of plutocratic preference serves as a general description of the field. If it were not beautiful and interesting and easy it would not be preferred by them even if it were cheap. In this case, however, it happens to be all three—beautiful, interesting, easy, and cheap. I may seem to be rambling, but that is what people do when they go yachting—they ramble.

Last year we selected from the stock of names supplied by the Austrian Lloyd Company, *Archiduchessa Carlotta*,

*Archiducca Massimiliano*, *Sultan*, *Danubio*, and *Metcovitch*. All are poetic. This year we reveled in *Carinthia*, *Urania*, *Leda*, and *Graf Wurmbrand*. These names are even more yachty and poetic than those selected last year, except the last. The *Wurmbrand*, as she is called by the sailors, for short, is the fastest of the fleet; she can do eighteen knots when she is newly cleaned and greased.

The literary censor of our expedition urges that I get down to my mutton and describe things as we go along. She says that we haven't even started from Venice yet, and that I haven't rung down the curtain so that The Duse can go to bed. She says that I should tell about the gang-plank, so that our correspondents can get on board the yacht with us, and about the dinner-bell, so that they can eat if they are hungry. This is a neglect of consideration and sailor-like hospitality that is inexcusable.

It is useless for me to protest against our censor, for she is an American girl and an only child. I tell her that we came on board the *Archiduchessa* in our gondola and didn't have to use a common gang-plank, that it was past midnight at the time and hence dinner wasn't ready, and that I am not paid to ring down curtains for Duse or any other sick tragedienne. All I am paid for is furnishing yachts for the family at the expense of the Rothschilds, and I will strike if I am not allowed to ramble as much as I like when I am telling about it. If I am to act as advance agent, cashier, secretary, log-keeper, Poo-Bah, and everything else for the party, I should have as much latitude as I like to take.

But to get to the mutton, to pacify the censor.

There are four excursions from Venice, including the coasts of Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Albania, as far as Corfu, that can be taken out of Venice, about which I want to tell you something of use in case you happen this way.

These excursions are: The Venice, Trieste, Pola, Zara, Spolato, Cattaro Express Line. On the return trip it takes in Lussinpiccolo, on the Island of Cherso, also. It is performed by the luxurious *Wurmbrand*, leaving Venice each week on Wednesday evening, spending the night at Trieste; leaving Trieste on Thursday morning at eight and arriving at Cattaro on Friday at eleven in the forenoon. The *Wurmbrand* leaves Cattaro again for the return at one in the afternoon of Friday, reaches Trieste at four in the afternoon of Saturday, spends Saturday night at the wharf in Trieste, leaves Trieste at eight o'clock Sunday morning, and reaches Venice at noon. This last morning trip from Trieste to Venice usually gives the finest view of the Alps that is to be had from any point of view. When the mountains are snow-capped, as they are nearly all the year, the sight is one to be remembered as long as one lives. You see them from base to summit without interruption, for only the lagoon-threaded Lidi that fringe the north shore of the Adriatic intervene, and they help to give a right perspective distance. On the low sandy shore, and on one of the Lidi between the steamer's course and the Alps, stand the remains of Aquileia and Grado, marked by their cathedral towers.

This is an excursion of only three days and a half, which unfolds a variety of beautiful scenery, with the Boocche di Cattaro for a grand climax, that can not be matched in all the world within the time and space of many months of travel. First there is the departure from Venice at sunset, usually leaving a blue silhouette of our city of palaces and *campanili*, crowned by the glories of a sunset display. The next morning Trieste lies snuggled among its surrounding hills, with Miramar on the left, under the Alps, and Capodistria to the right, backed by her own mountain peaks. Thursday morning until noon the steamer passes close to the Istrian Peninsula shore, passes many a mediæval fortress and castellated town, with fleets of bright-sailed Chiochia fishing-boats all along the course, and at noon turns into the Austrian war-harbor of Pola. Here is the first great surprise of the trip. Baedeker mentions "important Roman remains," or something equally unexciting to any who have spent months in European sight-seeing. If you happen to have the German local guide-books, they will show you a poor half-tone print of an arena and one of an arch that might have been taken from the illustrations of Southern France, but badly printed withal. As you shoot into the innocent-appearing harbor you may expect, perhaps, to meet some war-vessels and torpedo-boats, and you have your camera ready for such; but when the point is finally turned you commence to rub your eyes in wonder. Right before you, standing out in bold relief against an Italian sky, stand the marble walls of the Roman arena of Pola, and it is the most perfectly preserved of all the arenas in existence. In size it ranks only third, the Colosseum at Rome being first and the arena at Verona coming second in the list. But this one looks bigger than they, for even its capstones are intact in great part, and only its interior has suffered ruin. It is built of that creamy-white Istrian marble that was used for the palaces of Venice, but there are no stains of time, and the effect of the warm white of the marble against the warm blue of the sky, with window-openings looking like deep-blue turquoise blocks set in pale-pink coral, produces an impression that gives reality to preconceived extravagant ideals of Grecian purity.

You have time in Pola to walk about the city and see all of the Roman remains, as well as the display of war-vessels parked in a garden close to where the *Wurmbrand* lies waiting for you at the mole. There are two Temples of Diana that are nearly as well preserved as the one at Nîmes, in Southern France; a triumphal arch called "Augustus," but attributed to a patrician family of distinction in the colony; remains of a prodigious Roman wall with gateways intact; and the great and beautiful arena from several advantageous points of view. You may also buy the best cigars to be had in Austria, outside of Trieste and Vienna, in the *specialitat* shop of Pola, for the archbishop smokes of the best; and sailors, from admirals down to the forecastle men, want the best tobacco there is to be had for money. The last time I was there I had waited for the opportunity and bought all the favorite stock of the archbishop's Havana

"Plantations," so that he had to await the arrival of a fresh lot. We smoked with the Archbishop of Pola—at our own expense, of course—all the way to Constantinople, and even half way up the Danube to Buda-Pesth, before his supply gave out.

I don't know whether you have ever noticed it, but there is a sentimental side to cigars just as there is a seasick side. If you are smoking an archbishop's cigars, even if you have had to pay well for them, they taste better than ordinary cigars that come a hundred in a box and all look alike. In like manner, even the best Havana cigars get sick at sea sometimes. I have even seen them look seasick in spite of their dark color, and I have seen them make other people seasick, too.

At this point of the narrative I feel myself gently plucked by the right ear, and I hear the voice of the censor remonstrating: "Papa, dear, you forget that you have not finished with Pola, and that it is yet a long way to Cattaro and back to Venice."

VENICE, June 24, 1901.

## A VENETIAN GARDEN.

Between the palace and the water-wall  
Sway country tree-tops—green sea farers all—  
And country flowers blow  
As if against the stones they could not hear  
The passing of the tides; and one might fear  
That Spring could never know  
That lone, far-drifted garden-plot, to find  
Among dark palaces and windings blind  
Where only sea-things go.

Tall-pointed windows overlook a court  
Where statues pose, with grave, heroic port.  
Thence opens, arrow-straight,  
A green sun-splashed perspective, framed in vine,  
And at the end—where dancing waters shine—  
The Gothic water-gate.  
And close against the wall the dusky green  
Of ancient ivy hangs its burnished screen,  
And clematis wait.

And one side, lavender-fringed alleys run—  
With sudden, winding pauses—in the sun  
From spangled bed to bed;  
And royal roses of antique descent  
Magnificently flaunt their splendor, blent  
Of shell glooms, white and red;  
And midway, hung with scented moons, there stands  
A great magnolia, planted once by hands  
That centuries are dead.

And one side wander unsuspected ways  
Past cypresses and through a tangled maze  
Where scarce the sunlight creeps;  
And marble benches loiter under trees  
That murmur world-old secrets to a breeze  
Some hidden jasmine steepers;  
And happy Cupid, reckless of Time's doom,  
An armless Psyche in that gentle gloom  
Heart-close forever keeps.

But best I love the little helvedere—  
Wall-set among the locust blooms that peer  
Above the waterway—  
Whence one might listen to the music low  
On sea-changed marbles of the tides below  
An endless summer day;  
Or watch the sunken stars dawn swaying deep  
Between the shadow-palaces asleep  
In haunting twilight gray.

Oh, centuries of suns in that green close  
From dewy bud to fragrance-wasted rose  
Have kissed light petals free!  
And centuries of moons have woven pale  
Their weird enchantment in the dreamy veil  
Of pergola and tree!  
And centuries of passions deep have writ  
With sense of meanings tragic-exquisite  
That garden by the sea!

—H. G. Dwight in August Century Magazine.

European criticism of Japanese public and private morality brought forth in the Japanese review, the *Toyo*, this bitter denunciation of the West:

"Think of the moral Occident, that wonderfully straight-laced Occident that convives at Armenian and Macedonian massacres; spends millions in crushing and stamping out two sturdy little republics, fighting for bare independence; stabs, shoots, and assassinates its monarchs; gives over the streets of its greatest cities, after nightfall, to the unquestioned rule of the *demi-monde*; is forever trying to bully weaker nations into ceding portions of their territory, and, in broad terms, goes about with a Bible in one hand and a gauntlet on the other. . . . We do not shut our monarchs in the female line, nor do we act as to compel our great emperor to live in a steel-lined study or travel in a bomb-proof train. We acknowledge the imputation that we are not Caucasians. Yet there is no quarter of our largest cities that is not as safe at night as it is in the day-time. Our restaurants are not flooded with hawds after dusk, nor are even our cheapest theatres houses of assignation. We do not go into hoisting ecstasies after a victory over a weaker foe, nor do we make idols of our admirals and generals one day to revile them the next. We do not lynch even the vilest offenders, nor have we—we confess it to our shame—ever once burned a murderer at the stake. We admit that we are, on the whole, a Buddhistic nation. Yet we have never undertaken a propaganda of this creed with cannon; nor have we ever had an Inquisition wherein to teach the gospel of peace and love by means of thumb-screws, the rack, and the wheel. We do not permit our soldiers to rape defenseless women, kill helpless infants, or loot the habitations of powerless non-combatants."

An early settlement of the Chinese indemnity problem is expected, the dispatches say. The United States, with other powers claiming damages from China, is to be given Chinese bonds to the amount of her claim. To see that the Chinese pay interest on these bonds, and that the money collected for this purpose is equitably distributed among the bondholders, some sort of commission is to be appointed, and presumably backed up with the military power of the foreign bond-holding nations. It was something of this sort which Great Britain and France agreed to two decades ago, when British and French capital was invested in Egypt. There was to be armed occupation, just for a little while, until the Egyptian Government learned how to put aside enough each year to pay interest on the loans. Whether the Chinese question will be eventually settled by foreign ownership of the empire will depend less upon the ability of the Chinese to resist territorial confiscation than the ability of the allied powers to agree upon a partition of her provinces.



## HIGH LIFE IN MANY COURTS.

The Autobiography of an Anonymous Princess—  
Her Experiences on the Austrian Frontier—  
A Midwinter Trip into Siberia.

"The Tribulations of a Princess," authorship unknown, purports to be the autobiography of a titled person of French descent, possessed of an intimate personal knowledge of the courts of Austria and Russia during the period from the Franco-Prussian War until the close of the Russo-Turkish campaign in 1878. But the ruse of an anonymous authorship and the transparent expedient of "Portraits from Photographs"—to quote from the title-page—of the unnamed princess will hardly deceive the reader. For there is absolutely nothing in the book which might not have been learned from the current magazine and newspaper literature of the European countries from 1870 to 1880. It is a cleverly told narrative of high life in the capitals of Europe, and that is all. No state secrets are revealed, no intrigues are fathomed, and no private correspondence is printed for the first time in its pages. It has the fault of all narratives of fiction written to the first person—that of the writer appearing unduly boastful of his or her own achievements. But what matter, so long as she tells entertaining anecdotes, whether our princess is the heroine of them all, or another.

Furthermore, it is a matter of no importance whether the narrative be truth or fiction, so long as it is interesting. Stories of court life, of court favorites, of court splendor, of kings and emperors, need not necessarily be true in order to be agreeable reading. Like "The Martyrdom of an Empress," this second book from the same author's pen will attract attention in spite of its affectations and extravagances, because it is unusual and its subject-matter entertaining.

The princess begins the record of her "tribulations" with the first years of her recollection. Her mother is by birth a Russian lady of great wit and beauty, but cold, imperious, and unapproachable. Her father was a Breton with courtly, kindly manners and a nobility of character that made him the idol of his child's affections. Up to the time of her father's death, Marguerite is known as Pierrot, and is supposed to be the son and heir. Dressed in boys' sailor suits, with closely cropped hair, she learns to ride, hunt, shoot, and swim with the freedom of a boy, and is her father's constant companion, roving over his estates on the rugged coast of Brittany. But from the moment the news of her much-loved father's death is broken to her, the forlorn child lives a life of bitterness, misunderstood and humiliated by her selfish and imperious lady mother. Until the opening of the Franco-Prussian War there are continual outbursts of insubordination on the daughter's part. Then the conversion of their castle into a temporary hospital turns Marguerite's attention from herself to other things. She forgets her own woes in sympathizing with her fallen countrymen and her defeated country. (We may well wish this part of the narrative were shorter, for it is told at so great length as to be almost tiresome.) At the age of fourteen she goes to pay a visit at her uncle's castle, and there forms a deep attachment for her uncle's godson, Allan, the son of a marquis of only a modest fortune. The young man had just entered the army and was home on a furlough before the departure of his regiment to the South of France. With the reluctant consent of Marguerite's mother the young lovers are betrothed and then cruelly separated. Marguerite is dragged away on a protracted visit to the Riviera, the Italian lakes, to the Tyrol, and finally to Baden, where she unwittingly (much to the delight of her worldly mother) attracts the attention of a titled officer of the Austrian army. He asks the mother for her daughter's hand in marriage. With surprise and consternation Marguerite refuses to marry the handsome and distinguished gentleman, on the ground that he is old enough to be her father. The mother's attitude is precisely that of the Cointoeotal parent; she considers it her right and privilege to "arrange" a marriage for her daughter. With a truly imperial frown contracting her dark eyebrows she exclaims:

"Old? What ridiculous nonsense! Why he is barely thirty-six! And as to your loving him or not, you can be no judge of such a matter. What should you know about love? Love is an idea, a fancy—it does not last. What is needed is a union which endures through life is solid esteem. You must learn to understand the prose of existence, my child. Life is far from being all poetry, as you seem to think. Remember that as Karl's wife you will have it to your power to do much good, and that your marriage may be made subservient to God's own service. This is a very good offer. Your position will be one of almost unequalled magnificence. And this alliance, moreover, suits me absolutely. You know that I am not easily dissuaded from anything I wish, so do not expect me to yield to any girlish gush, silliness, and fallacies. Marry Karl—I can assert that you will."

I began to be seriously alarmed, for I knew that my mother's will was of iron and her tactics so clever that she generally carried her point on all occasions. Had it not been for Allan I am not sure that I might not have yielded at once, for she became suddenly very winning and persuasive. God forgive her, she knew only too well what she was doing. She was fully aware that Karl was a *roué* and a *debauché*, that his intrigues had been countless, and that he had ever attempted to curb his passions,

being burdened by but few principles and entirely devoid of morality.

He was for the time madly in love with me, but this particular brand of sentiment was out of a nature to attract a similar feeling in the pure and guileless heart of an innocent young girl.

In spite of Marguerite's loyalty to her boy-lover, the mother's cleverly laid plans result in bringing about the marriage upon which she has set her heart; for she succeeds in convincing her daughter, with the aid of a newspaper clipping concerning the approaching marriage of Allan's brother, that Allan has forgotten her and is about to marry an English heiress. Marguerite's heart is broken and she accepts Karl, though she does not love him. The marriage is not a happy one. The princess soon discovers that her husband is unfaithful to her, and henceforth avoids him except when they have guests or appear together in public. She has many would-be lovers, among them the emperor himself, but she remains faithful to her faithless lord and master, and fills with credit the position in court circles to which his rank and her own wit and beauty entitle her.

She becomes devotedly attached to the Empress Elizabeth, and together they travel in the Orient. They are guests of Ismail Pasha on a gala night, when the Khedive throws open to hundreds of guests his marvelous palace at Gezireh—that same palace he had had erected near Cairo for his royal and imperial guests at the opening of the Suez Canal. The princess is enchanted with the lace-like structure of the sooty buildings. Of their host she says:

The Khedive could assume, when he considered it worth his while to do so, the aspect of a perfect *grand seigneur*, and he certainly possessed the difficult art of knowing how to receive. Taste and moxie combined to make those celebrated Gezireh receptions an enchantment—the music was perfect, the refreshments delicious, and the suppers of Lucullan magnificence, while the gay uniforms and jeweled toilets of the viceroy's numerous *invités* completed a *mise en scène* of unimpeachably splendid Oriental magnificence.

The night to which I refer was one of star-and-moonlight beauty. No one could ever hope to describe or brush to reproduce the royal blue of the skies—not the dark-blue hue we are accustomed to in Europe, but a luminous transparency unequalled in its soft brilliance. The rapid waters of the Nile murmured and gurgled musically beneath the flower-laden balustrades of the marble terraces, and the splashing of the fountains fell melodiously upon the ears. I had just been dancing, and, tempted by the cool, dusky gardens, I accepted the arm of a celebrated diplomat, who begged me to go for a short stroll before the beginning of the cotillon.

For a few moments we stood on the steps of the palace, gazing back at the wonderful pageant presented by the hall-room. The walls were concealed by silken draperies, embroidered in gold, silver, and seed pearls, and the groups of dancers looked almost unreal and like personages in a dream picture.

The next incidents in the princess's life which she thinks worth while recording, take place on the northern frontier during the Russo-Turkish War. When her husband is ordered to the front to take charge of a brigade of cavalry, as honorary commander, she accompanies him to act as an army officer. On one occasion, wearing the badge of the Red Cross, she carries an important dispatch, inserted in the woodcock-quill of her military cap, through the enemy's lines. During the heat of action she acts as assistant to the army surgeon, aiding him in the amputation of limbs and hiding up of wounds. Truly the princess relates some interesting experiences. But her life was not wholly devoted to nursing while on the frontier. There were *flâtes* at the many *châteaux*, half-palace and half-fortress, where the owners entertained in the most luxurious style; there were rides and drives; and there were hunts of all kinds in all of which the princess joined, for she prided herself on her equestrian aim and could bring down a pheasant, partridge, bear, or wolf with equal ease. She was always "in first at the death" if it were a stag-hunt.

Very shortly after her return from the frontier, the princess undertakes a perilous journey into Siberia in her effort to rescue a young Russian who has been unjustly convicted as a Nihilist. She is welcomed and entertained at the court of Alexander the Second, remaining as his guest and the empress's at Gatchina while the sentence of her young protégé is being investigated. When she secures the commutation of the sentence from the Czar, she determines to carry it herself to the unfortunate youth who is already far on the way, with a train of other convicts, toward his living tomb. She tells her reasons for undertaking to go herself:

To cross part of Siberia in midwinter is over a pleasant or an easy thing, and to do so in order to rescue one of the abhorred Nihilists would be particularly painful and distasteful. It was unlikely that much credence would be placed in the maid's innocence. The convoy of prisoners had by this time certainly reached the plains which precede the chain of the Ural Mountains, its destination being some mining district far beyond Ekaterinburg, and it would take both time and numberless hardships to overtake it in this season. I begged his majesty to allow my courier, an intelligent maid in the service of my family for many years, to be intrusted with this confidential mission, and this request was immediately granted.

Before I left the Czar, however, I had thoroughly decided to go myself. The spirit of adventure was strong in me in those days. Moreover, I had an intuition that, if left to the mercy of officialism,

Fedor would not be rescued for a long time to come, if he were ever rescued at all.

Red-tapeism is more prevalent in Russia than anywhere else, and if the free pardon I had obtained for the young officer was sent officially and transmitted by officials, it would be a crawling business at best, whereas I, once in possession of the papers granting him his liberty and a safe-conduct signed by the emperor, could—money being no object to me—reach him in a comparatively short time.

When at last she reaches Ekaterinburg, which is only on the border line between Russia and Siberia, and barely more than the beginning of the journey, she feels as if she has been traveling for years. They suffer intensely from the cold in the icy air of the steppe. The temperature is forty-eight degrees below zero:

Even the burning-hot tea swallowed at the post-stations did not warm us up, and, as hour followed hour, our tortures steadily increased.

One of the most unbearable sensations we went through was the terrible shaking and jolting of the *kibitka*. Our road was cut up with deep furrows, little hills, and little valleys of hardened snow, and the sledge, as it crossed over them, bobbed up and down like a ship in a gale of wind, with the distressing result of something very much akin to seasickness. A horrible sensation of faintness came over me; the air would become pregnant with millions of blue stars, the cold grasped me in the region of the heart, and once or twice I completely lost consciousness. The process of resuscitation through which I was put was always extremely painful, and although I was grateful enough to be aroused from a condition which in this intense frost is often fatal, still it was with great difficulty that I restrained myself from scolding my rescuers for their apparent heartlessness and roughness. . . .

After traveling for two days and nights, enduring more torments than I care to describe, our perseverance was awarded at last, for at eight o'clock in the morning, we reached a long, straggling village consisting of a double line of miserable-looking log-cabins, with a post-house painted a bright blue standing a little back from the road. In front of this building were several hundred convicts surrounded by a cordon of soldiers armed to the teeth. The jingling of the chains and the muttering voices of the exiles made a most dismal and ghastly concert. The air was so thick with drifting snow-flakes that we could hardly distinguish anything, but the little we did see was enough to hurt one's very soul. Many disabled and tired-out convicts were lying down in the freshly fallen snow, unable to take another step, and an officer of Cossacks was inspecting the irons of some pallid-faced wretches who were being marched past him.

The convicts stared at us with great curiosity, as we got out of our sleigh and entered the station-house, and a few of them even removed their tattered woolen caps in respectful salutation. I made up my mind, as I gazed upon them, to inform the Czar of all this deplorable barbarism, if I ever reached St. Petersburg once more. I may add that this vow was religiously kept later on, although it was no easy task to impress the emperor with the horror of the spectacle presented by these haggard, meek-looking backward and forward on the snow, attempting by violent exercise to keep themselves from freezing alive, or to describe to him the livid countenances caused by the stiff and aching limbs, the countless privations, and want of proper food and clothing endured by the condemned offenders I saw before me.

The princess is evidently a woman without nerves, for from this most trying experience she returns to her home and plunges at once into the gayeties of the Austrian capital, the relations between herself and husband becoming constantly more strained. He is finally killed in a duel for another woman, and she must perforce retire from the world for a little time.

The closing chapters of the narrative, like the first hundred pages, are somewhat tame and lifeless in comparison with the intermediate ones, in which the princess's escapades and triumphs with a number of princes, counts, and grand dukes, and an emperor, a czar, and a khedive in her train, follow one another like the shifting scenes in a play. But she closes with a hint that she may at some future time "yield to the temptation of recounting to the same familiar way what further befalls her."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

## The Penmanship of Authors.

Is there really any connection between the cast of a writer's mind and his handwriting? (asks the *Pall Mall Gazette*). Thackeray was one of the greatest of writers, and boasted that if other trades failed he could get his living by writing the Lord's Prayer on a shilling. Keats wrote like a clerk, and Gray, Tom Moore, Leigh Hunt, and Sir Walter Scott all used running hands which were legible without any marked characteristics. The same may be said of the writings of Anthony Trollope and Professor Tyndall, or, perhaps, of these writers being much given to subtlety of expression. Carlyle, on the other hand, is said to have produced the most untidy and awful scribble that ever puzzled a compositor, and Victor Hugo, Browning, and Tennyson were nearly as bad. Yet, although this looks as if there might be some sort of a rule in such matters, we find Napoleon, who certainly never failed in directness of expression, writing a hand that he could not read himself, and Macready, the actor, whose order for the theatre was once taken for a prescription for a cough mixture. One thing seems pretty certain—that the mere size of the letters has little to do with character."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Among the passengers who arrived in New York last week from Europe was the Baroness de Bazus, who was identified on landing as Mrs. Frank Leslie. Mrs. Leslie said she had adopted the title because she did not approve of the policy of the publications which bear the Leslie name, and did not wish longer to be identified with them.

Amy Leslie, the dramatic critic of the *Chicago Daily News*, surprised her friends last week by slipping over to St. Joseph, Mich., where she was quietly married to Frank H. Buck, a bell-boy at the hotel where she has been residing. The bride told the marriage-license clerk that she was forty-five years old and the bell-boy confessed to only twenty-three.

Rev. Joseph Warren Cross, the earliest living graduate of Harvard College, who resides in Worcester, Mass., has just celebrated the ninety-third anniversary of his birth. Mr. Cross was born at Bridgewater, Mass., in 1808, and was graduated from Harvard with the class of 1828. Although approaching his centennial, Mr. Cross is active, clear-headed, and intensely interested in the affairs of the world at large and of the old university of which he is a graduate.


The London *Daily Chronicle* is responsible for the statement that Whistler sold his painting, "Thames in Ice," for \$50 at the time he was working on his "Wooden Series of London Etchings," and that the present owner has refused for this picture \$50,000. The first painting sent to the Royal Academy by Mr. Whistler was "The Piano"; it was bought by John Philip, the Royal Academician, for something like \$150. It is now valued by its owner at \$15,000.

Major Pond, the lecture-manager who went to Paris in the vain hope of securing Mr. Krüger for a lecture tour of the United States, is now negotiating with Maître Labori, the great French advocate who successfully defended Dreyfus. He raises the question of professional dignity, but it is probable that he will accept the invitation of the New York bar to visit that city. Major Pond has so far secured Sir Robert Ball, director of the observatory at Cambridge, England, and Sarah Graod.

Mrs. Serena Krüger, wife of the former president of the Transvaal Republic, died in Pretoria on Saturday, July 20th, after a short illness. Mrs. Krüger was the second wife of the Transvaal president. She was a Miss du Plessis, a name of prominence in South Africa. Mr. Krüger's first wife was her aunt. Mrs. Krüger was the mother of sixteen children. Her daughters all married wealthy burghers, and most of her sons took an interest in the army. When the British took Pretoria and the president fled, he left Mrs. Krüger in the city, as she was out well.

In a letter to the *Living Church*, the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady writes as follows: "I have been deeply perturbed and pained by the wide currency which the secular papers have given to the statement that I intended to abandon the pulpit, or to give up the ministry of the church. Such is not my intention. I have too high an idea of the ministry, its privileges, its opportunities, and its obligations to dream of such a thing. I have, however, resigned my present parish. I have felt impelled to do this to my very great regret—in which regret, I am sure, the parish entirely shares—on account of the state of my health. I have simply overworked myself, and I must have a rest. I had to relinquish something temporarily to lighten the burden upon me, and circumstances required that I should give up the parish. When I have a chance to recuperate I should be glad, should I be called thereto, to take up the work once more."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Judgment of a Vermont Village.

Edwin Asa Dix knows the shrewd, hard-featured, kind-hearted people of Vermont well, and the figures he chooses for his stories are portrayed with no suggestion of caricature or want of sympathy. He finds in the narrow lives of the dwellers in rural villages and on the hill-sides the motives that stir the greater world outside, but new and strange complications develop from the very simplicity of the natures that he studies. In "Deacon Bradbury," his first book, Mr. Dix told the story of a strong, self-contained, and upright man who suddenly found himself confronted with disgrace through the wrongdoing of his son, and in his anger cut himself off from the church and from all communication with his neighbors. The story was notable for its truth and clearness, and the continued interest demanded by novel-readers was kept up from the first chapter. "Old Bowen's Legacy" is the title of the work with which Mr. Dix follows his first success, and this is a story dealing with several of the characters introduced in the earlier book. While its purpose and moving forces are as serious, it is lighter in mood than its predecessor, but with the same sympathetic attitude and care for detail.

A lonely old man, whose life has known nothing of joy and little of comfort, as it has been sustained by unwearying industry on stony and impoverished soil, yet who has managed to save five thousand dollars, leaves a will commanding that the three trustees named shall give the money in a lump to the most worthy object presenting itself within a year. The year is nearly gone before any helpful suggestion comes to the trustees, but at the end there is no hesitation in their decision, and while the award meets the approval of all the village people, none would have predicted such a judgment a month before. The most prominent figure in the story, Garrett Coe, is a taciturn, hardened farmer, who has forgotten in his years of toil and privation all the pleasing impulses of his youth, and the burdens he lays upon his uncomplaining wife and less patient daughter are more through heedlessness than intention. A great reform came with his awakening, but shock after shock fell upon him before he realized his own position. There is a melodramatic lighting-up in the final catastrophe that is hardly in keeping with the natural scenes that have preceded it, but this blemish does not spoil the story. The book deserves the favor it is sure to win.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## The Romance of an Indian Fighter.

Joseph A. Altscheler won deserved praise with his story of the Civil War, "In Circling Camps," and two of his earlier romances of colonial times were successful, but he has not reached so high a mark in his latest book, "The Wilderness Road." The burden of this story is the fortunes in love and war of one John Lee, a lieutenant in the Continental army and afterward a scout and officer with St. Clair and Wayne. Two campaigns against the Indians are followed, and two historic battles are described—the first St. Clair's disastrous defeat, and the second the victory of Mad Anthony Wayne. A cloud hangs over the hero up to the last chapters of the romance, for he was charged with cowardice and drummed out of camp in the closing days of the Revolution, but it is cleared away in the end, a villainous cousin of the same initials, who had plotted to secure fame and fortune, being exposed and punished. The heroine, Rose Carew, is a winning figure, and one of the episodes of the chronicle is her capture by the Indians and release by her lover.

There is no lack of incident, and the descriptions are often striking, for Mr. Altscheler's art is above that of the ordinary novelist, but most of the characters are unreal. Osseo, the Indian warrior, wit, and philosopher, who serves with the whites against his red brothers, is a romantic figure, but it is beyond the power of the author to make him more than a shadow of tradition. Another Indian chief is given an heroic rôle, but he does not carry it off well in daylight. The dreams of Western Empire, that are ascribed to a little band of plotters, are held to be early manifestations of the true spirit of "expansion," but they make as little impression on the reader as the dreamers made on the savages across the Ohio. However, it is an entertaining story, and its historical references are more authoritative than is to be expected of historical novels.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Philippine Romance and Adventure.

Life in the islands of the South Pacific Ocean, even with the sudden impulses toward civilization of the past two years, will for a long time offer strange contrasts and trying experiences. Those who know the islands and their people discover inexhaustible stores of romance and legend, fresh to their hands, and stories of adventure in provinces occupied by the conquering military forces, and in regions more remote, will continue to multiply. Of "Anting-Aning Stories," by Sargent Kayme, which is a collection of strange experiences in this alluring field, it is likely to remark that the volume might well have been much larger, for it whets the appetite without satisfying it. There is not a dull story in

the eleven offered, and though all are brief there is none without compelling interest. One would choose first for commendation, "Mrs. Hannah Smith, Nurse," but perhaps only for its nearness to American life and sympathies. "The Anting-Aning of Captain Von Tollig," leads in the arrangement, and it is a story that will cling to remembrance for its unsolved mystery, and for its demonstration of the strange dependence put by the natives in an "anting-anting," or fetish. "Our Lady of Pilar" is a tender little romance that came near being a tragedy, and "The Fifteenth Wife," "The Conjure Man of Siargao," and "With What Measure Ye Mete" end with catastrophes that are grossly real. Several of the stories are told in the first person, yet they are not weakened, for the author is always direct, clear, and forceful, for he has always a story to tell.

Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

About a year and a half has elapsed since the publication of a story by Richard Harding Davis, and this fact gives special interest to the announcement of Mr. Davis's novelette entitled, "A Derelict," which appears in the August number of *Scribner's Magazine*.

F. Marion Crawford has a nephew who has just made his debut among the young novelists of England. His name is John Fraser, and he is the son of Mr. Crawford's sister, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, whose books have been widely read in America. Mr. Fraser's novel is called "The Hour Glass," and is described as a story of modern life with cosmopolitan elements, the chief character being a Turkish diplomatist.

Hall Caine has returned from Rome to his home at Greeba Castle, Isle of Man, where he is understood to be busily engaged with the proofs of "The Eternal City," which D. Appleton & Co. will publish in this country.

Rudyard Kipling's serial story, "Kim," which has been running as a serial in *McClure's Magazine*, will appear in book-form in September or October. It is announced that the first English edition will consist of fifty thousand copies, which seems to indicate a revival of interest in Kipling, inasmuch as heretofore forty thousand copies have been considered the limit for a first edition of any book of his.

Maxime Gorky, ex-baker's apprentice and tramp, who in his wanderings over the face of Russia has seen and has remembered, is now called the favorite author of his young countrymen. The *Mjestyainin* is his hero, the itinerant shoemaker or tinsmith, the Botsiaky or bare-footed. His largest and most pretentious work is "Foma Gordeyev," and it is being translated from the original Russian by Herman Bernstein, and will be issued in the early fall.

Prince Nicholas of Greece, third son of the king, was recently named as "laureate" in a dramatic congress organized by the University of Athens. The work which obtained for him this distinction was a comedy entitled "The Reformers," and was judged on its merits, the competitors sending in their contributions under pseudonyms only.

"Tristram of Blent," Anthony Hope's new novel, will be published in the early autumn. It is a story of mistaken identity and of extraordinary complications—to which Mr. Hawkins's pen so readily gives the illusion of reality—and of scheming fortune-bunters.

The Pope has read "Quo Vadis," and recently Henryk Sienkiewicz received a letter from the Vatican expressing satisfaction for the Catholic ideas expressed in the novel. The Polish author has also received from Leo the Thirteenth a marble tablet of the time of Constantine, recently found in the Ostriano Cemetery, the scene of some of the incidents of "Quo Vadis."

Constance Fletcher ("George Fleming") is finishing a new play, which has engaged her entire attention for some months. It is founded upon one of Balzac's short stories, entitled "La Duchesse de Langeais." Miss Fletcher describes it as "a sort of romantic melodramatic affair, with a strong 'star' part."

Edward Fitzgerald had an odd habit of cutting out all the parts of a book which interested him and binding them together. A copy of Crabbe Robinson's "Diary" treated by him in this fashion, has just been sold in London.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce that Frederick Palmer's book of short stories of army life in the Philippines, "The Ways of the Service," has gone into its third edition.

Robert H. Sherrard, writing from Paris to the Boston *Transcript*, reports that Zola's "Labor" has fallen flat. It has been the practice of Zola's publishers to issue the first edition of each novel of his in plain covers, and this first edition has always heretofore been immediately bought by speculators and sold to collectors at a considerable advance upon the trade price—sometimes for as much as thirty dollars a volume. Mr. Sherrard says, however, that in the case of "Labor," although this first edition was one of only five thousand copies, it has not even yet been absorbed by the public, but that

the book-sellers' shops are well supplied with the plain-covered volume and are very glad to sell them at the usual price of three and one-half francs.

The death of Sir Walter Besant, who was the editor of the *Author*, has created a difficulty in the management of that publication, so that it will not appear during the months of August and September.

The J. B. Lippincott Company will publish, about August 1st, "A Text-Book on Diseases of the Ear, Nose, and Throat," by Charles H. Barnett, E. Fletcher Ingalls, and James E. Newcomb, and "The Principles and Practice of Operative Dentistry," by John Sayre Marshall.

When John Kimberly Mumford's elaborate book on "Oriental Rugs" was published last winter, it met with prompt appreciation from the public, and though a large edition had been provided by the Scribners, it was sold out in six weeks, with orders sufficient to exhaust another edition of the same size. The second edition, however, is only now being issued, six months after the first was exhausted, because the colored illustrations, provided by a firm in Detroit, and made by a new process, require several months to be properly printed.

## RECENT VERSE.

## The Tournay.

Then was the gage of summer set  
Aloft that all might see,  
Of clustered pearls a coronet  
High on a hawthorn-tree;  
Strong in his stirrups rose he there  
To vaunt the praises of the fair.

His armor was with cunning wrought,  
In lapping plates all green,  
And over them a surcoat brought  
Of watchet hue was seen;  
Skilled pursuivants might not express  
His heraldry's rare gorgeousness.

"Like lilies are my Lady's hands,  
Five blossoms on one spray,  
Of golden gossamer loose strands  
About her temples play,  
Her little mouth, that coronal  
Of roses red, surpasses all."

This was the boast that Summer cried,  
Praising his lady June,  
Eleven champions defied  
Hated this goshawk's tune,  
As in the lists before him passed  
His drums and bantboys sweetly massed.

Five knights uprose to face him then,  
And couched the stubborn lance,  
(Certes, they were all crafty men  
Who little left to chance),  
But two bad Time bruised with his flail,  
And rusty was their ancient mail.

And one, a braggart, boasting hard,  
Turned coward at a stroke,  
And one his aim with weeping marred,  
So that his lance was broke.  
Alone remained one youthful knight,  
Who leapt the bars in sudden flight.

Their gages Summer kneeling gave  
Unto his lady dear;  
Six knights sat silent as the grave,  
And five were still with fear.  
But with enchantments some complained  
This victory was surely gained,  
For strange enticements Summer works,  
And magic in his challice lurks.

—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## The Promise of the Hawthorn.

Spring sleeps and stirs and trembles with desire  
Pure as a babe's that nestles toward the breast.  
The world, as yet an all unstricken lyre,  
With all its chords alive and all at rest,  
Feels not the sun's hand yet, but feels his breath,  
And years for love made perfect. Man and bird,  
Thrilled through with hope of life that casts out death,

Wait with a rapturous patience till his word  
Speaks heaven, and flower by flower and tree by tree  
Give back the silent strenuous utterance. Earth,  
Alive awhile and joyful as the sea,  
Laughs not aloud in joy too deep for mirth,  
Presageful of perfection of delight,  
Till all the unborn green buds be born in white.

—A. C. Swinburne in the *Saturday Review*.

Austin Dobson has resigned the post of principal of the harbor and fisheries department of the London board of trade and retired from the English civil service. He entered the board of trade in 1856, and had been in continuous service for forty-five years. He is entitled under the rules of the department to a pension for the remainder of his life. Arthur Balfour has interested himself in obtaining for Mr. Dobson an additional pension from the crown "for his distinguished services to literature and his eminence as a poet." This second pension amounts to twelve hundred and fifty dollars, being equal in amount to the one granted to Matthew Arnold. This is the first pension from the crown given during the present reign for literary services, and is a well-deserved honor and reward. Mr. Dobson intends hereafter to devote himself exclusively to literary work. "Carmina Voivva" is to be the title of his forthcoming book of verse. The edition will be one of only one hundred and twenty-five copies, each copy to be signed by Mr. Dobson. The list of subscribers was closed some time ago. The volume will contain sixty pieces which have not yet appeared in book-form.

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## FRANKLIN'S GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.

Mrs. E. D. Gillespie's Charming Reminiscences.

While Mrs. E. D. Gillespie's life has been rowded with many notable achievements and unusual experiences, the most interesting chapters in her autobiography, "A Book of Remembrance," are those which deal with her great-grandfather, Benjamin Franklin; of his daughter, Sally; and of her latter's daughter, Deborah, who was Mrs. Gillespie's mother.

William J. Duane, the author's father, was born in Ireland although his father was an American, came to this country when he was fourteen years old, and never returned to his native land. His education was completed in Philadelphia, and he entered the *Aurora* newspaper office, where he for some years held the position of sub-editor under his father, William Duane, and then met Mrs. Gillespie's mother, the second daughter of Richard and Sarah Bacbe (the only daughter of Benjamin Franklin). Mrs. Gillespie adds:

"My mother was called Deborah, after her grandmother, the wife of Benjamin Franklin. The early history of Mrs. Franklin was a sad one. Her father, John Read, was a much-respected citizen of Philadelphia in the early years of the eighteenth century; he befriended Benjamin Franklin when he (a youth of seventeen) first came to Philadelphia from Boston, but he did not smile upon an attachment which grew up between Benjamin and Deborah, and refused his consent to their marriage. Benjamin Franklin was sent to London, and during his absence John Read died, in 1724. Shortly after his death a man named Rogers came with letters of introduction to Mr. Read, which Mrs. Read read, and then showed many kindnesses to Mr. Rogers, who amiably returned the favor by proposing to marry Deborah. To this proposition Mrs. Read consented, but Deborah was unwilling, being true to her lover, Benjamin Franklin. Her mother tried to overcome her objections, finally using the argument that her lover had not written to her since he left the country. Deborah at last consented, married Mr. Rogers, and they all made one household. After they had been married a year, an old English friend of Mr. Read's called upon Mrs. Read, and on hearing that Deborah was married to Mr. Rogers, he cried out: 'That man has a wife in England.'"

When Rogers came in, Mrs. Read told him what had been told her, but instead of making any reply Rogers left the house and never returned:

"Deborah took her maiden name again, the only one to which she had a right, and when Benjamin Franklin returned, finding her depressed and unhappy, he accused himself of neglect, attributing her terrible misfortune to that cause. Shortly after, the death of Rogers was reported in Bermuda, and having made his peace with Deborah Read, with the hearty consent of her mother, Benjamin Franklin married her on September 1, 1730. She was a good wife, a tender mother, and a faithful friend. Francis Folger Franklin was born on June 20, 1732, and died on November 21, 1736. His tombstone is beside that of his father and mother in the Christ Church burying-ground, Fifth and Arch Streets, and bears this old-fashioned inscription penned by his father:

'Son of Deborah and Benjamin Franklin,  
Deceased November 21st, 1736,  
Aged 4 years, five months, and one day.  
The delight of all who knew him.'

"My grandmother, Sarah Franklin, was born September 11, 1744. The relations between Benjamin Franklin and his wife were most tender. She was a careful, prudent wife, agreeing with her husband in all his ambitious projects for mankind, and only objecting to William Franklin (afterward governor of New Jersey) being a member of the household. But the tenderness of her husband toward herself at last overcame her objections, and her only child, Sarah, or 'Sally,' as she was called, was brought up to call him 'brother.'"

The training and education of their daughter were carefully watched over by both parents:

"Thinking that the best and most useful occupation for a woman came through her needle, Sally was early taught to sew. Her father looked after the other branches of her education, and was especially anxious that she should never abandon any task once begun, whether through her studies or her work. He inculcated the maxim of perseverance unto the end until all difficulties should be overcome. On one occasion he saw her endeavoring to make a proper button-hole. After many efforts she gave up the task in despair. Not one word or look of reproach came from her father at her failure to accomplish her object, but the next day he said: 'Sally, I have made an arrangement with my tailor to have you go to him every day at a fixed hour. He will teach you to make button-holes.' Sally went, and her button-holes are made now by her descendants of the third and fourth generation."

In the year 1787 Dr. Franklin returned from Europe for the last time:

"His home was put in perfect order for him by his devoted daughter, who was in his garden when told the ship had arrived. She sat down on a wheelbarrow and wept. My mother, knowing nothing at the age of six of tears of joy, ran to her to ask her if she were sorry grandpa had come home. The crowd which followed him to his home was very great, and his welcome from friends and foes most hearty. The rest of his life was passed in the bosom of his family. Dr. Franklin invented a large armchair, with a fan attached, which was moved by means of his foot, in the present sewing-machine fashion. This chair stood in the summer-time on the garden-steps, and here he sat, rocked, and fanned with much comfort. During the last year of his life,

Dr. Franklin was carried about by two huge men from the prison, and, when he kept them waiting, my mother and her brother Dick used to rush for the sedan-chair, and were carried, as they thought, in great state around the court-yard."

Dr. Franklin was confined to his bed for many months before his death:

"In spite of the great pain which he suffered at that time, he encouraged my mother to study her lessons at his bedside. She sat on a little stool by 'a Windsor bottomed chair' on which she wrote and studied from her spelling-book. When she had finished he heard her recite them. If she were dilatory he would say: 'Debby, is not that line of spelling ready yet?' When he found she did not know the meaning of the words she spelled he obliged her to look for their definitions in the dictionary. When she was diligent she was allowed a spoonful of currant jelly, which always was beside him, and then a game of hide-and-seek with her brother 'Dick' followed in the library, which was connected by a 'noiseless door' with his bedroom, and in the alcoves made by his book-shelves the children played."

"When my mother was ten years old this loving grandfather died, leaving the family in sorrow, but the joy that he had lived, and would never be forgotten (because of the benefits he had conferred upon the world), 'came in the morning,' and that 'sun of joy' has not yet set, though he, who caused it to rise, passed to another life more than one hundred years ago."

Dr. Franklin left all his property in the United States to his daughter:

"Thus she inherited two miniatures of great value. One was the likeness of her own father, taken at the request of Louis the Sixteenth, and sent by him to Mrs. Franklin. The other was a likeness of the king himself, given by him to Dr. Franklin. This last was set with two rows of diamonds and a crown on the top composed of diamonds. In Dr. Franklin's will he requested that none of these diamonds should ever be worn as ornaments by his daughter or her daughters."

The account of Mrs. Gillespie's early training is full of interest, and in picturing the social events in which she figured in the 'forties and 'fifties, one gets an excellent idea of the times, when "our pleasures were simple, our dress plain, and the entertainments equally so." Owing to her birth and family connections (her father served for a time as Secretary of the Treasury under President Andrew Jackson), she always occupied a prominent position. During the Civil War, Mrs. Gillespie was a leading spirit in the Philadelphia hospitals, and she devotes considerable space to narrating the many pathetic cases which came under her eye. Other interesting chapters tell of her many years abroad, the friends she made, the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the prominent part she took, as chairman of the Woman's Committee, in bringing about the Centennial Exhibition, her preparation of "The National Cookery Book," the first Martha Washington reception, the founding of the Colonial Dames and other patriotic societies, and her work in the Woman's Department of the Chicago World's Fair.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.50.

## New Publications.

A story of stage life, containing more than the elements of melodrama, is told in "Ada Vernham, Actress," by Richard Marsh. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

The tale of "Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peri Banou," from the Arabian Nights, has been published in a thin, handsomely printed volume by R. H. Russell, New York; price, 75 cents.

"Philbrick Howell," by Albert Kinross, is a novel of English home life, with a very turbulent young man as its rather weak hero. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones has collected the second series of his published sermons under the title "A Search for an Infidel: Bits of Wayside Gospel." The volume will attract serious readers. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A new sea-story by the author of "The Wind-Jammers" needs little commendation. "The Cruise of the Petrel," by T. Jenkins Hains, in nowise falls behind any of his earlier works. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

In the Beacon Biographies Series the latest issue is "John G. Whittier," by Richard Burton. It is an appreciative yet discriminating study of a "clear-cut, sane, noble character," with little of literary criticism in its pages. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

"John Vytal," by William Farquhar Payson, is a story of the lost colony of Roanoke Island, off the coast of Virginia. It is mystical and romantic, but a stirring story, in which the manners and speech of olden times are carefully reproduced. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.20.

C. H. Jones has condensed Samuel Richardson's novel, "Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady," still it makes a closely printed volume of five hundred pages. Readers of the present generation will find it worth while, even in its new form. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Demosthenes on the Crown," with critical and explanatory notes, an historical sketch, and essays,

by William Watson Gnodwin, Eliot Professor of Greek at Harvard, with the text of the oration in Greek, is a volume of enduring interest to scholars and students. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.75.

Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, of the University of Pennsylvania, has written six well-informed, philosophical, and entertaining essays on one of the best-loved arts in "Highways and Byways of Music." The little volume will be appreciated by all who really care for music and its makers. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

Even without the bits of attractive verse that separate the chapters of "A Summer Hymnal," this romance of Tennessee, by John Trotwood Moore, would please those who delight in feeling descriptions of nature's moods, good character-drawing, and a story with a happy ending, simply told. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"The Transfiguration of Miss Philura," a bright and attractive little story by Florence Marsh Kingsley, need not be called a satire on the new science, which claims that all things are possible with those who really desire, though some have taken it that way. It will please all readers, and its pathos will not be lost in the smiles it brings. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

## A MAIDEN LADY'S MENIALS.

Hannah More Painted by Augustine Birrell.

The celebrated Miss Hannah More was the first, and I trust the worst, of a large class. . . . This class may be imperfectly described as "the well-to-do Christian." It inhabited snug places in the country, and kept an excellent, if not dainty table. The money it saved in a ball-room it spent upon a green-house. Its horses were fat, and its coachman invariably present at family prayers. Its pet virtue was church twice on Sunday, and its peculiar horrors theatrical entertainments, dancing, and three-penny points. Outside its garden wall lived the poor, who, if virtuous, were forever courtesying to the ground or wearing neat uniforms, except when expiring upon truckle-beds beseeching God to bless the young ladies of the Grange or the Manor House, as the case might be.

The most moving incident in Hannah More's life occurred near its close, and when she was a lone, lorn woman—her sisters, Mary, Betty, Sally, and Patty, having all predeceased her. She and they had long lived in a nice house or "place" called "Barley Wood," in the neighborhood of Bristol, and here her sisters one after another died, leaving poor Hannah in solitary grandeur to the tender mercies of Mrs. Susan, the housekeeper; Miss Teddy, the ladies' maid; Mrs. Rebecca, the house-maid; Mrs. Jane, the cook; Miss Sally, the scullion; Mr. Timothy, the coachman; Mr. John, the gardener; and Mr. Tom, the gardener's man. Eight servants and one aged pilgrim—such was the household of Barley Wood!

Outwardly decorum reigned. Poor Miss More fondly imagined her domestics doted on her, and that they joyfully obeyed her laws. It was the practice at family prayers for each of the servants to repeat a text. Visitors were much impressed, and went away delighted. But like so many other things on this round world it was all hollow. These menials were not what they seemed.

After Miss More had heard them say their texts and had gone to bed, their day began. They gave parties to the servants and trades-people in the vicinity (pleasing word), and, at last, in mere superfluity of naughtiness, hired a large room a mile off and issued invitations to a large ball. This undid them. There happened to be at Barley Wood on the very night of the dance a vigilant visitor who had her suspicions, and who accordingly kept watch and ward. She heard the texts, but she did not go to bed, and from her window she saw the whole household, under cover of night, steal off to their promiscuous friskings, leaving behind them poor Miss Sally only, whose sad duty it was to let them in the next morning, which she duly performed.

Friends were called in, and grave consultations were held, and in the end Miss More was told how she had been wounded in her own household. It was so serious; she bore it well, wisely determined to quit Barley Wood once and forever, and live, as a decent old lady should, in a terrace in Clifton. The wicked servants were not told of this resolve until the actual moment of departure had arrived, when they were summoned to the drawing-room, where they found their mistress and a company of friends. In feeling tones Miss Hannah More upbraided them for their unfaithfulness, and—drove away. "You have driven me," said she, "from my old home, and forced me to seek a refuge among strangers." There is surely something Miltonic about this scene. . . .

The old lady was, of course, much happier at No. 4, Winsor Terrace, Clifton, than she had been at Barley Wood. She was eighty-three years of age when she took up house there, and eighty-nine when she died, which was on the first of September, 1833.—From "Men, Women, and Books," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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The original edition of Jerome Hart's "Argonaut Letters" having been all sold out, the publishers have succeeded in preparing a limited number of supplemental copies. This was made possible by reason of a few extra quires having been run off before the type-forms were distributed. Taking these unbound sheets, the half-tone plates were reprinted on extra-heavy coated paper, thus making up a small number of specially fine copies, which have been bound with extra care. The binders have experimented with stamping the cover design on leather, both morocco and calf, with excellent results. The effect on morocco is particularly rich, and the book bound in full ooze calf, red or green, full gilt, with side stamp in gold and color, makes a superb volume.

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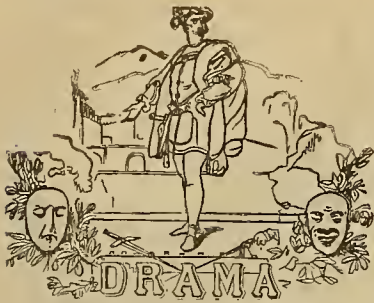
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It is Silas Wegg, I think, who when asked the difference between the "Prooshun" and the "Rooshun" empires, winks significantly at his questioner and whispers slyly in answer: "I'll tell you that when Mrs. Boffin is not present." I have been asked to explain the meaning in definite phraseology of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," yet, like Silas, I must beg to be excused, at least till Mrs. Boffin be not present. I could not, if I would, reduce an Ibsen creation to diagrammatic definiteness—in all seriousness, I would not if I could. Ibsen is not a biologist; he is not, as William Archer has already said, a showman of moral wax-works; he is a poet, and diagrams of poetry are always stupid and ineffectual. The people for whom "Hedda Gabler" was written, those "with vice-leaves in their hair," will feel its purport, though they do not understand it—the others, those for whom diagrams are necessary, would better let it alone; there are many things in life to which their talent for exactness could be applied more advantageously. For my own part, I find the universe so complex and my own understanding so circumscribed that I like things best that I do not understand. There are really few things about us that any of us understand—we are baffled before the growing of a flower. What woman was it who said that she could worry herself crazy over the human eyebrow?

It is receptivity of temperament rather than diagrammatic consciousness that counts in the study of Ibsen. We have all of us at some time of our lives been upon a mountain, and have felt in greater or less degree a bursting sensation within us. It was not at all necessary to know the pressure of the atmosphere, to understand the composition of the clouds that rolled above us, or the quality of the soil beneath our feet. Pagan or atheist though we may have professed ourselves to be, we have gone down metaphorically upon our knees, we have prostrated ourselves before the ideofinite Something that weighed upon us mightily, though we could not understand it. Humano genius is probably a spark from the avoil of the Creator; of the same essence as the divine fire wherein the mountains and the clouds and the valleys are forged; it is not surprising that the effect which it produces should be largely the same, requiring, of course, a greater sensitiveness of receptivity upon which to operate. Studying Ibsen is like standing upon the mountain; in neither case are charts and diagrams necessary to him whose soul is fashioned and conditioned to receive. Of course there are specialists who penetrate all domains; there may be men upon the mountain who see only the quality of the soil; there are people who manufacture medicine of the loveliest flower that grows, yet the flower is hardly beautiful for that particular purpose—it might just as well have been a weed. There are specialists galore who see in Ibsen's garden nothing but medicine possibilities, who would jocosely him, if they could, within the covers of a doctor's hook, forgetting that he belongs in the realm of æsthetics, that his garden is first remarkable for its splendor, that he is first a poet and after that whatever you may choose to make of him.

San Francisco is certainly under obligations to Blanche Bates. Her single performance of "Hedda Gabler"—brilliant, artistic, and intellectual in an extraordinary degree—lavishly atoned for the four catch-penny weeks of her clap-trap Cigarette. A performance of this sort is worth waiting for till the trash-feeding multitudes be sated. I can recall few interpretations to my life that made so great an impression upon me as Miss Bates's Hedda Gabler. I think I shall see her forever as she destroyed Eilert Lovberg's manuscript. And her smile—what a demoniac thing it was? The question is often discussed: Do actors feel what they act? Under either hypothesis it would be worth while discovering how Blanche Bates feels when she acts Hedda Gabler.

Nothing surprised me so much as the success of Miss Bates's company. In "Under Two Flags" they seemed like a retinue of sticks, yet the Ibsen parts were sustained, without exception, delightfully well. Albert Brunning as Jorgen Tesman could hardly have been better had he been made to order, and Campbell Gollen as Assessor Brack showed the touch of the finished actor. Even Eugene Ormonde, whom I had recklessly pronounced the most woodeo man that I had ever seen, redeemed himself wonderfully. His acting in several places was extraordinarily fine, notably the scene between him and Hedda, wherein he says: "Am I never more to call you Hedda Gabler?" It is one of those tragedies that I suppose can not be avoided, for such a collection of talent to be obscured in "Under Two Flags."

I have refused to attempt a diagram of Hedda

Gabler, yet this much I may consistently suggest. I do not believe that Hedda is a symbol. I think she is an individual and this view of her is taken by the leading authorities. She is an extraordinary woman, to be sure, yet a woman who is not so rare in this commonplace world as it first appears. She is twenty-nine years of age; she marries a man with whom she has nothing in common, because her time has come and because none of the rest of her adorers have manifested a disposition to support her—has nothing of this sort ever come beneath your notice in real life? Once married she finds herself circumscribed, miserable, unhappy, her vista narrowed to a petty routine, her prospect suggesting nothing but interminable days of boredom. Eilert Lovberg appears upon the scene; he had interested her in the old days; she had probably loved him as much as it was possible for her to love. He was a rake in those days, now he appears before her reformed, famous, and all through the influence of another woman; the other woman, commonplace though she be, has saved him. Moreover, she has aided him to write a book—the pretty little fool has had her fingers in a man's destiny.

Of course the great majority of women, in whose placid bosoms no depth of jealousy rages, who rejoice in right for right's sake regardless of the part that they themselves are playing, must gasp with horror at the unnaturalness of Hedda Gabler's character—there are other women, perhaps, who, if only they would "own up," might tell us something about its naturalness. Hedda Gabler persuaded Eilert Lovberg to drink, because the other woman had persuaded him not to; she delighted in dragging him down, because the other woman had dragged him up; she burned his manuscript, because it was the child of Eilert and of Taya, their child, his and the other woman's; in any event Eilert was lost to her, so she presents him with a pistol and begs him to do it beautifully. Has the real woman never existed who would rather that a man be dead than lost to her living?

There are many people intellectually capable of appreciating "Hedda Gabler," who simply can not stand its strain. It is like an electric battery of tremendous force, under whose shock one writhes and twists and smarts—there is danger in it for delicate organizations. Cultured people are not rare for whom Ibsen himself is always too violent, yet who find in the Ibsenian the highest dramatic possibilities. The new dramatic movement in England, of which William Archer is the exponent, and such men as Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones the masters, undoubtedly reflect the Ibsen influence. Ibsenism is modernism, and modernism is not, as many people suppose, an ephemeral fashion. It is the color and the character of the age in which we live—it is the latest epoch. Were it for nothing else than this—the little glimpse of the artistic spirit of our day which she has given us—we should all acknowledge a debt to Blanche Bates.

The drama unfortunately differs from almost everything else in lacking a certain sensitiveness to the law of supply and demand. The people who want good pictures, fine laces, and genuine diamonds, may be decidedly in the minority, yet it is possible for their tastes to be gratified. If one be seeking a diamond, the jeweler does not say to him: "Take paste, it is all that the great majority of people can appreciate, so we have nothing else to show you." With the drama, however, would we have anything at all, we must take what we can get, we must trot along with the herd. The vulgar taste of the great majority is the dictator, the minority has nothing to say.

No—it is not at all necessary that we assume the pedantic title of "Ibsenite" to swing incense in thanksgiving before Blanche Bates and her company.

Chauncey Olcott's presentation of "Garrett O'Magh" is Ireland pure and simple, without one bit of overdoing nor of underdoing. The people in the cast, judging from their names, are Irish and act themselves most successfully. The play was written around Chauncey Olcott's singing qualities, yet is clever and amusing. Garrett O'Magh is a young Irishman who has returned to the "ould country" after four years of America, where he has become quite an important personage; his visit home is to see his old friends and incidentally to look about him for an Irish lass who might be content to return with him to America. He is very practical in his ideas, however, seeking a wife who can cook and sew and housekeep—he will have none of your useless, romantic, society girls. As luck will have it, the very one who attracts his eye and stirs his heart is a victim of romance. From the pages of her favorite novels she has composed an "ideal." Her hero must come singiing under her widow; would he possess her love and devotion forever, he must carry her away by force and save her from the wrath of an "angry father." It happens that the "angry father" in this case is a very good-natured individual, who favors the suit of Garrett O'Magh for two important reasons—he considers him a desirable husband for his daughter, and then Mrs. Mary Devlin, Garrett O'Magh's aunt, has promised to accept his own heart and hand as soon as the young people are disposed of. Together, he and Garrett and Aunt Mary arrange an elopement which must satisfy as well as cure the romantic maid. Through the interference of a jealous girl the plot is

somewhat marred, but not before the romantic maiden has been brought to see her folly. A lover's quarrel ensues, which terminates, however, to the satisfaction of all. Chauncey Olcott has several effective opportunities for his songs, which are very pleasing and thoroughly Irish. His voice is sweetest itself.

Margaret Fitzpatrick takes the part of Mrs. Mary Devlin, the good-natured aunt, particularly well. She is thoroughly natural, giving no suggestion of "acting." The brogue of the piece is given by Mrs. Elizabeth Washburne, in the part of Maggie Lyoch, the inn-keeper's wife. With her six small children and her delicious brogue she is a very interesting character. I regretted that she did not appear oftener. Lottie Carr, who assumes the rôle of the heroine, is a typical Irish girl, and is very satisfactory in the part.

The performance is all that it claims to be; it is light, breezy, clean, and entertaining.

GENEVIEVE GREEN HAMILTON.

#### Wheo Bernhardt Plays Romeo.

When Sarah plays bold Romeo to Maudie's Juliet, We'll see the other mummies hump to keep the pace they set; As old Jack Falstaff Edna May will trip across the scene, And staid Dick Mansfield must tog out as dear, petite Arline; Nat Goodwin as La Tosca would go thirsting for revenge; As Tess could Irving, hunted, flee for shelter to Stonehenge, The fad will beat the book-play craze, 'twill be the greatest yet, When Sarah's playing Romeo to Maudie's Juliet.

Blanche Bates would make a brave Prince Hal, as Topsy could John Drew Achieve a hit; and how Jean d'Arc would do for Kyrle Bellew!

As Portia Joseph Jefferson could hardly fail to score, Gillette as Cleopatra would be well worth paying for, And Mrs. Fiske as big Bill Sykes would crowd the houses draw, While Frederick Warde would make the best Nell Gwynn we ever saw. Theo all must get in line or find they're left out in the wet, When Sarah's playing Romeo to Maudie's Juliet.

When Francis Wilson makes his bow as Little Eva, we Will see Modjeska's Uncle Tom, a thing worth while to see; And Ada Rehan, when again she chooses to appear, Will wear a white and flowing beard and rave and storm as Lear. May Irwin would be great as Wang, and H. Clay Barnabee As Desdemona could not fail to be 'way up in G. There'll be things doing on the stage next season, you can bet, Wheo Sarah's playing Romeo to Maudie's Juliet.

—Portland Oregonian.

One of the old practices, that of farewell tours by actors who had no intention of retiring from the stage, has almost its sole representative in Helena Modjeska. Her appearances last winter were announced as good-bys, as she was about to go to Poland and return to America over more. But she is to be with us again in a company with Louis James.

Charles Frohman announces that during the next season of the Knickerbocker Theatre, in New York, Maude Adams will produce "As You Like It," playing Rosalind. Sydney Brough will impersonate Orlando. Miss Adams will open her season, however, with J. M. Barrie's new comedy.

Yvette Guilbert is about to publish her reminiscences, detailing the miseries, hopes, despairs, and triumphs of a singer of a Parisian *café-chantant*.

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## ★TIVOLI★

Last Night of the Great Comic Hit, "The Toy Maker," Monday, July 29th—Opening of the Grand Opera Season. First Week, Verdi's Famous Works. —AIDA— Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. —RIGOLETTO— Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Matinée, and Sunday. Evenings at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Popular Prices—25c, 50c, and 75c. Telephone Bush 9.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

To-Night, Regular Performance Sunday Night. Second and Last Week Begins Monday. The Distinguished Irish Comedian, Chauncey Olcott, in His Latest Comedy Success, —GARRETT O'MAGH— By Augustus Pitou, Manager. August 5th—Empire Theatre Company in "Mrs. Dane's Defense."

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinées To-Day and To-Morrow. Last Two Nights of "Paul Kaurar." Week Commencing July 29th, T. Daniel Frawley and Company in —THE SENATOR— The Best Comedy Ever Written. Popular Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Good Orchestra Seat, All Matinées, 25c. Branch Ticket-Office, Emporium.

## Orpheum

Vaudeville's Choicest Gems. Molasso-Salvaggi Troupe Alexander Dagmar; Stanton and Moena; the Three Brooklyn; Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nicholls; Arras and Alice; Ed. F. Reynard; Ameta; and the Etograph. Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

### MECHANICS' PAVILION.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

The most important event at the theatres next week will be the opening of the grand-opera season at the Tivoli Opera House with Verdi's Egyptian opera, "Aida," interpreted by a cast of unusual brilliance. Barbaresi will sing the title-role and the other parts will be allotted as follows: Amneris, Collamarini; Radames, Castellano; Amonasro, Salassa; Ramphis, Augusto Dado; the King of Egypt, Nicolini; and the Messenger, Pio Facci. "Aida" will be repeated on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings.

Verdi's "Rigoletto," which will be produced on alternate evenings and at the Saturday matinee, will be sung by Ferrari in the title-role, Vittoria Repetto as Gilda, Russo as the Duke of Mantua, Lia Pollettini as Maddalene, Nicolini as Sparafucile, Quinto Zani as Monterone, and Cortesi, Napoleoni, and Sannie Kruger in the lesser parts.

Director Steindorff, who will have charge of the orchestral end of the performances, declares that the chorus, recruited from the best musical and vocal talent to be had in this city, is by far the most intelligent and efficient which he has ever handled.

## A Revival of "The Senator."

The Frawley Company will give the last performance of "Paul Kauvar," Steele Mackaye's stirring drama of the French Revolution, at the Grand Opera House on Sunday evening, and on Monday night they will revive "The Senator," in which William H. Crane scored one of the greatest successes of his career. Mr. Frawley himself will appear in the rôle which first brought him into prominence, that of Lieutenant George Schuyler, U. S. N., the simple-minded, stuttering sailor, whose almost every utterance is greeted with laughter by the audience. Theodore Roberts will impersonate Senator Hannibal Rivers; E. J. Morgan will be the Count von Strahl; Mary Van Buren will have Georgia Drew Barrymore's rôle of the young widow, Mrs. Hillary; and Katherine Grey will be the Mabel Denman. With such a cast, this revival of David Lloyd and Sydney Rosenfeld's successful comedy should draw crowded houses during its week's run.

On Monday, August 5th, Mr. Frawley will give the first performance in this city of "The Toll Gate Inn," a drama of the Revolutionary War.

## Last Week of Chauncey Olcott.

The popular Irish comedian, Chauncey Olcott, enters on the second and last week of his engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night in Augustus Pito's "Garrett O'Magh." Not a little of the success of the production is due to the careful staging of the play. The first act shows a beautiful spot in the suburbs of Dublin at a time when that Irish town was, next to London, the centre of the fashionable world. The second act presents an interior of one of the aristocratic homes, every bit of furniture in this scene having been expressly prepared from models of antique household furniture. The third act of the play is a faithful reproduction of an inn. The last act shows the same setting as the first, and it is here that Garrett O'Magh's love-story comes to a charming and happy conclusion. Mr. Olcott's songs this season are, without doubt, some of the best which he has introduced. No prettier hit can be imagined than his singing and acting of "My Wild Irish Rose," which he is forced to repeat several times at each performance. "Paddy's Cat" is another good number, as is also "The Lass I Love."

The next attraction will be Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Company in the new comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, entitled, "Mrs. Dane's Defense." This is the production in which Margaret Anglin scored so heavily in New York, and she will return here to present the leading rôle during the engagement of the company at the Columbia Theatre.

## The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

An unusually interesting bill is announced for the Orpheum next week. The Molasso-Salvaggi troupe of Parisian dancers will make their first appearance here on Monday night, and it is predicted that they will win an enthusiastic reception. Alexandra Dagmar, the statuesque beauty, comes direct from London with a budget of the latest songs and a wardrobe of stunning gowns. Arras and Alice, who were only recently seen here in their marvelous rifle-shooting act, will return for a single week.

The hold-overs are Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena, the clever farceurs, who will change their bill to Mr. Stanton's new sketch, "A Bargain Fiend"; Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nicholls in "The Bifurcated Girl"; Ameta, the spectacular dancer, who will introduce some novel surprises in light effects; Ed. T. Reynard, the ventriloquist; and the Three Brooklyn, who will vary their musical drolleries. Among the new pictures produced by the biograph will be the launching of the *Shamrock II*.

## Alice Nielsen in Grand Opera.

Now that the run of "The Fortune Teller" has closed at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, Alice Nielsen, instead of entertaining any of the many excellent offers which have been made her, has decided to devote the next two months to close

study of music under Signor Tosti in order to fit herself for her *debut* in grand opera next season. She will first study the part of Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" and of Marguerite in "Faust," in which she expects to make her *debut* as a *prima donna*. Since the closing of the season Miss Nielsen has appeared at various drawing-rooms, notably at Lady de Grey's, where her singing of "The Suwanee River," "Home, Sweet Home," and other ballads simply caught society. The result has been several offers. She has, however, decided to refuse all in order to equip herself for grand opera, and will make her first appearance in London next season.

## New York Memories of a Daly Success.

Still another revival of a Daly success of five years ago throws Hillary Bell, of the New York *Press*, into a reminiscent mood. Some pieces wear well and go down the corridors of time without pushing (he remarks). "The Geisha" is one of these enviable trifles. It was revived in the Manhattan Beach Theatre on Friday night, July 5th, with almost all the circumstances of approval that greeted its *premiere* in Daly's five years ago. On the earlier occasion the *Press* man, walking down the side aisle of the theatre, bumped into the manager in the Cimmerian darkness which, with Richard Wagner, he believed should be the accompaniment of music. "Don't mention it," whispered Mr. Daly; "nothing disturbs me to-night. I have a good thing in 'The Geisha.' It should run a year." Daly believed better than he knew. The Hall-Jones-Greenbank piece had a twelvemonth of prosperity in London before it came to New York in September 9, 1896. Marie Tempest was its chief English performer, but Augustin Daly, too, gave it an excellent cast. Violet Lloyd was imported by him for the part of Molly Seamore. O Mimosa San was delightfully sung by Dorothy Morton, who was thinner then than now and not so double-chinned. Edwin Stevens was the Marquis Imari, and the most adroit, amusing illustrator that this character has had in all its history. Mabelle Gillman, as she spelled her name modestly at that time, was in the chorus, and for this production was advanced to the rôle of Kinkoto Sass. Isadora Duncan, who is at present the rage in London with her fancy dancing, learned her first steps from Daly as one of the anonymous chorus-girls. It was a fine cast that introduced us to "The Geisha," and so excellent was its training-school that three of the performers have taken leading positions on our stage. With this advantageous *debut*, the Japanese tea-girl immediately established herself in a favor that has increased rather than diminished with age. She is now six years old, an extraordinary longevity for one of these light musical pieces.

Meanwhile, since its first night on Broadway, Augustin Daly has died; its author, Owen Hall, has written "Florodora"; its marquis, Edwin Stevens, has developed into one of our best character comedians; its Mimosa San has had all sorts of adventures, including avoidupis; its Kinkoto Sass, Mayhelle Gillman, has become a distinguished *prima donna*, and one of its hack-row *coryphées*, Isadora Duncan, has graduated into a dancer of international celebrity. "It should run a year," said Augustin Daly. He did not carry his prophecy so far as to believe that "The Geisha" would hurry him and resurrect his performers.

William Gillette has completed his arrangements for the production of "Hamlet" upon a very elaborate scenic scale in New York. The result of the experiment will be awaited with a certain amount of curiosity. Mr. Gillette has never yet done anything to indicate his capacity for Shakespearean tragedy, but he may have surprises in store. It is not altogether encouraging (remarks a New York daily) to hear that the spectacular splendors of his revival are to surpass anything of the kind that has been done before, and that something particularly striking in the way of light effects is to be shown. When so much insistence is laid upon the pictorial part of a performance, the presumption is natural, in view of past experience, that the histrionism will be inferior. But all rules have their exception, and the ideal performance of "Hamlet" may be nearer than we imagine. It should be remembered, however, that in the case of Shakespeare, though not in that of most modern dramatists, the play is the thing, not the dresses or the furniture.

The famous Barnum and Bailey circus, after two years in England and one in Germany, will spend next winter in Paris, where it has never been, though France once had a visit from Buffalo Bill. Two of the big buildings remaining from the world's fair have been secured, and, with considerable difficulty, a government license obtained.

Mt. Tamalpais is one of the highest mountains of the direct Coast Range. It rears its proud summit nearly half a mile (2,592 feet) high, close to the broad Pacific on the west, and San Francisco Bay on the south and east. A trip on the Scenic Railway to the Tavern near the summit makes a pleasant day's outing.

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

## Factories on North Beach Sites.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 17, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your last week's issue I noticed an item in regard to the intention of Mr. Charles L. Fair to build up the tide-land at North Beach, and that "a solid wall will be erected and the land improved and made into a desirable location for factories and other commercial industries."

Is it not somewhat of a pity that that part of San Francisco should be built up with factories and like commercial industries? As any farmer knows, in the country the barn is always built to the lee side of the house with reference to the prevailing wind, and it seems as though in a city the same principle should obtain in regard to factories and other ill-smelling, smoke-producing industries. If the north-west tides and flats are to be built up with factories and like enterprises, certainly, with our prevailing north-westerly winds, the beautiful residences in the Western Addition, and, in fact, the whole northern part of the city, will suffer untold damage from the soot and smoke and obnoxious odors, and the beautiful marine view, which is one of the chief charms of San Francisco, will be hopelessly blurred and spoiled.

Without questioning the right of any good citizen to do what he will with his own, still is there not some civic duty connected with this question? There are already large manufacturing industries located in South San Francisco. Would it not be possible for the city, by wise legislation, to confine, as much as possible, such industries to that section? There certainly is a large area there that might be utilized. Nobody questions the advancement of San Francisco commercially, and the necessity of fostering that advancement in every possible way. But does it not seem that there might be some reasonable method by which, along with the augmentation of material prosperity, the natural beauty of San Francisco's exceptional site might be also conserved?

Respectfully, M. A.

Chingwilia, an Indian "princess" in beads and buckskin and moccasins, who plays the harp very well, is one of the show people in an Indian village at the Pan-American Exposition. She has bright brown eyes and quite a dignity of bearing—the best, the unconscious kind, for she is bent on being urbane. She talks English well, and with a delightful "foreign" accent in a very sweet, clear voice. She is a Hampton scholar, and has "views." Some one told her how the Indian habiliments became her. She smiled naively and said: "But I look very pretty, too, in nice evening-dress—low cut—and white man's paint!" "Oh, no, no," said a lady, meaning the pity it would be to change the adorable gold bronze of her complexion for any other. But she persevered, slightly knitting her brows, and then nodding her head: "White man's paint makes me look very, very pretty." "And will you go back to your tribe when the fair is over?" she was asked. "Oh, no!" she answered, lifting her arched brows at such a question; "I'm going into vaudeville!" Thus it is seen that American Indian princesses, as well as impoverished members of the nobility of Europe, turn naturally to the footlights.

There is a good joke in Rome at the expense of Signor Leoncavallo. That eminent composer had been commissioned by the Italian Government to write a mass for performance at the Pantheon on the anniversary of King Humbert's death. But he has composed the work for mixed voices; whereas for some years past the employment of women's voices in church choirs has been strictly forbidden in Rome. Signor Leoncavallo was not aware of the prohibition, and his friends are wickedly inquiring when was the last time that the popular musician went to church.

French fidelity to the memory of Henri Murger seems on the wane. Hitherto in Paris every year a crowd of long-haired, slouched-hatted, velvet-clad admirers from the Quartier Latin have made a pilgrimage, accompanied by modern representatives of Mimi Pinson, to the monument in the Luxembourg Gardens, where speeches were delivered and wreaths and flowers placed. This year the guardians of the park awaited the usual invasion in vain.

A Paris school-master has petitioned the French Chamber against kings still being portrayed on French playing-cards. He suggests that kings should be replaced by pictures of Thiers, MacMahon, Grévy, and Carnot, and queens by equally prominent republican women. The parliamentary commission sitting on the petition has replied that the change is impossible, since it would ruin quite a number of playing-card factories.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has made a play out of her most recent novel, "Eleanor." Mrs. Patrick Campbell has bought the English rights, intending to enact the title-rôle in London. Although very different in plot, the character is not unlike in motive Mrs. Ebbsmith, which Pinero created to suit the personality of Mrs. Campbell.

— NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE DISTRICT Attorney of San Francisco County that I, the undersigned, intend to apply to the honorable State Board of Prison Directors for the privilege of being paroled, at a meeting of the said board to be held at San Quentin, Cal., on the tenth day of August, 1901.

ARTHUR A. JACKSON.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 24, 1901, were as follows:

|                           |        |                   | BONDS.  |  | Closed. |         |
|---------------------------|--------|-------------------|---------|--|---------|---------|
|                           |        |                   | Shares. |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| U. S. Coup. 3%.....       | 20     | @ 109             |         |  | 109     | 109 1/2 |
| U. S. Coup. 4%.....       | 100    | @ 112             |         |  | 112     | 112 1/2 |
| Los An. Ry 5%.....        | 5,000  | @ 113 1/2         |         |  | 113 1/2 |         |
| Los An. Lighting 5%.....  | 5,000  | @ 103 1/2         |         |  | 103 1/2 | 102     |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.....    | 1,000  | @ 124             |         |  | 124     |         |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....    | 2,000  | @ 106             |         |  |         |         |
| Oakland Transit 6%.....   | 11,000 | @ 117             |         |  | 117 1/2 |         |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....    | 2,000  | @ 102 1/2         |         |  | 102 1/2 | 102 1/2 |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910    | 1,000  | @ 113             |         |  | 113 1/2 |         |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d.....    | 25,000 | @ 101 1/2         |         |  | 101     | 102     |
| STOCKS.                   |        |                   |         |  |         |         |
| Closed.                   |        |                   |         |  |         |         |
| Bids.                     |        |                   |         |  |         |         |
| Shares.                   |        |                   |         |  |         |         |
| Contra Costa Water.....   | 195    | @ 77 1/2-77 1/2   |         |  | 77 1/2  | 77 1/2  |
| Spring Valley Water.....  | 190    | @ 86-87 1/2       |         |  | 86      | 87 1/2  |
| Gas and Electric.         |        |                   |         |  |         |         |
| Equitable Gaslight.....   | 1,000  | @ 5               |         |  | 4 1/2   | 5 1/2   |
| Mutual Electric.....      | 300    | @ 5               |         |  | 4 1/2   | 5 1/2   |
| Oakland Gas.....          | 170    | @ 51              |         |  | 50 1/2  | 51      |
| Pacific Gas.....          | 215    | @ 43 1/2-45       |         |  | 43 1/2  | 45      |
| S. F. Gas & Electric..... | 750    | @ 44 1/2-46 1/2   |         |  | 44 1/2  | 45      |
| S. F. Gaslight Co. ....   | 50     | @ 4 1/2           |         |  |         |         |
| Banks.                    |        |                   |         |  |         |         |
| S. F. Savings Union.....  | 5      | @ 520             |         |  | 520     |         |
| Bank of Cal.....          | 17     | @ 405             |         |  | 404     |         |
| Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....   | 130    | @ 107 1/2         |         |  | 107 1/2 |         |
| Street R. R.              |        |                   |         |  |         |         |
| Market St.....            | 4,000  | @ 74-74 1/2       |         |  | 74      | 74 1/2  |
| Powders.                  |        |                   |         |  |         |         |
| Giant Corp.....           | 580    | @ 75-77           |         |  | 76 1/2  | 77      |
| Vigorito.....             | 115    | @ 3               |         |  | 3       | 3 1/2   |
| Sugars.                   |        |                   |         |  |         |         |
| Hana P. Co.....           | 50     | @ 6 1/2           |         |  | 6 1/2   | 7       |
| Hawaiian C. & S.....      | 150    | @ 50              |         |  | 50      |         |
| Honokaa S. Co.....        | 2,310  | @ 16-17 1/2       |         |  | 16 1/2  | 17 1/2  |
| Hutchinson.....           | 400    | @ 17-17 1/2       |         |  | 17 1/2  | 17 1/2  |
| Kilauea S. Co.....        | 125    | @ 16 1/2-17       |         |  | 16 1/2  | 16 1/2  |
| Makaweli S. Co.....       | 700    | @ 30-34           |         |  | 30      | 34      |
| Onomea S. Co.....         | 100    | @ 20 1/2-22       |         |  | 21      |         |
| Paauhau S. P. Co.....     | 805    | @ 22 1/2-24       |         |  | 22 1/2  | 24 1/2  |
| Miscellaneous.            |        |                   |         |  |         |         |
| Alaska Packers.....       | 70     | @ 130 1/2-131 1/2 |         |  | 130 1/2 | 131 1/2 |
| Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....   | 45     | @ 97 1/2-98       |         |  | 96      | 98 1/2  |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....       | 10     | @ 100 1/2         |         |  | 99 1/2  |         |
| Oceanic S. Co.....        | 25     | @ 50              |         |  | 50 1/2  |         |
| Pac. C. Borax.....        | 20     | @ 165             |         |  | 165     |         |

The market has been quiet and mixed. The sugar stocks have been weak, and about 4,600 shares changed hands at from one-half to four points decline, the latter in Makaweli Sugar Company.

Giant Powder has been in better demand, and sold up two points, closing at 76 1/2 bid, 77 asked.

The water stocks kept steady, with no change worth mentioning.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was heavy, and sold down to 44 1/2 on small sales, closing at 45 asked.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW &amp; CO. Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.

## Financial Facts

There is lots of money lying idle, uninvested and unused.

On the other hand, there are good men and good enterprises, lacking capital.

Our good offices are effective in bringing about a meeting, to a common profit.

We have something to say to the man who has money or the man who needs it.

## WEST COAST INVESTMENT CO.

118 PHELAN BUILDING

Tel. Main 666

JAMES H. SWIFT, Pres.  
MAURICE B. MAYNARD, Secy.  
NORTON C. WALLS, Treas.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
**Choice Woolens**  
**H. S. BRIDGE & CO.**  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.



## VANITY FAIR.

## OLD LACE.

Fold upon fold,  
Yellow as gold,  
Woven by delicate fingers of old,  
Here in its place  
Grandmother's lace  
Lies like a dream of her maidenhood's grace.  
Fragrance of rose  
Out of it flows,  
Leaves of the past that its meshes inclose;  
Sweets of old days,  
Lavender sprays,  
All that a maid in her treasure-chest lays.  
Fair as her head,  
Thread over thread,  
Sleeps the old lace that she wore when she wed.  
Beautiful day!  
But fold it away,  
Grandmother's lace, and the rose, and the spray!  
—James Buckham in Lippincott's Magazine.

Thirty years ago (points out the New York Tribune) Americans abroad used to be self-assertive; now they are quietly self-confident. Several decades ago they might almost have been divided into two classes—the blatant "spread eagle" democrat and his family, thrusting their nationality and personality always to the fore, and those who were not only ashamed of their traveling countrymen (for that is hardly to be wondered at, considering the cause they often had to blush for them) but affected English ways and speech, and were actually flattered if they happened to be taken for a British subject. People who have stayed quietly at home for the last twenty-five years can hardly realize what an immense change has taken place, not only in the estimation in which our countrymen are held in England and on the Continent, but in our own national characteristics. Self-respect and self-confidence have, strange to say, given us modesty—or at least the quiet breeding that passes for modesty—while no really "nice" man or woman would be guilty of the solecism of affecting an English accent or habits otherwise than those that belong naturally to their own method of living. "You may walk in my shadow, dear," says one of Du Maurier's pretty maidens in *Punch* to her little sister, with whom she is walking, presumably on a hot afternoon. "Thank you, Maud," answers the little one, independently; "I have a shadow of my own." America abroad has a shadow of her own nowadays, but, far from it making her pert and aggressive, it has softened her asperities and improved her in every way. At home the change is also very curious and interesting to those who have seen the beginning and end of the two wars that have given us stability at home and respect abroad. "When I was a girl," remarked a matron with married daughters, "with the exception of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and a few standard novels, we over cared for romances with the scene laid in our own country; we always preferred English characters and surroundings. Now, however, my family care only for American books, with American heroes and heroines. Our young people have suddenly, as it were, discovered that we have a history, every detail of which is of thrilling interest. The modern novelist and the Spanish war have both had a great deal to do in exciting youthful patriotism, and it is very pleasant to us old people to find that our stories of 'befo' de wah' and our recollections of the great struggle of the republic are listened to with pleasure and eager interest."

The recent escapade of Lady Francis Hope, better known as May Yohe, which resulted in the resignation of Captain Putnam Bradley Strong from the army, is only one of many in which she has figured. According to the New York Sun, when she left San Francisco ten years ago on the voyage that was destined to land her in the British peerage, her whereabouts was unknown to her old associates for some time. It was in so quiet a town as Dresden that she was next heard of, and a young Saxon officer of title was soon head over heels in love with her. She was traveling with a chaperon and was supposed to be a young widow. An American friend recognized her, but the suitor would not believe that she had been an actress, although photographs of her in costume were sent from New York. By the time they reached Germany the quiet life of a provincial capital had begun to pall on Lady Francis, and she left for Paris accompanied to the frontier by the penniless but devoted officer, who could be convinced only by the sight of the pictures that the beautiful American—for she was beautiful then—had been on the stage.

The noted French writer, Marcel Prévost, has lately written in the *Figaro* on "The Future of the Kiss." M. Prévost takes as his text the sad case of an Australian volunteer who, on his return from the front, was surrounded by some three hundred young women and well-nigh kissed to death. In point of fact he had to be conveyed to the nearest chemist's in a fainting condition, feebly murmuring: "There were too many—too many." There are some old-fashioned people who might regard this incident with feelings akin to disgust. Not so M. Prévost. He has it as "une bonne nouvelle." Why? Because it confounds those croakers who prophesied that women would lose her attractiveness as man's com-

petitor in the "struggle for life." "Every woman is at heart a rake," sang the poet, wantonly, and the modern woman confirms the justice of his dictum. Formerly, says M. Prévost, woman had to submit to being kissed; now it is to be man, and "men are, in general, sufficiently disposed to submit to kisses." M. Prévost foresees a great future for the kiss. It is to be placed on a higher plane than it has ever occupied before. It is to be reserved for those who have distinguished themselves. In future the man who desires a kiss will have to blow up a ship, kill a few thousand savages, or in some similar way benefit suffering humanity. A writer in London *Vanity Fair* thinks that "Hobsonizing" spells ruin to the sentimental value of a kiss; and a kiss which is not sentimental has no value. If "Hobsonizing" is really on the increase, he fears that kissing, with courtesy, manners, and elegance, will soon be a tradition of the past. "There may still be found meo and womeo to regard a kiss as a thing not lightly to be bestowed, and as the sweetest gauge of a pure affection," he concludes, "but they will be swamped by the shrieking sisterhood of 'Hobsonizers.'"

Our country might be defined as the land of great hotels, for it is doubtful if anywhere else there has been such lavish expenditure of money and such almost heroic endeavor to minister to the comfort, luxury, or even whim, of the passing guest. But the ideal caravansary is, after all, the small inn (remarks the New York *Evening Post*). Not because it is inexpensive, though this is a quality not to be despised, but because it admits of certain perfections of attendance and *cuisine* from which the great hotel, through very multiplication of machinery, is precluded. No one who remembers some of the modest inns of Italy or Switzerland, where the fare is of the simplest, but exquisitely prepared and served, and a handful of servants seek to learn and humor the personal idiosyncrasies of monsieur or madame, can fail to regret the rarity of such inns in this country. For there are many who are over, at heart, quite reconciled to the large hotel, with its inevitable noise and confusion. There are many, too, whose affection for the small inn is more than sentimental and platonic. With them it is a question of getting reasonable accommodations without being at large expense. And, indeed, there is something amiss in a system under which people of gentle habits and requirements must pay in the cities upward of four dollars a day for suitable accommodation, and in the smaller towns and in the country half as much. This is a kind of absurdity in the fact that a European trip should be far less costly, and, for equal expenditure, far more comfortable than a trip in our own country.

To decidedly strong language, Judge McLaughlin, of the appellate division of the supreme court of New York, in writing the opinion reversing the judgment of \$5,323 obtained in the supreme court, before Judge Giegerich and a jury, by Frank D. Mowbray against Howard Gould, for whom he had been valet for several years, holds that there is a limitation to all cross-examination; that parties before the court as witnesses have some rights which the courts are bound to respect; and that attacks, such as were made upon Mr. Gould under the guise of cross-examination, can not be made upon one's private life. Mowbray was employed as steward of the yacht *Hildegard*, and, on July 4, 1893, while the yacht was at anchor off Larchmont, a signal rocket exploded and injured him severely. He lost the sight of his left eye and his chest was injured by the shell. He asserted that, after he recovered, Mr. Gould made a contract to employ him for life as his valet at a salary of eighty dollars a month, in consideration of his refraining from bringing an action against his employer for damages. He was employed in that capacity until August 5, 1897, when he was discharged, the alleged cause being drunkenness. Mr. Gould denied that he had made any contract to employ Mowbray for life, and put in evidence several letters of his valet, which, the court says, not only corroborate Mr. Gould's testimony, but clearly demonstrate that Mowbray did not even suppose that he had any legal claim upon him, because if he had he would not have written them. Judge McLaughlin, in his opinion, says: "We are of the opinion that the judgment must be reversed on the ground that the trial court abused its discretion in permitting the plaintiff's attorney to cross-examine the defendant on immaterial and irrelevant matters, the answers to which could only tend to humiliate and degrade him. It is unnecessary to refer to this testimony at length. It is sufficient to say that it relates to the defendant's relations with certain women; as to how long he had known them; how frequently he had visited them; whether or not he kept some of his clothes where one of them lived; and whether he did not pay the living expenses of one of them. The defendant claimed his privilege—refused to answer these questions on the ground that they were highly improper, ungentlemanly, and cowardly—but notwithstanding this fact, the court directed him to answer, which he did. Whether this defendant knew certain women, and whether he paid their living expenses, manifestly threw no light on the subject matter of the litigation, and it is perfectly apparent that such questions were propounded to him, not for the purpose of testing his credibility, but for the

sole purpose of degrading, humiliating, or bringing him into disrepute with the jury. This purpose being manifest, the court should have sustained the objections to such questions." It is understood that the case will be carried to the court of appeals for final adjudication.

The fury of the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, was as nothing compared with that of the modern French automobilist (says the New York *Evening Post*), and it is not surprising to hear that the inhabitants of a good many rural districts have been reduced almost to a condition of chronic terror by the headlong charges of panting and snorting steam and electrical monstrosities through the quiet roads and lanes. Country horses, of course, have been completely frenzied by these, to them, terrific apparitions. The departmental councils have protested in vain against the incursions into their territory of automobiliary fanatics, and have adopted ordinances, also in vain, intended to restrict the speed of the machines to reasonable rates. Now the national government has taken the matter in hand, as was predicted by the *Argonaut* in its account of the recent automobile race from Paris to Berlin. A law will soon be in force providing that any motor-carriage capable of making more than eighteen miles an hour shall carry in front and behind a large identifying number, visible by night as well as by day, so that if the driver breaks the law he shall not be able to escape identification. The use of the alarm horn hereafter is to be confined to announcing the approach of the vehicle at dangerous points so as to avoid accidents. At present the horn is chiefly employed as a warning to everybody to get out of the road, a usurpation resented by the peasants, who see no reason why their carts and wagons should not enjoy the same right of way as the vehicles driven by masked men with goggle-eyes.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont has hit upon a unique idea for the entertainment which she will give at Newport late in July. It will be a "patent-medicine dance," and those who attend will masquerade as the familiar figures of men and women who appear in the advertisements of pills and liquids in the magazines and newspapers. It promises to be an unusually jolly affair, and some of the ladies have already determined upon their costumes. Mrs. Duncan Elliott, it is said, will go as a well-known remedy for infants, with a clock arrangement for head-gear and with apron hung with spoons.

The invasion of London by American visitors has reached unprecedented proportions, says one of the London weeklies, and never before have there been so many wealthy Americans in the English capital. At one fashionable West End hotel a dozen multimillionaires are staying with their families, and money is being spent with a prodigality which the British "old nobility" must regard as demoralizing and detestable. Worst of all, the traveled American of large means is beginning to discover that it is not exclusively the large, showy, much-advertised hotels where he will meet the best English society. He is taking possession of houses hitherto regarded as the sacred historical haunts of the British aristocracy, and, what is more, he threatens to carry all before him there. A curious feature of the preparations of King Edward's coronation, which will take place on June 25th of next year, is the renting of flats and houses by rich Americans, who are taking them from Michaelmas, 1901, to Michaelmas, 1902. Coronation syndicates have already arranged to purchase seats in windows and stand places. One circular asks for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and another for five hundred thousand dollars, promising enormous profits. The hotel-keepers are divided concerning prices. Some support maintaining normal rates, while others argue that they must be raised on the ground that other tradesmen will have a big rush and sell more goods, but a hotel can not hold more than its ordinary capacity. Undoubtedly much money will be spent. Five hundred dollars has already been paid for a window on the route, but there is still doubt regarding the route of the second day's procession. The first procession will only be from Buckingham Palace to Westminster and return, but a longer procession will be held on the following day to gratify the populace—possibly Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee route.

The Dowager Empress of Russia is the possessor of the finest collection of Russian sables in the world. One of her mantles, which she wears in winter sledge-drives and in traveling, has a lining worth fifty thousand dollars. It was made of skins gathered for her by the governor of a polar province, where taxes are paid in kind with furs.

The bride of William A. Clark, Jr., the son of Senator W. A. Clark, the copper-king, has a dress in her trousseau made of hair-like copper wire that was created in Paris especially for her. The effect is said to be unique.

Two hundred and sixty years ago the first Boston ferry-boat began to ply over the line that is now followed by the Chelsea ferry.

A MODERN CEMETERY, IN A SECLUDED LOCATION, is less liable to disturbance. Mt. Olivet is in the San Bruno hills.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits July 29, 1901.....29,886,288.11

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. Horstmann; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve Fund.....226,994  
Contingent Fund.....445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS.....150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES.....President  
WILLIAM BABCOCK.....Vice-President  
S. L. AAROT, JR.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pense, S. L. Ahhot, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....2,681,497.64  
July 7, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. RHOOP.....Vice-President  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
London.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank  
Boston.....The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
Philadelphia.....First National Bank  
St. Louis.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
San Francisco.....Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères  
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits,  
December 31, 1900, \$8,620,223.88.

JNO. J. VALRNTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;  
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst.-Cashier;  
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst.-Cashier.  
Directors—John J. Valentine, Oliver Eldridge, Homer S. King, John J. McCook, Andrew Christeson, H. E. Huntington, Geo. E. Gray, John Remington, Dudley Evans.  
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081-  
895.18; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,  
417 California Street.

"Use the best paper first and take enough space to make the ad. effective; use all you profitably can in that paper before you consider any other, and rather have one good ad. than two poor ones. Two short poles are not as good as one long one when your after pessimisms."—Charles Austin Bates.

San Jose is now on the map. It has long been one of the finest residence and business points in California. The closing of the "Gap" in the Coast Line makes it the finest. San Jose is in the heart of Santa Clara County, the richest county in the State. Now is the time to invest. Choice residence lots on Tenth Street and future business property on the corner of Ninth and Santa Clara Streets for sale.

WOOSTER & WHITTON, No. 7 West  
Santa Clara Street, San José.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

General Grant on one occasion ran into a private in the Confederate ranks, and the private called: "General, where are you going?" "To Petersburg, I think, but may be in heaven or in hell," the general replied. "Well, I will tell you, general," the soldier said, dryly, "Bob Lee is at Petersburg, and Stonewall Jackson is in heaven. Hell is the only place left for you." Grant enjoyed the thrust, grim as it was.

In one of his conversations with Augustus Hare, Chief Justice Morris said he was sitting on the bench in Ireland, and after a case had been tried he said to the jurymen: "Now, to consider this matter, you will retire in your accustomed place," and two birds of them went into the dock. Another time he said to a culprit: "I can produce five witnesses who saw you steal that cow." "Yes," said the prisoner, "but I can produce five hundred who did not."

Hans Jensen, a Dane, recently appeared before the magistrate of the district court held in Garnett, Kan., to be naturalized. At the close of the usual examination, the judge asked the applicant: "Hans, are you satisfied with the general conditions in this country? Does this government suit you entirely?" "Yes, yes," answered Hans; "only I would like to see more rain." "You may be sworn," said the judge; "I perceive you already have the Kansas dew."

One of the stories that is going about London just now deals with Sir Henry Irving's revival of "Coriolanus," which has not been such a great success. During one of the later rehearsals, a consultation was held on the stage between Sir Henry, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who wrote the music, and Sir Laurence Alma Tadema, who designed the scenery. "Three blooming knights," remarked a supernumerary. "Yes," replied another, "and that's about as long as the piece will run."

It is said that one evening when Dr. Freind was summoned from a rather too festive board to the bedside of a lady patient, he felt her pulse but could not count its beats. "Drunk, by Jove!" he soliloquized, and pulled himself together sufficiently to order some harmless mixture. His delight may be imagined when, the next morning, instead of an indignant dismissal from further attendance, he received from his patient a confession that he had diagnosed her complaint quite correctly.

The Duke of Wellington was once much surprised by receiving a letter which he read as follows: "Being in the neighborhood, I venture to ask permission to see some of your grace's best breeches. C. LONDON." He answered to the Bishop of London that he had great pleasure in assenting to his request, though he must confess it had given him very considerable surprise. London House was thrown into confusion. The note was from Loudon, the great gardener, and "breeches" should have been read "beeches."

During one of Adelina Patti's last tours in the United States, the following preliminary notice was published by a certain Western editor: "Madame Patti Nicolini, the eminent vocalist and farewellist, will come to us for positively the last time next year. All those who expect to die before the year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on this trip, for Patti never says good by twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her strike her high two-thousand-dollar note is to seek the hereafter in woeful ignorance of the heights in which a woman with good lungs, a castle in Wales, and who only uses one kind of soap, can soar when she tries."

When Richard Wagner was conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden, the orchestra of that institution, though one of the best in Germany, was far from being as good as it is now, and Wagner had a good deal of trouble in making it follow his intentions. Some years later, when he was living as an exile in Zurich, he undertook to train the local orchestra. After a few attempts, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, you have just given me a great pleasure; you have played exactly as badly as the Dresden orchestra." The Zurich players laughed, and the idea that they might play better than the royal musicians in Dresden so fired their zeal that they actually succeeded in doing it.

Once, in a semi-humorous vein, the late John Fiske, whose appearance was that of the herculean rather than scholarly build, wrote out his system of health rules as follows: "Always sit in a draught, when I find one; wear the thinnest clothes I can find, winter and summer; catch cold once in three or four years, but not severely, and prefer to work in a cold room, fifty to sixty degrees. Work the larger part of each twenty-four hours, and by day or night indifferently. Scarcely ever change a word when written, eat when hungry, rarely taste coffee or wine or smoke a cigar, but drink two or three quarts of beer each day, and smoke a pipe all the time when at work. Never experienced the feeling of

disinclination for work, and, therefore, never had to force work. If I feel dull when at work, a half-hour at the piano restores normal mental condition, which is one more argument for the hygienic and recuperative effects of music."

A young British officer at the front recently wrote home to his father from South Africa: "DEAR FATHER: Kindly send me fifty pounds at once; lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means." The answer was: "MY DEAR SON: As this is the fourth leg you have lost, according to your letters, you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try to wobble along on any others you may have left."

The other day a noted physician, going into the free dispensary of the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women, found three or four little girls who, while awaiting treatment, were huddled together on one bench, eagerly discussing something of great interest, which, on investigation, proved to be a much-handled "chunk" of candy. In astonishment, the physician asked what they were doing. Some questioning finally elicited an explanation from the biggest girl, who shamefacedly explained that "de nne what tells de biggest he wins it." "Oh," said the doctor, "I am ashamed of you; when I was little like you I never told lies." A slight pause, then from the smallest girl: "Give him de candy!"

Since the departure of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York for Australia, the steamship *Ophir*, carrying the royal party, has met with some very rough weather. Like others on board, the duke has been seasick. One day he was reading the published account of a storm which struck the *Ophir*, in which it was stated that Mr. So-and-So had suffered from *mal-de-mer*; that Captain Somebody Else had been seasick; and that his Royal Highness, the Duke of Cornwall and York, had been "slightly indisposed." "Humbug!" the duke is said to have exclaimed; "'slightly indisposed,' indeed! Why didn't they say that his royal highness had been horribly seasick, and had spent the best part of a day in a most undignified position on his royal knees? That would have been the truth."

Greeley's Editorial when Lincoln Died.

The following very remarkable story is told in "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" (Scribner's), by Edward Everett Hale. He is writing of Sidney H. Gay, then managing editor of the New York *Tribune*:

"I have never seen in print Gay's story of that fearful night when Lincoln was killed. But one hears it freely repeated in conversation, and I see no reason why it should not be printed now.

"With the news of the murder of Lincoln, there came to New York every other terrible message. The office of the *Tribune*, of course, received echoes of all the dispatches which showed the alarm at Washington. There were orders for the arrest of this man, there were suspicions of the loyalty of that man. No one knew what the morrow might bring.

"In the midst of the anxiety of such hours, in Mr. Gay, the acting editor of that paper, there entered the foreman of the typesetting-room. He brought with him the proof of Mr. Greeley's leading article, as he had left it before leaving the city for the day. It was a brutal, bitter, sarcastic, personal attack on President Lincoln—the man who, when Gay read the article, was dying in Washington.

"Gay read the article, and asked the foreman if he had any private place where he could lock up the type, to which no one but himself had access. The foreman said he had. Gay bade him tie up the type, lock the galley with this article in his cupboard, and tell no one what he had told him. Of course no such article appeared in the *Tribune* the next morning.

"But when Gay arrived the next day at the office, he was met with the news that 'the old man' wanted him, and the intimation that 'the old man' was very angry. Gay waited upon Greeley.

"Are you there, Mr. Gay? I have been looking for you. They tell me you ordered my leader out of this morning's paper. Is it your paper or mine? I should like to know if I can not print what I choose in my own newspaper!" This in a great rage.

"The paper is yours, Mr. Greeley. The article is in type upstairs, and you can use it when you choose. Only this, Mr. Greeley: I know New York, and I hope and believe, before God, that there is so much virtue in New York that, if I had let the article go into this morning's paper, there would not be one brick upon another in the *Tribune* office now. Certainly, I should be sorry if there were."

"Mr. Greeley was cowed. He said not a word, nor ever alluded to the subject again. I suppose the type is locked up in the cupboard of the *Tribune* office at this hour.

"It was by this sort of service that Mr. Gay earned Mr. Wilson's praise that 'he kept Mr. Greeley up in the war.'"

Moore's Poison Ointment Remedy.

Cures prurient and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; RECOMMENDED by the best dealers.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Same Old Story.

The angler sallies forth again,  
And by the brooklet's shore  
Doth idly lie and fish, and then  
Goes home and lies some more.

—Philadelphia Press.

## A Golf Version.

After the ball is over  
The hedge just across the way,  
After you've searched an hour  
(For that's the fifth time that day)  
Many a man has spoken  
Words he'd fain recall  
When on the links he's been searching—  
After the ball.—London Fun.

## The Vigilant Father.

There was a young fellow in Flint  
Who thought he was same on the sprint,  
But the pa of his girl  
Gave the young man a whirl,  
And now he is done up in lint.

—Detroit Free Press.

## Otto and the Auto.

'Tis strange how fashion makes us change the objects we admire;  
We used to sing the tireless steed, but now the steedless tire.  
So Otto bought an auto, so as not to be antique,  
But the thing was automatic,  
As well as automatic,  
And the auto wouldn't auto as it ought to, so to speak.

He thought to get an auto-operator for the work,  
And first he tried a circus man and then he tried a Turk,

For he knew the circus man drove fifty horses with success.

And if a man be shifty  
Enough to manage fifty,  
It's palpable enough he ought to manage one horse-less.

As for the Turk, 'tis also plain, deny it if you can,  
He ought to run an auto, since a Turk's an Ottoman,  
'Twas all no use, so Otto turned to Alabama, purely.

That he might say: "I'm Otto,  
From Mobile, and my motto;  
'A Mobile Otto,' ought to run an automobile surely."

Then Otto sought to auto on the auto as he ought to,  
But the auto sought to auto as Otto never thought to.  
So Otto he got hot, oh, very hot! as he ought not to,  
And Otto said: "This auto ought to auto and it's got to."

And Otto fought the auto, and the auto it fought Otto,

Till the auto also got too hot to auto as it ought to,  
And then, Great Scott! the auto shot to Heaven—  
so did Otto—

Where Otto's auto autos now as Otto's auto ought to.—Edmund Vance Cooke in the Smart Set.

Advertisement: A New Historical Romance. Positively the Great American Novel! Written by Araminta Jeannette Featherstone with one hand tied behind her! The gooth thousand sold before the author had given the book a thought, or, indeed, before she had written more than fifty chapters! Profusely illustrated with 9,000 steel plates having nothing whatever to do with the story, and 27,000 wood engravings only remotely bearing upon the same! For sale at all dry-goods shops!—Detroit Journal.

His favorite dish: "What is your favorite dish?" inquired Mrs. Frontpage of the Rev. Lungface, the new pastor. She felt sure it was chicken, but it proved not. "Er—the contributinn-plate," answered the Rev. Lungface, absently.—Ohio State Journal.

## Baby's Diary.

A unique and handsome publication wherein to record the important events in baby's life has just been issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson St., New York. It is not given away, but is sent on receipt of ten cents.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO  
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Fastest Twin-Screw Passenger Service.  
Boston to Liverpool via Queenstown  
S. S. COMMONWEALTH, 13,000 Tons, Length 600 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, July 31st.  
S. S. NEW ENGLAND, 11,600 Tons, Length 575 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, August 14th.

Portland, Me., to Liverpool  
S. S. DOMINION, sailing Saturday, August 10th.  
S. S. CAMERON, sailing Saturday, August 17th.

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1901  
Ocotle (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, August 2  
Gaelic (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, August 27  
Doric (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, September 20  
Ocotle (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, October 15

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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America Maru..... Saturday, August 10  
Hankong Maru..... Wednesday, September 4  
Nippon Maru..... Friday, September 27

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6000 Tons  
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, August 1, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
S. S. Australia, for Tahiti, August 6, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Honolulu only, August 10, 1901, at 2 P. M.

J. D. Speckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaska ports, 11 A. M., July 5,  
10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., July 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, August 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles): Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M. State of Cal.—Wednesdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro, East San Pedro, and \*Newport (\*Corona only).

Corona—Saturdays, 9 A. M. Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month. For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice. Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg Westbound.

St. Paul..... August 7 | St. Paul..... August 28  
St. Louis..... August 14 | St. Louis..... September 4  
Philadelphia..... August 21 | Philadelphia..... September 11

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Southwark..... July 31 | \*Zealand..... August 21  
\*Valerand..... August 7 | \*Friesland..... August 28  
Kensington..... August 14 | Southwark..... September 4  
\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Phelan Dinner.

Mayor James D. Phelan gave a dinner in honor of Major-General Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., on Tuesday evening, at which he entertained Colonel Oscar F. Long, U. S. A., Colonel James M. Marshall, U. S. A., Captain Harold P. Howard, U. S. A., Major Rogers, U. S. A., Major Charles Buxton, U. S. A., Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. Thomas McCaleb, Mr. Samuel G. Murphy, Mr. Frank J. Symmes, Mr. Frank P. Deering, Colonel W. R. Smedberg, General W. H. L. Barnes, Dr. George F. Shiels, Mr. J. D. Sproule, and Mr. Franklin K. Lane.

## A Garden Fête at St. Helena.

The numerous San Franciscans who are summering near St. Helena, either at their country homes or at neighboring summer resorts, are looking forward with considerable anticipation to the garden fête which is to be given on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, July 30th, for the benefit of the Episcopal Church at St. Helena. Mrs. Charles MacLouth will kindly permit the use of her house and grounds for the occasion, and the beautiful groves at Pine Knoll will be illuminated with hundreds of Japanese lanterns.

There will be refreshment and fortune-telling booths, an afternoon programme by juvenile talent, and in the evening an entertainment which will contain vaudeville features by amateurs and some musical numbers. Among those who have consented to sing are Miss Ione MacLouth, who made a brilliant debut as a soprano singer in San Francisco last fall, Miss Chabot, and Miss Hattie Andrews. The affair will conclude with a dance in the great old-fashioned barn at Pine Knoll.

## At the Hotel Del Monte.

Among those who will be at the Hotel Del Monte during the month of August, when the Carnival of Sports will be held under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Polo and Pony Racing Association, will be Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mr. Douglas Watson and family, Mr. J. S. Cravens and family, Mr. P. E. Bowles and family, Mr. Thomas Ewing and family, Princess Poniatowski, Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. A. L. Tuhbs, Mrs. Esberg, Mrs. R. G. Brown, Mrs. J. A. Whitell, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Polly Dunn, Mr. Cyril Tohin, Mr. S. L. Abbot, and Mr. Fred W. McNear.

## Paper Chase of the San Rafael Hunt Club.

The second of the season's paper chases, under the auspices of the San Rafael Hunt Club, was held on Saturday afternoon, July 20th, in which over twenty cross-country riders took part. Frank Glass carried off the first honors of the chase, and received a silver cup as trophy. Graham E. Babcock came in second, Mrs. Farnsworth was third, and Miss Bradshaw fourth. As Mrs. Farnsworth, however, went along only to accompany the riders, she went outside the flags at the finish and was disqualified in favor of her friend, Miss Bradshaw, who thereby received the ladies' cup. Miss E. Jeffries, who won the ladies' trophy in the first chase, finished seventh.

The chase started from the Hotel Rafael at 4:15 P. M., and the course laid out by Louis Hughes, the bare, was out the Petaluma road to the old Wood road, across the ridge and finishing on the Hotelling ranch near Fairfax, a distance of some eight miles, which was covered by the riders in forty minutes. A large assemblage of San Rafael society people in drags and carriages watched the start at the Hotel Rafael, and then drove to the finish, which was an ideal one for the sport, being in a level field and a fence intervening to keep the carriages from crowding the riders as they came in. Judge Ward McAllister and Lawrence Van Winkle acted as judges and starters. After the chase the riders and officials dined together as guests of the club.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Stanford Gage, daughter of Mr. Stephen T. Gage, and Mr. William Henry Richardson, of Austin, Tex., will take place at the home of the bride's father, 1300 Harrison Street, Oakland, on Tuesday evening, August 6th. The ceremony will be performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. Robert Ritchie, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Miss Rose Nalle, of Austin, a cousin of the groom-elect, will be the maid of honor. Miss Ethel Gage and Miss Mabel Gage, sisters of the bride-elect, Miss Christie Taft, Miss Ruth Dunham, Miss Belle Nicholson, and Miss Amy Scoville, of New York, will act as bridesmaids.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eva May Reed, daughter of Mr. Charles G. Reed, of Oakland, and Mr. Harry Dale Danforth, of this city. Mr. Danforth is a graduate of the University of California and of Hastings Law College.

The marriage of Miss Ada White and Captain Joseph C. Cassner, U. S. A., will take place at the Methodist Church in this city on Saturday, August 3d.

Since his return from the Philippines, Captain Cassner has been connected with the Bureau of Information at Washington, and is now under orders to join his regiment, the Fourth Infantry, stationed in the Philippines. He has been granted leave until September 1st, when, with his bride, he will sail for the islands.

The wedding of Miss Emma Isabel Field, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Field, and Mr. W. Birch Woolldridge, of Chicago, took place at the home of the bride's parents, 1162 Broadway, Alameda, on Sunday afternoon, July 21st. The Rev. Edward P. Dennett, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, officiated. On Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Woolldridge departed for their future home in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Irvine, of Washington, D. C., announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Annie Elaine Irvine, to Lieutenant Charles Huntington Lyman, U. S. M. C., on Tuesday, July 16th, in Manila, P. I.

Mr. Peter Martin is residing at the Hill Top Cottage, in Bellevue Avenue, Newport, where he will remain until after his wedding to Miss Lily Oelrichs. Mr. Martin and his fiancée were recently the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. C. H. Baldwin. Among the guests were Miss Gerry, Miss Marion Fish, Miss Constance Livermore, Miss Kathleen Neilson, Miss Gwendolyn Burden, Miss Evelyn Blight, Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mr. I. Townsend Burden, Jr., Mr. William Spencer, Mr. Elliot Gregory, Mr. Henry C. Norman, and Mr. Reginald Brooks.

Mrs. J. C. Hampton recently gave a luncheon at her Oakland home in honor of Miss Elizabeth Gage, Miss Ethel Gage, and Miss Pauline Lohse at which she entertained twenty-four guests. Among others present were Mrs. William G. Cooke, Mrs. James Tyson, Mrs. Roy Mauvais, Mrs. Louise Allender, Mrs. George DeGolia, Mrs. Henry Rosenfeld, Mrs. Albert Long, Mrs. E. Ames, Mrs. Charles Wickham Havens, Mrs. George Hammer, Mrs. Charles Parcells, Miss Gage, Miss Nicholson, Miss Belle Nicholson, Miss Nita Lohse, Miss Christie Taft, Miss Grace Cooke, and Miss Maud Edith Pope.

## Recent Wills and Successions.

The will of Charles Sutro, who died on July 19th, has been filed. There is no statement as to the value of the property, which is supposed to be over a million dollars. These are the bequests: Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum and Home Society, \$1,000; Protestant Orphan Asylum, \$1,000; Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, \$1,000; Congregation Emanu-El, for care of decedent's grave, \$500; Albert Sutro, a brother, \$20,000; Julius Grodwohl, \$3,000; Emma Lowenberg, a niece, \$500; Charles Lowenberg, a nephew, \$500; William Lowenberg, a nephew, \$2,000; Jeanette, widow of Robert Lowenberg, a nephew, \$2,000; Charles Sutro, a nephew, \$1,000. The residue goes to Albert Sutro, Helen Schwartz, Olga Sutro, Anna Sutro, Virginia Lowenberg, Emil Sutro, Alfred Sutro, Oscar Sutro, William Lowenberg, Edmund Lowenberg, George Lowenberg, and Robert Lowenberg, share and share alike. Charles and Alfred Sutro are to be the executors.

The will of the late Paul Neumann was filed for probate at Honolulu on July 10th. It left all his property, of which the value is unknown, to his widow, naming her as administrator without bonds. The will was made in Honolulu in 1885, and had not been changed since.

The Julia A. Crocker estate has been appraised at \$307,159.47. It consists chiefly of San Francisco real estate.

W. Clayton Pickersgill, who for nearly three years has acted as the consular representative of the British Government at this port, died last Friday, July 19th, at a private sanatorium in Alameda. His death is ascribed by Dr. F. W. d'Evelyn, the attending physician, to African fever, contracted in the discharge of his duties in the Independent Congo State several years ago. On November 10, 1898, Mr. Pickersgill assumed his duties as consul-general in this city, his territory covering the States of California and Nevada and the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico. With his wife and four sons he took up his residence in San Rafael. He was a leading spirit in the British Benevolent Society and the British-American Union, and a member of the Pacific Union Club.

President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, came home from the Hawaiian Islands on the Oceanic steamer *Sierra* on Monday. He has been in the new Territory for about two months with a party of scientists. "During the time I have been in the islands, we have captured two hundred and thirty-five kinds of fish," he said; "of these, seventy-one are new to science. Thirty-five of these new varieties were found in the waters about Honolulu and twenty near Hilo. I doubt if the transplanting of foreign fishes in the waters of the islands can be done successfully. The fresh-water streams are too small."

Robert R. Grayson, the popular young clubman and mining operator, died on Saturday, July 20th, of heart disease. Besides his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Grayson, he leaves two sisters, Mrs. W. C. Calston and Mrs. H. E. Hinckley.

## Dr. Stewart's Farewell Recitals.

Dr. H. J. Stewart, who will soon leave for Boston to enter upon his duties as organist of Trinity Church in that city, will give two farewell organ recitals at the Mechanics' Pavilion, one this (Saturday) afternoon at three o'clock and the other on Monday evening, July 29th, at a quarter after eight o'clock. On these occasions, San Francisco music-lovers will have an opportunity to hear the splendid organ which has been built for the Memorial Chapel of the Leland Stanford Junior University.

The programme for this (Saturday) afternoon will be as follows:

"Sonata No. 1," in D-minor, introduction and allegro, pastorale, finale, Guilmant; (a) "Canteline Nuptiale," (b) "Toccata," Dubois; "Communion," in F, Grison; "Marche Funèbre et Chant Séraphique," Guilmant; "Consolation," in D-flat, Liszt; "Polonaise," in A, Chopin; (a) "Wotan's Farewell" and "Magic Fire Scene," (b) "Song of the Rhine-Maidens" ("Götterdämmerung"), (c) "Kaiser March," Wagner.

The programme for Monday evening, July 29th, will be as follows:

"Suite Gothique," introduction choral, minuet gothique, prière à Notre Dame, toccata, Boellmann; air, with variations, in G, Lemmens; "Fantasia," in D-minor, Merkel; (a) "Prière," in D-flat, (b) "Intermezzo," in B-flat, Callaerts; "Slumber Song," Schytte; (a) "Triumphal March" ("Sigurd Jorsalfar"), (b) "Im Volkssong," (c) "Ranz des Vaches," (d) "Danse à la Paysanne," Grieg; fantasia, "Das Rheingold," Wagner.

As a tribute to its departing organist, Trinity Church choir will sing Dr. Stewart's oratorio, "The Nativity," on Sunday evening, July 28th, at a quarter before eight o'clock.

In Mayor Phelan's office are portraits of every mayor who has served the city in that capacity. Of these, sixteen in number, only three are living, ex-Mayor Ellert being the last to succumb. The three living are William Alvord, E. B. Pond, and James D. Phelan. The names of the mayors and the dates of their terms follow: E. W. Burr, 1856-59; H. F. Teschemacher, 1860-63; H. P. Coon, 1864-67; Frank McCoppin, 1868-69; T. H. Selby, 1870-71; William Alvord, 1872-73; James Otis, 1874-75; A. J. Bryant, 1876-79; Isaac S. Kallach, 1880-81; M. C. Blake, 1882; W. Bartlett, 1883-86; E. B. Pond, 1887-90; George H. Sanderson, 1891-92; L. R. Ellert, 1893-94; Adolph Sutro, 1895-96; James D. Phelan, 1897-1901.

William Chauncey Wilder, one of Honolulu's oldest and most highly respected citizens, died in that city on July 11th of apoplexy. He leaves a widow and five sons, of whom Charles T. Wilder was Hawaiian consul-general to San Francisco, and another was circuit judge at Hilo until after annexation. Mr. Wilder was a member of the convention that framed the constitution of the Republic of Hawaii and the president of the senate of the first legislature of the republic.

Edward H. Sheldon, the well-known clubman and secretary of the Oceanic Steamship Company, who was operated on last Tuesday at the Lane Hospital for intestinal obstruction, is reported to be holding his own, and the surgeons in attendance are hopeful that their patient will recover.

The Goad home, on the northwest corner of Washington and Gough Streets, was purchased last week by Frederick Tillman. The price was not made public, but it is believed to have been about seventy thousand dollars.

— A "SUMMER HYMNAL"—A ROMANCE OF Tennessee—for sale at Cooper's.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment  
To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

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## Pears'

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To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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Face Powder  
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The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander will spend a month of August at the Hotel Del Monte. They will return East early in October, going to Mexico for the remainder of the autumn.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and her daughter, Miss Lurline Spreckels, who have been residing in Paris for the past few years, arrived in San Francisco Tuesday, on a visit to the coast, and registered at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Isobel Strong and her son, Mr. Austin Strong, are out here from the East for the summer, and are visiting Mrs. Strong's mother, Mrs. Robert Ous Stevenson.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have returned from Monterey, and are at their villa at Burlingame. Dr. George H. Powers has returned from a brief visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul Duval have taken a cruise in England, and do not expect to return to the Pacific Coast until next year.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Ethel Keeney are at Del Monte, where they will remain until the latter part of August.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Lillie Spreckels are returned from Lake Tahoe, where they spent several weeks.

Miss Celia Tohin and Mr. Edwin Tohin are at present in London en route home.

Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and Mr. and Mrs. Archie Huntington sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. Burbank G. Somers is stopping with his mother in San José.

Miss Jennie Blair, who has been sojourning at Arlet Springs, will spend the month of August at the Hotel Del Monte.

Miss Beulah Stubbs, after an extended visit in the East, has returned to her home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, who arrived from Europe a fortnight ago, are at Newport, where they will spend the remainder of the season.

President Charles M. Hays departed for Chicago last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hohart were at Lake Tahoe last week.

Colonel A. G. Hawes returned from Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra* on Monday.

Mr. Lee W. Mix, a former resident of San Francisco and an old-time member of the Bohemian Club, now engaged in business in Mexico, is on a brief visit to the city for the purpose of attending the Midsummer Jinks.

Mrs. Lillie Coit departed for the East last week en route to Paris, where she will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Jane K. Sather is sojourning at Los Gatos.

Mrs. Vanderlynn Stow and Miss Stow were in San José last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood and Miss Flood are sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Charles Sonntag was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Lucy King has returned from a sojourn in Napa County.

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Skaffe left this week for Banff Springs, Canada, where they will meet Dr. Skaffe's father and brother from Montreal, who will return with them to California.

Mr. Roy Pike is at present the guest of his sister, Mrs. William P. Fuller, in New York.

Hon. Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, and Miss Edyth Newlands, arrived in New York from Liverpool a fortnight ago.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Stetson are at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles Page when last heard from was at Lake Como. She expects to visit Norway and Sweden next month, and will be in Paris in September.

Countess Festetics is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Haggin at their country-house at Closter, N. J.

Ex-United States Senator Stephen W. Dorsey arrived here on Monday from Arizona, where he is interested in mining properties. He is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Berry Eyre was at Lake Tahoe last week.

Mr. Samuel Parker, of Honolulu, arrived in town early in the week en route to the islands, and was at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier were in San José last week.

Count and Countess Larisch, of Munich, have returned from a trip to Yosemite Valley and are guests at the Grand Hotel.

Dr. F. H. Metcalf, of Sacramento, was at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore and family are spending their vacation at their cottage at Ocean Beach.

Mrs. Edward S. Rothchild and her son are at the Hotel Del Monte for the summer, where Mr. Rothchild, who is now in the East, will join them early in August.

Mrs. A. G. Glenn returned from Pacific Congress Springs to her home in Fruitvale on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. R. Schmidt and Miss Erna Schmidt are at Lake Tahoe, where they will remain for a fortnight.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. J. de Latour, of Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Dowsett, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Malcolm, of Woodland, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Dorn, of San Louis Obispo, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Hamilton, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Chamberlain and Mrs. R. M. Bulch, of Minnesota, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Arndt, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Moore and Mr. Lawrence

Moore, of Santa Barbara, Mr. P. C. Drescher, of Sacramento, Mr. E. A. Gerst, of Livermore, Mr. F. J. Rogers, of Palo Alto, Mr. H. L. A. Culmer, of Salt Lake, Mr. P. H. Gerhard, of Austin, Tex., Mr. James Foley, of Red Bluff, Mr. C. A. Peabody, of Cleveland, O., Mr. W. Bromer, of Philadelphia, and Mr. J. J. January, of Concord.

Among the week's arrivals at Congress Springs were Mr. and Mrs. W. Wenger, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Dugan, of Belmont, Mrs. S. J. Chapman, Mr. C. H. Johnson, of San José, Mr. E. A. Brown, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. A. Glenn and Miss Glenn, of Fruitvale, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hatch, of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Banet, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. George, Mr. R. E. Reefand, Mr. F. I. Oliver, and Mr. John Tait.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Brown, of New York, Mr. S. S. Rackwood, of Chicago, Mr. W. B. Hazelwood, of Brooklyn, Mrs. W. B. Hopkins, Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, of Oakland, Mr. R. S. Morris, of Philadelphia, Mr. Sigmund Schwabacher and family, Mr. and Mrs. M. Mitani, Mrs. C. Meyer, Miss F. Bashman, Miss Bessie Selby, Miss Elsie Selby, Dr. G. J. Bucke, Mr. W. A. Dwight, Mr. J. K. Polk, and Mr. William D. Forbes.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., left on Wednesday on a tour of inspection of the posts of the Department of the Columbia. The tour will occupy about a month.

Major John A. Darling, U. S. A., retired, and family are spending the summer in Switzerland. They expect to return home by Thanksgiving Day.

Colonel Forrest H. Hathaway, quartermaster department, U. S. A., was at the California Hotel during the week.

Lieutenant Victor Blue, U. S. N., has been invalided home, and will go to the Mare Island hospital for treatment. He has been on duty on the Asiatic station as flag-lieutenant of Rear-Admiral Kempff, U. S. N.

Dr. Guy Edie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Edie will soon leave for their new home in Columbus, O. Miss Mary Kip will spend the winter with them.

Captain William E. Birkhimer, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been appointed acting artillery inspector of this department, relieving Captain Alexander B. Dyer, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., of his duties in connection with that office.

Major John Biddle, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered to relieve Captain Lansing H. Beach, U. S. A., as engineer commissioner of the District of Columbia.

The home of Captain W. H. Bertsch, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bertsch has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Major Frank L. Dodds, U. S. A., who has been acting as judge-advocate in this city, has been transferred to Omaha for duty as judge-advocate of the Department of the Missouri.

Lieutenant-Commander John F. Parker, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence* and ordered to the Mare Island Navy Yard as relief to Lieutenant-Commander Augustus F. Fechteler, who has been appointed navigating officer of the *Iowa*.

Levi R. Ellert, ex-mayor of San Francisco, died at his residence, 1915 Webster Street, on Sunday afternoon, July 21st, after several months of illness. The deceased was born in San Francisco forty-one years ago, and was prominently identified with the commercial interests of the city until the closing year of his life. He was a well-known druggist, but devoted much of his time to the study of politics, and made his first venture into this field in the year 1886, when he became a candidate for school director. He was defeated, but became a candidate for supervisor two years later, and was the only Republican in the "solid nine" board. In 1890 he was re-elected supervisor by a majority of ten thousand, and was appointed by Mayor Sanderson as chairman of the finance committee, the most important committee of the board. Ellert took up the study of law while he occupied the mayor's chair, and during his incumbency appeared before the supreme court, passed his examination, and was admitted to practice. He leaves a widow and one son.

A contract was filed on Saturday, July 20th, with County Recorder Godchaux for the erection of the Citizens' Naval Monument in Union Square. The parties to the contract are James D. Phelan, Robert Howe Fletcher, and William G. Stafford, who constitute the committee, and the granite company which is to do the work. The cost will be \$21,800. N. J. Tharp is the architect. The design resembles the Waterloo Monument in Trafalgar Square, and is commemorative of the naval victory in Manila Bay.

Samuel G. Murphy, president of the First National Bank, is to build a residence on the north-west corner of Pacific Avenue and Broderick Street. It will be in the colonial style of architecture, and Reid Brothers are the architects. The lot has a frontage of forty-five feet on Pacific Avenue and a depth of one hundred and twenty-seven feet eight and one-quarter inches on Broderick Street.

H. B. Pasmore will resume teaching August 1st at his residence, 1424 Washington Street, and in Oakland, Thursdays.

Edward A. Belcher, Attorney at Law, 412-413 Call Building.

## MACKAY, FLOOD, FAIR, O'BRIEN.

The following story is told in *Success* of how four famous men got together:

"Just beyond 'the divide' two men kept a store. They were James L. Flood and William O'Brien. They had saved some money after a few years of trading with the miners, were ready for a deal in one of the mines, and had faith in Mackay and Fair. So when Mackay walked into their store one morning and remarked: 'Jim Flood, if you and O'Brien will put up the money, Fair and I can buy the 'Con' Virginia and make something out of it.'"

"How much do you want, John?" said Flood.

"Eighty thousand dollars."

"The deal was closed on the spot. The history of the 'Con' Virginia is as well known, almost, as the story of Washington and the cherry-tree. Before the four miners had struck the 'lead' they had exhausted their money and their credit. There seemed to be nothing in the rock they brought out of the earth. Other miners met them day after day and laughed at their apparently hopeless task. They were jeered and made fun of. But they kept serious faces and sober minds, and were not to be thwarted by the idle talk of idlers.

"One morning, when the prospect seemed blackest, a friend said to Mackay:

"John, luck has gone against you; why don't you quit and go prospecting?"

"The man who figures on luck in mining," said Mackay, "is a fool; the man who figures on doing a lot of hard work and not losing his grit will get something."

"The four partners did not lose their grit, nor did they rely on luck. One afternoon the rumor spread over Virginia City that the 'Con' Virginia men had struck a body of ore. It spread as wildfire often swept over the Nevada prairies. The four men left their mine at sundown and walked down C Street amid a babel of cheers. The next morning the Consolidated Virginia stock had gone from eighty cents to two hundred and fifty dollars a share, and in another day up to five hundred dollars a share. In three days it was announced that the body of rock was so large that its value could not be estimated. In two weeks the United States Government was negotiating with the owners of the mine for the redemption of bonds whose values had been affected by the Civil War. In two months the financial centres of old Europe had felt the shock, and about the same time Mackay, Flood, Fair, and O'Brien were able to announce that they were millionaires beyond the dreams of avarice."

## San Francisco's King of American Riflemen.

Adolph Strecker was made the shooting king of the third National Bundes Shooting Festival, held in San Francisco during the past week. His score eclipsed by 21 points any score ever made at a meeting of this National Bund. Six years ago S. C. Ross was crowned king with a score of 371, and William Hayes carried off the kingship with 373 points. Strecker's phenomenal score is 394, and he confidently predicts that it will not be beaten this year, nor for fifty years to come. Strecker is a slim, nervous-looking man, with eye and nerve as calm as though frozen within his tall, frail body; a man who for twenty-seven years has been a consistent performer. He shot 200 consecutive times at the prize target for the king honor. It was the same mark, 600 feet away, with a black bull's-eye the size of a dinner-plate, and he missed the black but three times, placed 146 bullets within three inches of the needle-point centre, 61 within an inch and one-half, and 51 within two inches—altogether the most phenomenal performance in the annals of shooting.

The success of Strecker was not unexpected, as he has never failed to win high honors at meetings of the rifle clubs at home and in the East. In 1874 he was crowned king of American riflemen, and during that festival he made more bull's-eyes each day than any other marksman. He has been crowned shooting king of San Francisco twenty times. He won the first prize in Milwaukee in 1895, making 95 out of a possible 100 on the man target. A week later he repeated this exploit in New York. In 1876 he was a member of the famous Centennial team of California that returned from Philadelphia with the international trophy.

Strecker is an employing harrier in this city. He was born in Zduny, Prussia, July 4, 1852. He says that he seldom smokes more than six cigars a day, and is customarily moderate in the use of wine, beer, and liquors.

"THE VISITS OF ELIZABETH," BY ELINOR Glyn, at Cooper's Book Store.

—THE NAME IS A GUARANTY OF ITS PURITY—Jesse Moore Whisky is always right.

## Palace Hotel

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### ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at the nearest office

## Southern Pacific

### SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at

8 A. M. K. N. 1500

(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | From July 14, 1901.   | ARRIVE   |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Susan, Elmhurst, and Sacramento.....   | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Rafael, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....   | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....   | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Menlo, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....  | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Red Bluff, Portland.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....                               | 4:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma, Carters.....   | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....                                  | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....                                   | 6:55 P.  |
| 11:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers.....  | 10:00 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Rafael, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....   | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.....  | 18:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles..... | 10:25 A. |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....  | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Yosemite.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Menlo, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....                      | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....   | 7:55 A.  |
| 10:00 P. | Vallejo.....  | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oakland Harbor Ferry.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oakland Harbor Ferry.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oakland Harbor Ferry.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Pinget Sound, and East.....                         | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 11:25 A. |
| 18:05 P. | Vallejo.....  | 7:55 P.  |

### COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 17:45 A. | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18:05 P. |
| 8:15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                        | 5:50 P.  |
| 12:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 10:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....   | 18:50 A. |
| 6:45 P.  | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.....   | 6:50 A.  |

### OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—  
17:15 P. 9:00 A. 11:00 A. 3:00 P. 5:15 P. M.  
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  
18:05 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

### COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 6:10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6:30 A.  |
| 17:00 A. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 1:30 P.  |
| 17:00 A. | New Almaden.....   | 1:40 P.  |
| 17:30 A. | Sunday Excursion from San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18:30 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.....  | 7:30 P.  |
| 10:30 A. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6:30 P.  |
| 11:30 A. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 5:30 P.  |
| 12:45 P. | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 10:45 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations.....   | 4:10 P.  |
| 14:15 P. | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 9:45 A.  |
| 15:00 P. | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....   | 19:00 A. |
| 5:30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 8:36 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....  | 10:05 A. |
| 6:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 18:00 A. |
| 11:45 P. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 7:30 P.  |

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Judge—"You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?" Intelligent witness—"The dog, sir."—*Tit-Bits*.

Indignant: Buzzer—"Come and go fishing." Buzzer—"How dare you ask me to go fishing on Sunday; besides, I have to play golf."—*Ohio State Journal*.

Quite a number: "Willie, whom did George Washington marry?" "The widow Custis, ma'am." "Had he any children?" "Yes'm—the sons and daughters of the Revolution."—*Life*.

Description: "Did you hear what Judy Gibbs said?" "No—what was it?" "She said the new bride next door to them has the most elegant repertoire of shirt-waists she ever saw."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"So you loaned Harbinger the money, did you?" "Yes." "What did he say?" "He promised to pay with alacrity." "He did, eh? Well, let me tell you this: If there's one thing that's scarier with him than money, it's alacrity."—*Richmond Dispatch*.

"See here!" exclaimed an angry man to a horse dealer; "you said that horse I bought of you yesterday hadn't a single fault; and now I find he is blind of one eye." "Oh," replied the dealer, calmly; "that's not a fault, it's a misfortune."—*Chicago Daily News*.

Not yet ready to quit: "I suppose," said the doctor, as he carefully bound up the stump of Sammy's amputated arm, "that you will not shoot off your cannons on the next Fourth." "Why not?" replied Sammy; "I have one arm left yet."—*Harlem Life*.

Colonel Corkright—"The blamed hell-boy in this hotel is enough to give a man a spasm. Guess what he did when I told him to bring me a 'horn' before I dressed." Major Nash—"What, sir?" Colonel Corkright—"He brought me a shoe-horn."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Wife (with a determined air)—"I want to see that letter." Husband—"What letter?" Wife—"That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it. Give it to me, sir." Husband—"Here it is; it's your milliner's bill."—*Fun*.

Merely buying: Mrs. Jones—"What's your hurry? You're not off for the seashore now?" Mrs. Smith—"No, not until to-morrow. I'm going down town now." Mrs. Jones—"Shopping?" Mrs. Smith—"No, I haven't time for that, there's so many things I simply have to buy."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Just the same: Bobby—"Mamma, if God is as good as you say he is, why doesn't he always answer our prayers?" Mamma—"He does, Bobby, when they deserve to be answered." Bobby—"Well, I prayed that I might not steal any more jam out of the butler's pantry, but it didn't make any difference."—*Life*.

"He's quite a prominent politician here, is he not?" inquired the visiting Briton. "Oh, no; he's a statesman," replied the native. "Well, what's the difference?" "A statesman, my dear sir, is one who is in politics because he has money. A politician is one who has money because he is in politics."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Proper feeling: Magistrate—"I am told that you have already been convicted fourteen times on this same charge. Aren't you ashamed to have to acknowledge to that?" Prisoner—"No, your worship. I don't think no man oughter be ashamed of 'is convictions." Magistrate—"Two months, without the option of a fine."—*Pick Me-Up*.

Accommodating: "Come back as soon as possible," said her mistress to Maggie, who was going home in response to a telegram saying her mother was ill. "Yes, mum," promised Maggie. A day or two later a letter came: "DEAR MISS SMITH: I will be back next week please keep my place, for my mother is dying as fast as she can. To oblige MAGGIE."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"But, my son," said the fond parent, "if you do not attend school and college regularly you will never be regarded as an intellectual light." "Oh, yes, I will, papa," responded the fair-haired youth; "I intend to make a few millions and then endow colleges, and thus acquire more degrees than I could win in a lifetime of study." With eyes moist with pride the father bade the child go bravely forward upon the path of destiny.—*Baltimore American*.

Thousands of mothers give their children Steadman's Soothing Powders during the teething period.

The past: She—"You were a long time in the Philippines, weren't you?" He—"Oh, yes. Ever since the first time the war ended."—*Life*.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

| LEAVE SAN FRAN. | ARRIVE SAN FRAN. |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 9:30 A. M.      | 8:35 P. M.       |
| 1:45 P. M.      | 5:55 P. M.       |
| 4:15 P. M.      | 8:45 A. M.       |
| 8:00 A. M.      | 12:15 P. M.      |
| 9:30 A. M.      | 3:30 P. M.       |
| 10:00 A. M.     | 4:50 P. M.       |
| 11:30 A. M.     | 5:50 P. M.       |
| 1:30 P. M.      | 7:10 P. M.       |
| 2:30 P. M.      | 8:40 P. M.       |

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A remarkable development has taken place in the past five years in the financial history of the United States, the details of which have been scarcely noted by many who have been duly impressed by the prevailing signs of an era of unexampled prosperity. In 1896 business conditions were seriously depressed. Three years of hard times had passed, and their concomitants were plainly in evidence. Factories and men were idle, prices were depressed, and money was high and scarce, gold had gone into hiding, and the edge of enterprise was dulled. Radicalism, springing up in the Democratic party, essayed to grasp the reins of power, and joined with populism in demanding a remedy through the forced increase of the circulating medium. The single remedy in-

sisted upon as the only alternative to financial ruin was the creation of a double standard and the unlimited coinage of free silver. The singular spectacle is now presented that while free silver has been defeated in two campaigns, and the single-gold standard and sound-money ideas have prevailed, expansion of the currency has come about to such an extent that even inflationists can demand no more.

A comparison of the Treasury statements of money in circulation in the years 1896 and 1901 shows what has taken place. In gold coin there has been an increase of more than \$164,000,000; in gold certificates, nearly \$212,500,000; in silver dollars, nearly \$15,000,000; in subsidiary silver, more than \$20,000,000; in silver certificates, nearly \$84,000,000; in United States notes, \$102,500,000. In addition to these, the act of March, 1900, extending national-bank organization, has added a volume of more than \$127,600,000 in hank-notes. There was some decrease in Treasury notes and in currency certificates, but the totals of the statements show a net increase of over \$645,000,000 in the circulating money of the country, or an increase of nearly 42 per cent. Relatively to the population, the per capita circulation is now \$28.18, as against \$21.48 in 1896. All of this is equivalent to doubling the volume of currency in about twelve years.

The results are also worth noting. Prices have materially advanced both for commodities and for labor, and money is cheaper. An era of speculation, such as always accompanies financial expansion, has set in, though with less of apprehension than would be felt if it were based on free silver or fiat money. Another claim of Bryanism has been refuted. It was claimed that the shortage of money facilitated the gathering of capital in a few hands and the ultimate control of money by a syndicate. On the contrary, we find our inflated period more prolific of trusts and concentrated capital than any period of depression could possibly have been. Commercial and industrial benefits from the change need not be enlarged upon. Politically it has been demonstrated that the gold standard is not a foe of prosperity and free silver its only friend. Democrats are dropping the money issue, and even Populists intimate that they will re-organize a party of their own with no money clause in the platform.

The reasons are apparent, when it is considered that if the Bryanites could have opened the mints to free silver in 1896, and operated them day and night, they could not have increased the circulating medium as it has been swollen in the past five years. Populists might have printed as much or more of irredeemable paper in an equal time, but not one of them would have been bold enough to propose such a rapid inflation of the currency as has actually taken place.

It becomes more and more evident from day to day that to extend the Chinese exclusion bill will require strenuous effort on the part of California. Among various other indexes to Eastern sentiment we notice that a Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, taking note of the social and oratorical successes of Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese minister, declares that "we are destined to return to the open-door policy relative to Chinese immigration." This is but one of many instances. As to the South, it seems as if the South is discussing the idea of Chinese labor in that section. It appears, from a recent statement by a leading Southern newspaper, the Mobile (Ala.) Register, that the Chinese exclusion law is regarded with disfavor in that section of the country. The Register is an old and conservative journal. It frankly asserts that Chinese immigration would be beneficial to the South, and urges Southern representatives in Congress to vote for the repeal of the exclusion law. "What we need," says the Alabama paper, "is a million active Chinese in the South to wake the negro population into activity. There is work enough for them and for the negroes, too. We ought to have them; yet here is this un-American exclusion law in the way, harring from us the labor we most need and condemning us to put up with incompetents, who know we can not get along without them and take advantage of their knowledge."

This is calculated to startle Californians. When the

Chinese exclusion law was passed in 1882, and reenacted ten years later, the South paid little attention to the matter. At that time negro labor seemed to be satisfactory. Since then the South has experienced various labor problems. It has cause for dissatisfaction with the negroes, hence the South is inclining to consider the importation of other laborers, notably Chinese. Various Southern papers are now claiming that the Chinese are industrious and tractable; that they could stand the climate as well as the negroes who work in the sugar-cane, rice, and cotton fields under a burning sun; and that nothing is to be feared from them in point of criminal violence.

Coming further North, we notice in the Philadelphia Press, a strong Republican newspaper, information to the effect that in the Eastern States the hostility to Chinese immigration is not so pronounced as it is in the West. "The commercial situation," says the Press, "is vastly different from what it was in 1882. The United States now holds the Philippine Islands, near the coast of China, and is also competing for the trade of China. These circumstances will be taken into consideration, as also the labor situation in this country. The outcome can not be predicted." The Press, by the way, is owned by Postmaster-General Smith, and is generally called "a semi-official organ."

But here is a more remarkable index of public sentiment in the West. We learn this from the daily papers:

After a five weeks' sojourn in the Hawaiian Islands, Rabbi M. S. Levy, of the Beth Israel congregation, returned to San Francisco on the steamer Sierra. While in the islands Rabbi Levy made a tour of the sugar plantations of Oahu to investigate the condition of Porto Rican laborers and of labor problems generally. "There is a strong, well-defined movement on foot in the islands now," he says, "to secure special legislation to admit Asiatics, and it seems to me that is the solution of the labor question there. There are enormous tracts of land that can not now be utilized for lack of laborers, and if Asiatics are admitted they could be used in developing these lands in a way that would double the sugar output of the islands."

We suppose that Rabbi Levy is correctly quoted. If he and other prominent persons here are in favor of importing Asiatic labor into the Hawaiian Islands, which are now part of the United States, how long will it be before the Asiatic laborers are imported to the mainland? It must not be overlooked that when the exclusion law was passed in 1882 twenty-six of the thirty-two affirmative votes in the Senate were cast by Democrats. In 1892, when the law was reenacted, the Republicans had only a narrow majority in the House of Representatives, while their control of the Senate depended on Senator Mahone's vote. In the Fifty-Seventh Congress, which meets next December, the Republicans will have a majority of eighteen in the Senate and about forty in the House of Representatives. They can enact any legislation they may see fit in regard to Chinese immigration. Thus it is apparent that the passage of the Chinese exclusion bill was largely due to Democratic votes, and that the Republicans passed it reluctantly, having a narrow majority, and fearing Pacific Coast votes. Now that the Republicans have so large a majority, they have absolute power. Will they reenact the exclusion act without largely modifying it?

One of the important movements which led to the war in South Africa was the refusal of the Transvaal Government to accede to the demand of the mine-owners that the black native labor be forced to work in the mines, no matter how much the owners saw fit to reduce their wages. These propositions came out distinctly in the inquiry held at Johannesburg in 1897. The scheme clearly outlined by representatives of the mines was that Kaffir skilled labor should be reduced as low as one shilling and sixpence per shift and ordinary labor to one shilling or less. If the Kaffir demurred and retired to his kraal, the government should step in and by piling excessive taxation upon him compel him to return to the mines and work, or starve. The refusal of the Boer government to establish what would be virtual slavery in the interest



the mines caused the outlander agitation, and was largely responsible for the war. With the British in control of the Rand and Kimberly, it seems that the plans outlined are to be carried out or attempted.

At least, that is the inference from the reported statements of a Mr. Stewart, an Englishman interested in the diamond mines, and now in this country. He says that a trust has been formed to control the supply of native labor in the Transvaal and distribute it among the mines as it sees fit. Wages may easily be lowered by the abolishment of competition for black labor, and the Kaffir himself kept in hand by feeding him on the truck system, which will also have the effect of driving many small shop-keepers out of business. Such a consummation, if accomplished, will consort badly with a British excuse for the war, that the Boers were mistreating, grinding down, and enslaving the native population. Whether the British Government will concur in these plans may well be doubted. The mine trust, at least, will not have smooth sailing. Members of a party in the United Kingdom, by no means insignificant, are seriously proposing that the cost of the war shall fall upon the men in whose interest it was waged. Should it prevail, the owners of the gold and diamond mines of South Africa may have cause to remember with longing the conditions which obtained under the Boer régime.

Superior Judge M. C. Sloss issued a temporary injunction last week in the case of M. Johnson, a restaurant-keeper, against whom a boycott has been levied by the Cooks' and Waiters' Alliance. The waiters struck on April 30th, and soon afterward placed a sandwich-man in front of Johnson's restaurant, displaying a placard to the effect that Johnson was "unfair." Pickets, active in the interest of the striking waiters, also walked back and forth before Johnson's place, requesting passers-by not to patronize the restaurant. It was claimed by Johnson that the language and actions of these men constituted a threat which deterred patrons from entering the restaurant; that the use of the word "unfair" was defamatory; and that the actions of the strikers were unlawful. The strikers contended that no threats were made or intended, and that all their acts were within the law.

The case came up before Judge Sloss, elected last November, and, therefore, junior judge on the superior bench. It was rather a trying ordeal for a young judge. To decide a case like this against striking workmen is calculated to alarm a judge who intends to remain in an elective judiciary. Instances have not been wanting here of elective judges taking to the woods when awkward cases came up before them. Judge Sloss is therefore to be commended for his courage in deciding this case on its merits, although it is true he only did his duty. Still, it is a melancholy thing when in a government like ours a judge is to be commended for doing his plain duty.

Judge Sloss's opinion is a very lengthy one. He reviews the precedents exhaustively, and reaches the conclusion that it is unlawful for the defendants to intimidate, by express or implied threats, any employee or patron of Johnson, or to persuade his employees to leave his employ, or to attempt to prevent any person from entering his employ; or from using the word "unfair" or any other defamatory word or statement with the intention of preventing any person from patronizing the plaintiff.

The attorney for the strikers has advised them to continue their picketing, and to pay no heed to the decision, except to avoid the use of the word "unfair." This seems to us an evasion of the court's mandate. While no fair-minded man denies the workmen the right to strike, all fair-minded workmen must admit that they have no right to injure or harass their former employer or his employees. Judge Sloss has shown courage in granting this injunction at this troubled time. May he show equal courage in seeing that the orders of his court are obeyed.

Men who are familiar with the sea know what sort of sea-man is he who is known aboard ship as a "sea-lawyer." He is the kind of man who keeps the forecastle in a continual tumult by holding forth to the other jack-tars on their rights and wrongs—particularly their wrongs. Every skipper would rather have a sea-serpent come aboard of him than a sea-lawyer. There is rarely more than one of him aboard ship. Were it otherwise it would be like too many lawyers in a village—they eat each other up. But a recent occurrence shows that there is a ship which possessed four of these ornaments to the forecastle. It was the American vessel *C. D. Bryant*. She caught fire on Sunday, July 7th, and when she was threatened with destruction the four defendants are alleged to have marched out of her, declaring that they would not work to fight the fire because it was on Sunday, and the captain had no right to demand Sabbath duty from them. They are being prosecuted on the charge of deserting their ship in time of peril, which it is claimed is

covered by section 4,602 of the Revised Statutes of the United States. All four have been held to answer by the federal commissioner.

This occurrence took place as the vessel lay at the pier at Honolulu. We presume that these sea-lawyers would not have refused to work on Sunday had the ship been in mid-Pacific, with nothing over her but the sky and nothing under her but the lofty submarine mountains and the profound abysses of the fathomless Pacific.

Our short Spanish war hegot a long wrangle. Unfortunately this wrangle has existed ever since, and has now taken a new lease of life. It is a question between the adherents of Admiral Sampson and Admiral Schley, as to which of those officers was entitled to the honors of the Battle of Santiago. When Cervera emerged from that harbor, Sampson, the fleet commander, was at Sihoney, some twenty miles to the eastward, and, despite all his efforts, was unable to arrive until practically the end of the battle. This left Schley theoretically in command, although the action was practically fought out by the individual captains. None the less, the acrimony of the partisans of the two admirals has prevented the promotion of either, and has also kept back all of the deserving captains under them who have nothing to do with this inter-admiral quarrel. A vast amount of hile has been engendered, gallons of ink have been spilled, and columns of newspaper controversy have been printed. Generally speaking, the matter seems to have taken a sectional aspect; the North is for Sampson, the South is for Schley.

The matter has now been brought to a head by charges directly accusing Schley of incompetence and cowardice. These charges have been made in a history of the navy prepared by E. S. Maclay, a part of which work is used as a text-book in the Naval Academy. Mr. Maclay certainly has very remarkable ideas as to what constitutes a history. The functions of an historian are supposed to be judicial, and not partisan. If Mr. Maclay has "settled" in his history facts which it takes a naval court of inquiry to determine, he must be a clairvoyant. The publication of these charges in a newspaper impelled Schley's friends to urge that gentleman to demand a vindication. He has been silent throughout the whole controversy, although his friends have done a great deal of talking. Schley therefore preferred a request to the Secretary of the Navy for a court of inquiry. Secretary Long responded with suspicious alacrity, saying that he heartily approved of Admiral Schley's desire to clear up the matter. The precept to the Schley court opens as follows:

"TO ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N., WASHINGTON, D. C.: Upon the request of Rear-Admiral Winfield S. Schley, U. S. N., made in a letter dated July 22, 1901, copy herewith, a court of inquiry, of which you are hereby appointed president; Rear-Admirals Lewis A. Kimberly and Andrew E. K. Benham, U. S. N., members; and Captain Samuel C. Lemly, U. S. N., judge advocate-general, judge advocate, is hereby ordered to convene at the Navy Department, Washington, D. C., at one o'clock P. M., on Thursday, the twelfth day of September, 1901, or as soon thereafter as may be practicable, for the purpose of inquiring into the conduct of the said W. S. Schley, commodore in the navy during the recent war with Spain, and in the connection with the events thereof.

"The court will thoroughly inquire into all the circumstances bearing upon the subject of the investigation hereby ordered, and to this end, besides examining orally all proper witnesses whose attendance can be secured, will call upon the department for all documentary evidence in relation thereto on its files."

The precept goes on to sketch the points upon which the court's inquiry is expected to shed light. But it is useless to repeat them here, as the utmost latitude will be allowed the court. It is the evident desire of the Naval Department to settle at once and forever this controversy. However, considering that some of the quarrels among our generals in the Civil War lasted for a generation, and that the Fitz John Porter affair is still a firebrand, a final settlement is doubtful. Whatever may be the decision of the court, we fear that the Schley-Sampson case will be quarreled over in the navy long after all of us are dead and gone.

Dr. Vincent P. Buckley, of the San Francisco board of health, declares that the germs of tuberculosis are harbored in the transmitters of the telephones in use in this city. The other members of the board agree with him, and say that the use of public telephones by hundreds of people leaves in the transmitters the germs of many dangerous diseases. The physicians of the board have discussed various ways in which the use of the telephone could be made safe. They have attempted this by placing thin sheets of rubber or tissue-paper over the mouth of the transmitter; but this attempt has not been a success, on account of its interference with the sound-waves. There are four telephones in the office of the board of health, the transmitters of which are disinfected frequently with formaldehyde. This shows that the board believes in its own theory.

It is said that of the twenty-five thousand telephones in San Francisco, over eighteen thousand, with the nickel-in-the-slot attachment, are to be found in drug-stores and

other places where they are used as public telephones. Health-Officer O'Brien agrees with Dr. Buckley that the telephone transmitter is a grave danger to health.

"Some powerful yet harmless and inoffensive disinfectant should be obtained," he suggests, "and the officials of the telephone company would probably agree to its use." It seems to us very doubtful whether the telephone company would go to the labor and expense of disinfecting their telephones. It is much to be feared that the thoughtless majority will continue using the infected telephones. Clean people strongly object to using drinking-vessels, tooth-brushes, and other utensils that have been applied to other people's mouths. They are wise. There are many dirty people in the world, and many of the dirty people are diseased. We see no reason why the clean people should kiss the dirty ones. There are equally strong reasons why they should not insert their lips in telephone transmitters used by the dirty people. Tuberculosis is only one of the many maladies communicated by way of the mouth. The most vile and loathsome disease known to mankind finds a fertile lodgment in the human mouth. So with a host of minor maladies.

We advise all clean people who do not like to use their neighbor's tooth-brushes to stop using public telephones.

There is a phase of the present epidemic of strikes in California which we have not seen touched upon. It is this: The strikes precipitated by the San Francisco teamsters, hacked up by the combined labor unions of San Francisco, have bitterly angered the farming classes of the State. From about the twentieth of July to the end of August is the brief period during which the fruit-growers get their product to the canneries. This was the exact time selected by the San Francisco trades-unions for their strike. As a result it completely paralyzed the canning industry in San Francisco. Some three thousand employees were thrown into idleness. The stream of fruit from the interior was diverted to Oakland, San José, and elsewhere; but, none the less, serious damage was done to the growers. An attempt was made by canners in San Francisco to get the striking teamsters' union to handle the fruit-growers' products, as they had nothing to do with the fight between merchants and trades-unions. But the teamsters refused.

It is remarkable that the labor leaders should have shown such incredible folly. The fruit-growers had nothing to do with this purely local fight. For some years they have been growing very restless under the scarcity of labor in this State for handling their crops during the brief fruit season. It was by their votes that the workingmen in the cities succeeded in carrying California solidly for Chinese exclusion. During the last ten years the farming and fruit-growing class have been thinking hard over this Chinese business, and their conclusion has been that while exclusion is a good thing for the workingman it is not a good thing for the employer. In the country every man who is not an employee is an employer. A man with a fruit farm of twenty acres needs workmen during the fruit season. As a result, practically the entire farming class in California—already wavering on the Chinese question—has received this slap in the face from the trades-unions. What possessed the labor leaders to do it? It was certainly a piece of monumental folly.

After giving every member of the Indian tribes on the Kiowa, Comanche, and Wichita reservations one hundred and sixty acres each, and setting aside four hundred and eighty thousand acres for the pasturage of Indian cattle, the government had thirteen thousand quarter-sections of fertile, well-wooded land remaining, and this has just been thrown open for settlement. To prevent such scenes of strife and suffering as were witnessed at the time of the great rush into the Cherokee Strip in September, 1893, a new plan was adopted for the opening and allotment of the lands. During the last fifteen days the land-offices at Fort Sill and El Reno, Oklahoma, registered all applicants, and each entry was copied on an identification card. On Monday, July 29th, at El Reno, the cards, inclosed in envelopes, were placed in great wheels, thoroughly mixed, and then drawn, one at a time, and the names read and recorded in order. The drawing continued three days, and while every name of the one hundred and sixty thousand registered was drawn from the wheels, only the first thirteen thousand will have the opportunity to choose land, and these in the order in which they were drawn.

The rush to the Territory was remarkable, though not so amazing as in earlier times. Home-seekers came in Pullman berths, in wagons drawn by oxen, and many on foot. Ten thousand women were included in the list. One of the first names drawn from the wheel was that of a young woman employed in the telephone exchange at Wichita, Kas., and her good fortune represents at least twenty thousand dollars,

PIOUS SEAMEN  
OPPOSED TO  
SABBATH LABOR.

man is he who is known aboard ship as a "sea-lawyer." He is the kind of man who keeps the forecastle in a continual tumult by holding forth to the other jack-tars on their rights and wrongs—particularly their wrongs. Every skipper would rather have a sea-serpent come aboard of him than a sea-lawyer. There is rarely more than one of him aboard ship. Were it otherwise it would be like too many lawyers in a village—they eat each other up. But a recent occurrence shows that there is a ship which possessed four of these ornaments to the forecastle. It was the American vessel *C. D. Bryant*. She caught fire on Sunday, July 7th, and when she was threatened with destruction the four defendants are alleged to have marched out of her, declaring that they would not work to fight the fire because it was on Sunday, and the captain had no right to demand Sabbath duty from them. They are being prosecuted on the charge of deserting their ship in time of peril, which it is claimed is

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THE GOVERNMENT  
LAND LOTTERY  
IN OKLAHOMA.

Kiowa, Comanche, and Wichita reservations one hundred and sixty acres each, and setting aside four hundred and eighty thousand acres for the pasturage of Indian cattle, the government had thirteen thousand quarter-sections of fertile, well-wooded land remaining, and this has just been thrown open for settlement. To prevent such scenes of strife and suffering as were witnessed at the time of the great rush into the Cherokee Strip in September, 1893, a new plan was adopted for the opening and allotment of the lands. During the last fifteen days the land-offices at Fort Sill and El Reno, Oklahoma, registered all applicants, and each entry was copied on an identification card. On Monday, July 29th, at El Reno, the cards, inclosed in envelopes, were placed in great wheels, thoroughly mixed, and then drawn, one at a time, and the names read and recorded in order. The drawing continued three days, and while every name of the one hundred and sixty thousand registered was drawn from the wheels, only the first thirteen thousand will have the opportunity to choose land, and these in the order in which they were drawn.

The rush to the Territory was remarkable, though not so amazing as in earlier times. Home-seekers came in Pullman berths, in wagons drawn by oxen, and many on foot. Ten thousand women were included in the list. One of the first names drawn from the wheel was that of a young woman employed in the telephone exchange at Wichita, Kas., and her good fortune represents at least twenty thousand dollars,



as she is privileged to take one of the quarter-sections adjoining the town-site of Lawton. No less than eight towns have been located on the land opened. The drawing proceeded in an orderly manner, and though only one in twenty secured the prize for which they had struggled, there was general satisfaction over the plan and its result. Many of the intending settlers are without means, and undoubtedly there will be suffering before crops can be grown on the new homesteads. This is one of the last of these great gift-days, for there are few tracts of government land remaining that possess such attractive qualities.

While it is not a pleasant thing in San Francisco to see police officers guarding truckmen in the peaceful pursuit of their calling, there are more unpleasant sights than that. Among them is the sight of truckmen and teamsters being dragged from their seats and beaten into insensibility with bludgeons and brass knuckles. A few such cowardly assaults have occurred, and it is to prevent their repetition that the police have been guarding the truckmen. The police—chief, captains, and patrolmen—all deserve credit for their efforts during the strike to maintain order. They have taken no sides in the conflict, but have construed their duties to be what they are—the maintenance of order. The disturbed district is large and the police force is small. Nearly all the available men on the police roll have been drawn upon—clerks, detectives, and court bailiffs. The men have been very hard-worked, but they have acted admirably. For the first couple of days they did not use their clubs, but were forced at last into active clubbing, as the mobs grew ugly. A number of the rioters have been badly beaten in consequence. Up to this writing the police have not been forced to use their pistols, and it is to be hoped they will not have to do so. As the employing draymen, however, now threaten to arm their teamsters in self-protection, bloodshed may be feared. All good citizens will deplore such an ending to this most unfortunate conflict. But there is a worse thing than bloodshed in the streets of San Francisco. It is that peace, order, and law should be overridden by rioters. These disturbances must be checked, and they will be checked, even if in addition to the police force of the city it requires the troops of the State.

There is no uneasiness in France concerning the stability of the republic. Conclusive evidence is easily secured to demonstrate the firm establishment of republican ideas and the steady growth of faith in the government. In the national senate two hundred and fifty of the three hundred members are Republicans. In the Chamber of Deputies, with its five hundred and eighty-five members, there were two hundred and eighty-five Republicans, forming the Centre, and, acting with them on important divisions, the Groupe Méline, a fusion of the Centre and Left, numbering one hundred and fifteen. The Radical Left, or Opposition, numbered but fifty-five, and the remaining members were divided among the groups known as Socialists, Anti-Semites, Nationalists, and Progressists, with the avowed Monarchists and Imperialists at the foot of the list, with twelve members. Last week elections for the councils general took place in all the provinces, nearly fifteen hundred members of these departmental legislatures being chosen. Although the issues involved in these elections are purely local, the voting is always conducted on partisan lines. Many of the councillors are also members of the senate, or Chamber of Deputies, and their election or defeat is indorsement or rejection of their ministerial or party affiliations. The result of the elections shows considerable gains for the Republicans and a noticeable drift of public opinion to the support of the government. Rumors of plots and intrigues for the purpose of restoring the monarchy in France are not worthy of consideration.

The sheriff of San Francisco has filed his annual report with the mayor. The following passages will be of interest to tax-payers—not only in San Francisco but elsewhere:

"The supervisors have allowed us four additional guards, and through that we have been enabled to do a large amount of work with prisoners outside of the jail, there being from fifty to sixty prisoners and five teams employed daily. Some thirty acres of land around the jail were cultivated, and hay and potatoes were raised. Several hundred feet of fence was constructed almost entirely by prisoners. The roof, cornice work, windows, and all iron work have been painted, and the barns and outhouses have been whitewashed. All the wagons, buggies, and vans have been painted. Nearly all the repairing to wagons, picks, shovels, drills, crowbars, etc., has been done in the blacksmith shop connected with the jail. The most important work has been done on the roads. San José Avenue has been repaired to the county line, a distance of three miles, and a large amount of work has been done on the Ocean House and Mission Roads. The value of the work done on these roads is above twenty thousand dollars.

"The health of the inmates of this jail has been exceptionally good, owing mainly to the fact that the prisoners are doing outdoor work. Steady work gets them into other habits; they seek and usually obtain employment after they are released."

From this and other sources the sheriff has made a saving

over last year of thirty-two thousand dollars. It is instructive to see how profitable to all concerned is the employment of prison labor—to the prisoners most of all. When the tax-payers see the folly of maintaining jail-birds and convicts in idleness, they will find not only the number of such felons diminishing, but the expense of running city, county, and State governments diminishing, too.

A curious development of the gigantic steel strike in the East is taking place in Pennsylvania. The National Tube Works Company has delivered a heavy blow to the Amalgamated Association. Their skilled workmen have been asked to sign individual contracts for a year at high wages, the contracts practically to repudiate any labor union. Should they not sign the contracts they will find their positions vacant. Six hundred welders were paid off, and then taken into the office of the general superintendent, where they were presented with individual contracts to be signed for at least a year. The welders are highly skilled workmen, and with their cooperation the strikers could close the big plants. With them in line, the plants will probably keep on running as though nothing had happened.

This movement is calculated to carry consternation into the ranks of the trades-unions. In the iron trades, as in all crafts, there are skilled workmen who are indispensable. If these join the strikers, they are a tower of strength. Without them, the strikers could do nothing. But with them the employers could get along with gangs of inferior workmen under them.

If this plan should succeed, it would be a death-blow to trades-unionism. The contract system has been in existence for some years in certain of the higher callings. Prominent railroad men nowadays will rarely leave one corporation for another without a contract for a term of years. In the leading daily newspapers of New York nearly all the high-priced men, both in the editorial-room and in the business office, are under contract. It is the case in other lines of business. There is no reason why it should not be applied successfully to the higher grade of artisans. The high-priced men certainly have no reason to object to it. But if it becomes at all the rule it strikes at the root of trades-unionism. For the very life's breath of unionism is the mass rather than the man, the society rather than the individual, the union rather than the workman. All must be alike. The poor puddler must receive the same wage as the good puddler. The lazy workman must receive the same pay as the industrious workman. But this lifting of the higher-grade workman out of the ruck, not only by his higher wage but by his contract for a term of months or years, will eventually destroy unionism. It makes employment a matter between the employer and the workman rather than between the employer and the workman's union.

In Sacramento last week Judge E. C. Hart refused to take into consideration a plea of guilty, sentencing a footpad, Frank Enright, to life at San Quentin for robbery. Enright cursed the judge in the court-room, crying out that he "hoped to the judge would get paralyzed the next time he said 'life.'" He was quickly handcuffed and hustled to his cell. Judge Hart last year, when three footpads—A. B. Spellman, Henry Spellman, and R. M. Gordon—pleaded guilty, gave them, respectively, thirty, thirty-five, and forty-five years in prison. All that these men received from their victim was thirty cents and a hunch of keys—rather costly loot for them. In April, 1898, he sentenced James Searight and Charles Le Roy to prison for life for robbery. They had shot their victim, wounding him severely. In the same year Judge Hart gave Karl Rolf twenty-five years in the State prison for robbery. In November, 1898, he gave John E. Burke and Joe Martin each, for robbery, twenty-five years.

These sentences may seem severe. We do not think them so. There is no more cowardly criminal than the one who lies in wait for the unsuspecting citizen and threatens or attacks him with deadly weapons, often from behind. The law holds that the nocturnal hurglar may be justly suspected of having murder in his heart; he comes prepared to kill; therefore the householder may legally slay him. Not so with the daylight burglar—the householder who kills him may not go free. The daylight hurglar is a different kind of reptile. Correspondingly, the footpad who, after nightfall, lies in wait for the passer-by, is a potential murderer—he is prepared, if need arise, to murder an innocent stranger who has done him no harm—for "thirty cents and a hunch of keys," as in the case above.

The crimes of footpads and garroters were stopped in London only by flogging. We in this country are too tender-hearted to flog—it "brutalizes men," say the sentimentalists. Brutalize a footpad, quotha! But since we may not flog footpads, we hope that judges may at least put them where they will do no harm for life—or for half a cent-

ury, say. It has a marked effect in diminishing these cowardly crimes against the person. Success to Judge Hart, of Sacramento. May he have a long life and long remain upon the bench to give long terms and life terms to footpads, burglars, and gallows-birds generally.

On the day that the City Front Federation ordered a general strike in San Francisco, calling out fifteen thousand men, stopping work on all the docks around San Francisco Bay, and practically taking the city by the throat, we were curious to see what the San Francisco dailies would say about it editorially. We all of us know how often those leaders of men dilate upon their power over public opinion in anxious times like these. Therefore, when this crisis came, we turned at once to the editorial columns of these mighty journals. The *Chronicle's* leader was on "The Proposed German Tariff"; another article was on "The Philadelphia Franchises"; another on "Europe Barring Out American Shoes"; it discussed at length prosperous Porto Rico and "humiliated Germany," and wound up with a thrilling article on "Rudyard Kipling's Poetry and War." The *Call* led off with "The Strenuous Period"; this sounded meaningful, but it turned out to be not the strenuous period in San Francisco, but the strenuous period in the Philippines. Another timely *Call* editorial was about "The Professors' Salaries in the Chicago University"; another on "The Banjo as a Joy"; the *Call's* most vigorous article concerned "Professor Koch's Theories on Bovine Tuberculosis." The *Examiner* did not contain so many earnest editorials as its contemporaries. We found but four. One was devoted to "The Speed of Italian Battle-Ships" and others to the "Problem of Aerial Navigation," "Women Ought to Cease Wearing Long Skirts," and "Only Female Nurses Should Be Employed in Hospitals." When San Francisco was in the midst of such civic turmoil, it was helpful, soothing, and stimulating to read these earnest and timely editorials. Still, they seemed a little reticent, a little remote, as it were. What is the matter with our fearless dailies—friends of the workman (with his fifteen cents a week) and friend of the merchant (with his profitable advertising)? What is the cause of this silence on the part of our hold dailies? Can it be possible that these fearless leaders are afraid?

The smaller California cities are already congratulating themselves on the great strike in San Francisco. They think it will divert manufacturing and other industries in their direction. The strike has shut down the San Francisco canneries, and all the fruit is going to Sacramento, San José, San Lorenzo, and other interior points. It may be that the canning trade will not return here. It is always easy to get labor in the country for cannery purposes—women and boys and girls are glad to work at it; but if there were lack of labor it would not be difficult to bring it there. All around the great cities of the East the smaller places have profited by the removal of manufacturing plants. Even printing and publishing houses have gone to the smaller places, leaving their offices in the great cities. Near New York City, at places like Mount Vernon, you see on high brick buildings the well-known names of the great New York publishing houses. At Irvington, on the Hudson, one of the big magazines has its entire publishing plant, with only its business offices in New York. The plan works well there—there is no reason why it should not work well here. Land is cheaper and wages always lower in a small city like Sacramento than in a large one like San Francisco. Then in the smaller cities the trades-union question is not so menacing. It is more than probable that as a result of the present strike a number of manufacturing industries will be driven from San Francisco to other California cities. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Advices received from St. Petersburg give details of the expulsion from Russia of George Kennan, the American author and lecturer, who was called upon at his hotel at St. Petersburg last week and informed by a high police officer that he must leave the country the next day. Mr. Kennan was courteously treated, but was not allowed to leave his room in the interim. His expulsion was carried out quietly. He was provided with a traveling passport, signed by the chief of the political police, and boarded a train for Wirballin, accompanied by an escort. His own passport was returned to him on his arrival at Wirballin. Mr. Kennan arrived in St. Petersburg three weeks ago, after an absence of fifteen years. After his arrival Mr. Kennan renewed his old acquaintances and collected literary material. He was not engaging in any political agitation. The Russian press referred to Mr. Kennan's return courteously, no paper suggesting that he was not welcome, and he began to feel secure. There is only one explanation of Mr. Kennan's expulsion, and that is that the Russian Government has not recovered from the effects of his criticisms of the Siberian exile system, which has been greatly modified and restricted since Mr. Kennan first wrote about it.

THE POLICE  
AND THE  
STRIKERS.

UNWAVERING  
REPUBLICANISM  
IN FRANCE.

LONG TERMS  
FOR FOOTPADS  
AND BURGLARS.

KEEPING  
JAIL-BIRDS  
AT WORK.

BOLDNESS  
OF THE  
DAILIES.

EFFECTS OF  
STRIKE ON  
SMALL CITIES.



## A VICTIM OF THE TWEED RING.

How John Scannell Avenge the Murder of His Brother Florence.

In his biography of "Richard Croker," which will be reviewed at length in a later issue, Alfred Henry Lewis tells a remarkable story of murder and retribution which portrays the methods pursued by William M. Tweed in the year 1869, when he was in the height of his power as a Tammany boss, and when those who opposed him too vigorously were not safe of life, liberty, and limb. Tweed controlled the courts, the public attorneys, the juries, the sheriff, and the police. He was the law; his word was statute; he had but to lift a finger to cause its carrying out. Offensive partisanship was a "crime" of moment and serious sequence; and many an honest rebel against Tweed was taught a terror-lesson in proof of it. Hundreds of innocent men were sentenced and sent to Sing Sing for crimes that never had commission. The term in prison was contingent on what power of harm to the Tweed ring the victim possessed. If he were of slighter sort, a year; twenty, if he were manifest peril to the ring. This process was styled "putting away." There were bravos at the head of the ring, also, who would snuff out life on the slightest nod of the powers that were, and with as little of scruple as might attend the imbibition of a glass of rum. The victim was "waylaid by footpads," or "died by hands unknown," or even "committed suicide," just as accident, or a word let fall, opened a door to that ringy jury at the inquest for a phrase of explanation.

Mr. Lewis's narrative concerns the brothers Scannell—Florence, aged twenty-three, and for two terms prior a member of the city council, and John Scannell, aged thirty, at that time holding no office, but since of regard as New York's fire commissioner. The Scannells were folk of respect and note and forces of politics. With the youthful Richard Croker, they were among the most dauntless of the ring's foes; they fought Tweedism by day and by night. Florence Scannell, from his place in the city council, was a menacing grief to the ring, and in December of 1869, when he was a candidate for a third term, with victory assured, the ring, in desperation, decided that he must die. John Scannell, who cared nothing for politics save the pride and joy he found in the triumphs of his brother, was also included in the ring's edict:

It was registration. The vote of the city—the local elections were then held late in December—was making that preliminary answer to its name required of the law. The ring, set to the defeat of Florence Scannell by all foul methods since it might not be fairly brought about, was with the use of repeaters falsely swelling the registration whereon to lay foundation for the final steal. Florence Scannell, together with John Scannell, was busily about in efforts to prevent these wrongs of the ring.

There was one Donahue, who kept a drinking-place at Twenty-Third Street and Second Avenue. This Donahue was himself of the ring's Danites. He had killed his man and nearly slain his second. His drinking-den was a harbor for ring criminals. Donahue had office ambitions. He argued with a dark sagacity that were he to "remove" Florence Scannell, the ring would not only protect him from the law—which in that day was the ring's will—but prefer him to some coign of party height and fatness.

On registration day Donahue's resort was made headquarters for those imported "repeaters" who were to be used in that ward. There were fourscore or more of these ruffians in the room to the rear of Donahue's bar. Florence Scannell, accompanied by John Scannell, on the scent of fraud, came into Donahue's. Florence Scannell, aware of the whereabouts of the "repeaters," walked to the door of the rear room and sought to enter. The door was locked. Donahue stood behind the bar.

"Don't go in there!" cried Donahue to Florence Scannell, as the latter tried the door.

There was murder in Donahue's heart. It glowed dully in his heavy eye, and had the Scannells been a whit less brave, and therefore a bit more cautious, they might have noted it.

"Don't go in there," said Donahue.

Florence Scannell, huffed by the locked door, turned and stood against the bar. His elbows rested on it; his back was to the bar and to Donahue. One in the room with the "repeaters" unlocked the door. John Scannell pushed it open and entered among them. About one hundred men were therein gathered. The entrance of John Scannell fell like a fear upon these law-breakers. They deemed him the advance of justice in pursuit of them. With that, many sought to be rid of the place; there was a deal of commotion; the door through which John Scannell had entered was closed in the stampede.

At the top of the huzzah a shot rang forth in the bar-room:

John Scannell, closed into the rear room, couldn't see and would only guess the reason of that firing. Donahue, seizing the safe advantage of Florence Scannell's position and John Scannell's absence from the scene, had shot the younger Scannell in the back. There was no word of warning; between them passed no looks of difference; murder, cold and safe and cowardly it was, and the victim's first touch of his peril was a bullet in his back. The effect was to paralyze; Florence Scannell slipped to the floor without falling, and as John Scannell rushed in, his eyes rested first on his brother half lying against the base of the bar. In front of him stood a lesser thug of the ring.

John Scannell's hand sought his pistol, a .44-caliber Colt's. There was a flash and a crash; the ring thug fell, shot through the neck.

"John, it was Donahue," whispered Florence Scannell.

John Scannell sprang to the front door. Donahue, fear-spurred, was a block away, pistol in hand, running with all speed. To see was to act; an instant and John Scannell was in pursuit. The glance he gave his brother as he passed told him that the latter was wounded to the death. Whereupon a great hunger of revenge seized him and swallowed him up.

Donahue made what speed he might, but a vicious life was clogging him. His pursuer, perfect of habit, was bated-winged with the one vast thought of vengeance. The sharp chase of John Scannell was overwhelming the murderer. Donahue, whose frightened eye each moment swept his shoulder, beheld his fate as it was descending upon him. Despair had almost claimed him. There was a police station near at hand. If Donahue could but win to that, he would be safe; the police—the ring police—would protect him. They were allies as well as officers. This thought upheld the murderer. He heaved off all his energies; they granted strength; he panted to the door. Scannell's pistol cracked, and Donahue fell in among the police. The Scannell bullet had shattered an arm. It was a long shot; still hate and revenge bave eyes of hawk; the bullet reached, though it only wounded.

John Scannell, heavy of heart, carried his brother to the hospital. Then he gave bail on charges of shooting both the ring ruffian, whom he mistook for the murderer, and Donahue, wounded in the door of the police. Donahue, the assassin of Florence Scannell, was not arrested. Such was the hardihood, not to say the power, of the ring.

Florence Scannell lived eight months and was dying every moment. Paralyzed—for the bullet had struck his spine—he reposed on a cot with motion and while life waked away.

Florence Scannell was powerless to move, but he could talk. And each day he besought John Scannell, who hung over him, to cry off that vendetta which he had sworn against Donahue.

"If you die," said John Scannell, "and the law doesn't punish

Donahue, I shall have his life. If the law fails, I will myself take that justice which is mine."

For eight months the dying Florence wrestled with his brother for the life of him who was his murderer. But his strivings were of no avail. The resolves of John Scannell had set as relentlessly as water-chilled steel. He would have life for life; an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. There was something ethnic in the grim resolve of John Scannell, and his gray eyes, soft enough with sympathy as he bent over his brother, turned agate-hard with the first naming of Donahue.

When Florence Scannell, bound to his cot, was dying, the election took place. In the teeth of the ring he was successful. But the ring promised to rectify that "error." On the "official" count Florence Scannell would be defeated. John Scannell heard this crooked news:

There was one who stood for the wisdom of Tweed. He will not here be named. Suffice it that he was the Tweed intelligence; the potent one behind the throne of the ring.

This wise one, and potential, was alone at his desk. It was the scant, gray afternoon of the December solstice. The door opened and John Scannell stood before him. He wore the tranquil air that was common with him.

"I owe you an apology," said Scannell to the potential one, "for this unannounced invasion. But I had a most important word to communicate."

"What is it?" queried the potential one, not much at ease with his formidable visitor, calmly the finished gentleman though that visitor might be. "What is this that you should tell me?"

"My brother," observed Scannell, "lies nigh unto death. There is small, if any, hope of his recovery. He was fairly elected at the polls. Despite that fact, your corrupt board is about, officially, to 'count him out.' My thought is that if my brother were given the certificate of election it would be as medicine in wine to him. It might aid him to well."

"Very right," replied the potential one. "I'll look into the matter and let you hear from me in a few days."

John Scannell closed the door which had stood ajar. When he again turned to the potential one his pistol was in one hand and his watch in the other.

"I will give you one minute," said Scannell, and his tones were cool and true, "wherein to promise that my brother will not be robbed of his election. If the minute dies wanting that assurance, I'll kill you where you are."

In the gray depths of those eyes bent upon him, the man of power read his death half told. The whole dread story would be finished unless within the pent spaces of a minute he interrupted its recital with a promise. It was fate, and the one potential doffed his hat to it. He promised. Scannell returned his pistol, and was about to depart.

"I do not doubt your word," said he to the potential one, "for I do not doubt that you are wise enough to keep it."

"I'll keep my word," faltered the other, "but I request you to say nothing of our interview."

For the first time since his brother lay with Donahue's bullet in his life, the least shadow of a smile fell across the face of John Scannell.

"You need take no alarm," he observed; "I'll regard our interview as confidential."

Florence Scannell was given the election; the man of potency had kept his word:

Those months to follow the day when he was shot down by Donahue went tip-toeing into the past, and the hour of death came on for Florence Scannell. Worn of pain and starved by sickness, he was only the shade of what he was. John Scannell was with him, as he had been day and night. The one dying, too weak to speak aloud, motioned his brother to draw nearer.

"John," he whispered, "I shall not live an hour. And before I die I want to say a word to you. I feel differently about Donahue, and now that I die I want to leave his punishment to his conscience. If he were here, and I held his life in my hand, I'd give it back to him. John, you're my oldest brother and my best and oldest friend. You never refused me in my life. I have one last request. I want you to spare Donahue."

"Florence," replied his brother, and the tears were wet on his face—"Florence, so surely as you die and I live, I shall kill Donahue."

There was a moment's pause. Then:

"John," whispered the other, "you have broken my heart."

And he died without further word.

On the cot was the dead, and by its side knelt the living, and there John Scannell made his vow anew that, be it late or be it soon, he it far or be it near, yet should his vengeance find a time. He would have life for life; he would pay with death his debt of death.

John Scannell made a visit to Donahue. His hope was to force him forth to battle; he would not kill him as his brother was slain; Donahue should have his chance. Scannell was coldly steady when he found his man:

"My brother is dead," said he, "and you murdered him. If you had killed him in honest quarrel and with his face toward you, I would not harbor thought against you. But this was murder—murder plain and cowardly. You killed him when he had no difference with you and while his back was turned. For what you did there's no excuse, nor shall you find escape. Yet I will deal better by you than you did with him. You shall see your death and defend yourself against me; your hand shall hold every advantage that I hold in mine. You must come and fight. You should not hesitate; you are not new to weapons nor to taking life. You have already killed two men, and dearly wounded one. And you must come with me. To help you to decision, I promise it's your only door to safety. You've killed my brother. You must now kill me or I shall kill you."

Donahue turned white as paper. Donahue was bold, but there was that so inveterate in the one before him, he seemed so fraught of all that crushed and killed, that Donahue shrank from him as from a mystery of midnight. Donahue smelled his death off Scannell as kine smell in the wind the unhorn storm. Donahue refused to meet with Scannell.

Four days had passed. Donahue, in company of two of his adherents, was walking in Fourth Avenue. Scannell leaped from a carriage and approached Donahue. As he came near, he called to the other:

"Get ready; you are not to be killed without defense."

Donahue turned and fled; he was gone in a twinkling. Scannell made no attempt to shoot nor follow; his thought was still to have his man at bay.

There was that to happen which would show Scannell that his enemies were not so frank as he. He was waylaid on Twenty-Eighth Street by seven bravos of the ring. The notorious Owney Geoghegan was at their van. Their "orders" were to slay Scannell on sight. The seven poured a volley against him. But his own pistol spoke with theirs, and as he fell with three wounds, a bullet-convulsed brigand remained to bear him bleeding company. The others fled. As they ran, the indomitable Scannell raised his shot body and fired twice. Each bullet stopped an enemy. There were no deaths to be the result of this attempted assassination. Scannell recovered, as did also the wounded trio of would-be murderers. The ring still sought to compass his death. The ring again "ordered" it, but there was now none among the Danites of a courage to hunt this Hector.

Following this last collision John Scannell disappeared. Some there were to say that he had left the town; others told that he was still here, but disguised. At any rate, not alone Donahue, but Tweed and Sweeney and Hall and others of the ring's highest, went nervously lest their lives, too, were written in the books of Scannell:

Donahue remained, for the great part, out of town. He crept to his home at intervals to lie in biding for a day or two; then he would fit again. A fugitive day and night, Donahue's every moment was fevered of fear, and his life already fallen into a semi-eclipse of death.

It was a few months following the attack of the seven Danites on Scannell. Donahue came secretly to his home. The night following,

with two others, Donahue was about in one of the more retired streets. Suddenly, and wanting sign or warning, one whom none recognized stood before them in the gloom. Not a word was spoken; there was the bluff bark of a derring, and Donahue fell, shot through the body. The stranger disappeared like a dark ghost, as he had come like one.

Donahue, tenacious to live, got well of this wound as of the first; but before the fact was abroad, he had gone—where, no one knew.

It is a curious thought, and one which tells for the self-centered sort of Scannell, that none dared speak to him of Donahue. Richard Croker, his nearest friend, was asked to interpose his influence with Scannell. Croker shook his head.

"I'd give all I'm worth," he said, "and ten years off my life if the matter might end as it is. It's bad, and more will make it worse. But—and Croker paused—"but I can't speak to him. I best know John Scannell of all his friends; I've no closer friend myself than he; but I don't know him well enough for that."

The last act of this tragedy took place on a Saturday in November, 1872:

Lacking a fortnight, three years had slipped away on the slow tides of eternity since the murder of Florence Scannell. Donahue was never seen these days, and seldom heard of. Now and again a half whisper would go about that Donahue had been in town, but was fled again. John Scannell, on his part, was about in his own affairs, calm, equal, and cold; he never smiled and never spoke of Donahue. It was the evening of the day. In a basement at the north-west corner of Broadway and Twenty-Eighth Street and under the present Fifth Avenue Theatre, was a pool-room. John Scannell, who was walking in Broadway at the time, paused and entered. Donahue was not in his thoughts; he believed him full one thousand miles away and more, for a half-word hlew about that Donahue's refuge was Havana. Scannell's fires of vengeance glowed as hotly as ever, but by long waiting they had become hanked. In the lapse of years the tooth of sharp expectancy had dulled. Scannell wasn't longing and looking to find his foe with every moment, as was earlier true.

John Scannell entered the pool-room. There were full two hundred in the place. Scannell saw only one. Before him stood Donahue. That man who had slain his brother, and for whom he had hoped and hunted, was delivered into his hand. Almost three years had sped since John Scannell beheld his brother lying in bloody helplessness, and worse than dead, by the hand of this man. The picture was with him still. Almost three years had gone—more than one thousand days and one thousand nights—and each day he had re-sworn himself to vengeance; and each night he had prayed that the hour might come. It was here, and he welled with happiness. The murky glory of the moment filled his heart; his pleasure overflowed in laughter.

John Scannell gazed on Donahue. The dogged moments seemed to pause. Scannell's face shone with a smile. His eyes were lighted brightly up, yet pleasantly, with the lamps of a white hate. Donahue, opposite, was as one of stone, and with a cheek of ashes. Donahue had courage; but it was of bludgeon kind; it would not carry him against this man of joy and death.

Donahue could not command himself. Gripped in his right hand, and hidden in his coat, was a heavy pistol. It was found frozen in his fingers when he was dead:

Donahue pointed this weapon at Scannell through his coat; but his hand was nerveless; he couldn't fire. Twice he called in a dry, hoarse voice, like a raven's croak:

"John!"

And again, "John!"

Donahue was calling to one who should have been with him. Scannell smiled only the more. The blood of his brother was calling to him.

John Scannell still looked on Donahue while the moments snailed away. Scannell reflected of Donahue as with a comic likeness that matched the smile on his lips. This was what he thought:

"They say you're bullet-proof, and that no lead will kill you. Perhaps this is true. And I'll make a promise in your favor. If you live through this—if you get by me this time, I'll call my vengeance off—I'll let the dead past bury its dead."

Something of that was running in the mind of Scannell. Then his thought went to other matters. He could see that Donahue grasped in his hand a pistol. He hoped that Donahue would shoot. Scannell cared not if he died or no; he was sure in his heart that he would live to kill Donahue, and that was all his prayer. From the first Scannell spoke never a word; Donahue at intervals called:

"John!" huskily.

Then a third thought came to Scannell. "My pistol carries the heaviest of balls. When I shoot this man the bullet will go through and through and wound or kill one of those behind."

There was truth in this, for, as Scannell stood in the door, the on-lookers, as pale as Donahue—for each foresaw the sequel—were crowded to the rear, and in the line of fire. This would not do; Scannell wanted no man's blood but one's.

Scannell began to pace slowly around Donahue. The other, fear-stiffened and incapable, could only turn to meet him. Scannell ceased not to smile. His unwinking eyes did not waver from the eyes of Donahue. The latter was held as by a spell. Slowly Scannell went about Donahue to the right, never widening, never lessening the distance. At last he had forced Donahue cross-wise of the room, with naught behind him save the safe, insensate wall. The time had come.

Not until then did Scannell's hand seek his weapon:

And he went slowly after it, with pauses full of pleasant hesitation. Scannell still tacitly called Donahue to action. It was not to be. Donahue was as rigidly helpless as a statue of ice. With iron deliberation, Scannell drew his pistol. Donahue, licking a dry lip, stood at gaze and as one planet-struck.

"Bang!"

Between those murderous eyes which had lined the spot that stole his brother's life, Scannell's revenge went crashing. Donahue crumpled forward, half-turned, and with a sob, which broke on Scannell like a tune of music, fell headlong down.

John Scannell looked on his prone enemy for a moment, while his bosom filled with the tides of a generous peace. It was as though a stone had been rolled from his heart. Then he went slowly forth, and no hour had seemed so sweet nor the world so bright before.

An officer touched his elbow. Scannell turned and followed him. The officer led the way. The dead Donahue was where he fell. A captain of police stood close at hand.

"Do you see your work?" asked the captain.

"I do." The sudden sparkle to glance in Scannell's eyes showed bow burned the fires to be kindled in a brother's breast by a brother's murder. "I do; I see my work; observe bow I approve it."

"Bang!"

And Scannell sent a bullet through the dead Donahue as he had sent one through the living Donahue before. The body jumped on the floor with the springy concussion of the shot, and then lay still. The vengeance of John Scannell was full.

John Scannell was acquitted by a jury for the taking-off of Donahue. The argument that led to his dismissal was the full pistol fast in the death-grasp of Donahue's right hand. It assumed a peril for Scannell, and therefore he was declared free and blameless.

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The loquat, or Japan plum, sometimes erroneously called "medlar," belongs to the family *Rosaceae*. Its botanical name is *Eriobotrya Japonica*. The "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture," by L. H. Bailey (published by the Macmillan Company), says of it: "The loquat is native to China and Japan, but is much planted in the Gulf States and westward. It blooms from August until the approach of winter, and ripens its clustered fruit in very early spring. It is a profuse bearer in congenial climates. It may be grown from seed. The fruit is often seen in Northern markets."



## ITALY AND FRANCE.

Anecdotes, Yarns, and Incidents of Travel.

In Italy, except on the plains of Lombardy, little or no plowing is done. Nearly all cultivation is carried on by spading. To one who has never been in Europe before, the working of the women in the fields with the men would seem curious, but the same thing is done in France, Germany, Austria, and Belgium. It calls attention to the great poverty of the poor. The thrifty, hard-working Portuguese in California have been trained for generations to hard work and economy, and while unable to save anything in their own country, their pay being so small, in the United States many of them make fortunes, as do the Italians.

To the eye, from the bay, Naples is beautiful. To the nose, in the narrow streets, it is not. The landing and getting your baggage is most disagreeable. It is a matter of surprise to many that the steamship company does not land the passengers more comfortably. The shallow bay prevents the big steamer from going to the custom-house dock. You board a steam tender and go ashore in that, but your baggage does not go ashore with you. You wait on the dock an hour or more in the rain, if it is raining, not knowing at what hotel you can get rooms (during the crowded season), and finally a barge approaches the dock. Few or none of the passengers speak Italian. Experience teaches that the best thing to do is this: Before leaving home have your trunks and your heavy small baggage marked on the ends with your initials in a circle or a diamond. On landing grab one of the English-speaking guides. There are generally a dozen or more. Give him a slip of paper on which you have drawn a facsimile of your mark and initials. Tell him to get you a cab; he will tell the driver what hotel you want; then go. English is spoken at every good hotel in Naples, the best are on the bay, on the Via Caracciolo, and Via Partenope. There is one nearer the custom-house, near the shops and theatres and car lines, which was new and good last spring, the Hotel de Londres. When you have selected your hotel, return to the custom-house, by which time your baggage may be ashore. Examination is a mere form. If you have much baggage that can not go on a cab, send it up by your hotel omnibus. Give the guide at least five lire for himself and an extra one or two to pay the porters. It is little enough. Do not quarrel with him as some do. Treat him decently. He intends to be useful and friendly. He is not a thief. He makes your entrance into a foreign country easy, pleasant, and secure. On the steamers one hears stories of the rascality of the cabmen, guides, and hotel servants in Italy. I found none. Travelers somehow seem to get a crick in their brains. They look upon a *lira* as if it were a dollar. It is only twenty cents—less in fact. Of course it is well to be cautious, but it is also wise to get rid of that unexplainable travelers' crick in the brain. If you get into a squabble with a cabman don't bother or try to explain; he does not understand English, French, or gibberish, but he does understand Italian. Go to the hotel *conciergerie*, or porter, be is at the front door and speaks Italian. The porters are all wonderful fellows. They know everything that a tourist wants. The *conciergerie* will treat you better than he will the cabby. The decision is law to the driver. And do not forget to give the porter five or ten lire on leaving, depending upon the trouble you have given him. He is fully worthy of that pay.

What does it amount to? In Italy the longest trip the average person takes generally includes eight towns—Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Bologna, Milan, Turin, Genoa. Five lire per town, or less than five dollars. Do not look upon it as forty dollars. It is only eight, and eight different amounts of practical information, in eight different towns, are worth eight good American dollars; and, in my humble opinion, are cheap at that. I have never found, in any other part of the world, such gratitude for little compliments and little generousities as I have found in Italy and France. A man told about a scheme he had: "In Florence, after my first breakfast there, I hired a cabby to drive me around for an hour through the principal streets for two lire (forty cents). He pleased me, and when he stopped his cab at the hotel it was an hour, and I gave him, with the remark, 'Bene, bene,' an extra *lira*. He lifted his hat, gave me a beaming smile, and said: 'Grazie, grazie, signore.' A little mite of a compliment, a little mite of generosity, and the pleasure it gave the cabby made my lunch taste better." The little Italian laborer gets for his work a wonder—a *lira* a day. The poverty is something awful.

There is little or no begging in Northern Italy, as there is in Naples. In the southern part of the peninsula the people are mixed with the scum of the Levant. In the north the country is agriculturally rich, and there are no crop failures. The irrigation system is so good and the water from the mountains so plentiful that the plains of Lombardy are a delight to the eye. The people are a business people, serious, self-contained, and self-respecting. The south lives off what the tourists spend, the north lives on their business. The average tourist stays in Naples, including Pompeii, Vesuvius, Sorrento, Amalfi, ten days; Rome, two weeks; Florence, five or seven days; Venice, four; Genoa, one; and Milan, one or three. Tourists generally do not see Turin, and Milan and Turin gave me a distinct pleasure. It may surprise Californians to know that the big opera-house of Milan, known as "La Scala," has been very little used of late years. It belongs to the past. Reputations were made there formerly, but not now.

At 9 or 10 P. M. the lower floor of the hotels in Italy are deserted. The smoking-room sometimes is occupied until half-past ten—for smokers are men. The women generally go earlier. At about nine the next morning they all appear in the breakfast-room, hungry-eyed, keen-eyed, not for food, but to see more—to see those things their friends in America

have told them about and that the guide-books tell them that they must not overlook. A German told me the reason for the early disappearance of the hotel guests is because they are so tired. "I have climbed mountains," said he, "nine, ten, eleven thousand feet high. I have been up and down ladders in mining-shafts and winzes; I have gone through stopes, squeezing through them for twenty years, as superintendent and manager or examiner of mines; I have been on my legs many hours during the day, and then again at night. But I have never done so hard a day's work as I have done in Italy sight-seeing. Baedeker adds to the weight of your clothes, too."

I met an American—one Mr. J. Middle West—who told me that he came to Italy for nervous prostration. He talked in such a way that he probably really had it. Here is a specimen: "That d— foolini, d— alini, Bay Decker, keeps you going about to see things you want to see, and he makes me so 'stanco'—that's the Italian for tired. There are twenty thousand churches to see—catacombs, madonnas, primmerdonnas by Mike the Angel, Bony and Rotten, Leenardeeno da Vinch, Ralf Stanzy—dago fellows that lived too early to bear of Chicago—and I come back worn out. But I go the next day just the same."

A little bother can be saved in Naples by providing one's self before leaving the hotel with the copper one-cent pieces—*centesimi*—of the country. It saves a little worry. In Naples and the towns about, the children beg in the streets and the roadside. But they give their little for the little that one is expected to give. They run along rapidly by the rapidly moving carriage, singing or turning band-springs, asking for "maccaroni." In France it is for something to drink, but in Italy it is for food. They are nearly starved, they earn so little. This constant call is sometimes irritating, and I found that the American woman is more patient, more generous, than her man. In the churches one gives these little coppers, and the guardian at the museum doors, who takes your cane, umbrella, or parasol, expects some small gift when you return—and it is just that he should get it. The charge for entrance is sometimes nothing, sometimes a *lira*.

A story was told me by a man on the steamer from New York to Naples of a thing that happened the year before when he had made a previous trip. It is well that American women who are obliged to travel alone should know of this. He said that a fellow-passenger remarked to him one day: "That lady seated next to you at meals has a man in her cabin. She is Mrs. A on the list and a Mr. X is also on the list as being in the same cabin. I guess she's 'no good.'"

This was a distinct reflection on the woman's honor. My acquaintance happened to be seated next to her. She had treated him very coldly, never bowed to him on deck, always walked alone. He had no reason to like her, but being of an investigating turn of mind, he asked his acquaintance to say nothing to any one else about the matter and that he would try to unravel it. He got the printed passenger-list which is distributed as soon as the steamer gets to sea, and sure enough there was No. 212, Mrs. A. Going down the list (the list is alphabetic), he saw No. 212, Mr. X. To the casual observer that looked as if Mrs. A were "no good," indeed. My informant then went to the head-steward and got from him a copy of the steward's private passenger-list for wine and mineral-water orders. He carefully went over the list. Much to his delight he found a Mrs. X, no Mr. At dinner that day he remarked to Mrs. A that he had a very amusing cabin associate, an Italian.

"And I have a charming old lady, Mrs. X, she sits over there."

The testimony was now entirely and absolutely in favor of Mrs. A; but he was not through with the matter. He went to the head-steward, showed him the printed and written list.

"*Mein Gott!*" said the German; "vat a mistake. It was the quickness of brinting."

Of course in the hurry and skurry of getting a big steamer with many passengers off, typographical errors are likely to occur. But it would be better to print more deliberately and not have such errors happen.

JULY, 1901.

COVINGTON JOHNSON.

The White Star Line steamer *Celtic* left Liverpool July 26th for New York on her maiden voyage, carrying 250 saloon, 100 second cabin, and 300 steerage passengers. The *Celtic* is the largest vessel ever built, not even excepting the *Great Eastern*. She is five feet shorter than the *Oceanic*, but exceeds that vessel in beam by seven feet and her tonnage is over three thousand greater. The new vessel was not built for record-breaking, and while she is not to be fitted up in the luxurious style of the *Oceanic*, yet she will be the embodiment of comfort, with a considerable degree of elegance. The desire to anticipate the voyagers' wants is strikingly illustrated in the *Celtic*, for in the first grade of accommodation there are for the first time single-berthed rooms, and in the third-class an improved arrangement of the open berths. There are quarters for altogether 2,859 passengers and a crew of 335. The dining-saloon is on the upper deck, and is the full width of the ship. Aft on the upper and bridge decks there are quarters for 160 second-class passengers. The dining-saloon for this grade is, like that for the first-class, situated on the upper deck. Third-class passengers to the number of 2,352 are provided for on the upper, middle, and lower decks in state-rooms and in open berths. The dining-room is exceptionally roomy. A comfortably furnished general room and a smoking-room are included in the accommodations for this class.

In New York alone during the hot spell in June and July about eight hundred died from the heat, while in the war with Spain but seven hundred were killed or died of wounds.

## A BROOKLYN BRIDGE TERROR.

Threatened Collapse of the Wonderful Structure.

It is something more than the loss of a nail, yet comparatively even more insignificant a cause than the one made impressive by "Poor Richard," that threatens destruction to the great bridge between Manhattan and Brooklyn. Structures of the kind belonging to railroad companies are not only watched with care, but they are protected by every device known. Frequent and thorough applications of paint, to shield the metal from the attacks of rust, are among the means relied upon to prolong their life. But the Brooklyn bridge, of incomparably greater importance, is neglected. For years it has had no attention from the painters, and rust is doing the work to be expected. Politics may be credited with this condition of affairs. It is more important that places and pay be supplied to politicians out of the ample appropriations, than that the interests of the public be served by needed attention and repairs to the bridge. John L. Shea, bridge commissioner, is the subject of general remark just now, and the consensus of opinion is not flattering to his administration.

Yesterday afternoon the sudden bolding up of traffic brought a transitory realization of what an accident to the bridge means to a million people or more, and if the dread of a great disaster did not sober all those obliged to cross, it certainly affected many who were in no danger. The immediate cause of the blockade was the discovery that a number of supporting rods clamped to one of the four great cables of the bridge had parted, and the floor of the roadway on the north side had sagged six inches or more. The trains and trolley-cars only were stopped at first, and the thousands that gathered at the Manhattan end of the structure, after some hesitation, started to walk across or to attempt a passage on some of the wagons, trucks, and other vehicles that filled the roadway. Soon all the teams were stopped, though an automobile and a government mail-wagon successfully charged the thin line of police officers that guarded the entrances. The first order was given a little before six o'clock in the evening, and half an hour later all except foot passengers were stopped. It was just at the time when the greatest rush of travel takes place and when even a temporary delay would soon block the approaches. The throng steadily increased. After a little time a current began to move toward the ferries, and this relieved the pressure, but not until the cars began to move again, slowly, and at considerable intervals, at half-past eight, did the crowd melt away to ordinary dimensions.

One pleasing feature may be commented on. The police were sufficiently numerous and quietly effective in maintaining order. There were no suggestions of a panic, and no distressing accidents. But they would give no explanation of the conditions that led to the embargo on traffic. It was enough for them that orders had been given to stop cars and trucks. All sorts of rumors circulated. Some said a car had run off the track and broken some of the rods supporting the roadway; others declared as positively that the breaks were the result of great expansion in the metal from the intense heat. But few seemed willing to admit that there was personal danger. The irrepressible joker was well represented, and every heavy-weight among the arrivals of would-be passengers was greeted with pleasant reminders that all excess in bulk was barred.

But one disaster of note has occurred at the bridge. Six days after it was thrown open for public use, in May, 1883, there was a crash and panic at the New York end, and twelve people were killed and thirty-five others injured, seven fatally. The cause was a fainting woman and a scream from another who saw her fall. During the past four years, however, there have been many predictions of casualty. When the bridge was built, it was intended to accommodate horses and vehicles on two driveways, one on each side, foot passengers on a broad, central footway, and underneath this the tracks for the bridge trains. In 1897 application was made for permission to run the tracks of the Brooklyn surface trolley-system along the carriage-ways, and after nearly a year of opposition the measure carried. At first the cars were required to maintain a distance of one hundred and ten feet from each other; this was lessened after a time, and more recently all restrictions were ignored and the cars moved across the structure often only a few feet apart. Colonel Washington A. Roebling, who was the constructing engineer, has more than once expressed his opinion that the bridge was becoming overloaded, as the weight of tracks and roadways is a third more than was estimated in the bridge plans. There is, of course, a big margin on the side of safety, but this margin may be sacrificed by the present policy of neglect.

The metropolis is pressing forward toward a consummation that will relieve the present congested system of traffic. No less than three new bridges across the East River have been determined on, and two are under way. The first is so far along that Chief Engineer Hildenbrandt, Mrs. Hildenbrandt, and two friends crossed on the foot bridges yesterday. On these foot bridges the wires for the great cables will be carried from one tower to the other, and the work of binding them together be carefully done. This bridge will be one hundred and eighteen feet wide, thirty-three feet wider than the old bridge. It will be one hundred and thirty-five feet above high water, the same height as its predecessor, but about twelve hundred feet longer. The third bridge, in order of probable completion, though fourth in actual planning, will be thrown across at Blackwell's Island, using that piece of land in the stream as a natural pier. Foundations for this structure, which will be a cantilever span instead of a suspension bridge, are now being laid. The old bridge was thirteen years in construction. It was to cost fifteen million dollars and it really cost twenty-three million. Estimates for the new bridges will be more exact, and the time of building will be considerably less.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1901.

FLANEUR.



## LONDON PICTURES AND PLAYS.

Royal Academy Contrasts—Sargent's Portraits of the Misses Wertheimer—The Theatres and Their Lack of Novelty—  
Réjane and Her Attractions.

It is beginning to be warm and dusty, and this great city is taking on its ugly summer look of heated crowds and drooping trees and glaring, sun-baked streets. I think it is a mistake that the Londoners should have their season last so late. July is nearly as unbeautiful a month in London as it is in New York. June is charming and rarely hot, but in July there are periods of intense, humid heat, when the dust lies in a white powder on the lifeless trees, and the city has all the sordid, unemptied discomfort of a great metropolis on a hot day. Yet the gay world seems to pursue its course with unabated zeal. There are hundreds of carriages in Hyde Park in the afternoon, and hundreds of riders in the Row in the morning, and at night at the opera the horse-shoe curve is beautified by a semicircle of bare-necked ladies with diamond crowns on their heads.

One of the places which is always crowded with a throng drawn from many classes is the Royal Academy. It speaks well for the world of London that its annual exhibition of paintings should draw so large and so diversified an assemblage. It appeared to me that it was better attended than either of the salons in Paris, and I certainly think the standard of the work displayed was quite as high, possibly higher. It is odd to notice the differences in the Gallic and Anglo-Saxon types of mind, as displayed at the two exhibitions. The English Salon is curiously free from the shocking and the morbid that in the French is so prominent. On the other hand, the French have absolutely no tendency to that *banale* form of picture of which the English are so fond—that type of sentimentally commonplace subjects which makes so violent an appeal to the respectable Philistine.

There are a good many of these canvases in the Academy—scenes from happy domestic life, with the handsome young father, the beautiful young mother, and the pink-and-white baby depicted in a luxurious room, each face beaming with complacent joy. Several of these productions are inspired by the Transvaal war. Soldiers returning; soldiers doing deeds of valor on the field; soldiers leaving. One of these, by the way, is a quite pretty picture of a soldier in khaki saying good-by to his little girl. The subject was trite enough, but it was well painted and sincere in sentiment.

There are not any very marked sensations this year; no pictures round which the crowd congests as it does round the Besnards and the Berauds in the Champ de Mars Salon. The nearest approach to a sensational success has been made by Sargent with his portrait of the Misses Wertheimer. Some years ago Sargent painted the Wertheimer father, a portrait which made much talk and was exhibited in the two countries. It evidently pleased its subject, for this year his two daughters have been offered up as sacrifices on the Sargent altar. I heard the other day that the young ladies were at first very much pleased with the work, but now that the whole world of London is staring amazed at this too vivid presentment of the Hebraic type, they are not so well satisfied. It is good to have a great portrait made of one's self, but it is not altogether pleasing to be painted with an unearthly insight and power of revelation which quite plucks out the heart of one's mystery.

The portrait represents the two young women as standing close together, their hands lightly linked. One is very large and tall, a real daughter of Judah, richly tinted, opulent, and Oriental. She is swathed rather than dressed in white satin, fastened on the shoulder with a jewel. The other girl is smaller and finer, also what might be called meaner. Her face, with the same richness of tint, hawk-like curvature of line, and jewel-like brightness of eyes, has in it that subtle and elusive yet unescapable suggestion of something rat-like and furtive which one often sees in the commoner type of Jewish faces. She wears the same sort of loose robe of crimson velvet slightly outlining a youthful figure.

But it is the revelation of race that makes this so wonderful a picture. As you come upon it you almost start, so weirdly vivid are these two rich-lipped, black-eyed, potent faces, charged with the splendid vitality of the Jew. It is so amazingly effectual that it approaches a point of satire. Could there ever have been two Jewish girls so aggressively Hebraic? Aggressive is exactly the word that fits the whole picture. It is an aggressive *tour de force* of color and characterization. The passion, the power of the conquering willfulness of the Jew breathes from the canvas. They are a potent force, these two women, but a force by stratagem, by trained diplomacy, by skill of self-suppression. Dominance and energy lie in those brilliant, liquid eyes, and in the almost unctuous curves of the lips. The larger of the two sisters has in her that majesty, that touch of something gorgeous and remote, that certain Jewesses possess like a heritage from the Rebeccas and Rachels, Miriams and Jaels of a tremendous past. The younger is the Jewess in her more modern guise, her more subtle and *caline* incarnation, vivid as a piece of enamel, a face eager with inquiry, life, and enterprise. None of the other Sargents compare with this daring production. In fact, some are quite poor and give evidence of having been executed with haste and with evident lack of inspiration.

I think I wrote in my last letter about Mrs. Langtry's play and its general deadliness. Since then I have been prospecting about among the theatres, and have been surprised to find how few of the new plays are good, and, incidentally, how few new plays there are. Everything of note is either old or foreign. Irving and Terry are giving the same repertoire—with the exception of "Robespierre"—they played in New York eight or ten years ago. The divine Sarah and Ciquelin are doing their turns in "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon," with occasional outbreaks into "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "Phèdre." The one break in the general monotony of old and seasoned chestnuts is Réjane, who is playing a

brilliant engagement at a little theatre called "The Coronet," which is situated far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife at Notting Hill, if you know where that is.

Many people now consider Réjane the greatest actress in France. Of late years she has been extending her repertoire; passing out of that class of *gamine* characters with which she was almost entirely identified. Her new play last winter, "La Course du Flambeau," was so far out of this old familiar rut that the French did not like it, and were a little pettish with their favorite. It was a very extraordinary production and gave Réjane a great chance, out of which she got everything possible. The subject was that curious idea that affection descends but does not ascend—that the parent loves the child, who in her turn will love her husband and her children far above her parent, and so on and so on, affection always descending, and never turning back. The three female characters represented typified the three great stages of a woman's existence—the grandmother, giving love and care freely and but poorly requited; the mother, wrapped up, sacrificing all to the beloved child; the daughter and bride, engrossed to the exclusion of all other claims in her passion for her husband, unconsciously egotistical, cold, and cruel to the two generations behind her. It was a most subtle and curious piece, almost a philosophical study, quiet, natural, and dyed deep with the sufferings that come from the heart. Réjane, as the central figure of the three, was superb—a woman of extraordinary sweetness and charm, but savage as a lioness on her maternal side. It was a revelation of unsuspected power to the Parisians, who, despite their disapproval, filled the theatre. The play—from a dramatic standpoint—is too philosophic and literary to go anywhere but to Paris. They are to try it on the London audiences next week, but more as an odd experiment than as a reliable staidby.

Meanwhile, the gay and captivating Réjane has been playing her usual repertoire—"Sans-Gêne," "Zaza," "Sapho," "Fra Consine," "La Parisienne"—all, with the exception of "Sapho," much the same class of parts. "Germinie Lacerteux" has been dropped from her list. It was the disagreeable dramatization of a horrible book, which she played with such a zest of realism that the censor—there is such a person in Paris, though he must be generally kept gagged and tied hand and foot—requested her to moderate her zeal for truth. "Germinie," after a short and gloomy existence, was dropped, and all that remains of it are a series of photographs of Réjane with the smoothed hair and prim cap of a *bonne*.

I went up to see her the other evening in "Fra Consine," the wickedest and most delightfully acted comedy that I have seen since "Le Monde ou Pon s'Ennuie" at the Comédie-Française. As my companion said: "Fancy a comedy like this being written by a member of the French Academy!" Fancy it, indeed—I couldn't fancy it! Imagination could not go that far. And the star brought all the force of her bubbling, unconventional, piquant personality to bear upon it. It was Réjane in one of her most audacious and *gamine* phases, and one of her best. No one who ever saw it could forget it. Riquette, the bright, particular star of the Folies-Amoureuses, will remain a living figure in the memory forever—gay, good-humored, quite outside the pale, and yet with a hardy sort of honesty in queer French contrast to the calculated dishonesty of Mme. Champcourtier.

The Anglo-Saxons can not act this sort of piece. In their hands it becomes so coarse that one gets up and goes home. That mischievous *espèglerie* that the French possess the secret of is not included in their make-up. I doubt whether there is another actress in the world who could have played the character of the disreputable, frank, warm-hearted, tough little French comedienne as Réjane did. It was a living woman, with all her imperfections on her head, with her drollery cropping up at unexpected moments and the curiously mobile face changing to every passing emotion.

She is not a bit pretty, is Réjane, but she has that *je ne sais quoi du charme* which makes mere beauty look heavy and lifeless. The other afternoon I saw her at the Wallace collection. Off the stage she is very artificial-looking, with dyed hair, and her queer face with its wide-cut nose and sleepy, mischievous eyes, much made-up. Her figure is beautiful—slender, graceful, and delicately proportioned. She is not young at all, for she is said to have married rather late in life, and now has a daughter of fourteen. Her equipage is the most sensational in London, where, in the season, one sees many strange carriages. It is a sort of low phaeton with a hood, and a high seat in front for the coachman and footman. These men wear a dull-tan livery, the bat matching in color. The striking feature is the pair of mules that draw it—small, pretty, and with dark, silky coats. They wear a chain of bells round their collars, and when Mme. Réjane rolls by in this remarkable turn-out all the world stands and gapes. The mules, by the way, were a gift from the King of Portugal, before whom the brilliant actress lately played, and are said to be worth two thousand dollars. GERALDINE BONNER.

LONDON, July 8, 1901.

The alarming prevalence of small-pox in a sparsely settled section of upper New York City has puzzled physicians for weeks. They now declare their firm belief that mosquitoes are responsible for the epidemic. The district infected is high and dry, finely drained, and the houses are modern in every respect. The Brother Island Pest-House is located west across the water from Oak Point. There the mosquitoes are a pest. It has been discovered that a west wind sends the insects in a cloud from the island, and that a number of cases resulted in the district mentioned in a few days after the mosquito visitation.

Many countries have curious methods of raising money to reduce taxation. In Hesse, Germany, a tax has been put upon bachelors, who now have to pay twenty-five per cent. more in taxes than married men. The result has been that many well-to-do bachelors have emigrated.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

For England.

Of all great deaths on English ground, thine most,  
Simon de Montfort, doth my spirit stir.  
Thou foughtst for England, and thou didst for her,  
Thyself of other race, from outland coast.  
Law's mandatory and Freedom's, thou thy host  
Didst hurl against a sceptred law-breaker;  
Nor didst thou hench when Fate in plume and spur  
On Evesham field swept like a hungry ghost.  
Then for their lives thou badst thy nobles fly.  
"Thou dying, we would not live," they made reply.  
And dauntless round thy dauntlessness were mown.  
And thou, with wrath that hewed its way on high,  
Fellst fighting the steep fight of Liberty,  
In a crashing forest of the foe, alone.  
—William Watson in August Atlantic Monthly.

Blind.

This much I know. Before the sky grew dark,  
When died the sunlight like a candle blown,  
And left my soul to strain and grope and hark,  
A captive, locked in some black tower alone;

Before the curtain fell that shut me out  
From all I had been—all I hoped to be,—  
There was a glad green world, a joyous shout  
Of strong winds blowing o'er a laughing sea;

And there were green-gold fields of heading wheat,  
That ran and rippled in the passing breeze;  
And there were frail pink roses, wild and sweet;  
And there were mist-blue hills and tossing trees;

And over all, a brooding heaven blue,  
Where martins circled in the sunset light,  
And where the crying kilderees flashed and flew,  
And great stars shot their glory through the night.

All this I know. And for the power divine  
To dream such pictures on the midnight walls  
Of this unwindowed prison-tomb of mine,  
I bless the Hand from which the blessing falls.

I am content, O God, content to know  
The sky still shines above my sightless eyes;  
That though my feet down darkened pathways go,  
Unseen, the Brightness round about me lies.  
—Marian Warner Wildman in August Harper's Magazine.

In a Tideway.

In the clutch of a tide that my course compels,  
A merciless tide, that ebbs and swells  
To suns and moons I do not control—  
And because I can not would wreck my soul;  
The storm-tossed toy of a turbulent tide—  
And only one star through the night to guide—  
In a cockleshell on its crest aloft,  
Still I trim the sails of my tiny boat,  
And strive to steer by that star remote—

For the tide that threatens and thwarts, I know  
Is itself controlled in its ebb and flow:  
And what am I, a speck on the main,  
Of the stars that sweep the Sea to complain?  
If it be in the plan that I sink at sea,  
Let me sink as I sail, with pennon free;  
If land I make, as a sailor should,  
It is not I am great, but that One is good;  
But happen what may, let the log-book tell  
That I did my best with my cockleshell.  
—Charles Henry Webb in August McClure's Magazine.

Outward.

Outward broad airs, the sea's unshadowed sweep  
And larger voice on shores of lovelier leeds,  
Starred heavens of vaster light and night with sleep  
Tender as women's hands.

Outward the grave processional of hours,  
Each a discovered joy, a solved surmise:  
Days dark in bud, that, ripening, fall like flowers  
Gardened in Paradise.

Outward! O throes resolved in mightier song!  
Splendor of nameless deeds, essential words,  
Merged in the large acceptance, in the long  
Pulse of the cosmic chords.

Outward, where every word and deed is fit;  
Outward, beyond the lies of name and shame,  
Of sin and ignorance the cause of it,  
Life's prison of fancied flame.

Outward! O heart, the secret solved at last!  
Love that enfolds, unites, and understands;  
Love like the sea, with equal waters cast  
On this and alien lands!

Outward! O free at last! O steadfast soul  
Calm in the poise of natural things! O wise,  
How wise is love!—only, beyond control,  
To pass with open eyes!  
—George Cabot Lodge in August Scribner's Magazine.

Caliban.

This is the dwelling that once held a soul,  
And these dim eyes were once as deeply clear  
As mountain water in a pebbled pool.  
He listened to his body: all commands  
His body gave him like an animal  
He followed to their end. The frightened soul  
Took wing. The empty carcass but remains,  
Less potent than the clod on which he stands.

Where are the looks that lightened from those eyes  
And gave them vernal freshness, when he knew  
The morning stars and the cool airs of dawn,  
And heard the frost-crisped earth beneath his feet?  
Then was he knit with sinews of command  
And stiffened with indomitable will.  
I saw him once mount an unbroken horse  
That moved as wild and wayward as a flame;  
But he hestred it till its tempered will  
Cantered to his. That sovereign power is dead,  
And muddy water his soul's clarity.

Earth, with thy cleansing chemistries, absorb  
This man; melt his gross shape; let flesh and bone  
In thy dread crucible sink out of sight  
And bubble up in primal elements,  
Which, if thy will must give them back to light,  
Send through the channels of some wacking tree,  
When first the spring stirs hunger in its roots,  
And as the life of branch and bud and flower,  
Transfigured, let their pure perfection shine,  
Unconscious they were once a fallen man.  
—Alfred H. Wheeler in August Century Magazine.



## AN ANONYMOUS EMPRESS.

A Modern Novel and Bret Harte's Clever Parody on Disraeli.

A local contemporary in reviewing "The Tribulations of a Princess," a recent publication of Harper & Brothers, by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," makes a rather ludicrous blunder when it says that the author's veiled allusions to "her empress" mean Eugénie, empress of the French. The empress's name is nowhere mentioned, but it is in all probability the Empress Elizabeth of Austria to whom reference is made. It could not have been Eugénie, since she had already taken up her abode at Chiselhurst while the anonymous princess was still a child. And, furthermore, a daughter of Brittany would be unlikely to form an attachment for the consort of Napoleon the Third. To quote from the narrative itself:

"The Breton is essentially monarchical in his beliefs, and the reign of the Third Napoleon never was kindly looked upon by them. Indeed, at the time of his marriage to Mlle. de Montijo, there was a universal outcry against so great a forfeiture, and when upon several occasions the sovereign put his foot on Breton soil his reception was of the coldest not to say of the most repellent nature.

"When the Prussians crossed the Rhine, and when at last it dawned upon the simple-hearted peasants and fisherfolk that the entire nation was hurrying toward total ruin, a sort of prostrated stupor replaced the rage of the first days, and Napoleon the Third, as well as his consort, became the scapegoats upon whom torrents of bitterest and most rancorous abuse were poured."

The Empress Eugénie was looked upon as a *parvenue* by the crowned heads of Austria—Emperor Francis Joseph and Empress Elizabeth. They disliked her heartily. During her visit in Vienna, the imperial party made an expedition to one of the royal palaces near Vienna. An imperial train was in waiting for them; the royal party was conducted through the station-house over carpets laid for their majesties to walk upon to the steps of the railway carriage. Empress Elizabeth stood aside and motioned Eugénie, her guest, to precede her—which Eugénie did. At that time women wore crinolines and short skirts—that is, skirts about ankle length. As Eugénie hopped gayly up on the step of the carriage, there was a bewitching display of blue-silk hose and high-heeled slippers. This evidently did not please the Emperor Francis Joseph, for, as he touched the Empress Elizabeth's arm to assist her into the carriage, he put a restraining arm about the flaring crinoline, and pointedly said: "Be careful, my dear—your skirts!"

This is a trifling anecdote, but it shows how highly improbable it is that the anonymous princess was welcomed in court circles in Vienna as the friend of Empress Eugénie.

Thackeray relates that one of his publishers insisted on elevating all of his characters from the upper middle class to the aristocracy to help the sales of his book. The author of "The Tribulations of a Princess" could not do this with her next hook. She could get no higher than kings and empresses, czars and khedives. The ultra-perfect form and Midas-like magnificence of all her characters is well typified in this extract concerning an Austrian nobleman's castle:

"Among the most perfect residences in the whole of Europe is Count Maurice P.'s magnificent castle. It was built by a long-dead French architect of immense talent; its sculptured walls are mirrored in the transparent waters of a lake, while the snow-capped mountains rise behind dense woods at the back of its Versailles-like gardens. It was acres of palms and glass houses. In the stables one hundred and twenty horses of the purest blood of England, France, Austria, and the Ukraine were lodged in marble loose-boxes, the straw of their bedding was plaited like a Japanese matting, and the count's coat of arms used to be designed in colored sand every morning by the grooms upon the unique mosaic floor. In the centre of the stable silvery jets of water played on masses of arums and of lilies blossoming in the shell-shaped basin of a fountain, and in the adjoining hall the horses could enjoy their daily hot or cold baths like the daintiest of coquettes.

"There is a theatre between the banqueting-hall and the winter garden, with a stage as large as that of the Comédie-Française, and hundreds of halls and chambers cluster around monumental staircases, up which twenty-five men might walk abreast. Every nook and corner of this magnificent house is filled with treasures of art of priceless value, and the luxury displayed in each detail of the service during my old friend's lifetime was absolutely unequalled in its beauty and grandeur.

"At a dinner given by the count and countess in our honor, the flowers in the banqueting-hall alone represented a value of over six thousand pounds sterling. The table-cloth of old Venetian point was entirely covered with white camellias, forming an indescribably lovely velvety mass, while the plates of jeweled Sevres were each of them surrounded by a fragrant circle of pink roses. The middle and side pieces of the *table d'hôte* represented a stag-bunt, sumptuously wrought and chased in pure gold. Long garlands of camellias and rose-hued lilies drooped from the ceiling, forming a sort of quizzical ideal tent over the table, and a tall barge of white and crimson azaleas raised their silky blossoms against the diamond glare of the walls. Sixty footmen with powdered heads, in white-plush liveries worked with silver, served the thirty guests under the direction of three butlers and a major-domo. All the women present were in court dresses with gemmed stomachers, tiaras, and diamond-encrusted orders glittering beneath their fair shoulders. The men either wore gala uniforms or the national costume of costly velvet, fur, and jewels.

Of what does this remind us? It is faintly reminiscent of something. Is it the "Lothar" of the late lamented Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield? But, no. It is of "Lothar" that we are reminded—"Lothar" of the "Condensed Novels"—Disraeli plus Bret Harte. How much Bret Harte's brummagem magnificence resembles the Slavico-Gallico-Austro-Hungarian-Egyptian magnificence of our author. Listen to him:

"Lothar was immensely rich. The possessor of seventeen castles, fifteen villas, nine shooting-boxes, and seven town houses, he had other estates of which he had not even heard. . . .

"Lothar was maturing. He had attended two woman's rights conventions, three Fenian meetings, had dined at White's, and had danced *vis-à-vis* to a prince of the blood, and eaten off gold plates at Crecy House.

"As Lothar drove toward his country-seat, the spectacle of two hundred men-at-arms who advanced to meet him at the gates of 'The Mural Enclosure' drove all else from the still youthful and impressive mind of Lothar. Immediately behind them, on the steps of the baronial halls, were ranged his retainers, led by the chief cook and bottle-washer and head crumbe-remover. On either side were two companies of laundry-maids, preceded by the chief crimper and fluter, supporting a long ancestral line, on which depended the family linen, and under which the youthful lord of the manor passed into the halls of his fathers. Twenty-four scullions carried the massive gold and silver plate of the family on their shoulders, and deposited it at the feet of their master. The spoons were then solemnly counted by the steward, and the perfect ceremony ended. . . .

"I remember him a little hoy," said the duchess. "His mother was a dear friend of mine; you know she was one of my hidesmaids."

"And have you never seen him since, mamma?" asked the oldest married daughter, who did not look a day older than her mother.

"Never," he was an orphan shortly after. I have often reproached myself, but it is so difficult to see boys."

"This simple yet first-class conversation existed in the morning-room of Plusham, where the mistress of the palatial mansion sat involved in the sacred privacy of a circle of her married daughters. One dexterously applied golden knitting-needles to the fabrication of a purse of floss silk of the rarest texture, which none who knew the almost fabulous wealth of the duke would believe was ever destined to hold in its silken meshes a less sum than one million pounds; another adorned a slipper exclusively with seed pearls; a third embellished a page with rare pigments and the finest quality of gold-leaf. Beautiful forms leaned over frames glowing with embroidery, and beautiful frames leaned over forms inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Others, more remote, occasionally burst into melody as they tried the passages of a new and exclusive air given to them in manuscript by some titled and devoted friend, for the private use of the aristocracy alone, and absolutely prohibited for publication.

"The duchess, herself the superlative of beauty, wealth, and position, was married to the highest noble in the three kingdoms. Those who talked about such matters said that their progeny were exactly like their parents—a peculiarity of the aristocratic and wealthy. They all looked like brothers and sisters, except their parents, who, such was the purity of their blood, the perfection of their manners, and the opulence of their condition, might have been taken for their own children's eldest son and daughter. The daughters, with one exception, were all married to the highest nobles in the land. That exception was the Lady Coriander, who, there being no vacancy above a marquess and a rental of one million pounds, waited. Gathered around the refined and sacred circle of their breakfast table, with their glittering coronets, which, in filial respect to their father's Tory instincts and their mother's ritualistic tastes, they always wore on their regal brows, the effect was dazzling as it was refined. It was this peculiarity and their strong family resemblance which led their brother-in-law, the good-humored St. Addlegourd, to say that: 'Pon my soul, you know, the whole precious mob looked like a gashy pack of court cards, you know.' St. Addlegourd was a radical. Having a rental of fifteen million pounds, and belonging to one of the oldest families in Britain, he could afford to be."

Assuredly there is a resemblance that even the author of "The Tribulations of a Princess" herself must recognize.

When it became known that the Navy Department would act on Admiral Schley's request for an investigation of the charges made against him, a New York *Journal* correspondent interviewed Admiral Cervera, who was in command of the Spanish fleet destroyed at Santiago. This is the reported statement sent by cable to the *Journal*:

"I have a large family," said the admiral, "and I am taking sulphurous baths and drinking the waters of Vichy, trying to get rid of a liver complaint contracted during the Spanish-American War." When the conversation had veered to the subject that is uppermost at the present time in the minds of Americans, the admiral said: "Actions speak. The good old proverb is: 'Actions speak louder than words.' Why not apply it to Admiral Schley? Understand that what I say is in light of this distinction. A Spaniard, I look upon that war as being as unjust as the war which England is now waging against the Boer republics. Personally, I shall never forget the generous and courteous treatment that was accorded to me by the Americans, and particularly by Admiral Schley. He impressed me as a gallant officer and a high-minded gentleman to the fullest sense of the phrase. *A priori*, I should say that a man of noble principles and generous impulses can not be a coward. To such men I would look rather for Castilian bravery. The naval battle of Santiago was short and decisive—so short that there was no time for any exchange of compliments; so decisive that I can hardly believe that cowardice was thinkable. The fight was over in about three hours and three-quarters. Had I been captured in the days of ancient Rome, my back might have been used as a stepping place for the conqueror mounting his horse. Admiral Schley treated me on terms of absolute equality. His flag-ship, the *Brooklyn*, was west in the blockading line, and was therefore the most exposed. She was engaged in a running fight with the *Viscaya* and the *Colon*. When the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* got within range of the *Colon*, they opened fire, and the latter was compelled to run ashore. The *Cristobal Colon* also struck her colors to the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*. The *Brooklyn*, holding the westward blockading position, was within range of our ships and batteries all the time, though our ships lacked certain things necessary for full effectiveness. Admiral Schley showed ability and thoroughness. It is a case of demonstrated valor against possible bravery. It is a case of the difference between the act and the possibility, or, as the old philosophers used to say, between the *esse* and the *posse*. Your ships went straight to work, probably without much commanding. Admiral Schley accomplished fully the work allotted to him, and, therefore, it does not seem to me that there is any room for adverse criticism, at least from the American side. If any one should grumble, it is I; but I have said my say in the document published under the title of 'Guerra Hispano-Americana.' Physical and moral courage are two different qualities. There is no need of using a microscope to discover both in the action of Admiral Schley."

Clovis Charles Victor, Prince von Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, Prince of Ratibor and Corvey, the head of the second branch of the princely line of Hohenlohe-Waldenburg, who died July 6th, was born on March 31, 1819. He began his career in the Prussian administration, but transferred himself to the service of the Bavarian Government. He followed Baron Pfordten as prime minister, and began a campaign against the well-known schemes of Bismarck, who wanted to lay hands on the autonomous liberties of the federal states of Germany. He governed Bavaria with an apparent spirit of liberalism, which incited against him the well-known ultra-Catholic Bavarians, whose opposition finally succeeded in ejecting him from power. He came to the support of the Bismarckian régime soon after the Prussian successes in the war of 1870-71, and voted enthusiastically for the incorporation of Bavaria into the German Empire. He was appointed in 1885 governor of Alsace-Lorraine, where he attempted to Germanize the population by repressive measures, which were disapproved by a rescript of the late Emperor William the First in 1891. In October, 1894, he was appointed chancellor of the German Empire and Prussian prime minister in succession to General von Caprivi and Count Botho zu Eulenburg, whose offices were combined. Prince von Hohenlohe was expected to be pliant, but in the course of the six years he remained the pilot of Germany he found several occasions for disagreement with the young and impetuous Kaiser. The emperor always, however, had an affection for his aged chancellor, whom he called "Uncle Clodwig" in private conversation. From the time the Chinese affairs assumed a threatening aspect—in June, 1900—Prince von Hohenlohe virtually abandoned the duties and prerogatives with which the constitution clothed the chancellor, expressing strong criticisms upon what he called the Kaiser's "sentimental and impulsive interference in the troubles in China." Finally, in October last, he resigned the chancellorship, and his resignation was at once accepted. Prince von Hohenlohe was diminutive in size, being scarcely five feet tall.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ida May Jackson, assistant Sunday editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, of Milwaukee, has been appointed by Governor La Follette, under a new law of Wisconsin, woman factory inspector, and will be the first woman in the State to take up official work of this kind.

Jean de Reszké, the greatest tenor of his day, has had the good fortune to carry off the Derby and Imperial prize with Le Sorcier and Pickwick, at Warsaw. According to the dispatches, the jockey who rode the horses to victory was "Cash" Sloan, brother of the better-known "Tod."

Calvin P. Titus, the young private who was the first to scale the wall at Pekin, has successfully passed the examinations at West Point and been admitted as a cadet. Clarence K. Lyman, another successful candidate, is the first cadet appointed from Hawaii. The corps at West Point now numbers four hundred and sixty-four cadets, within eighteen of the full number provided for and the largest number on record.

Theophilus Schreiner, brother of Olive Schreiner, has sent a letter to the South African Association contradicting the statements made by Ouida to the effect that his sister has been held a prisoner by the British in South Africa. Mr. Schreiner says his sister is living in Hanover, Cape Colony, for the sake of her health, and that her husband, Mr. Cronwright, is with her. The town of Hanover is under martial law, he says, but the authoress is allowed the freedom of the military cordon.

F. Marion Crawford, the popular author, has just had a perilous adventure on the Island of Jersey. He was returning from a visit to Victor Hugo's exile retreat, when he spied a quiet little cove, where he was tempted to take a swim, as the day was excessively warm. While looking for a path down to the water, he lost his balance and plunged over a cliff thirty-five feet high. He was fortunate, however, in falling into deep water, and, although stunned, managed to swim to land in safety.

The semi-annual "Naval Register" which has just been issued, shows that Rear-Admiral Rohley D. Evans, president of the board of inspection and survey, is the only officer now in the navy who was advanced for his services in both the War of the Rebellion and the war with Spain. His first advancement was received for gallant conduct at the capture of Fort Fisher in January, 1865, when he was badly wounded. Rear-Admiral Silas W. Terry, commandant of the Washington Navy Yard, is the only other officer now on the naval list who was advanced for services in the Rebellion. He received five numbers in the grade of lieutenant for gallant conduct in the expedition up Red River in July, 1864.

Commenting on his action in moving for a reduction of the preposterous number of the king's chaplains in the late committee on the civil list, Henry Lahouche says in *Truth*: "I did so not solely in the interests of economy, but also because it appeared to me that to assume that thirty-six chaplains were necessary to the king's spiritual welfare was the reverse of flattering to his majesty, for it implies that he is, spiritually, in a very parlous plight. The committee would not listen to any proposal for reduction; but the king himself has now taken my view of the matter, and reduced his thirty-six chaplains to twelve. In this he shows, if I may respectfully say so, that sound common sense which has marked all his domestic reforms since he came to the throne."

Edgar Stanton Maclay, the third volume of whose "History of the American Navy" has raised such a storm because of its criticism of Rear-Admiral Schley in connection with the Battle of Santiago, is a son of Rev. Robert Maclay, who was the pioneer Methodist missionary in the Far East. He was born in Foochow, China, thirty-eight years ago, and was graduated from Syracuse University in 1885. During the past five years Mr. Maclay has devoted much of his time to historical work. Besides contributing to magazines he edited "William Maclay's Journal" (senator from Pennsylvania, 1787-1791), and has published "Reminiscences of the Old Navy" and "The History of American Privateers," in addition to three volumes of his "History of the American Navy."

Eugene V. Dehs, who was once the most talked-of man in the country, is now an editor of the *Locomotive Fireman's Magazine*, of Indianapolis. It will be remembered that at the time of the Chicago strikes, in 1894, Dehs managed to tie up all the railroads leading out of Chicago to the north and west by means of the American Railway Union. He also succeeded in establishing a strike among the employees of the Pullman Car Company. When the mails began to suffer, President Cleveland declared that federal rights were in danger, and sent government troops to put down the disorder. For some time after the unsuccessful termination of the strike Dehs was in prison, and, though living a life of some activity in Indianapolis at present, he has passed almost entirely out of the public mind.

John Clinton, Jr., who is organizing a movement for a national convention of negro bankers, to be held at Buffalo September 26th, is the president of the First Colored Bank, North, of Philadelphia. The convention will be the first of its kind ever held in America, and promises to be one of the notable incidents of the Pan-American Exposition. Mr. Clinton is a native of Richmond, Va., thirty-five years old, and a graduate of an industrial school. In 1890 he became the publisher of the first daily newspaper ever issued by negroes, but abandoned the position to study law. He secured admission to the Virginia bar in 1894. He soon acquired a profitable practice in Richmond, and invested his savings in the insurance business there. A few years ago he removed to Philadelphia, and organized an insurance company for colored people. This enterprise thrived so well that he conceived the idea of establishing a bank for colored people, to run in connection with the insurance scheme.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Two Weak and Selfish Husbands.

"The Story of Eva," by Will Payne, is a candid, unpretentious, yet not unattractive study of character under sordid and repelling conditions. Its attractions lie in the portrayal of its heroine and her one faithful friend, both women of ordinary station but with extraordinary qualities of courage, forbearance, and tenderness. The men are a poor lot, without exception, so far as the prominent figures are concerned. That the story has a cheerful ending is not, in this case, especially to the author's credit, for it seems unlikely that any enduring happiness can come by way of the tardily awakened conscience of a weak and cowardly hero.

Eva grows up in a Nebraska cross-roads settlement, and clerks in its one store until she is noticed by a smart but unprincipled traveling salesman, and in a moment of passion is induced to marry him and go to Chicago. Soden, the husband, is selfish, impenetrable, licentious, and a liar. Eva soon realizes that she can not depend on him, and discovering that he is not true to her leaves him and goes back to her country home. A year afterward she returns to Chicago to earn her own living. She finds circulars in a publishing-house for six dollars a week, then becomes cashier in a restaurant at better wages. Philip Marvin, an editorial assistant in the publishing-house, attracted by her bright eyes, cheerful face, and vigorous health, follows her about and tries to win her love. She tells him her story and the two part for a time, as she believes nothing else can be done, but he soon returns. The law offers her no release, as the act of desertion was her own, but after a time news comes that Soden has married again. Then Philip and Eva talk of marriage, but compromise on an agreement to live together, dispensing with the ceremony. Philip's affairs improve and they move from a dingy boarding-house to a fashionable family hotel on the North Side. Here Marvin's tastes incline him to the society of a refined and educated woman, while the unsophisticated Eva is taken up by a faster set that as yet manage to cling to the skirts of respectability. There is a catastrophe here. Soden returns and is fatally injured. Eva watches beside him in the hospital. Philip, too cowardly to tell his family of his mating with Eva, is soon in a dilemma, with no way of escape. A fire at the hotel just after a quarrel between Philip and Eva finally brings the climax. The man at last realizes his selfishness and repairs so far as possible the wrong he has done her. A wedding and a joyous vacation journey end the story.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Northland Stories and Sketches.

All of the originality, mysticism, and pathos that marked the earlier works of Selma Lagerlof are to be found in her latest volume, which bears the title "From a Swedish Homestead." It contains fourteen stories, of which only one, "The Story of a Country House," is extended beyond twenty pages. As it is the longest, so is this one the strongest of the many. It tells of a grand old home in a poor parish of Vesterdalen, surrounded by stony, forest-covered hills and many small lakes, but its chief interest is connected with the heir to the property, a dreamy student at Upsala, who wastes his time with his violin and neglects his books. He is at last awakened to the fact that his means are nearly exhausted, that his estate will not support him in idleness, and that his mother through love for him has concealed the true state of affairs, hoping he will soon graduate with honor. He leaves his studies and goes out with a pack, as his grandfather had done before him, bent on winning a fortune. He succeeds for a time, and then, having invested all his means in a great herd of goats, which he intends to drive down to the fair in Vermland, he meets with sudden disaster. In the Fifty-Mile Forest a storm comes on, and though he struggles desperately, day after day, driving and carrying them along, his goats one by one perish in the snow and he is ruined. He goes to his promised wife and tells her, not despairing, for he thinks she will wait yet awhile for him, but she gives him up without a hopeful word, and his mind gives way under the blow. He goes out again with his pack, and though he still is simple and shrewd in trade, he has a morbid fear of all animals, and dare not meet a dog, a goat, or a horse. How he is finally won back to sanity and health through the love of a girl whom he saves from death in a strange way, is told with simple directness yet compelling interest.

The other stories are mostly of legends and traditions of the Northland, and all are artistic creations. Some of them are religious in motive and lesson, but there is human interest in each one.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## An Artist-Lover in Northern Italy.

When Maurice Hewlett first sunned himself in the glories of Italian art, he found but little less delight in the people of the northern cities of that fair land, and in their wayside shrines, votive tablets, their humble offerings, and quaint and simple customs. He wrote his "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" in the spirit, saying in his preface to the first edition, "that of that earth, I, a northern image-breaker, have set up my conceits of their informing spirits, of

the spirits of themselves, their soil, and the fair works they have accomplished." Critics, and the public, as well, favored his book, and yet he doubted if it was understood, and said so in his preface to the second edition. Still a third edition is demanded, and while he has noted the fact with pride, he allows the two introductions to stand as they were written.

It is not at all like other books of travel and criticism and collection, but it is the salted almonds after the feast. It is reminiscent of the haunts of artists and priests and simple worshippers, but it is never frankly descriptive. There are fancies and dreams and legends and little romances of modern life intermingled, but all with the lightness, the delicacy, the felicity of the painter whose colors are words fitly chosen. Opened at random there is not a page that does not fix the reader's attention instantly. Paragraphs or themes alike tempt one to quotation. It will be a classic in the years to come. Though lacking the movement and passion of his "Little Novels of Italy," the graces of his style are no less indelibly impressed on this, his earliest offering in the world of letters.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Maurice Hewlett has nearly completed his long-awaited volume of "New Canterbury Tales," one of which, "The Cast of the Apple," appears in the August number of *Harper's Magazine*.

Cyrus Townsend Brady has planned a sort of historical trilogy—a series of three volumes of stirring historical stories, dealing with the great fights and fighters of American history. The first of these three books, called "American Fights and Fighters," was published last year. It includes episodes of our history up to the War of 1812. The second of the series, which will be published this fall, is "Colonial Fights and Fighters," and the third will be called "Pioneer Fights and Fighters."

"The Story of King Alfred," by the late Sir Walter Besant, is being printed by D. Appleton & Co. for publication within a fortnight. "The Way Out" is the title of what is said to be Sir Walter's last completed novel. It deals with woman's life in the debtors' prison.

The Putnams announce that they are undertaking no financial responsibility for Frank Cushing's book on Zuni folk tales. The profits from it will all go to Mr. Cushing's widow, for whose benefit it is issued.

H. B. Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, the famous tragedian, has written a work entitled "Studies of French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century." This collection has been gathered from the French criminal records, and it contains studies of character as well as examples of the administration of criminal justice in France.

"The Bears of Blue River," by Charles Major, author of the popular romance, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," will be brought out late in August. The youthful hero of the tale lived in Indiana in the early 'twenties, when that State was a frontier wilderness.

It is curious how some catch-word for a title will, by a strange coincidence, occur to several writers, almost simultaneously. Almost in quick succession we have had "The Heaven-Kissing Hill," by Julia Magruder; "Dwellers in the Hills," by Melville D. Post; "A Princess of the Hills," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; and now "The Strength of the Hills," by Florence Wilkinson, is announced.

It is said that the Empress Eugénie has just finished her memoirs, which were begun shortly after the death of the Prince Imperial. The manuscript is kept under lock and key, and will not be published until a quarter of a century after her death.

"Four-Leafed Clover," a new novel by Maxwell Gray, author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," has just been brought out by D. Appleton & Co.

A work entitled "The Food and Game Fishes" is being prepared by David Starr Jordan and Barton W. Evermann, of the United States Fish Commission.

The Brontë Society of England is to undertake the compilation of a Brontë dictionary, the expense of which will be borne by one of the members.

In the preface to his recently published novel, "Sister Teresa," George Moore says: "After being engaged for two years on the history of 'Evelyn Innes,' I found I had completed a great pile of manuscript, and one day it occurred to me to consider the length of this manuscript. To my surprise I found I had written about one hundred and fifty thousand words, and had only finished the first half of my story. I explained my difficulties to my publisher, suggesting that I should end the chapter I was then writing on what musicians would call 'a full close,' and that half the story should be published under the title of 'Evelyn Innes' and half under the title of 'Sister Teresa.' My publisher consented, frightened at the thought of a novel of a thousand pages—three hundred thousand words."

An interesting volume of memoirs, entitled "The Life and Times of George Joachim Goschen," is being prepared by his grandson, Viscount Goschen, and will be published in England this autumn.

Goschen, who died in 1829, was for upward of fifty years one of the famous printers and publishers of Leipzig, and the forthcoming volume includes extracts from his correspondence with Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, Wieland, Körner, and many other leading authors of that period.

Robert Fitzsimmons is writing a book on "Physical Culture and Self-Defense" which is to be brought out simultaneously in England, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and India.

Excepting the Bible, more books have been written on Dante and his works than on any other subject in literature. Even the bibliography of Shakespeare is not so large. The Dante Society, in London, which numbers among its members nearly all the great ones in letters, has formulated a proposal for a special Dante library.

"The History of Sir Richard Calmady," by Lucas Malet, which is now going through the press of Dodd, Mead & Co., is said to be entirely different from this author's earlier works, "The Wages of Sin" and "A Counsel of Perfection."

John Burroughs has just completed an anthology of poetry descriptive of nature and out-of-door life, which is to be published under the title of "Songs of Nature." It includes only poems that Mr. Burroughs has found to be accurate in their references to nature, numbering two hundred and twenty-five selections, mostly by modern writers.

## The Literary Tastes of Sailors.

Frank T. Bullen, whose "Cruise of the Cachalot" brought him into prominence as a literary sailor-man, contributes an interesting paper to the London *Spectator* on "Literature at Sea," in which he deals with the problem of supplying the sailor's life with the right kind of literature. The men of the royal navy, he points out, are richly provided for; but with the merchant seaman, "he principally of the long voyage 'wind-jammer' that to-day often takes a period of six months between port and port," it is a sadly different story. The rarest sight to be seen in a ship's fore-castle, he declares, is a man with a good stock of books. This fact he ascribes partly to the sailor's greatest weakness, "lack of forethought." Yet occasionally, he says, they do get hold of a good book or two, and then it is quite pathetic to see how they will treasure them:

"I have in my mind's eye an old Danish shipmate who had a copy of a novel called 'Agnes Willoughby,' which he would occasionally lend with a great deal of pomp and circumstance, but having lent it he could hardly tear himself away from the vicinity of the borrower until he had regained possession of it. His was a typical case. But he need not have been afraid, for there are few people in their own stratum of society who treat a book so humanely as do sailors. And there are none who more fully appreciate the reading to them of a good book, who remember better what they have heard, or comment more shrewdly upon it."

Of a certain American seaman of great mental qualities, who had a passion for reading, Mr. Bullen says:

"He would sit up the whole night with a favorite author, Dickens for preference, and bribe his watch-mates heavily to take his duties for him, such as wheel or lookout, so that he might remain undisturbed. Bent nearly double in his bunk, the miserable lamp hung upon a surreptitiously shifted hook so as to bring it nearer him, while still affording some light for his shipmates to rise or retire by, he made a pathetic picture of the pursuit of literature under difficulties, yet one familiar to all deep-water sailors."

In concluding his interesting observations, Mr. Bullen says: "In the baser sort of tramp steamers very little reading at all is done by the crew—the conditions are too onerous altogether—and so the seamen in these vessels become practically unread, and very little reading is done by any seaman temporarily ashore. The excellent libraries in the sailors' homes are almost entirely neglected, and even seamen's reading-rooms connected with missions are mostly patronized by men who are not sailors at all."

The Boer prisoners at St. Helena have started a weekly paper. The paper bears the title of *De Krijgsgevangene* ("The Prisoner of War.") It is in striking contrast to the *Ladysmith Lyre*. A sixth of the space of the St. Helena paper is devoted to religious news. Sporting events are not neglected, however, and a vivid description, in English, of a prize-fight appears in one issue, together with a history, in Dutch, of the St. Helena war and an account of the Prisoners' Christian Endeavor Society. The advertisements indicate that considerable liberty is allowed the St. Helena prisoners. These advertisements include those of *cafés*, pawn-shops, auctioneers, stores, and boarding-houses.

Probably the best philological library in the world now belongs to the Newberry Library, of Chicago. Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte collected the fifteen thousand volumes, and spent a fortune on the collection and forty years in acquiring it. When he died, in 1891, the books were offered for sale for two hundred thousand dollars, but the collection was bought for the Chicago institution at a lower figure. Prince Lucien was one of the greatest philologists of his day. He began to catalogue the books, but had not finished the work when he died.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Workingman in Germany.

In these times of strikes among workingmen in nearly every department of industry in the United States, none takes up with interest any intelligently written book touching upon the working classes in other countries. Such a work is "German Life in Town and Country," by William H. Dawson. Mr. Dawson is the editor of Our European Neighbors Series, of which his book is the second. Though not so vivacious and entertainingly written as the first number of the series, "Froch Life in Town and Country," by Hannah Lynch, it has the merit of containing a great deal of reliable information related in an interesting and straightforward manner. Particularly instructive are Mr. Dawson's comments on the general conditions of labor in Germany to-day. Concerning the wages and hours of the workingman, he says:

"The number of hours in all industries and occupations alike is excessive, when compared with the English standard, though the German *arbeiter* is in this respect no worse off than Continental workmen generally. . . . Eleven hours a day may be taken as a fair average, but there is no free Saturday afternoon, though the full term is often curtailed somewhat on that day. In many factory districts the hours even run to twelve hours a day or more. There is, in fact, no legal limitation in the case of men, except that Sundays and festivals are now regarded as statutory days of rest. Very considerable restrictions are, on the other hand, placed upon the employment in factories and workshops of children, young people, and women, in whose protection the German laws go much farther than can be expected in England for many years to come. It has even been proposed that married women should be excluded from the factories altogether.

"But the most prolific cause of industrial discontent is the lowness of wages, rather than the long hours. The best-paid classes of work-people do not yet compare with the same classes in England, and the common rate of payment is very much lower. Even in the steel, iron, and coal industries the average earnings do not exceed one pound (five dollars) a week. In the textile trades this average is not reached. Bricklayers in Berlin, where the wages for such work are the highest, receive seven pence to seven and one-half pence per hour, and work nine hours a day. It is, of course, in the rural districts, where decaying house industries are carried on, that the condition of the laboring population is most unfortunate. In Posen, women's wages for housework only amount to from six pence to nine pence per day of eleven hours."

There is evidently no doubt in the author's mind as to the advantages of the present rigid military system. He considers that it teaches the young man the much-needed lessons of self-control, submission to higher authority, patience, and cleanliness, at a time in his life when the training will be most beneficial. The term of service in the standing army is seven years. Every male subject is liable to be called on to serve at any time after he reaches his eighteenth year, and the liability continues until he is forty-six years of age. Dueling, which is essentially an institution of the army, our author says, is on the decline, for public opinion throughout Germany has become hostile to the duel. Opinion in the Reichstag is almost equally divided, the two conservative parties upholding the duel as a sort of "necessity of civilization which German society would abandon only with hazard to personal honor and chivalry."

The drinking habit is an evil among the industrial classes of Germany that is to be greatly deplored, though it is accompanied with much less actual drunkenness than in England. It is not checked in any way by legislation, though several attempts have been made by the imperial government in the last twenty years to legislate upon it. An incentive to excessive indulgence in drink is found in the prevailing and increasing custom among the working classes of taking meals away from home at refreshment-houses and taverns. Another source of evil is the dancing-hall where young people resort on Saturday evening for a night of mad and furious riot. This is in the cities and factory towns. In the little towns and villages, Mr. Dawson says, no healthier or more moral life prevails in any country in Europe. But it is a deplorable fact—and one that will give rise in time to the gravest economic problems—that there is a constant and alarming decrease, exactly as in England, in the numbers of this healthy and moral rural population. Attempts are constantly being made to bring about an improved state of affairs in the large cities. In Berlin, for instance, there has been founded a theatre which aims at popularizing the drama among the working classes. Good plays only are presented, and the theatre has been a success financially during the six years of its existence. Evidently there exists among the working classes that same love for music and veneration for the drama which prevails among cultured Germans.

The laboring man is not the only subject touched upon in Mr. Dawson's book. He critically surveys the various social divisions in Germany, the military service, education, the theatre, political life, and local government. He gives a chapter to the Berliner, whose motto, he says, is "Be Merry." To those who have spent any time in the German capital it will probably appear that Mr. Dawson has handled this part of his subject somewhat superficially, as he persistently minimizes the gross and vulgar vice that

so impresses the visitor to Berlin. In other respects, Mr. Dawson's view of things German seems to be that of the unprejudiced critic.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.20, net.

## New Publications.

H. V. Esmond's play, "When We Were Twenty-One," has been turned into a novel, and is published in paper covers by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

In "Elder Boise," by Everett Tomlinson, the story of a young minister in a country town is told in a plain, unaffected style that offers many attractions. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Westerfelt," by Will N. Harben, is a love-story of the Tennessee Mountain region, with a great part of its interest developed by conversation in dialect. It is the sixth in the series of American novels. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Warners: An American Story of To-Day," by Gertrude Potter Daniels, is a chronicle of happenings among the workers of a city, with some scenes of moving power and a problematic ending. Published by the Jamieson-Higgins Company, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

There are twenty stories of English country life and character-sketches in S. Baring Gould's latest volume, "In a Quiet Village," and all are worthy of his name. Few collections of the kind have greater charms. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

A story of Australian adventure and stirring life interests is told in "The Wisdom of Esau," by R. L. Outhwaite and C. H. Chomley. Some striking novels have come from that far southern field, and this will compare favorably with most of them. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

An English soldier of fortune, who fought in Holland, first under the Duke of Alva and later under Prince William of Nassau, tells his own story in "My Lady of Orange," a novel by H. C. Bailey, and it is a story full of battles, intrigue, and romance. Published by Loogmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A. N. Bickerton has presented many facts of nature in an attractive way in his little volume entitled "The Romance of the Earth." The work is profusely illustrated and handsomely printed, and well calculated to attract interest, and inform young readers. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 80 cents.

John Fretwell has made a close and sympathetic study of Jókai's novel, "There Is a God," and offers the result of his reflections in a little volume entitled "The Christian in Hungarian Romance." Incidentally it touches on some of the problems of divorce and remarriage. Published by the James H. West Company, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Luck of a Lowland Laddie," by May Crommelin; "A State Secret," by B. M. Craker; and "Two Cousins and a Castle," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, are three novels of the summer that will have many readers, and deservedly, as they are all bright and pleasing. Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25 each.

"Poems of the New Time," by Miles Menander Dawson, is a small volume of verse that is more notable for thought than melody. Many striking phrases and occasional stanzas that induce a second reading are found in the first hundred pages, and following these are some compositions in dialect and what is called a drama, entitled "Kismet," that are not so promising. Published by the Alliance Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Many interesting notes about the introduction in this country of that popular instrument, the Neapolitan mandolin, the causes of its growth in favor, the leading players in Europe and in the Orient, and the mass of music published for students and players, are given in a booklet entitled "Mandolin Memories," by Samuel Adelstein. A large number of fine portraits and other engravings appear in connection with the text of this practical treatise. Published by the author, San Francisco.

A work of timeliness and value is presented in the "French-English and English-French Dictionary," by Hjalmar Edgren and Percy B. Burnett. It is a solid volume of more than twelve hundred pages, printed with especial regard for appearance and easy reference. The vocabulary contains many rare words and recent additions, and is larger than that of any other French dictionary of popular scope. A number of novel features appear in the work, noteworthy among which are its careful treatment of pronunciation, and its indication of the etymology of every French word. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

Of the six hundred and eighty pages of important records and statistics presented in "The Statistician and Economist for 1901-1902," not less than four hundred and fifty have been prepared or revised for this edition. The work is a standard, and is familiar to most readers and students, and to those who have

yet to become acquainted with its stores of carefully chosen and patiently classified knowledge, its value may be indicated by the brief statements that its index covers twenty-six pages of small type, and its contents are brought down to April of the present year, and include election and population figures, general chronology and oecology, and tables of manufactures, productions, and commerce. Published by the proprietor, Louis P. McCarty, San Francisco; price, \$3.50.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## When Love Passed By.

I was busy with my plow,  
When Love passed by.  
"Come," she cried, "forsake thy drudging;  
Life's delights are few and grudging;  
What hath man of all his striving,  
All his planning and contriving,  
Here beneath the sky?  
When the grave opens to receive him  
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—  
Love endures for aye!"  
But I answered: "I am plowing.  
When with straight and even furrow  
All the field is covered thorough,  
I will follow."  
Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing,  
When Love passed by.  
"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiling;  
For thy toil thou hast but mowing—  
Enlow me, where meadows fertile  
Bloom nosown with rose and myrtle,  
Laughing in the sky;  
Laugh for joy the thousand flowers,  
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours  
All unneeded fly."  
But I answered: "I am sowing.  
When my acres all are planted,  
Gladly to thy realm enchanted  
I will follow."  
Love passed by.

I was busy with my reaping,  
When Love passed by.  
"Come," she cried, "thou planted'st grieving,  
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving.  
If the heart lie fallow, vain is  
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is  
Less than Love's least sigh.  
Haste thee—for the hours fast dwindle  
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle  
In life's western sky."  
But I answered: "I am reaping.  
When with soot of youth and maiden,  
Home the hook-cart comes, full-laden,  
I will follow."  
Love passed by.  
I had gathered in my harvest,  
When Love passed by.  
"Stay," I called—in her, swift speeding,  
Turning not, my cry unheeding—  
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow,  
Stay thy flight, oh, fleet-winged swallow  
Cleaving twilight sky!  
I am old and worn and weary,  
Vain my fields and heart—and dreary,  
With thee would I fly.  
Garnered woe is all my harvest,  
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me,  
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—  
Stay—I follow!"  
Love passed by.—Solomon Solis-Cohen.

## Stevenson in San Francisco.

The London Times prints a letter sent to it by John P. Young, managing editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, denying the story which appeared in the June number of the Pall Mall Magazine, entitled "An Unpublished Chapter in the Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by H. W. Bell. It was stated by Mr. Bell that when Stevenson reached San Francisco in 1879 he was "given a job" as a reporter on the Chronicle's staff, but did the work so badly that his copy had to be given to another reporter to rewrite in suitable English, and that later "he continued to write articles for the Sunday edition of the Chronicle, but there is no indication that he thought affectionately of them, for he never rescued them from the files." Mr. Young says both these statements are absolutely false, and he adds:

"I was managing editor of the Chronicle at the time, and personally knew every reporter, whether on the regular staff or doing merely detail work. I also read and accepted all the manuscripts published in the Chronicle during the period mentioned, and can assert with positiveness that the Chronicle was never honored by the offer of one from Mr. Stevenson. I do not trust to my memory solely on this point, but have caused the account-books of the Chronicle to be carefully examined, and no trace of Mr. Stevenson's name can be found in them. Had he worked a single day for the paper, or contributed an article or articles, there would be a record of the fact, for the affairs of the Chronicle are methodically managed. To make assurance doubly sure, however, I have questioned the then city editor of the Chronicle, and others who were on the staff of the paper in 1879 and 1880, and they all unite in saying that there is absolutely no foundation for the statements I am here denying, as they have already been denied in the columns of the Chronicle. I wish to add something that should be conclusive on this point. The Chronicle, like most journals, tries to make the most of such facts as the connection of distinguished writers. Does any one suppose for a moment that if Robert Louis Stevenson had been a contributor to the paper we should not have been proud to dwell on the fact?"

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The original edition of Jerome Hart's "Argonaut Letters" having been all sold out, the publishers have succeeded in preparing a limited number of supplemental copies. This was made possible by reason of a few extra quires having been run off before the type-forms were distributed. Taking these unbound sheets, the half-tone plates were reprinted on extra-heavy coated paper, thus making up a small number of specially fine copies, which have been bound with extra care. The binders have experimented with stamping the cover design on leather, both morocco and calf, with excellent results. The effect on morocco is particularly rich, and the book bound in full ooze calf, red or green, full gilt, with side stamp in gold and color, makes a superb volume.

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With fringes of people at the sides, a congested mass of mankind at the back, with every one of the wild-animal cages at the top and all of the orchestra-chairs at the bottom filled with contented, expectant humanity, with numbers of people being turned away outside, and with those inside cozily congratulating themselves on their good-luck, with salvos of welcome to the old favorites until the floor rocked, and with volleys of hand-claps until the air shook, with cordiality and keen enjoyment on the part of the audience, with a delighted response on the part of the singers, the grand-opera season at the Tivoli was happily inaugurated on Monday night.

The company, as everybody knows, was never before so strong in really superior voices, and, chief among them, those of Salassa and Dado were heard to advantage on Monday night. They were the Titans of the cast, for neither Barbareschi nor Collamarini can be ranked, either in voice or technique, equally with Montanari and Repetto. Barbareschi has a sweet voice of pure soprano quality, but it is uneven, and her breath-struggles were very apparent. I fear I will incur the disfavor of the many whose verdict is that Collamarini is a "perfectly elegant" Amneris, by pronouncing her to be a lusty yell of superlative strength. To be sure, she has a fine, expansive contralto, with a fascinating Italian warmth of tone, but her notes are hurled forth at times with a vigor that is positively disconcerting to any but the Tivoli habitué. He it is (for he loves a fine, prolonged, generous, imprudent, uncalculated, sonorous yell) who greets her loudest efforts with loudest applause, and has to be hushed and hissed into silence by those who come to hear and judge first and applaud afterward.

Dado, who was the hasso in Sembrich's troupe, has a noble organ that rolled like thunder among the majestic melodies of the Egyptian priest, and his appearance and demeanor are fine and imposing. The character of Amonasro is very dramatic; but there is a certain monotony, dramatic though they be, in the long denunciatory shouts with which the captured Ethiopian monarch inveighs against the spoilers of his country. Our beloved Salassa, too, it must be admitted, looked something like a huge, ill-tempered Scotch terrier with a dust-colored frowse of hair hanging over his fierce eyes, and his spirits and complexion alike were swathed in such impenetrable gloom that we really shall not feel that we have come into our own again until we see him as Iago in "Otello."

Castellani's penetrating and rather sharp tenor is not suited to the beautiful love ecstasies that should be breathed forth with such tenderness and passion by the enamored Egyptian warrior. In the ensemble numbers, however, his clear and ringing quality was very telling. Nicolini and Facci both have fine, sonorous voices, and every man in the cast has a good stage presence.

The audience looked with much interest for the promised improvement in the chorus, and were fortunate enough to find that the promise was kept. The male members were outshone by the women, however, for the former came to grief several times. Some leader behind the scenes came to the rescue, and, by the pale and moonlit Nile, we watched with morbid fascination the ghostly green shadow of an energetic hand which waved a time-beacon to the flounders.

There was very creditable work done by the female chorus, and a marked improvement evident in their singing since the performance of this same opera a year ago. A young and good-looking female chorus in grand opera is, in general, as rare as dew on the desert. This little detail is always solicitously looked after at the Tivoli, and the girls appeared very pretty in their pale-colored, clinging draperies—not an unimportant matter, as a number of us found to our cost, for a couple of neighboring young ladies who languished visibly during the first act, revived to an alarming extent when the chorus-girls appeared in Amneris's houdoir. Their conversation, hitherto uninterested, although sustained, at once gushed forth like a mountain torrent. They discussed each individual chorus-girl *ad infinitum*. They consulted, agreed, and disagreed as to her name, age, and previous condition of servitude; how she acted and dressed on the stage, on the street; whether she were tall or short, pretty or plain, fat or thin, old or young, black or white, married or single; if single, what her prospects were for marriage; if married, what her outlook was for divorce. I will admit that I have been present at performances at the Tivoli when I should have found the conversation of the young ladies far more entertaining than that on the stage, and should have inclined a listening ear to their discourse; but

on this occasion, when a magnificent opera was being well sung, and a superb orchestral score most beautifully played, conversation seemed superfluous. All the young ladies' neighbors felt it so, and endeavored to dry up the torrent with scorching looks. The young ladies—they were pretty, too, bad luck to them—merely bestowed upon the lookers of the looks the passing tribute of a pause, and flowed tranquilly on. Happy, happy young ladies! They will probably lead serene, well-satisfied, and highly respected careers; they will live long, sleep soundly o' nights, and always have perfect digestion; and when they finally sink into their respectable graves, they will carry with them the reward of a meek, well-rounded, approving conscience, and the soothing balm derived from a placid and well-balanced nervous system—for they belong to the Grand Order of the Pachydermata.

The warm, expansive Latin temperament finds it difficult at times to limit to a grave, conventional how the expression of its gratitude toward an appreciative house. And Barbareschi, in this respect, resembles the effervescently grateful Avedano of past seasons. In response to *bravos* on her own account, she showed her white teeth in a wide smile of naïve pleasure. During a curtain-call for the principal singers, Barbareschi, bubbling over with joyful activity, quite ignored the male singers, and ran things entirely. She triumphantly rounded up the singers in a howling group, received flower-pieces over the footlights, scrutinized the cards, distributed the flowers to their owners, neatly snatched a basket of flowers from impending doom just in the nick of time, nearly put out Salassa's off eye with a huge sheaf of roses, produced the director, Mr. Steindorff, to receive his share of the shouts of applause, and was so thoroughly, unaffectedly, and genuinely happy that I quite forgave her for allowing herself to be eclipsed by the orchestra during Aida's exquisite sigh of sorrow—

"Amor fatal—fammì morir."

Mr. Frawley, with a recent access of managerial dignity, now "presents," à la Charles Frohman, and continues to remain indifferent to the charm of appearing before the public in acting parts, although he can occasionally excel the leading members of his company when he assumes congenial rôles. He has gained a strong card, however, in the person of E. J. Morgan, for women are peculiarly susceptible to that melancholy youth's charm. Mr. Frawley himself did not appear in the play, "Paul Kauvar," but Morgan had a romantic rôle that allowed him to run the gamut of all the good, old-fashioned heroisms—love, sorrow, despair at parting, pride, renunciation, valor, self-sacrifice, and numerous other uncomfortable sensations that are now banished from the modern hero's kit of emotions.

The modern hero is becoming more and more of the prosaic, every-day world, except for the polish of his well-turned phrases and the elegance of his dandyism. The average American—that is, he who is not one of the super-refined class who breathe the fine air of elegance and culture, nor yet of the trailing masses, but who occupies a well-contented and prosperous station between the two—lives well, lodges sumptuously, dresses averagely, and pours forth his conversation in a fluent stream which is largely compounded of vignettes and picturesque slang, and which indulges holdly and unashamed in double negatives, dropped g's, and misplaced tenses. A man of this type is, indeed, occasionally the hero of a play; but when the leading personage of the drama affronts the rules of grammarians, it is generally what is called a "character part."

When it comes to romantic rôles, in the modern society dramas of the style of "When We Were Twenty-One," "The Tyranny of Tears," "The American Citizen," and others of that type, the hero always converses in faultless English, and occasionally tosses off epigrams of a brilliancy that is rarely attained in the impromptu conversations of real life. It is according to the player's temperament whether it is an easier or more difficult task to render with *véraisemblance* these self-contained heroes of our day. To some it is easier, because no such call is made on the vehemently emotional or the idealizing quality in acting. To others more difficult, because the give and take of meaningful conversation on the stage always has a fatally artificial air, unless the players have made a close study of all the attitudes, pauses, inflections, expressions, and gestures which put life and variety into dramatic dialogue.

In "Paul Kauvar," everything was pitched in a high, unnatural key. There were long, stilted conversations, in which the players perforce fell into lingering, monotonously unctuous inflections. At periodic intervals Diane de Beaumont cried in a voice of anguish "My father!" and clung vine-like to the parent oak. The villain halted abruptly to the north-east corner of the stage, and muttered in dark asides "foiled!" or "the lovely Diane is mine!" The entire company felt impelled to pepper their discourse at intervals with "my Gods!" to such an extent that the shade of Charles Thorne, of Union Square Company fame, once known as "My God Charley," seemed to hover above the spot. He it was who, in "The Danicheffs," used with that exclamation to start a lachrymose dew all over the theatre, and who worked fearful havoc in the hearts of the matinee girl.

Messengers were perpetually rushing in bearing papers sealed with huge red seals, bells tolled dis-

mally, soldiers lined up grand opera-wise, and, in fact, the whole affair was such a rusty, fusty, musty relic of the dead past that the only thing that redeemed it from absolute dullness was Morgan's profile and Morgan's nightmare. It would be prettier to call it a dream, perhaps, but the young actor's nightmare shrieks were so realistic that they inevitably suggested the less romantic idea. The tableau, which revealed to the audience the young husband's dream of his wife ascending the steps to the guillotine, was very striking, being well grouped, and lighted so effectively that when the curtain first rose revealing the rigid immobility of the grouped figures, there was a striking air of unreality about it.

Morgan has changed, although his clear, chiseled features retain their beauty, and his shoulders have the same melancholy droop. But his voice is like a shattered string, and at moments seems almost to strike a falsetto note. It has, in consequence, a slightly hysterical tone, and, indeed, there was something of a hysterical note in his acting of Paul Kauvar. Nevertheless, in the fourth act, where he appeared as the intrepid prisoner-of-war seeking death, he was invested, in spite of the stupid old play, with something of his former romantic charm. He was distinctly the favorite of the cast, and, when more exciting incidents failed, the audience applauded his embraces of the heroine, on the ground that it is an agreeable experience to witness a good-looking young man, with a straight nose, kindly and considerately clasping a favored young person of the opposite sex to his bosom.

Miss Van Buren was the fortunate heroine, and arranged her beautiful hair in a style to excite admiration. Further commendation is difficult, as the character of Diane is the dull, conventionally romantic kind that only a picturesque person and an imaginative temperament can carry off successfully. And, furthermore, every woman to a unit felt aggrieved that in all the five acts the heroine made no changes of costume, to enable us to feed our starved souls on milinery.

Nobody in the company has the grand manner to lend reality to those absurd, puffed up, impossible Frenchmen; and, by contrast, they all have in "The Senator" a happy air, as of being at home—after having paid a duty visit to a dull relative. Miss Van Buren's work in this play will perhaps be contrasted by some with that which has long been held as a tenaciously cherished memory in the minds of all who have seen it. Charming Georgie Drew Barrymore! Who can forget her as she appeared in this play, and her "kangaroo leap," as some one once called it, along the sofa toward the startled senator? Strange how distinctly her appearance in the comparatively trifling rôle of Mrs. Hillary has been remembered; but hers was the rare possession of a rich and marked individuality wedded to a delightful gift of bubbling humor, and the mention of her name among those who admired her in the past never fails to start a reminiscent smile and a sigh for the great loss her death was to the stage.

Miss Van Buren is not intellectual enough for high comedy, nor has she the gift of intuitive insight into the depths of the human soul. Her work must always remain comparatively superficial; but she has a pleasant, hearty, if somewhat shallow method of rendering light, humorous rôles, and is therefore far more easy and at home in the part than in that of the old-style heroine of "Paul Kauvar." Added to which she never fails to be a highly decorative feature in a modern drawing-room.

Theodore Roberts is a fairly able and intelligent actor, and like Miss Van Buren emerged with relief, if not with distinction, from the eclipse his abilities suffered in "Paul Kauvar." Morgan was lost in a part that apparently failed to interest him. Others of the company were seen to more advantage, and the performance as a whole is a better played and more entertaining one than that of last week.

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## NEW PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

## Frohman's Plans for the New York Season.

Inasmuch as Charles Frohman is the most prolific of the producing theatrical managers of the United States, the announcement of his plans, made upon his return from Europe last week, may be accepted as a forecast of New York's next dramatic season. The Empire Theatre season will open with John Drew in Captain Marshall's "The Second in Command." The Empire Stock Company follows in "The Wilderness," by H. V. Esmond, author of "When We Were Twenty-One," which was produced at the Columbia Theatre last summer by Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott. When Irving and Terry leave the Knickerbocker, Maude Adams will bring out a new Barrie play, and later will appear as Rosalind in "As You Like It," Annie Russell, who is soon to be seen at the Columbia Theatre in "A Royal Family," opens her season at the Lyceum in that play for another run, and later will produce something new from the pen of Clyde Fitch. E. H. Sothern will open the Garden Theatre, but has not yet decided upon the play. His wife, Virginia Harned, will star in "Alice of Old Vincennes." Ethel Barrymore will re-appear at the Garrick with the popular "Captain Jinks," which ran throughout the season last year.

Another new star will be William Faversham, whose leading lady will be Julie Opp, who scored such a success in "The Princess and the Butterfly" and "The Tree of Knowledge" at the Lyceum three or four years ago. Since then she has been acting in George Alexander's company in London. Faversham's first play, at the Criterion, will be "A Royal Rival," by Gerald du Maurier, a son of the famous author of "Trilby." Mrs. Leslie Carter and Julia Marlowe will likewise appear at the Criterion. William Crane will repeat "David Harum." Another attractive Shakespearean production will be "Hamlet," with William Gillette in the title-role.

Among the new plays secured are a comedy-drama by Henry Arthur Jones and a comedy by A. W. Pinero, which Mr. Frohman will first produce in London; a new play by Augustus Thomas called "Colorado," to be produced at Wallack's in November; and a new play by Edward E. Kipper called "Sky Farm," to be put on at the Boston Museum. Mr. Frohman has also Alfred Capus's comedy, "La Veine," which is the biggest success in Paris since the days of "Frou Frou"; "La Petite Fonctionnaire," by the same author; "Mice and Men," by Mrs. Ryley; "The Noble Lord," by Captain Marshall; "Twin Sisters," a German comedy; a dramatization of Anstey's "Magic Bottle," done by himself; Haddon Chambers's "The Awakening," and his unnamed new play; and Clyde Fitch's latest play, "D'Orsay, the Dandy," which will be produced in London by Beerbohm Tree.

"I was remarkably fortunate," said Mr. Frohman, "in contracting with the important German authors, and I have secured contracts with Dr. Ludwig Fulda, Dr. Oscar Blumenthal, Gustav Kadelburg, Felix Philipppe, Franz von Schoenhan, covering all their work for the next three years. By these contracts their plays can only be produced in America in English, if I desire this. I have a new play by Pierre Berton, the author of 'Zaza,' called 'Yvette'; a new play by Pierre Decourcelle, author of 'Two Little Vagabonds'; a new play by Henri Lavedan, author of 'Catherine,' which has been accepted at the Comédie-Française; and 'A Good Judge,' and 'An Historical Chateau,' by A. Bisson. Among the dramatizations I will present this winter are 'Eben Holden,' the 'Gentleman from Indiana,' and the famous 'Mr. Dooley.' I will open the Savoy Theatre with a new comedy, with Isabelle Irving and E. M. Holland in the principal roles, or a new Paul Potter play, to be followed by 'La Veine.'"

The foreign stars who will visit America under Mr. Frohman's management are Charles Hawtree, who will open his engagement in this country with "A Message from Mars," which he has played for two consecutive seasons in London; Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore and an entire English company; and Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, who will make a twenty weeks' tour in "Coriolanus," "Madame Sans-Gêne," and other plays. As to Sarah Bernhardt appearing in "Romeo and Juliet" with Maude Adams, Mr. Frohman said: "When Sarah Bernhardt left London, she took the acting edition of 'Romeo and Juliet' as used by Miss Adams and will perfect herself in the part of Romeo, having the assistance of Miss Rockman, the American actress. With Maurice Gran, I have selected the towns for the Bernhardt-Adams tour, and it is now simply a question of Mme. Bernhardt learning the rôle."

"My London arrangements," added Mr. Frohman, "in addition to my Duke of York's Theatre, include a season at the Lyceum, with William Gillette in 'Sherlock Holmes,' a renewal of my contract of co-management with the Gatti brothers for four more years at the Vaudeville, productions with George Edwardes at the Apollo, which we will open in September with Edna May in a new musical piece called 'Three Little Maids,' a presentation of 'Are You a Mason?' at one of the West End theatres, and a production with Charles Wyndham at one of his houses. The run of Captain Basil Hood's

'Sweet and Twenty' at the Vandeville will be followed by a musical play; afterward I will present Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss in Augustus Thomas's farce of 'On the Quiet.' I will open the Duke of York's Theatre in August with 'A Royal Rival,' with Lewis Waller in the part to be played here by William Faversham. Mr. Waller's season will be followed by my Duke of York's stock company, headed by Irene Vanbrugh."

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Return of the Empire Theatre Company.

By far the most important engagement which has been played at the Columbia Theatre for many months will be the re-appearance here on Monday night of Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Company, which has not visited this Coast since the summer of 1896. They will be seen in Henry Arthur Jones's strong drama, "Mrs. Dane's Defense," which ran for an entire season at Charles Wyndham's new theatre in London, and last year duplicated its success in New York. It is in four acts, and deals with the fortunes of a young woman who, as Mrs. Dane, takes up her residence in a very exclusive community near London, where the adopted son of Sir Daniel Carteret, a famous jurist, falls in love with her. By accident one day she is recognized as a young woman who, while governess in a family, had become involved in a flirtation with the master of the house, which led to the suicide of the wife. Mrs. Dane denies the charge, and Sir Daniel, on account of his son, takes up the case, bent on removing the stigma from her name. But his well-intended efforts ultimately lead to her destruction, for in searching for proof, he finds evidence which forces her to confess her identity.

With but a single exception, the entire personnel of the Empire Theatre Company has changed since it last visited us. The old organization included Viola Allen, Annie Irish, May Robson, Ida Conquest, William Faversham, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Robert Edson, J. E. Dodson, and W. H. Crompton, who is still with the company. Most of the others have since gone up the theatrical ladder, and are now stars or at the head of prominent companies. Margaret Anglin, who enjoys a degree of popularity held by few here, is the present leading lady, and Charles Richman, last seen here at the Baldwin Theatre with Ada Rehan and the Daly Company, is the leading man. They will play the parts of Mrs. Dane and Sir Daniel Carteret, respectively. Among the other members of the company are Ethel Hornick, an Oakland girl who is rapidly coming to the front; Margaret Dale, a former member of Henry Miller's company; May Brook, E. Y. Backus, Stanley Dark, George Osborne, Jr., Wallace Worsley, Frank Brownlee, and George Sylvester.

## "The Toll-Gate Inn" at the Grand.

The Frawley Company will present a genuine novelty at the Grand Opera House on Monday night, when Landon McCormick's colonial romance, "The Toll-Gate Inn," will be produced for the first time in this city. It deals with the days of the struggle for independence, and introduces many familiar characters handled in an entirely new form, we are assured. A highly idealized Indian, Poatchee, who figures as a friend and protector of the colonists, will be played by Theodore Roberts. A strong impersonation is looked for, as Mr. Roberts has made a great reputation as a delineator of the American aborigine. E. J. Morgan will be seen in the rôle of Colonel Maitland, Mary Van Buren will be the Dorothy Maitland, and Katharine Grey will appear as Hester Pennington.

Frank King, the artist, has devoted considerable time to the preparation of appropriate stage settings, and is said to have improved to the full extent the excellent chance offered by the period for picturesque scenery.

## The Tivoli's Double Bill.

The first week of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House has proved a great success, and crowded houses have been the rule nightly. The bill for next week includes Verdi's "Il Trovatore," which will be sung on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, and Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," which will be given on alternate evenings and at the Saturday matinée. The cast for "Il Trovatore" will be as follows: Azucena, Collamarini; Lenora, Barbaresi; the count, Salassa; Fernando, Napoleoni; the troubadour, Castellano. Sannie Krüger and Pio Facci will have the lesser rôles.

In "Lucia di Lammermoor," Repetto will appear as Lucia Ashton, Ferrari as Henry Ashton, Russo as the master of Ravenswood, Nicolini as Raymond, and Napoleoni as Norman.

## The Orpheum's New Specialties.

Only four acts from this week's programme will be retained on the bill at the Orpheum next week. These include Alexandra Dagmar, who will appear in new songs and stunning costumes; the Molasso-Salvaggi troupe of dancers; Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena in "A Bargain Fiend"; and the biograph, with new pictures, one of which will show the departure of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York from London on their voyage to Australia.

At the head of the new-comers will be Hill and Silva, in a bicycle and "unicycle" act, which is said to be little short of marvelous. Performers

have ridden a single wheel without handle-bars before, but to see a man ride a single wheel without bars, with a fair rider perched on his shoulders, down a flight of twenty or more stairs, is surely something of an innovation. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kely make their first appearance in this city in Edmund Day's playlet, "In Trust," described as "a wholesome little story, full of comic situations." Oscar P. Sisson, Ester Wallace, and their company will present a comedy satire entitled "My Wife's Presents," and the Standard Quartet of colored vocalists will be heard in their famous glee and jubilee songs and humorous vocalizations. The Esmonds, musical artists, complete what promises to be an unusually entertaining bill.

## Kipling's Latest Poem.

The London Times publishes a poem by Rudyard Kipling entitled "The Lesson," in which he expresses the idea that Great Britain has learned from the Transvaal war that her military system is all wrong, and has had "all her most holy illusions knocked higher than 'Gilderoy's kite.'" Following are some of the lines:

"It was our fault and our very great fault and not the judgment of heaven.

We made an army in our image on an island nine by seven,

Which faithfully mirrored its Maker's ideal, equipment, and mental attitude,

And so we got our lesson and we ought to accept it with gratitude.

We have spent some hundred million pounds to prove the fact once more—

That horses are quicker than man afoot, since two and two make four.

And horses have four legs and men have two legs and two into four goes twice.

And nothing over, except our lesson, and very cheap at the price.

It was our fault and our very great fault and now we must turn it to use.

We have forty million reasons for failure, but not a single excuse.

So the more we work and the less we talk, the better the results we shall get.

We have had an imperial lesson, it will make us an empire yet."

Who was it suggested Kipling for poet laureate?

On a recent visit to Mt. Tamalpais, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, Berkeley, wrote: "There is no place that I know of in the world which offers, with like convenience, so much of delight to tourist and wanderer as this mountain-top with its easy approach, its excellent inn, and its superb, soul-inspiring outlook over the works and opportunities of man, and the glories of Nature."

The sale of the property at the north-west corner of Geary and Powell Streets to the Crocker Hotel Company was approved by Judge Dunne on Wednesday, July 31st. The lot belonged to Charles Templeton Crocker and Jennie Adeline Crocker, children of the late Charles Crocker. The price paid by the hotel company was \$366,997.28.

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## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 31, 1901, were as follows:

| BONDS.                           |        | Shares.     |  | Closed. |        |
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|                                  |        |             |  | Bid.    | Asked. |
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| Market St. Ry. 5%.....           | 6,000  | @ 124       |  | 123½    | 124½   |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%.....            | 16,000 | @ 119       |  |         |        |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....           | 13,000 | @ 105-106   |  | 105½    | 106½   |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....           | 5,000  | @ 102½-103½ |  | 102½    | 103    |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%..... | 1,000  | @ 120½      |  | 120½    |        |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909           | 34,000 | @ 112       |  | 112     |        |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910           | 3,000  | @ 113       |  | 113     |        |
| S. V. Water 4%.....              | 10,000 | @ 103½      |  | 103½    | 104    |
| STOCKS.                          |        | Shares.     |  | Closed. |        |
|                                  |        |             |  | Bid.    | Asked. |
| Water.                           |        |             |  |         |        |
| Contra Costa Water.....          | 130    | @ 76-76½    |  | 76½     |        |
| Spring Valley Water.....         | 176    | @ 85-85½    |  | 85½     |        |
| Gas and Electric.                |        |             |  |         |        |
| Equitable Gaslight.....          | 350    | @ 5         |  | 4½      | 5½     |
| Pacific Gas.....                 | 160    | @ 43½-44    |  | 43      |        |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....        | 1,000  | @ 43½-44    |  | 43      | 43½    |
| Banks.                           |        |             |  |         |        |
| S. F. Savings Union.....         | 5      | @ 520       |  | 520     |        |
| Market of Cal.....               | 50     | @ 404       |  | 404     | 406    |
| Street R. R.                     |        |             |  |         |        |
| Market St.....                   | 413    | @ 74-74½    |  | 73½     | 74½    |
| Presidio.....                    | 263    | @ 35½       |  | 35½     |        |

| Powders.             | Shares. | Bid. Asked. |        |
|----------------------|---------|-------------|--------|
|                      |         |             |        |
| Giant Co.....        | 105     | @ 76½-76¾   | 76 76¾ |
| Sugars.              |         |             |        |
| Hana P. Co.....      | 2,000   | @ 6½-6¾     | 6½ 7   |
| Honokaa S. Co.....   | 150     | @ 15½-16½   | 15½ 16 |
| Hutchinson.....      | 835     | @ 16-17     | 16½    |
| Makaweli S. Co.....  | 275     | @ 29½-30½   | 30     |
| Onomea S. Co.....    | 25      | @ 22        | 21     |
| Pauhan S. P. Co..... | 525     | @ 20½-22    | 20½    |

## Miscellaneous.

Alaska Packers..... 10 @ 130½ 130

The market has been one of general decline. The sugar stocks have been weak, and on sales of 1,800 shares there were losses made of from one-half to one point.

The water stocks have been weak, and sold off one to three points, the latter in Contra Costa Water, which closed at 76½ bid and sales.

The powder stocks have been steady, and very little stock changed hands.

San Francisco Gas and Electric stock sold off one point, and about 1,000 shares were sold, and closed at 43½ bid and 43¾ asked.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
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**A. W. BLOW & CO.**

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.

## Financial Facts

There is lots of money lying idle, uninvested and unused.

On the other hand, there are good men and good enterprises, lacking capital.

Our good offices are effective in bringing about a meeting, to a common profit.

We have something to say to the man who has money or the man who needs it.

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118 PHELAN BUILDING

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Pacific Coast Managers of

## The Traders Insurance Co.

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Assets - - - - - \$2,500,000.00

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## Norwich Union

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OF NORWICH, ENGLAND

Assets - - - - - \$6,553,403

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4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.



AT YOUR CLUB OR DEALER'S.



## VANITY FAIR.

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY ON SUNDAY.  
(A song for Saturday night.)

We zealots made up of stiff clay,  
We sour-looking children of sorrow,  
While not over-jolly to-day,  
Resolve to be wretched to-morrow.  
We can't to a certainty tell  
What mirth may molest us on Monday,  
But, at least, to begin the week well,  
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

That day, the calm season of rest,  
Shall come to us freezing and frigid;  
A gloom all our thoughts shall invest,  
Such as Calvin would call over-rigid.  
With sermons from morning till night,  
We'll strive to be decent and dreary,  
To preachers a praise and delight,  
Who ne'er think that sermons can weary.

All tradesmen cry up their own wares,  
In this they agree well together;  
The mason by stone and lime swears,  
The tanner is always for leather.  
The smith still for iron would go,  
The school-master stands up for teaching,  
And the parson would fain have you know  
There's nothing on earth like his preaching.

The face of kind Nature is fair,  
But our system obscures its effulgence.  
How sweet is a breath of fresh air!  
But our rules don't allow the indulgence.  
These gardens, their walks and green bowers,  
Might be free to the poor man for one day,  
But no! the glad plants and gay flowers  
Mustn't bloom or smell sweetly on Sunday.

What though a good precept we strain  
Till hateful and hurtful we make it!  
What though in this pulling the rein  
We may draw it so tight as to break it.  
Abroad we forbid folks to roam  
For fear they get social and frisky,  
But, of course, they can sit still at home  
And get drowsily drunk upon whisky.

Then, though we can't certainly tell  
How mirth may molest us on Monday,  
At least, to begin the week well,  
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

—Lord Newnes.

The announcement that the first of Mrs. William Astor's series of dinners at Newport this season will be given on Monday evening, August 5th, has caused considerable gossip among the cottagers, for heretofore Thursday has always been Mrs. Astor's day for entertaining her friends at dinner. As she has always been recognized as the legitimate sovereign of the Newport summer colony, other hostesses have studiously avoided the arrangement of dinners to clash with those set by Mrs. Astor. This tradition has been violated this year, as there are now very few, if any, Thursdays left open to Newport's first lady throughout the gayest weeks of the season. Most of the Thursdays have been taken for the season for dinners by Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mrs. John Clinton Gray, and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, who, it is declared, "encroached unknowingly" upon Mrs. Astor's time-honored prerogative. The reason of the conflict is found in the lengthening of the season at Newport which, this year, was added to at the opening and will be lengthened at the end. Mrs. Astor returned from her annual visit to London and Paris at her customary time, but the Newport season did not wait for her, and in the unusually early attack on the calendar, Mrs. Drexel, Mrs. Gray, and Mrs. Twombly secured Mrs. Astor's Thursdays, thereby practically forcing her to change her dinner dates to Monday. Such a matter as this may appear absurdly trivial to the non-social work-a-day world, but it is an important matter to the fashionable colony at Newport, where social affairs are taken seriously. The conflict also demonstrates the advisability of the ruling hostesses of Newport getting together and dividing the almanac between them in a way satisfactory to all concerned. Such a conference has been suggested in past seasons, but it has come to naught thus far.

Seven years ago, when John Arbuckle, the Brooklyn coffee manufacturer, returned from Europe thoroughly restored to health by the sea voyage, which had been taken by order of his doctor, he conceived the idea of establishing a "floating hotel-ship," whereby those working in offices on moderate salaries might avail themselves of the opportunity of living for a time at sea, and thus escape the terrible heat of the summer in the metropolis. Last week he inaugurated his novel and long-cherished scheme, and now each evening the chief sailing vessel of his fleet, the *John A. Stamler*, takes on passengers at six o'clock in the evening and lands them in the morning so that they can arrive at their offices in time for the day's work. The *Stamler* is a three-masted, ship-rigged converted petroleum packet of one thousand tons, which formerly ran between New York and Havre. Upon the old hulk a practically new superstructure has been built, and the packet made into a fair passenger-boat. There are fifty-four state-rooms, and four bunks in each. Four have private baths. There are also six baths on the deck below. The vessel accommodates two hundred and sixty-four passengers. Dinner and breakfast are served in the large sixty by twenty-five-foot dining-room, the guests sitting around long tables, and being attended to by kindly looking, matronly waitresses, causing the scene to resemble closely a

country church sociable. The food is described in the prospectus as "Homelike." No intoxicating liquors are served. None are permitted on board. Those desiring such can have Apollinaris or ginger ale. Milk is given away free. The state-rooms are neatly furnished. Mr. Arbuckle has received many congratulations on the success of his kindly venture, though it is doubtful if it will ever prove a financial success. That the novelty of the project has attracted wide interest, however, may be inferred from the fact that nearly two thousand letters of inquiry have been received at the office within recent dates. The charge for nightly trips is two dollars and fifty cents, with the exception of Sundays. The boats starting on Saturdays make longer cruises—to Newport, Shelter Island, Atlantic City, and other resorts along the coast—not returning till Monday morning. Tickets for these trips cost five dollars, while tickets for a week on board can be obtained for twelve dollars. As soon as the patronage warrants, the *Gitana* and *Hermis*, two yachts, which can accommodate about one hundred, will be added.

"If the relations existing between England and America," declares the Philadelphia *North American*, "are not placed presently upon a strong basis of mutual esteem it will not be the fault of Mr. Jephson, of Balliol College, Oxford. Mr. Jephson advertises in a London paper that he is prepared to teach the English language to travelers from this country. He offers to cure his pupils, or patients, of the American accent, so abhorrent to the cultivated ear, and to impart the 'good address' which democratic training denies to the unhappy citizen of the United States. Many influences have been fostered as tending to cement the bonds of brotherhood between England and America. Of them all, the 'common-language' theory has been the most powerful. Now that the theory is in a fair way to become a fact, where is the Anglo-Saxon who will refuse to look with the kindling eye of gratitude upon the peerless Jephson, of Balliol College, Oxford?"

Judge Erastus M. Reed, who for twenty-four years has been judge of the first Bristol district court of Attleboro, Mass., is of the opinion that the dignity of the court does not suffer in the least if a man appears in court in a shirt-waist on hot days. To further illustrate his ideas about court dignity and comfort, his honor held court last week without wearing a coat. One day, during the heated spell of a fortnight ago, he appeared in court coatless, wearing a pink colored shirt and belt. When questioned regarding the action of Judge Almy in having a coatless man who appeared in court removed from the room, the judge said: "That's nonsense. Why should a man sit and suffer when he can be cool? Any man who wants to sit in my court in his shirt-sleeves or wear a shirt-waist can do so, if he can look neat and respectable. The cooler a man can be these days the more sense he shows. Why should I make a man feel uncomfortable? I do not feel that the dignity of the first district court has suffered in the least, and so far as I am concerned I know one man who was comfortable. There is such a thing as being too dignified." The *New York Sun*, however, does not agree with Judge Reed, but declares that "inasmuch as a man without a coat is not dressed for the house, he has no business in hotels or restaurants or offices other than his own," and it adds: "He looks imperfect and incongruous. He can have an unlined or 'skeleton' coat of the thinnest material. He will be just as cool as he would be in a shirt-waist and he will be a great deal cleaner and more presentable. Something is due to the public and something to the aesthetic sense. Neatness is one of the worst foes of heat. Now a man in a shirt-waist can't be anything else than a

'slouch.' He will be punished with copious perspirations. He is a foreordained victim of the heat. He confesses himself beaten when he dons a thing which is not appropriate and throws away his coat. It was the coat that bound him to civilization. He has become a hopeless thermomaniac. The summer costume of men is sensible and sufficient. The man's shirt-waist is a product of the hallucinations of thermomania."

No more typical Boer *vrouw* existed than the wife of the former president of the Transvaal, Mrs. Krüger, who recently passed away. The household of the Krügers at Pretoria was a primitive one. The heads of it were a devoted couple, though any outward manifestation was quite alien to the strict Dopper tenets of which President Krüger is an adherent. Mrs. Krüger, an excellent wife and mother, troubled herself little about politics. Her house-keeping and her knowledge of curatives for ordinary ailments sufficed for her interests. She was a great favorite in the simple social life of Pretoria, for her motherly instincts were well known. The presidential house, in which she had lived for so many years, had little pretensions. It was close to the Market Square of Pretoria, and was a one-story building, with a wooden-trellised veranda running round it. On the "stoop," the president, in the heyday of his power, could be seen any day puffing away at his pipe and drinking the coffee in the making of which Mrs. Krüger took great pride. On the allowance of her "coffee money," some two thousand dollars, the household *ménage* was carried on, while her thrifty economy enabled the president to accumulate his official salary of thirty-five thousand dollars and invest it until it has become by repute a fortune of millions.

According to the *New York Tribune*, a society woman, who knows her world, says that the fashion of riding astride will undoubtedly obtain vogue in the very near future, and if a conventional costume had been definitely decided upon, this summer would have seen the radical change. Opinions so far, however, are rather at variance—not about the ultimate outcome of the discussion, for that seems a foregone conclusion, but as to what dress will finally be adopted by the fashionable set. Smart women are decidedly opposed to the divided skirt, which they say makes one ridiculous. The costume which obtains the most favor, and which will probably ultimately be adopted, is a long coat, cut like a man's covert coat, coming to just below the knees, the legs being incased in the regulation riding-boots. When mounted, the coat, which, like men's coats, has a slit in the back, hangs only a little shorter than the fashionable riding-skirt of to-day, and, when the fair equestrienne dismounts, is nearly as long as a short golf-skirt. Nothing could be more modest or suitable for those who, for safety and comfort's sake, have elected to defy prejudice and ride like men. As time goes on, the long mooted dress-reform movement seems, in the fashionable world at least, to resolve itself into a question of suitability. And the next decade will undoubtedly see recognized dresses for every occasion. A woman shopping or walking in the street will wear, as she does for bicycling or golf, a short, scant skirt. In the evening, and for carriage visits, she will never give up the trailing, beautiful gowns that she loves. The side-saddle in the next generation bids fair to become as obsolete as the corset is becoming already, as it should be a comfortable support, not an instrument of torture. In short, women will be sensible when it is necessary, but will indemnify themselves by dressing more gorgeously and fancifully than ever for functions that call for fine raiment. And why should they not? A woman who does not love clothes can be hardly womanly.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

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## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,973,540  
Paid-up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

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Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St., SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

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## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,681,497.64  
July 1, 1901.

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St. Paul..... The Philadelphia National Bank  
Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California  
London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
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Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

## Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000  
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

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## WELLS FARGO &amp; CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits, December 31, 1900, \$8,620,223.88.

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.  
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Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.

411 California Street.

San Jose is now on the map. It has long been one of the finest residence and business points in California. The closing of the "Gap" in the Coast Line makes it the finest. San Jose is in the heart of Santa Clara County, the richest county in the State. Now is the time to invest. Choice residence lots on Tenth Street and future business property on the corner of Ninth and Santa Clara Streets for sale.

WOOSTER & WHITTON, No. 7 West Santa Clara Street, San José.

## Knox's Gelatine

K=N=O=X K=N=O=X K=N=O=X K=N=O=X

This is the exact name that must be on every package of gelatine you buy if you want to be sure that it is the best.

Do not allow substitutes to be palmed off on you. They may be a little cheaper in price, and are a whole lot cheaper in quality.

I doubt if there is a good grocer who does not carry in stock the Gelatine marked K=N=O=X. If you should hear of one, send me his name and I will mail free my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

CHAS. B. KNOX, 91 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.





## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In Paris there is a restaurant that announces for the benefit of visitors of the Anglo-Saxon persuasion, that "American drunks are to be had here."

James Smith, of "Rejected Addresses" fame, who never married, thus wrote in his journal: "I have had a horrid dream, viz., that I was engaged to be married. Introduced to my 'bride, a simpering young woman with flaxen hair, in white gloves. Just going to declare off—*côûte que côûte*, when to my inexpressible relief, I awoke."

On being ushered into the home of Dr. Parkhurst the other day, a visitor noted that a mammoth tiger-rug was spread across the floor of the reception-room. In his surprise, he remarked: "I should think, doctor, that you, of all men, would be the last to keep the emblem of Tammany Hall so prominently displayed in your home." Dr. Parkhurst smiled, and replied: "I keep the tiger here to constantly remind me that my enemy is always near. Then, again, I keep the tiger here to walk all over occasionally."

Lady Russell, in her volume "Swallowfield and its Owners," points out that in 1820 the Berkshire estate came into the hands of Sir Henry Russell, who had been a friend of Dr. Johnson. It was at Russell's table that one day the doctor maintained that "no man loved labor; no man would work if he could help it." Reynolds objected, and gave Pope for instance. But Pope's inspiration, said the doctor, "was the love of fame, and not the love of labor. Leander swam the Hellespont, but that doesn't prove that he loved swimming."

It is said that Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, one day remarked to her grandson, Jack Spencer: "Jack, you must marry, and I will give you a list of the ladies you may propose to." "Very well, grannie," he said, and he proposed to the first on the list. When he came back with his wife from their wedding tour, they went to pay their respects to the old lady. "Well, now," she said, "I am the root and you are only the branches, and therefore you must always pay me a great deal of deference." "That is all very well," said Jack, impudently, "but I think the branches would flourish a great deal better if the root was under ground."

Some of the naval cadets who are aboard the *Alabama*, and are having their first real cruise off the Atlantic coast, recently got a lesson in promptness that they will not soon forget. They went ashore with the captain, and were told that the boat would return at a certain time. Five minutes before that time they appeared at the head of the long pier, sauntering slowly toward where the captain stood waiting for them. Exactly on the dot of the appointed time he gave the order to shove off, and the boat started, leaving five astonished cadets on the pier not forty feet away. When they had got a pullboat and rowed out to the ship, three miles or more, they were told by the captain that it was not polite to keep their superior officers waiting, or to approach him as if they were "going to a funeral."

One of the most popular "spielers" of the Midway at the Pan-American Exposition is a man with a cigar-stand in front of the Soft Drinks' Building, as it is officially called. One of the waitresses partook too liberally of soft drinks the other day, and the ambulance was sent for. It pulled up in front of the cigar-stand, and had barely stopped when the cigar man took advantage of the situation to do business with the crowd. "Here you are!" he shouted; "anybody that wants to get a ride in the ambulance just buy one of these here cigars. Smoke one o' these cigars an' the ambulance 'll ride you right down to the hospital." A man who was passing and had not heard the invitation stepped up to buy a cigar. "That's right!" shouted the dealer; "here's one man that wants to ride in the ambulance. Anybody else like to go? One cigar warranted to do the business. A trip in the ambulance goes with every cigar. No blanks. No extra charge. Only five cents for a cigar and an ambulance ride thrown in. No such bargain anywhere else on the grounds!"

W. R. Draper says that an experiment of much value was attempted among the Cheyennes in Oklahoma not long ago. An Indian agent wished the school-boys to milk cows for him, and agreed to give to each one who milked for three months a nice calf. Fifteen boys started, but they were so ridiculed by the older men of the tribe that twelve of them gave it up. Three won the calves, and the pride of being owners of cattle served as quite an assistance in getting other Indian children to try. After a year twelve boys had won calves, and the agent asked them to plow corn for him, agreeing to give them all the corn they could grow. Ten boys volunteered to grow corn, and they actually raised three thousand bushels, which was sold and afterward converted into thirty-five head of steers. Each steer was branded with an individual brand chosen by the boy owner. This made them prouder than ever, and more indus-

trious. Every boy at the agency wanted to go to work at once, and, as a result of that experiment, the Cheyennes are the most industrious farmers of any tribe so recently on the war-path.

Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, in her "Book of Remembrance," says: "My father had taken some land in Illinois for a bad debt, and this he had never visited. After he had paid taxes on it for several years, he was asked to sell the tract. He agreed to do it, and named the price, which was the sum he had paid for it, without the taxes. The deeds were scarcely signed when my father found that a city, Peoria, was growing up on the spot. He was naturally disappointed at what seemed the ill luck of the occurrence, but several years after his annoyance was tinged with amusement. A man came into his office and asked: 'Are you W. J. Duane?' 'Yes.' 'Did you own the site of the city of Peoria?' 'Yes.' 'Did you sell it for six hundred dollars?' 'Yes.' The man rose from his chair. 'Good-by,' he said, 'I only thought I'd like to look at you.'"

Fearing that after they had "done the town" they would not possess enough funds to purchase transportation East, twelve sailormen one day last week had their tickets made out in the name of a thirteenth sailor, who was considered the soberest and most clear-headed of the lot. Happy in the thought that they were now secure, the thirteen proceeded down Barbary Coast. About sunrise, to the horror of the bibulous twelve, the trusty mate was missing. Accordingly, they went to the office of the passenger-department of the Southern Pacific and unfolded their tale of woe, declaring that their companion had been drugged, beaten, murdered, and robbed. The railroad official refused to do anything in their behalf, but directed them to report the matter to the police or their officers. Disgusted and disgruntled, they departed. Later in the day an officer went up to the railroad office to look into the matter. He believed in the murder theory, but the office had received a wire from the conductor of an overland train, saying that a sailor very drunk was aboard and had transportation for thirteen men.

## Dooley on Summer Resorts.

Mr. F. Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley, in a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly*, discusses summer vacations, and expresses the opinion that the city is a better summer resort than the country. He says: "Th' place to live in is where all th' good things in life go to. Iv'rything that's worth havin' goes to th' city; the country takes what's left. Iv'rything that's worth havin' goes to th' city an' is iced. Th' cream comes in an' th' skim-milk stays; th' sun-hurt viggies are consumed by the hearty farmer boy, an' I go down to Callaghan's store an' ate th' sunny half iv' a peach. Th' farmer boy sells what he has fr money, an' I git th' money back when he comes to town in th' winter to see th' exposition. They give us th' products of th' sile, an' we give thim cottage organs an' knock-out drops, an' they think they've broke even. Don't lave anny wan convince ye th' country's th' place to live, but don't spread th' news yet, fr a while. I'm goin' to advertise Dooleyville-he-th-river. Within six seconds iv' th' street-cars an' railway thrains, an' aisy reach iv' th' theatres an' ambanlances. Spind the summer far fr'm the husy haunts iv' th' fly an' th' hug be th' side iv' th' purlin' ice-wagon. I'll do it, I tell ye. I'll organize excursions an' I'll have th' poor iv' th' country in here settin' on th' cool steps an' passin' th' can fr'm hand to hand; I'll take thim to th' ballgame an' th' theatre; I'll have thim sleep till break-fast-time, an' I'll send thim back to their overcrowded homes to d'ream iv' th' happy life in town. I will so."

## Happy Humphrey Hubbard.

Humphrey Hubbard had heard Hepzibah Huggins humming hymns hilariously, he having helped Hepzibah homeward. Humphrey hankered hugely, harboring handsome Hepzibah heartwise. He had high hawthorn hedges hiding his handsome house, harnessed horses hauling harrows, he hoeing hills, helping herdsmen, hewing hemlocks, hacking hemp, harvesting hops, hunting hawks hurling hatching hens. Hepzibah, helpful housekeeper, hemmed handkerchiefs, hoarded honey hitherto hived, heeled hose having holes, handled harspichord harmoniously; happy Hepzibah! Her honest, homely happiness hit Humphrey heavily. He hovered, handsomely habited, hinting humbly how Hepzibah had harried his heart. Hepzibah honored his hearty homage. Hating, however, haphazard haste, Hepzibah hung her head, halting, hemming, having, hoping Humphrey had harmless habits, hypocritical, hesitating Hepzibah! He held her hand hopelessly, hungrily humoring her. Happily, Hepzibah heeded her hirsute hero. Hymen hitched Humphrey Hubbard-Hepzibah Huggins, he hugging her, happily hysterical! Hencelorth husband helped housewife hop hornpipes, holding honeymoon holiday, hardly hearing harlequins howling hallelujahs, hailing house-warming. Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.  
Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON IS THE COAL for your range.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Vice-President Roosevelt.  
Now he's in the Senate,  
In the highest chair,  
Spurring on the business,  
Keeping order there.  
Still the same old Teddy,  
But with greater fame.  
Guess we'll have to call him  
By his real name.  
—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

## The Old-Fashioned Boy.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy—  
A boy with freckled face,  
With forehead white 'neath tangled hair  
And limbs devoid of grace.  
Whose feet toe in, while his elbows flare;  
Whose knees are patched all ways;  
Who turns as red as a lobster when  
You give him a word of praise.  
A boy who's born with an appetite,  
Who seeks the pantry shelf  
To eat his "piece" with resounding smack—  
Who isn't gone on himself.  
A "Robinson Crusoe" reading boy,  
Whose pockets bulge with trash;  
Who knows the use of rod and gun,  
And where the brook trout splash.  
It's true he'll sit in the easiest chair,  
With his hat on his tousled head;  
That his hands and feet are everywhere,  
For youth must have room to spread.  
But he doesn't dub his father "old man,"  
Nor deny his mother's call,  
Nor ridicule what his elders say,  
Or think that he knows it all.  
A rough and wholesome natural boy  
Of a good old-fashioned clay;  
God bless him, if he's still on earth,  
For he'll make a man some day.  
—Detroit Free Press.

## A Far Cry.

To those who write, and who try to write,  
We would utter a pleading word;  
We would let it go forth in its rolling might  
Till the hardened hearts be stirred.  
We would pray to those who are drunk on fame,  
Who have drained its cup to the lees,  
And to those who are yearning to taste the same,  
Yea, even still more, to these.  
We would shriek from cities, and village nooks,  
From plains where the wild deer feast,  
Oh, don't, don't, don't give us any more books,  
For a hundred years—at least!  
—Madeline Bridges in Life.

No room for any one else: Upton—"I think I will make my trip to the Pan-American Exposition about August." Downton—"Oh, don't go in that month; Buffalo will be crowded—jammed. There won't be room enough to turn around." Upton—"My stars! Why!" Downton—"That's the month appointed for the grand reunion of the 'Ancient and Honorable Order of Attresses Who Were Asked to Pose for the Goddess of Liberty Statue Made Out of Montana Silver.'"—*New York Weekly*.

"What wholesome truth," asked the Sabbath-school teacher, nervously, "is taught by the story of Jonah and the whale?" The serious child with the tall brow did not reply: "It's hard to keep a good man down!" But merely: "I don't know!" This was thought to be remarkable in one so young.—*Detroit Journal*.

## Eminent Physicians

are eagerly studying the problem of baby feeding. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is recommended by the leading family physicians. It is always safe and reliable. Send loc. for "Baby's Diary." 77 Hudson St., N. Y.

—YOU CAN DRIVE A TEAM TO EVERY PLOT sold in Mt. Olivet Cemetery. Every plot sold fronts on a driveway.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

VVO  
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

DOMINION LINE

Fastest Twin-Screw Passenger Service.  
Boston to Liverpool via Queenstown  
S. S. NEW ENGLAND, 11,600 Tons, Length 575 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, August 14th.  
S. S. COMMONWEALTH, 13,000 Tons, Length 600 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, August 28th.  
Portland, Me., to Liverpool  
S. S. DOMINION, sailing Saturday, August 10th.  
S. S. CAMERONIAN, sailing Saturday, August 17th.  
For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast, 621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**  
A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.  
"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after shaving.  
Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 5c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample free. G. L. Mennen & Co., Newark, N. J.

## Automobiles

If you want to know how to get one write for particulars.  
We build to order Gasoline Automobiles, Steam Automobiles, and Automobile parts.  
Automobiles cared for, repaired, and delivered on telephone order.

## California Automobile Co.

Main Office, 222 Sansome St.  
Factory, 346 McAllister St. Phone Jessie 366

## TYPEWRITERS.

**GREAT BARGAINS**  
We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.  
**THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,**  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

## STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
**YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,**  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, August 27  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, September 20  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 15  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, November 7  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.  
America Maru.....Saturday, August 10  
Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, September 4  
Nippon Maru.....Friday, September 27  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons  
S. S. Australia, for Tahiti, August 6, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Honolulu only, August 10, 1901, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, August 22, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts, 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., July 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, August 5, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles); Santa Rosa-Sundays, 9 A. M. State of Cal.—Wednesdays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Caycos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hanenene, San Pedro, East San Pedro, and Newport (Corona only).  
Corona—Saturdays, 9 A. M. Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
For further information obtain company's folder.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket-Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg Westbound.  
St. Paul.....August 7  
St. Louis.....August 14  
Philadelphia.....August 21  
St. Paul.....August 28  
St. Louis.....September 4  
Philadelphia.....September 11

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Vaderland.....August 7  
Kensington.....August 14  
Zeeland.....August 21  
Friesland.....August 28  
Southark.....September 4  
Vaderland.....September 11  
\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Sanborn-Baldwin Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Frances Baldwin, daughter of Mrs. A. R. Baldwin, and Mr. Sheffield S. Sanborn, took place at the home of the bride's mother, corner of Devisadero and Union Streets, on Wednesday afternoon, July 31st. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the Rev. Dr. John Hemphill. Miss Marguerite Sawyer was the maid of honor, and Mr. Henry Francis Parmelee, of New Haven, acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn departed later in the day on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside in this city.

## The Del Monte Week of Sports.

The Poniatowski Cup tournament for ladies will open at Burlingame on August 15th, and after playing there a few days there will be a general exodus to the Hotel Del Monte, where the carnival of amateur sports will be held under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Polo and Pony Racing and the Pacific Coast Golf Associations. More events have been arranged than ever before, and special cups and valuable prizes will be awarded to the successful competitors.

The golf tournament will begin on the morning of August 19th, when the qualifying rounds at 18 holes, medal play, in the men's amateur competition for the Del Monte Cup will take place. On August 21st the competition for the women's amateur championship will commence, and on the mornings of August 22d, 23d, and 24th, the match rounds in the latter contest will be played at 18 holes. The polo tournament will be held on the afternoons of August 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22d, and August 23d and 24th will be devoted to the pony-racing and steeplechase.

## Notes and Gossip.

Major and Mrs. Alexander Sharp announce the engagement of their daughter, Julia Grant, to Captain Dennis Edward Nolan, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Agnes Burrell Nation and Dr. Louis C. Deane.

The engagement of Miss Marylyn Main, of Santa Barbara, and Mr. Chester Ashleigh Thomas, of Los Angeles, is announced. Both were members of the class of '98 at Stanford University.

The wedding of Miss Idalene Hooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hooper, and Mr. Sumner Crosby, of Boston, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Crosby, of Brookline, Mass., will take place at the home of the bride's parents, on Hawthorne Street, Alameda, on August 6th at 2 P. M. Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, of this city, will officiate.

Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs has issued invitations to a dinner-dance at the Newport Clambake Club for August 6th in honor of her daughter, Miss Lily Oelrichs, and Mr. Peter D. Martin.

Mrs. H. A. Bray gave an informal reception at her home in Fruitvale on Saturday evening, July 27th, in honor of Mrs. Henry Wetherbee and Mrs. C. W. Farnham, who have just returned from a two years' tour of Europe and the Orient.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin recently gave a dinner at her home on Broadway, at which she entertained Miss Young, Miss Elizabeth Young, Miss Hager, Miss McNutt, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. Samuel G. Murphy, Dr. George F. Shields, and Captain Howard.

Miss Elizabeth Gage, who is to be married to Mr. W. H. Richardson, Jr., of Texas, on Tuesday, August 6th, gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Thursday, August 1st. Those at table were Mrs. George de Golia, Miss Rose Nalle, of Austin, Tex., Miss Christie Taft, Miss Ruth Dunham, Miss Ethel Gage, Miss Mabel Gage, Miss Belle Nicholson, and Miss Amy Scoville, of New York.

Mrs. George Crocker gave a dinner at the Newport Clambake Club on Friday, August 2d.

## Death of Lloyd Breckinridge.

Lloyd Tevis Breckinridge, son of Mrs. Fred Sharon, who is now in Paris, committed suicide on Thursday afternoon, July 25th, at the home of Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, 1316 Taylor Street, while suffering from temporary insanity. Mr. Breckinridge was between twenty-two and twenty-three years of age, a native of California, and a nephew of Congressman Breckinridge, of Kentucky. He was an unusually handsome young man, but had been afflicted with a nervous affection ever since he was thirteen years old, arising from a spinal trouble from which he suffered.

When his father, the late John W. Breckinridge, came to this State in the early 'seventies, he had the finest letters of introduction, and soon entered the law office of W. H. L. Barnes; later he went into the brokerage business and married Miss Louise Tevis. He soon began to neglect his wife for his political and convivial friends, and divorce came after the birth of the third child. Later Mrs. Breckinridge married Fred Sharon. After the divorce, the three children were taken by their grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, and Breckinridge made no trouble until after the wedding of his former wife to Sharon. Then he demanded the children, and took them to Merced and kept them for two or three years. Later they returned to the Tevis home, when they were regularly adopted by their grandparents. For a while Breckinridge made some trouble, and then nothing

more was heard of him. He picked himself together and practiced law in Merced, but to the last his life was a troubled, fitful existence. His death came May 9, 1892, in Merced, from overdoses of morphine, administered, it was said by physicians, to allay pain from liver and kidney trouble. John Breckinridge married in Merced, but the appearance of a child born of a very early marriage in Kentucky brought trouble in his second household, and when he passed away, he was practically alone.

## "Reverend Father Clay Greene."

The leading Roman Catholic daily of Paris, which succeeds to the ultramontane tripod occupied by M. Louis Veuillot with *L'Univers*, prints this peculiar paragraph: "We have received the journal the San Francisco *Argonaut*, containing a full account of 'The Passion,' given by the students of Santa Clara College, Cal., directed by the Jesuit Fathers. At the first representation only students and their relatives were admitted. But such was the success that the Jesuit Fathers gave six additional representations, at which the audiences were composed almost entirely of Protestants. The author of the scenario acknowledged his indebtedness to Edmund Haranocourt, our eminent collaborator. The author of 'The Passion' is the Reverend Father Clay Greene." The friends of Clay Greene, both East and West, will be rather surprised at the title given him by this French journal. The Lambs Club ought to give a jinks in honor of the fact that their Shepherd has taken holy orders.

Among the various new buildings and improvements which are engrossing the attention of Willis Polk previous to his departure for the East, are the installation of electric lights and the extensive interior remodeling of the residence of William H. Crocker, on the north-east corner of California and Jones Streets; the remodeling of the old Howard-Bowie house in San Mateo, now known as "El Cerrito," for Walter S. Martin, and the building in connection therewith a stable only second in proportions and finish to that belonging to Francis Carolan; the remodeling of Charles A. Baldwin's house near Santa Clara; the completion of a dwelling for William Keith, the artist, on the north side of Washington Street, near Lyon; the building of two small bungalows for Francis Carolan and a club-house for the Polo Club at Burlingame. He has also just completed a residence for F. H. McCallagh, of Philadelphia, at Los Gatos, which is notable as an example of the pure Mission style of building.

Work on the Tevis hacienda at Monterey, which was stopped by the death of its former owner, Hugh Tevis, has been resumed by direction of Mrs. Tevis and will be pushed to rapid completion. Mrs. Tevis and her parents, ex-Governor and Mrs. Baxter, are staying in Monterey while the last touches are being put upon the house, and will superintend the furnishing themselves. Mrs. Tevis will carry out in every detail the plans which she and her late husband made with regard to this house, and her present intention is to spend a large part of her time at the hacienda. She expects it will be ready for occupancy in about three weeks.

D. Douglas-Dick, the wealthy Scotchman who was accidentally drowned near Banff, Canada, a fortnight ago, was a brother of Archibald Douglas-Dick. The latter married a daughter of Mrs. A. M. Parrott, and has been for the past year with his regiment, the Royal Scotch Fusiliers, on military duty in Africa. His family is at present in Scotland, and Mrs. Parrott has just returned to New York from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Douglas-Dick, who was quite ill during the early part of the year, but has since recovered.

According to the *Examiner*, "John D. Spreckels was the boss stevedore at the loading of the steamer *Sierra* on Wednesday night. From sundown until an hour before midnight the magnate of the Oceanic Company was the most active man on the dock, darting from gang to gang of stevedores and giving directions like an old hand at the business. Spreckels called off work at eleven o'clock, and the men were given quarters on the steamer *Australia*, which is lying alongside the wharf."

The Benedicts' tournament of the San Rafael Golf Club, for which a silver cup was offered by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, was played on the San Rafael links on Saturday afternoon, July 27th. The play was a foursome over 9 holes, husband and wife playing against a similar couple. The cup was won by Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle, whose net score was 42.

Ladies' day at the Army and Navy Club in Manila, which is every other Wednesday, has become a society event, and adds greatly to the life of service people in Manila.

— NO PAPER HAS EVER PROVEN SO POPULAR for fashionable correspondence as the *Fleur-de-Lis* linen which was introduced by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers. Some pretty ideas in stamping are also being shown.

— EDWARD A. BELCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW 412-413 Call Building.

## RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

Attorney Stanley Jackson filed copies of the wills of Rounseville Wildman and his wife, Letitia Aldrich Wildman, on Tuesday, July 30th, in Judge Murasky's court. The wills were executed in 1899, at Hong Kong, and in them the consul-general and Mrs. Wildman stated that they were "mindful of the uncertainty of this frail and transitory life." Each bequeathed what he or she owned to the other, and, in case of the death of both, to their children. The only surviving heirs are Mrs. Louis Aldrich, of this city, mother of Mrs. Wildman; Edwin Wildman, brother of the consul-general; and two of his half-sisters and one half-brother, who reside in New York. There was a controversy between Mrs. Aldrich and the Wildmans over the estate, and it involved the question as to whether Rounseville Wildman or his wife died first. A compromise has been arranged whereby the five heirs are to divide the estate, valued at about \$26,000, equally among themselves.

Edward H. Sheldon's holographic will was filed on Wednesday, July 31st, by Walter D. K. Gibson, who was named in it as trustee. It was written on July 23, 1901, three days before Mr. Sheldon's death. He distributed the various articles in his house, at 2573 Pierce Street, to relatives and friends, and directed Mr. Gibson to forward the income from the residue of his estate to his mother, Mrs. M. B. Sheldon, of Middlebury, Vt. At her death this property is to be divided between his brothers and sisters, Mrs. Mary E. S. Graves, of Washington, D. C., Dr. Samuel Sheldon, of Brooklyn, and Dr. William H. Sheldon and Mrs. Susan B. Miner, of Middlebury. The value of the estate, which includes stocks, bonds, money in bank, and mining investments, was not mentioned.

The estate of Arpad Haraszthy, the wine merchant, who died suddenly on November 16, 1900, is bankrupt. The approved claims against it on notes and for money advanced amount to \$17,200, and the actual value of the estate has been found to be even less than the sum at which it was appraised—\$9,562.

The estate of Anna Elizabeth Greene has been appraised at \$707,870.33.

Edward Harmon Sheldon, the well-known clubman and secretary of the Oceanic Steamship Company, died at the Lane Hospital on Friday, July 26th, as a result of a surgical operation on the Tuesday preceding. Mr. Sheldon was a native of Vermont and fifty-three years of age. He was a prominent member of the Bohemian Club, and was also a Mason. He leaves two brothers and a sister, besides his mother, all living in the East.

Miss Gladys Unger, the daughter of Frank L. Unger, who has been studying art in Paris for some years, has had a picture accepted in this year's Salon and hung on the line. It was reproduced in the art supplement of one of the Paris journals. The young lady shows great talent in her chosen career, and her father's many friends in San Francisco will be delighted to hear of her success.

— PHYSICIANS WOULD NOT RECOMMEND JESSE MOORE Whisky if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

## Moët &amp; Chandon

Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.

WHITE SEAL (Grande Cuvee) of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—COURT JOURNAL.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,  
Pacific Coast Agents. San Francisco.

## CONGRESS SPRINGS.

The gem of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An ideal summer and winter resort. Always open. New management. Table unsurpassed. Best mineral water on the coast.

A. S. OLNEY, Manager.  
P. O. Saratoga, Cal.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
Choice Woolens  
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

THE ANTLERS  
LAKE CUSHMAN, WASH.

RATES, \$3.00 PER DAY.

## Pears'

Pears' soap is dried a whole year. That's why it lasts so. It wears as thin as a wafer.

Sold all over the world.

## G. H. MUMM &amp; CO.

## EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O/R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Rurgundies.

FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York,  
Sole Agents in the United States and Canada.

E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative.

## FOR ADOPTION.

Little girl, nine years old; pretty, refined, and well brought up. Best of references given and required.  
F. G. J., 406 Sutter Street.

## Hotel Rafael

Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Sixteen trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

ALBATROSS INN  
SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Open all the year; charming surroundings; never hot nor cold; bay and ocean in full view; strictly first-class; furniture and appointments entirely new; excellent table, prompt attendance. Terms, \$2.50 a day; \$10.00 to \$14.00 a week. Separate houses and apartments if desired, with home comforts and exclusiveness. Particulars given by Paul Bancroft, office, History Building, Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## HOTEL GRANADA

THE NEWEST AND FINEST-EQUIPPED FAMILY HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO

N. W. Cor. Sutter and Hyde Sts., S. F., Cal.  
MRS. J. C. LEVY, Proprietor.

## THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco  
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee  
San Francisco, Cal.

A hotel in the Olympic Mountains offering a table and sleeping accommodations of peculiar excellence is now open. Good fishing and elk shooting in the vicinity.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall and family sailed on New York for Europe on Thursday, July 26th. Miss Alice Rutherford is expected from the East in a few days. After a few weeks' stay at Del Monte, she will sail for Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and the Misses Parrott are sojourning at the Hotel Del Monte. They have engaged apartments at the Hotel Richman for the month of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander are making a short visit to Lake Tahoe prior to their sojourn at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and family are spending the month of August at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and the Misses Genevieve and Hazel King have returned from the East. Miss Genevieve King will be one of the debutantes during the coming winter. Miss Hazel King expects to return to college in the fall.

Mrs. A. P. Redding and a party of friends drove down to San José from Menlo Park during the week.

Dr. W. S. Thorne arrived in London on July 5th.

Miss Ella Morgan and Miss Thérèse Morgan are guests at the Hotel Del Monte.

Miss Jennie Flood has been staying in San José since her return from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Emil Bruguière, after a short stay in New York, has gone to Newport for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer and family are at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mackay have closed their London house for the season, and have gone to Aix-les-Bains.

Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle and Miss Helen Van Winkle were at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Miss Sophie Pierce is making a stay of several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bouny are sojourning in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. M. H. de Young left for the East, en route to Europe, on Thursday, July 25th.

Mrs. George A. Crux has returned from a visit to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. P. M. Lussan, in San José.

Miss Ethel Shorb is visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. de Bartho Shorb at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs and family have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Abby M. Parrott is in New York.

Mrs. Austin Sperry, Miss Beda Sperry, and Mr. Austin Sperry were at Lake Tahoe last week.

Countess Festelet, after a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis T. Haggin, in New Jersey, is now the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin at Bar Harbor.

Mr. E. Avery McCarthy and daughter have been sojourning at Napa Soda Springs. Mrs. McCarthy has returned from Del Monte.

Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., was in San José during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Borel and the Misses Borel are expected home from Europe in a few weeks. They will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bovet (né Borel), and on their arrival here will at once go to their country place at San Mateo.

Miss Gertrude Eells, after a short stay in New York with her mother, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, sailed for Europe on Thursday, July 25th.

Mrs. Remi Chabot and the Misses Chabot have returned to Oakland after spending the summer months at their country home, "Villaremi," near St. Helena.

Mrs. M. N. Burk, Miss Mary Burk, and Mr. J. Naglee Burk are sojourning at Santa Cruz.

The Misses Anna and Marjorie Ide, daughters of Judge Ide, of the Philippine commission, returned from Manila on the transport *Meade* on Sunday, July 28th.

Mrs. Charles B. Stone and Miss Florence Stone, of Oakland, have left for Eagle City, Alaska, where they will join Mr. Stone and spend the winter. Miss Ursula Stone will remain at school in Berkeley.

Professor S. P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, arrived from Tahiti on the Oceanic steamship *Australia* on Tuesday, and, after a short stay at the Palace Hotel, departed for Washington, D. C.

Mrs. M. B. Kellogg, the first vice-president of the Century Club, and Miss Louise Marie Kellogg are now sojourning at Catalina Island. They will leave there about the middle of the month for their country home at Oakhurst, near Belmont.

Mr. W. A. Bissell returned from the East on Tuesday, after a month's absence.

Mr. Fred A. Greenwood was a guest at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Miss Elsie Kierulff, who has been spending the past five years in England on a visit to relatives, left Plymouth on July 23d, en route to her home in Berkeley.

Mrs. M. A. Mee and Miss Margaret Mee are spending the summer months at San José.

Mrs. McLymont and family, of Fresno, are staying at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. Charles M. Plinn is at present in the East on a business trip, and will return to San Francisco about the middle of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bray, Major and Mrs. Alhright, and Miss Violet Alhright have returned to Oakland after a two months' sojourn in San Mateo County.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Oglebay and daughter, of Kansas City, are making a short stay at the Hotel Granada.

Mrs. H. F. Anderson, of Ben Lomond, was at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. J. Lamm Doty, American consul at Tahiti,

arrived on the Oceanic steamship *Australia* on Tuesday, and is at the Palace Hotel. He is en route to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Joseph Weissbein and daughters, of Grass Valley, are spending a few weeks at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. William Beckman, of Sacramento, was at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. C. C. Clay returned from the East last week to his home in Oakland. Mrs. Clay is still in New York, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harden Crawford.

Mrs. Kasper Cohen and daughters, of Los Angeles, are at the Hotel Granada.

Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Gunn, of Seattle, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Madin Beck, of Chicago, Miss Lillian Patterson, of Gaylord, Mich., Miss Heller, of Alameda, Mr. R. V. Webster, of Ceylon, India, Mr. R. W. Mason, of Sausalito, Miss C. G. Jacks, Mr. H. A. Clark, Mr. H. L. Roosevelt, Mr. G. L. Cook, Mr. M. A. Latham, Mr. Fred Wilson, Mr. H. A. Hanks, Mr. W. D. Forbes, and Mr. H. M. Storey.

Among the week's arrivals at Congress Springs were Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Collidge, Mrs. C. A. Wayland, Miss E. Roberts, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bush, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sutton, Mr. Robert Edgar, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mollar, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Jewitt, of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Wallis, Mrs. Fred A. Hatch, Mrs. F. H. Hammer, and Mrs. G. O. Jones.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. William B. Hopkins, Mrs. R. A. Bray, and Miss Marie Butters, of Piedmont, Mrs. L. D. Gorton, of Mill Valley, Mrs. J. D. Olmsted, of San Rafael, Mrs. Fannie Bowers, of Honolulu, Mr. Gny T. Wagner, of Biltmore, Mrs. H. W. Klipstein, of Bakersfield, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fretwell, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Spencer, Miss Mary A. Ahern, Miss Agnes J. Ahern, Miss Eleanor C. Humphreys, Mr. C. L. Field, and Mr. Ray T. Kimball.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hoag, of Newark, N. J., Mr. S. D. Palmer, of Rockford, Ill., Mr. A. G. McCabe, of Seattle, Mr. J. G. Scott, of Agnew, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Himood and Mr. H. A. Cohen, of New York, Mr. N. J. Gillespie, of Redding, Miss Hazel Dolph and Mr. C. A. Dolph, of Portland, Mr. J. P. Treanor, of Fruitvale, Mr. C. Kirkpatrick, of Chicago, Miss D. Dawson and Mr. J. E. Dawson, of Butte, Mont., Mr. L. A. Walker, of Helena, Mr. E. C. Merritt and Mr. E. W. Deveraux, of Santa Rosa, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cohen, of Carson City, Mr. W. M. Schuster and Mr. C. A. Conant, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Henry Longster and Mr. W. R. Plaisted, of Fresno.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., commander of the Department of California and Columbia, will return from his tour of inspection the latter part of next week. He will go as far north as Fort Wright, near Spokane.

Major-General W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., retired, and Captain and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick were at Lake Tahoe last week.

Captain Peyton C. March, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who is now under orders to proceed to Fort Riley to command the Nineteenth Field Battery, arrived from the Philippines early in the week.

Colonel M. P. Maus, U. S. A., now attached to the staff of Lieutenant-General Miles, and Mrs. Maus are staying at the Chevy Chase Inn, Chevy Chase, Md.

Captain Charles H. Rockwell, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Mare Island Navy Yard to relieve Captain James M. Forsyth, U. S. N., captain of the yard, who is ordered home.

Brigadier-General Robert H. Hall, U. S. A., returned from the Orient on the transport *Meade* on Sunday, after two and a half years of campaigning in the Philippines, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel. Owing to failing health, General Hall went to Japan on sick leave in April last. He expects to leave for the East within a few days, and will permanently retire from the army within a few months.

Captain Albert S. McLemore, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the naval training station and recruiting office in this city, and ordered to the command of the marine guard of the *Iowa* and marine officer of the fleet, relieving Captain C. M. Perkins, U. S. M. C., who is ordered to assume command of the recruiting office here.

Captain Harry F. Rethers, Third Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as quartermaster and ordnance officer at the Presidio, and will go to Benicia barracks to act as temporary quartermaster and commissary.

Lieutenant Harry L. James, U. S. A., and Mrs. James were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Rear-Admiral John Irwin, U. S. A., retired, died at his residence in Washington, D. C., on Sunday, July 28th, after an illness of several months. He was sixty-nine years of age. He leaves a widow, a daughter, and a son, John Irwin, paymaster on the *Essex*, stationed at Newport.

Mrs. Le Roy Eltinge, wife of Lieutenant Eltinge, U. S. A., who arrived from Vancouver barracks last week, sailed for Manila on the transport *Kilpatrick* on Thursday.

Captain John S. Mallory, Second Infantry, U. S. A., recently lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-First Volunteer Infantry, arrived from Manila early in the week on a leave of absence. After a visit at Portland, and perhaps a trip East, Captain Mallory will return to the islands, where he has spent the last three years.

## A Boston Racket.

In "Stage-Coach and Tavern Days," published by the Macmillan Company, the writer tells of a Boston magistrate in the last century who found some rich young men carousing in a tavern. The judge wrote in his journal: "They refused to go away. Said they were there to drink the queen's health, and had many other healths to drink. Called for more drink and drank to me. I took no notice of the affront. Mr. Netmaker drank the queen's health to me. I told him I drank none; on that he ceased. Mr. Branley put on his hat to affront me. I made him take it off. I threatened to send some of them to prison. They said they could but pay their fine, and, doing that, might stay. I told them if they had not a care they would be guilty of a riot. Mr. Bromfield spoke of raising a number of men to quell them, and was in some heat ready to run into the street. But I did not like that. Not having pen and ink I went to take their names with my pencil, and, not knowing how to spell their names, they themselves of their own accord wrote them. At last I addressed myself to Mr. Bannister. I told him he had been longest an inhabitant and freeholder and I expected he would set a good example by departing thence. Upon this he invited them to his own house, and away they went. And we after them went away. I went directly home and found it twenty-five minutes past ten at night when I entered my own house." These soberly rioting young men, who solemnly wrote down their own names with the judge's pencil for him to arrest them in the morning, were next day each fined five shillings.

The famous Byron Springs Hotel, in Contra Costa County, and many of its outbuildings were totally destroyed by fire on Wednesday, July 25th. Fortunately, the blaze occurred at a time when most of the guests were assembled in the dining-room, from which they were enabled to make their escape with ease. The cause of the fire is believed to have been due to a defective flue. The hotel was the property of L. R. Mead, secretary of the Risdon Iron Works, of this city, and the loss is estimated at about ninety thousand dollars.

The transport *Meade* arrived on July 28th from Manila in the record-breaking time of twenty-one days. The *Meade* brought one hundred and three bodies, including that of Helen D. Cochrane, a contract nurse, who died in Manila of acute nephritis. It is the first body of a woman to be brought back from the Philippines. Four deaths occurred during the voyage.

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August 19th—Men's Amateur Competition for the Del Monte Cup.

August 21st—The Pacific Coast Golf Association's Competition for the Women's Amateur Championship.

August 22d, 23d, 24th—The Match Rounds in the Pacific Coast Golf Association's Competition for the Women's Amateur Championship.

Entries for the Pacific Coast Women's Championship will close August 16th.

## POLO.

August 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d—Polo Tournaments.

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### ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at the nearest office

## Southern Pacific

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC.**  
Trains leave and are due to arrive at  
**SAN FRANCISCO.**  
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | From July 14, 1901.   | ARRIVE   |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.....  | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....  | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....   | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....  | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....                                      | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....                               | 4:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.....  | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....                                  | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 6:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | Sacramento River Steamers.....  | 11:00 A. |
| 10:30 P. | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....  | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.....  | 11:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles..... | 10:25 A. |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....  | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Yosemite.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....                    | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....   | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo.....  | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.....  | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....                          | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 11:25 A. |
| 10:05 P. | Vallejo.....  | 7:55 P.  |

| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).<br>(Foot of Market Street.) |   |
|--|---|
| 17:45 A.   | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....  |
| 8:15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                   |
| 12:15 P.   | Newark, Centerville, San José, Newark, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....  |
| 4:15 P.  | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.....  |

| OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.                           |   |
|---|---|
| From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip B)— |   |
| 7:15 P.   | 9:00 A. 11:00 A. 1:00 P. 3:00 P. 5:15 P. M. |
| From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—                  | 16:00 18:00                                 |
| 18:05 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.         |   |

| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).<br>(Third and Townsend Streets.) |  |
|--|--|
| 6:10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....   |
| 7:00 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....   |
| 7:00 A.  | New Almaden.....   |
| 7:30 A.  | Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....  |
| 9:00 A.  | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal Intermediate Stations.....  |
| 10:30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.....   |
| 11:30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.....   |
| 12:45 P.   | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... |
| 3:30 P.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations.....   |
| 4:15 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   |
| 5:00 P.  | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....   |
| 5:30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....  |
| 6:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....   |
| arr. 4:45  | San José and Way Stations.....   |

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

School-master—"Now, Rogers, what are you doing? Learning something?" Rogers—"No, sir; I'm listening to you, sir."—*Tit-Bits.*

A narrow escape: *First chum*—"A mad dog saved my life once." *Second chum*—"Rubbish! How?" *First chum*—"Didn't bite me."—*Tit-Bits.*

Benham—"Why did that woman keep you standing at the door for half an hour?" Mrs. Benham—"She said she hadn't time to come in."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Jones has been arrested for hurling himself from an eighth-story window to the sidewalk below." "What was the charge?" "Desecrating the flag."—*Yale Record.*

Treasooahle: *College president*—"You must stop talking or resign." *Professor*—"What have I done now?" *President*—"Didn't you say the other night that this was a free country?"—*Bazar.*

*Kindergarten teacher* (trying to point out to children of the crowded districts the beauties of the rainbow)—"Children, what have you ever seen in the sky that was all different colors?" *Lizzie*—"The wash, ma'am."—*Life.*

*General*—"Stop that reporter." *Aid*—"What! Don't you want to have him send home an account of your heroism?" *General*—"No. I don't want to be an American hero for a week and a punching-bag for the rest of my life."—*Life.*

An unlucky coincidence: *Silas*—"How did Ezy Marks come to lose his farm?" *Jason*—"He thought his neighbor's fence wuz encroaching on his land, an' the very fust darn lawyer he spoke t'ew about it thought so, too."—*Boston Traveller.*

Steered straight: "If I thought that any girl would accept me," casually remarked the bashful Mr. Dolyers, "I'd propose to-morrow." "Why not this evening?" asked Miss Fosdick, coyly. The affair will take place in about a month.—*Detroit Free Press.*

His approval: "And did you find the Chinese a brave oatioo?" we asked of the returned soldier. "Indeed," he replied, casting a side-long glance at the wagonful of loot which was being unloaded, "they were foemoo worthy of our steal."—*Baltimore American.*

True to principles: "I, doo't know what to do with those Populistic angels that arrived yesterday," complained the chief musician in the Elysian Fields. "How's that?" inquired his assistant. "They say they won't play on anything but silver harps."—*Baltimore American.*

The boss—"If we are to retain your services, Mr. Lamhko, you must take more care of your appearance; you look as if you had't shaved for a week." The clerk—"But, sir, I am growing a beard." The boss—"That's no excuse; you must do that sort of thing out of business hours."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

A letter from the janitor in the sweltering East: "MR. TOPFLOOR—Dear Sir: Replying to your favor of January 15th, stating that you must have more heat in your flat, I take pleasure in informing you that the entire building is now thoroughly heated, and is expressing the hope that you are satisfied. July 9th. MIKE MUGGINS, janitor."—*Baltimore American.*

As Iodacapolis woman called up her grocer by telephone the other morning, and, after she had sufficiently scolded the man who responded, said: "And what's more, the next order you get from me will be the last I'll ever give you." "It probably will, madam," said the voice at the other end of the wire; "you are talking to an undertaker."—*Indianapolis News.*

Beauty's greatest hardship: "Oh!" gasped the beautiful woman as she fell back, clutching at her heart and permitting the telegram to flutter to the floor. Her fashionable guests rushed forward, crying: "What is it? Has your husband met with an accident?" "No—no," she moaned; "it is from my son-in-law. I am a grandmother."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

In the time to come: "Unless there is a change," said the cook, "I will have to leave you." "Change!" exclaimed the mistress; "what do you mean?" "Our union," said the cook, "has declared a boycott on Mrs. Smith in the next block." "But how does that affect me?" "She is on your calling list, and a sympathetic strike has been declared against all who associate with her."—*Chicago Post.*

Teething babies and feverish children need Steedman's Soothing Powders. Try them.

The new name for it: "My wife was up doing missionary work early this morning." "No!" "Yes; she was looting my pockets."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Sprig Valley Building.

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San Francisco, Cal.

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While discussing in these columns the desirability of reasonable reforms in the tariff which economic changes have brought sharply to public attention, it has been made clear that such discussion is not to be confounded with the purpose of any individual or party to assault destructively the underlying principle of tariff protection. It is assumed that protection in home industries has been established in this country by the long history of its beneficent results, and that a majority of the people of the United States are agreed as to its maintenance. If, in reforming the tariff, argument should be

needed to convince the unthinking that it would be unwise to place the task in the hands of the free-trade Democratic party, such an argument, singularly enough, can be found in newspapers printed in London.

England discovers that she is being left behind in the race for commercial supremacy, and that the nations which are acquiring her trade most freely are those under protective tariffs. Twenty years ago protectionist in England was almost synonymous with traitor. Ten years ago protectionists were merely laughed at as idle visionaries. Five years ago, under the cry of "Made in Germany," a distinct advance in protective ideas was recognized and shouted down. "Today," says the London *Daily Express*, "for the first time in English journalism a daily newspaper has opened its columns freely to the protectionist case, and the public has expressed its approval." Glancing over the articles, one finds the United States held up as a shining example, and the value of a protective tariff pointed out in our prosperity and growth, our commercial independence, and the advancement of our manufactures and the increase of our export trade.

Here are some of the reasons strenuously proposed in England for the adoption of protective tariff:

Because economic self-containment is necessary, especially in the matter of food supply.

Because economic dependence depletes the country-side, congests the cities, and lowers the tone of health and morals.

Because productive lands are going out of cultivation, the acreage in wheat being reduced from 4,000,000, fifty years ago, to 1,845,000 at the present time.

Because a blockade by a foreign power would threaten famine.

Because free trade makes England a dumping-ground for food produced on enormous tracts of untaxed, virgin lands.

Because other nations have proved that manufacturing greatness and a big foreign trade are not incompatible with protection.

Because revenues can be raised easier from import duties than from direct taxation.

Because protection would employ more labor and augment the pay of agricultural labor.

Because industries are deserting England to get behind the tariff wall of the United States.

Instances proving the latter statement are given in the proposed removal of Sheffield factories and in the growth of Paterson, N. J., where fifty-nine silk factories have been established, "every one of which is owned by Englishmen."

With Englishmen seriously pressing for a protective tariff, and with our own experience like an open book before us, there can be no question of the wisdom of maintaining our present policy, and at the same time revising it within sensible bounds.

For some unexplained reason the Department of State seems to have kept concealed a startling occurrence which took place recently in Italy. We refer to the murder of three American citizens—presumably Californians, as from the meagre details obtainable we learn that they were "from San Francisco." This shocking outrage took place, as near as we can learn, in the district of Mezzezehha, in Sicily, near the town of Ervini.

The victims were a father and two sons—Richard, Thomas, and Anthony Sears. Although accredited to San Francisco, they probably came from some interior point in the fruit-growing districts of California, as they had been employed by a large Palermo fruit-exporting house in packing and shipping fruits. Their knowledge of California "processing" and shipping, it seems, was sought by their employers. But the jealousy of the native workmen was aroused by their success, and they received warnings that it would be well for them to leave the district. They disregarded the warning, and presently they encountered the dreaded Mafia—the secret order which has ruled Sicily for ages with an iron hand. The Mafia is a secret, oath-bound order whose ends are many. Sometimes it protects handits; sometimes it kidnaps people for ransom or revenge; sometimes it kills innocent men. The unfortunate Americans fell under the

ban of the Mafia, and having disregarded its warning they received no other. Three days after they had been notified to leave the district the dead bodies of the three unfortunate men were found in front of the house they inhabited on the outskirts of Ervini, with an "M," the symbol of the Mafia, burned into their foreheads with an iron brand.

The American consul at Palermo immediately reported the matter to the State Department at Washington. The Acting Secretary of State at once complained to the Italian Government, and demanded the punishment of the murderers and an indemnity to the families of the murdered men. Although this was many weeks ago, will it be believed when we say that our government has as yet received no satisfaction from the Italian Government? To the complaints of the State Department the Italian foreign minister, Prinetti, has made these astounding replies:

1. That the Province of Sicily is largely governed by ancient laws handed down from the Bourbon kings.

2. That the Italian Government has nothing to do with the criminal jurisdiction of Sicily.

3. That the governor of Mezzezehha, Signor Longino, prodded by the ministry at Rome, has endeavored to get the syndic and the royal prosecutor of Ervini to secure the indictment of the murderers of the Sears.

4. That it has been utterly impossible to secure such indictment, as the entire district of Mezzezehha is controlled by the secret, oath-bound order of the Mafia.

5. That the Mafia have terrorized judges and juries to such an extent that an indictment can not be found.

6. That even if a magistrate were to find an indictment, no jury would convict.

7. That under the laws of Sicily the government at Rome can exercise no coercion whatever upon the civil authorities and the courts of Mezzezehha.

8. That therefore the Italian Government very much regrets what has happened, and in view of its own innocence in the matter, and its inability to make any amends, it is convinced that its good friend, the American Government, will see the necessity for considering the incident closed.

Is it possible that President McKinley and Secretary Hay can endure with calmness this astounding declaration? Does the administration believe that American citizens can be slain in cold blood by Italian murderers hiding behind secret and oath-bound orders? If so, the administration will find that it is grievously in error. If Washington can hear with equanimity the murder of American citizens in foreign lands, not so California. This State demands that her citizens be protected. We call upon Governor Gage to protest at once to the authorities at Washington against this awful outrage upon citizens of California.

P. S.—Since writing the above we have discovered that we have made some slight errors of fact. These errors have been caused by a subordinate having made a faulty translation of the incident as given in an Italian newspaper. Correctly stated, the matter seems to be about as follows: Three Italians, a father and two sons, named Ricardn, Tnmaso, and Antonio Serio, were the men who lost their lives. They were not Californians. We were led to believe so because the dispatches stated that they "came from San Francisco"; but we have since learned that the place meant is a village called San Francesco al Campo, not far from Palermo, in Sicily. These three men had been employed on a plantation near the town of Erwin, Mississippi, displacing three overseers of American birth. The White Caps of the neighborhood resented this invasion, and notified the Italians to leave. They disregarded the order, and two days afterward were found hanging to trees in front of their habitation, their bodies riddled with balls.

The Italian Government, through Foreign Minister Prinetti, having complained to this government, the Acting Secretary of State, Mr. Hill, has laid the matter before Governor Longino, of Mississippi, with a request that he attempt to have justice done. Governor Longino has replied that the attempt has been fruitless; that the whole country around Erwin is terrorized by the White Caps; that a com-



oner's jury has declared that the death of the three Italians was due to "an act of God"; that there have been many lynchings there, principally of negroes; that these Italians are the first white men lynched; that he has attempted to have the murderers brought to justice, but the district attorney explains that he can not get the grand jury to indict any one, and even if the offenders were indicted, arrested, and tried, no "jury would dare to convict them through fear of the White Caps." Governor Longino says that nothing can be done.

Acting Secretary of State Hill has informed the Italian foreign minister, Prinetti, that the federal government has no criminal jurisdiction in the various States and no control over the State courts, and, therefore, nothing can be done; that he is very sorry. To a question from Minister Prinetti as to the right of the Italian Government to address itself directly to Mississippi for redress, our government has informed Italy that she can have no relations whatever with the States of this Union, but only with the United States authorities; that any endeavor on her part to seek satisfaction from Mississippi will be construed by this government as a cause for war.

We should think so, indeed. What does this insolent Italian minister mean by threatening a sovereign State of the American Union? Possibly the prominent citizens who lynched the three Italians were a little hasty, but what of that? They were only "Dagoes," anyway. Besides, if the men had shown any sense, they would have left Mississippi when they were told to, and calmer counsels would have prevailed and all trouble would have been averted. If any more such ruffianly messages come from the Italian Government, we hope President McKinley will send fighting "Boh" Evans with a fleet of our heaviest battle-ships up the Tiber, to blow the musty old town of Rome into kingdom come.

In political circles it is rumored that Governor Gage would like to serve a second term in his present position. From the same sources come persistent rumors of combinations to prevent the gratification of his ambition. In this city it is said that the proprietors of the two leading Republican dailies have combined for this purpose, and that they formed a political organization in order to capture the local party machinery to further their ends. In Sacramento, according to another rumor, there is a strong combination to accomplish the same purpose. This combination forms a sort of grievance committee, and each member has his own personal reasons for desiring to see Governor Gage resume the practice of the law. The leaders are Judge E. C. Hart, who was secretary of the State Central Committee when Gage was elected, and has received no political recognition since that time; James B. Devine, who was refused an appointment to the superior bench by the governor; J. W. Wilson, whom Gage would not re-appoint as a State fair director; County Assessor Thomas H. Berkey, leader of an anti-machine faction; and Assemblyman Walter Greer, whose Sutter Fort bill the governor vetoed. Judge Hart, who has already rendered a decision from the bench against the administration, refuses to discuss the matter, but admits that he considers that he has been snubbed. The Sutter Fort bill veto seems to have been an unfortunate act, for it has gained for Gage, according to report, the enmity not only of its author, but also of the Native Sons in Sacramento and also in other parts of the State. The Native Sons do not form a political organization, but they have a habit of standing together in political matters in a way that makes either their support or their opposition very effective. From San Diego also comes a report of organized opposition to Gage. They claim that in the senatorial campaign Gage "knifed" Grant and spoiled his chances when he had an opportunity to win. Moreover, according to report, Gage is said to have declared that he would get even with San Diego because the delegates from that county opposed him in the convention. If there is any foundation for all of these rumors, the governor's re-nomination will involve a fight.

Some weeks ago we remarked that the Southern Pacific Company was advertising San Francisco as an "ideal summer resort." The most effective place for this advertisement was probably in Chicago, where during the hot wave there was posted daily in a front window of the Southern Pacific offices, on Clark Street, a chart showing the daily maximum temperature in the principal cities. While the mercury was near the century mark in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, New York, Pittsburg, Nashville, New Orleans, Omaha, and other cities, in San Francisco it was oscillating between fifty-five and sixty-six degrees. To be exact, during the month of July the highest temperature in San Francisco was seventy-five degrees and the lowest forty-seven degrees. The greatest daily range of temperature was twenty-five degrees and the lowest six degrees. The mean temperature

for the month was fifty-six degrees. During the recent torrid weather in Chicago the weather bulletin in the Southern Pacific office attracted large crowds. Apparently it gave them comfort to look at thermometric readings of a place where it was cool. But, seriously, such advertising ought to bring many visitors to San Francisco in summer when one realizes the intense heat in the East. During these spells of hot weather even a multi-millionaire could find no cool place. From the Great Lakes, going two thousand miles in any direction, it was impossible to find cool weather anywhere except in San Francisco.

Last week the *Argonaut* remarked that the California labor-unions were incurring the ill-will of the farmers and fruit-growers of the State. We had no idea when we wrote of how bitter that feeling is. From all over the State comes a cry of anger. The almost universal sentiment is well expressed in a communication sent by a fruit-grower to a San Francisco paper. He tells of his years of struggle against drought, and fruit-pests; he tells of the short crop this year, but says that the fruit was good, and he had hoped to wipe off some of his old debts. He goes on:

"I had obtained my boxes, had the fruit picked and boxed, and ordered more boxes. My wagon was loaded ready to start for the station, when I received this telegram: 'Don't send any fruit; can not handle it; strike on.' I came to the city to see if there was not some other way to get rid of it, but there was none. I returned home, sent for my neighbors who had hogs, and asked them to take the boxed fruit, returning only the boxes, and also to take all my other fruit which is ripening. I can easily figure a loss of twenty-five hundred dollars to date and more coming. This means more to me than I like to tell myself. Will the strikers make this up to me? If I should go before them and tell my story, they would say: 'We regret it, but it does not concern us.' It has taken me twenty-three years of hard labor to bring my orchard to its present condition. I have had to face loss by other strikes, loss by fruit-pests, loss by frost, and have had to mortgage my orchard. This year crops are fair, prices excellent, shipping facilities better than heretofore, and prospects were good. Now comes the strike and my crop is gone. Others will suffer as I am suffering; many mortgages will be foreclosed."

This farmer is but one of many thousands. Some of them will be ruined by the strike. The fruit season here is short. The canning season lasts from about the middle of July to the end of August. This was the exact period chosen by the labor-unions for the teamsters' strike. It paralyzed the fruit-shippers. Thousands of tons of fruit were destroyed. But the shippers began sending fruit to canneries in the interior. The interior canneries began working overtime. But the trades-unions ordered out the men in the American Cannery Company in San Francisco—the only source of supply. The canners protested, and asked that the teamsters be allowed to haul cans at least to the railway freight stations, if they could not haul fruit. The labor leaders refused. When the cannery company attempted to haul cans with non-union teamsters, the strikers cut the ropes on the loads, and let the cans roll into the street. As a result the American Cannery Company closed down, and as a further result the interior canneries are closing down for lack of cans.

The labor leaders profess to be ignorant and innocent of all this, and say that they are the friends of the farmers. They will find it hard to make the farmers believe them.

Whatever the attitude of the reader of these lines—whether for or against trades-unionism—does not the conduct of the labor leaders seem extraordinary? The ruined fruit-growers have done no harm to the trades-unions; on the contrary, they have always "stood in" with them. In the legislature, the interior delegations have always voted for measures in favor of organized labor, higher wages, and shorter hours. The agriculturists have always worked with the trades-unions in favor of excluding Chinese immigration, although many of them believe that their interests do not lie that way. What is their reward? In a quarrel between the Employers' Association and the trades-unions of San Francisco, with which they have nothing to do, the workmen of the country are given a deadly stab by the workmen of the city.

Will they retaliate? They would be more or less than human if they did not. They will retaliate. Never again will the trades-unions of California receive the political or moral support of the farmers of California. We very much fear that the gravest feature of this coming vendetta is that it will result in the possible repeal of the Chinese exclusion law.

The *Argonaut* believes that workingmen have a perfect right to organize into unions, to improve their condition, to shorten their hours, and to increase their pay. It believes they have a right to use the strike and the boycott to accomplish these ends, so long as they keep within the law. They naturally have a right to choose their own leaders. But they are very unfortunate in the men they have chosen. For their leaders selected the wrong time to strike—the fruit season; the wrong people to injure—the fruit-growers; the wrong kind of workers to strike with—the teamsters, who are unskilled and easily replaced; next, the porters, easily replaced; and next, the stevedores, also easily replaced. All

of these workmen are just a grade above the ordinary laboring man. The places of some of them are being filled with Filipinos, Mexicans, negroes, and Chinamen. The strike at this writing is still on, and all that the trades-unions have succeeded in doing is making implacable enemies of some innocent outsiders who previously were their friends.

Not only has Mr. Bryan been heard from in response to the declarations of the Ohio Democrats in State convention, but the papers are filled with opinions evoked by the substantial anti-Bryanism which that convention inaugurated. The repudiation of Bryan as a leader has been accepted in the house of his friends.

Word comes from Massachusetts that Mr. Fitzgerald, a prominent ex-congressman, declares that the times have changed; that the Democratic party will change with it; and that the tariff will be the next issue. The chairman and secretary of the State committee agree that the Ohio convention was right, and that the party ought to change its tactics. Other prominent Democrats announce that Bryan has had his day and there must be an end to attacks upon capital.

Delaware Democrats, formerly supporters of Bryan, admit the folly of longer yielding to his leadership.

Ex-Speaker Miller, of the Rhode Island legislature, says: "If the Ohio convention means the passing of Bryan I shall be very much pleased;" while other equally prominent Democrats regard free silver as dead, the incident as "the beginning of a wide-spread revolt against Bryan."

Democratic opinion in the West is in the same line. It is expressed in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, which says Ohio set a good example. Iowa is adjured by the *Davenport Democrat* to "do all that Ohio has done and a little more."

The *St. Paul Globe* believes that "a return to true political concepts has been made manifest."

"Wisconsin has long been ready for the change indicated by the result in Ohio," says the *Milwaukee Journal*.

The *Kansas City Times* calls the Ohio product "a great triumph in platform-building."

The *Chicago Chronicle* announces that "the great Democratic drunk is over. It should have ended a year ago."

Individual opinion in the State of Washington is quoted as believing that "Ohio acted wisely"; that Democracy must turn its back on all the vagaries and sophistries of Bryanism; and even ex-Congressman Lewis "hopes the Bryan Democrats of Ohio will loyally support the ticket."

Ex-Governor Pennoyer, of Oregon, says "the ignoring of Bryan was legitimate and just, and it is eminently proper he should be set aside."

The most significant utterances of former Bryan adherents, however, come from the Southern press. Here are a few:

The Ohio convention "has set an excellent example, which it is to be hoped will be generally followed."—*Charleston Post*.

The Democratic party "will cut loose from repudiation and win back the confidence of the country."—*Mobile Register*.

"The best Democratic chart for years, there being but one questionable plank in it, and that the criticism on expansion."—*Memphis Appeal*.

The platform is "a good starter"; "it looks away from Bryanism and in the right direction."—*Macon Telegraph*.

"The lesson of the Ohio platform ought not to be lost. It recognizes that free silver is not a live question."—*Raleigh News and Observer*.

"We ought to realize how handicapped we have been by following after phosphorescent statesmen and wild-cat humbuggery."—*Raleigh Post*.

"Bryanism must be dropped, and the tariff issue pressed forward if the national organization is to get in shape for 1904." "The Democrats of Ohio have set an example which will be followed in repudiating the isms and leadership that have almost wrecked their party."—*Memphis Scimitar*.

"Individual dictation can no longer be attempted. The tip from Ohio Democrats is that they have thrown off the yoke."—*Augusta (Ga.) Herald*.

Editorial opinions in the same strain come from every State in the South and East. But one section expresses convictions that Bryanism and the cause of free silver have not gone down together, and that is Colorado.

The battle between the Steel Trust and the Amalgamated Association begins Monday, August 12th.

The negotiations which have been going on between J. Pierpont Morgan and Charles Schwab, acting for the Steel Trust, and President T. J. Shaffer, acting for the Amalgamated Association, came to an abrupt ending some days ago. The Steel Trust officials refused to make the concessions demanded, and broke off all negotiations. The matters in dispute are based on the elaborate scale of wages for the iron, steel, and tin-workers, and are extremely complicated. Briefly, however, the point at issue is this: In the Steel Trust there are union and non-union mills; the Amalgamated Association claims that the Steel Trust diverts work from the union to the non-union mills, hoping thus to crush out unionism; it demands a cessation of this practice; it also makes certain other stipulations, permitting the spread of unionism in the non-union mills. The Steel Trust refuses to make any concessions,



and practically, if not in so many words, announces its determination to crush out unionism. President Shaffer has now ordered a strike of all the men in the Amalgamated Association. This will make over one hundred thousand men idle at the end of the week. It is expected that there will be sympathetic strikes among the men employed by other steel corporations.

In this gigantic strike it is probable that the sympathy of the American people will be more largely with the strikers than ever before. The mammoth trusts which have been formed of recent years are alarming the people. They feel dimly that there is danger to them in such colossal combinations of capital. The individual employer, the partnership, or the small corporation which has trouble with its employees often receives sympathy and tacit encouragement from the community. But the American people entertain no such feelings toward the United States Steel Trust. They dislike and fear this and the other great industrial trusts.

The people of this city paid \$510,186 last year for the support of its school department. The State contributed \$758,046 more, but as the city paid at least that amount in the form of State taxes into the school fund, it may be claimed that the total amount of \$1,268,414 came out of the pockets of the parents and tax-payers of San Francisco. The total enrollment was 46,953, and the average enrollment was 35,787. This would give the cost per pupil as \$27.01 on the basis of total enrollment and \$35.44 on the basis of average enrollment. The true measure of the work done, however, is on the basis of the average daily attendance. The average daily attendance was 33,490, and, therefore, the cost per pupil for work actually performed was \$37.87, and this may be divided, giving \$34.76 as the cost in the primary and grammar schools and \$75.23 in the high schools. At the same time there is an insufficient number of teachers. There are 78 primary and grammar schools in the city and a corps of 956 teachers. Allowing one principal for each school the available force numbers 878, including special teachers of drawing, music, cooking, sewing, and other branches. On the basis of average enrollment this would allow an average of one teacher for each 37.56 pupils. On the basis of total enrollment the average would be 53.47. To increase the difficulty the vacancies to be filled at the beginning of the school year were so numerous that the substitute list was exhausted, and it was necessary to call on the evening substitute list to fill out the necessary number.

The most difficult problem before the board of education, however, is the lack of room for handling the pupils. The discrepancy between the enrollment and the attendance is striking. The discrepancy between the attendance and the number who need and should have instruction is even greater. Many pupils unable to obtain enrollment in the public schools have been forced to go to private and parochial schools. Many others have been forced out upon the streets. The same condition of affairs existed last year.

For a number of years one of the most interesting features of sociological phenomena has been the drift of population from the country districts to the cities, from the farm to the factory. It is not a local or a national trait—the drift has been as marked in foreign countries as in the United States. About a month ago the census bureau issued its first bulletin setting forth the results of its labors in this field. This bulletin covered the population of cities generally, and proved that the movement still continues. Now a second bulletin, showing the population of cities of 4,000 or more inhabitants, has been issued and shows the same results. According to these latest figures more than one-third (37.3 per cent.) of the entire population lives in cities of this class, while ten years ago the percentage was 32.9 per cent., or slightly less than one-third. A century ago the urban population formed only one-eighth of the whole. As compared with the figures for twenty years ago the urban population has increased more than double in numbers, there being now nearly twenty-eight and one-half million (28,411,698) people dwelling in municipalities. This increase is partly due, however, to the fact that many places formerly classed as towns and villages have increased in population until now they are classed as cities and help to swell the total number. In 1880 there were 580 cities, in 1890 the number was 899, and in 1900 it had increased to 1,158, showing a gain of nearly one hundred per cent. At the same time the large cities have increased markedly. The latest figures show that 14,208,347 people, or slightly more than one-half of the urban population, lives in cities having a population of 100,000 or more.

The figures showing the urban population, as distributed among the States, are interesting as presenting the wide differences between the different sections of the country. The greatest density is among the New England and Middle

States, where factory life is most prominent. Thus 91.6 per cent. of the people of Rhode Island live in cities; 86.9 per cent. in Massachusetts; 71.2 per cent. in New York; 67.5 per cent. in New Jersey; 65.5 per cent. in Connecticut; and 51.1 per cent. in Pennsylvania. On the other hand, New Hampshire and Maine come in the class having between one-third and one-half of the population in cities, and Vermont's urban population constitutes only 21 per cent. of the whole. There are eleven States and Territories—including California (48.9 per cent.) at the head of the list and Hawaii at the foot—having between one-third and one-half of the population located in cities. The smallest percentage is naturally found in the agricultural group of States in the Middle West. Nebraska's urban population shows a percentage of 20.8 per cent.; Iowa, 20.5; and Kansas, 19.7. On the other hand, Illinois, owing largely to its extensive railway interests, has almost exactly one-half of its population in cities, the percentage being 51. Indian Territory has an urban population of only 2.5 per cent., and Oklahoma has 5 per cent.

When the Filipinos became our fellow-citizens by the Treaty of Paris and the Supreme Court decision, the *Argonaut* ceased to point out the undesirability of Asiatic annexation. When annexation is an accomplished fact, it is useless to kick against the pricks. But we would like to recall to some of our California contemporaries what they said concerning our objections to Asiatic annexation. We insisted that Asiatic annexation meant Asiatic immigration; that it meant not only the breaking down of the exclusion laws against Chinese coolie immigration, but that it also meant that Hawaii would be made a port of call for Chinese and Filipino coolies coming here from the Philippine Islands. This warning was hooted at by the Republican press of California. The *Argonaut* is and always has been a good Republican newspaper, but it is American first and Republican afterward. We still do not quite believe in the Asiatic kind of Republicanism. But what most amused our Republican contemporaries was our statement that Filipino coolies were to be feared as well as other Asiatics. They roared with laughter. "What! Filipinos work? Why, they won't work there, you couldn't get them to leave their tropical islands, and even if you got them to leave, they wouldn't work here."

As some profound philosopher remarked, "hindsight is a good deal better than foresight." During the strike that has been going on in San Francisco for the past few weeks, there happened to be a couple of hundred Filipinos in port. This handful of "lazy Asiatics, who wouldn't work," have been in active demand, at from eight to ten dollars a day and found, as stevedores and porters. Such has been the demand for their services that the steamship companies have been fighting for them as firemen, coal-passers, and seamen; the small knot of a couple of hundred is being drained from day to day by departing ships. Had there been five thousand Filipinos in San Francisco, they could all have filled places vacated by striking white workmen.

One swallow does not make a summer. Two hundred Filipinos are but few. But suppose there were ten or fifteen thousand of them on the way here. Is there any law to stop them? The *Argonaut* repeatedly pointed out to the white workmen of California their danger from Asiatic annexation. But they voted for Asiatic annexation, and now they are going to get it—in the neck.

These facts are respectfully commended to the attention of our esteemed contemporary, the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

One of the most remarkable robberies in the history of crime in California took place near San Francisco on Tuesday, August 7th. The Selby Smelting Company's works at Vallejo

Junction were robbed of thirty-seven bars of gold weighing eleven hundred and thirty pounds and worth two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The robbers ran a tunnel under the building; from this they made an upraise leading under the safe; in the bottom of the safe they drilled holes in an ellipse about the size of a man's body; in this manner they sprung out a piece in the steel floor of the safe, probably by means of a powerful jack. While this was going on, the night shift was working all around the safe within a few feet of the robbers. The daring criminals got away safely to their boat, which was moored on the bay shore a short distance from the smelting-works. In their hurry they left on the shore two gold bars worth sixteen thousand dollars. This gives an idea of the magnitude of the robbery—their leavings alone were more than the booty of many burglars. This differs from most famous bank robberies in the nature of the plunder—it is usually notes and bonds, many of which are non-negotiable. But these lucky burglars secured gold, fine and alloyed, all of which is easily disposed of. The Selby Company have offered twenty-five thousand dollars' reward for the arrest and conviction of the criminals and the return of

the stolen gold. If a part is recovered a proportional part of the reward will be paid.

Since our last issue there has been a marked change in the condition of the local strike. Last week negotiations were still going on between the employers and the labor-unions, with Mayor Phelan acting as mediator. The Employers' Association insisted that they should be free to employ union or non-union men, and that their union employees should not take part in sympathetic strikes or boycotts. To this the labor-unions refused to accede. Mayor Phelan was unable to bring about a compromise, and was therefore forced to drop negotiations. The City Front Federation thereupon denounced the letter in which the Employers' Association stated its ultimatum as being "full of deliberate and premeditated falsehoods," and at once resumed hostilities by calling out the sand-teamsters. This step at once paralyzed the building trades, which, although not in the City Front Federation, are dependent upon federation teamsters for hauling their materials. At this writing the trade of the port of San Francisco is seriously crippled, but not at a standstill. The merchants are moving about half their usual quantity of goods, the steamship men are getting their steamers off with partial cargoes, generally on time. The coastwise traffic is more seriously embarrassed, as the Coast Seamen's Union is a very strong one. There have been many street affrays, but as yet no organized rioting. Many non-union workmen have been badly beaten, but none of them killed. Up to date the strikers seem to have got the worst of the assaults made by them, as many of them have been badly clubbed by the police, several shot by non-union workmen, one of them fatally. The City Front Federation threatens to call out yet other unions in the near future. The retail trade of the city is suffering, and the retailers are endeavoring to bring about a compromise. It seems, however, as if the fight would be a bitter one and not soon at an end. Both sides are now angered, and indisposed to consider a compromise. There seems to be nothing to do in the matter—the workmen have the right to strike, the employers have the right to employ whom they choose. But there is one vital thing to do—the authorities must maintain order and protect life and property. The police force has done as well as could be expected, considering its limited numbers and the large territory it must patrol. It may be necessary for the police commissioners to add special officers to the police force. If the city will not pay peace officers to protect peaceable citizens from assault, it will pay heavy damages to the citizens who are assaulted. It is our belief that every man assaulted by reason of inadequate police protection will have good cause of action against the City and County of San Francisco.

A legislative body that would contain all those who aspire to wear the senatorial toga would certainly be the most numerous deliberative body in the world. In the natural course of events it will be two years before Senator Perkins can expect to fill a political grave, yet already the air is filled with those who would step into his place when he passes away. Rumor has it, indeed, that he does not intend to pass away if he can help it until he has completed another official term. Many of those who contested with Colonel Burns to succeed Senator White still hope that they may gain the coveted position. The combination against Perkins in his own county has already been referred to in these columns. And now there comes a new aspirant out of the south. It is reported that Henry T. Oxnard, the beet-sugar manufacturer and capitalist, is willing to serve the people in the upper house of Congress. Mr. Oxnard gained his first practical political experience when he appeared before the Ways and Means Committee when the tariff bill was under discussion. He wanted a bounty on beet-sugar and he carried his point. Added to this is the fact that he lives in Southern California, where a majority of the prominent men seem to aspire to political honors.

The Post-Office Department is making a great to-do about cutting off the abuses of second-class mailing privileges to fake newspapers. We do not see why the department should brag so loudly over this matter. It does not interest the public at all. The people care nothing about it, and know nothing about it. As for the promises of a one-cent letter postage in consequence, we venture the prediction that Postmaster-General Smith will be dead and buried before that comes to pass. Besides, the people have not asked for it. But what they have asked for is a parcels post. In nearly every country in the postal union you can ship large packages by post. In Europe you can trundle your bicycle into the post-office and ship it to the next town by post. Why not here? If our Postmaster-General is so earnest in improving his department, why does he not give us the parcels post?



## THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

A Story of Rivalry at Dog Rib.

There were seven dance-halls in Dog Rib the first season it became known to fame as a gold producer, and Razzle Dazzle Dodo was the *première danseuse* of the Temple of Terpsichore, or, as the glittering sign over the entrance had it, "The Tempel of Terpsicore." The Rev. Peter Stuyvesant Cook, known as "Pulpit Pete" since his fall from grace to the dens of Dog Rib, had strenuously opposed this spelling and consequent pronunciation, but when a committee of prominent citizens waited on him to announce that Dog Rib peremptorily refused to use four syllables in pronouncing any word that could be more satisfactorily handled with three; and that, furthermore, he it resolved that it was un-American to allow any foreign nation "to shove its style of spelling in on free-born citizens of this great and glorious republic," he had wisely withdrawn his opposition and had drowned his orthographic and orthoëpic sorrows in several flowing howls. So the sign went up according to the dictates of the conscience of Dog Rib, and within a month Razzle Dazzle Dodo had tripped on fairy feet to the throne of the temple, and was its undisputed queen. Other dancers there were in the temple, and others still in the other halls of the town, but Razzle Dazzle Dodo reigned supreme on the stage and on the bill-boards, exacting tribute from friend and foe, and booming the business of the temple.

Who she had been, what mother she had, what father, what brothers, or sisters, or husbands, did not concern Dog Rib, for Dog Rib measured merit by success, and she had that to the limit. She was a woman beyond the sunshine of her twenties, still girlish and graceful through all her years of dissipation, and fair to the eyes of those whose ideas of feminine beauty coincided with those of the hard of Dog Rib, who had written a poem to her in crimson ink, the first stanza of which was as follows:

"Here's a health to the red, red rose  
That blows  
In the cheeks of our goddess fair;  
And a glass  
To the mass  
Of yellow gold  
That gleams in her glorious hair."

In more prosaic language, Dodo was of the less-refined type of beauty, as gauged by cultured standards, and her manners and speech were in harmonious unison with her personal appearance. It was known that she was a product of the West—the untamed and flocculent West—and Dog Rib honored her accordingly, as had other mining-towns where Dodo shone resplendent before Dog Rib's prominence, and they had bestowed upon her the incandescent title by which she was then known; for when she began her saltatorial march to conquest she had modestly entered her name on the roster as "Dorothy Kelly."

As might have been expected of an idol so generally worshipped, there were individuals who held closer relationship to the divinity, and who might be classed as her hierarchy; and as might further be expected, these priests must have a chief priest, and in this instance he was a gambler, who called himself Jack Hazard. Whether that was his real name, or one acquired by reason of the character of his profession, was not definitely known, and Mr. Hazard was not a communicative person. It was undoubted, however, that he easily stood first in the good graces of Dodo, and when he was in hard luck, a condition not infrequently known to all members of the fraternity of chance, it was Dodo who provided him with funds, and helped him hold his head up when he had laid his hands down unsuccessfully.

"You are a canary bird, you are," the manager of the temple said to her one day when she had asked for fifty dollars advance salary.

"Why? Because I am such a good singer?" she twittered.

"Aw, come off," responded the disapproving manager. "It's because the cat has got you."

"What do you mean?" she flushed, angrily.

"Hazard. He's eatin' you, bones and feathers," said the manager brutally, and yet meaning well enough.

"Well, it's none of your business," she retorted, "and if you don't like it, I'll quit your place. See?"

"Sh—so, hoss," soothed the manager, fearing he might lose his star. "You great artists are quick as powder to go off at a touch. You can do what you please with your money, but it makes me dead sore to see you wastin' it on a bleeder that don't care any more for you than he does for Dutch Kate, or Susan the Slipper, or the Duchess, or any other of the half a dozen more I could tell you of. Put that in your cigarette and inhale it," and the manager handed her over the fifty and watched to see the effect of his good advice.

Dodo took the money and went out of the office without a word. She knew the manager was right; she knew the chief priest of the idol had become idol, and she was but a mere priestess, with the hope, as every such priestess has, that she might become chief, if not so already.

But with the fifty dollars Dodo's spirits rose, and she went to the gambler with a song on her lips.

"Good old Jack," she said to him—she called him old, although he was not yet forty—"it's a cold day when Dodo is froze out," and she twirled the hills before his eyes, prouetting about him meanwhile.

"Fifty to one on Dodo," laughed the gambler, admiringly. "She's a winner every time."

"If I could only win you, Jack," she whispered, coming close to him, her whole manner changing.

"And you have for sure, Dodo," he said, putting his arms around her after he had safely deposited the money in his vest-pocket.

"Lee said you didn't care for me any more than you did for a dozen other women."

"Oh, did he? Well, do you know why?"

"Just because he likes to lie and tease me, Jack? Is that it?"

"Not all, Dodo."

"Is he telling the truth, Jack?" She looked up at him as she held fast to him.

"Of course not," laughed Hazard, kissing her. "He wants you himself, Dodo. He's dead gone on you."

Dodo laughed, but not all in derision. The pride of conquest lives in every woman's heart, and her unsought victories please her in her greater triumphs, as they soothe her in her moments of defeat.

"That's what he's gettin' up that song-and-dance carnival for," Hazard went on. "He wants to give you a chance to clean out the town and show you up as the greatest dancer that ever come this way. Some of these other dance-hall duffers think they've got prize-trippers, but Lee's going to let them see they ain't in sight, and you'll be the Nugget of the Gulch and the Temple will be No. 1 Discovery. Then he's going to ask you to marry him, and he's got a notion you will. I'm on to his rockers, and don't you forget it."

"I wouldn't marry a thing like him to save his life," Dodo said, hotly, as she clung to Hazard, fearful that he might think she could be persuaded away from him.

"Cert, you wouldn't," assented the gambler; "but he don't know that."

"Well, I'll win his five hundred plunks and show him what I think of him," Dodo laughed, and danced across the floor in a flutter of excitement and defiance.

This carnival of song and dance at the Temple was advertised to be the greatest social and artistic event Dog Rib had ever known. It was not only the talk of the town, but its fame had extended abroad, and the artists from all the neighboring camps had notified Manager Lee they would enter the lists, while his Dog Rib rivals were making every exertion to secure talent to represent their establishments, and, if possible, gain for them and their business all that triumph at such an event would mean.

Two days before the carnival Dog Rib experienced a sensation in dance-hall circles. A new dancer arrived and had appeared at the Palace of Pure Gold with immediate and pronounced success. The proprietor of the Palace of Pure Gold had imported her for the express purpose of winning the grand prize at the carnival, and he did not hesitate to state verbally and on his glaring bill-boards that he had sent to San Francisco for her, where she had given up an engagement of a thousand dollars a week to compete at the Dog Rib carnival. The Palace of Pure Gold was, after the Temple, the most gorgeous and popular resort in Dog Rib, and its manager had already exchanged shots with the manager of the Temple, but friends had intervened to prevent further hostilities.

The name of the new arrival, as it appeared on the bill-boards of the Palace, was La Deda, which Dog Rib had at once corrupted by placing the accent on the last syllable, and the dancer was given a high place in the favor of the "Palace Plugs," as Manager Lee politely designated the patrons of his rival. Others felt the influence of the marvelous stories told of the wonderful skill of La Deda, and the betting, which had been five to one on Dodo, fell off to four to one, and the manager of the Palace had been reported as offering even money on his entry, but he could not be found to verify the rumor by those who had money to risk.

The fifty dollars Dodo had so gleefully hrought to Hazard had been promptly dropped by that gentleman, and ugly tales were in circulation concerning certain tricks of his which are always fatal to the good repute of those of his calling, and when Dodo asked Manager Lee for another fifty, before its predecessor was scarcely cold, he had manifested his displeasure and hearty disapproval by cutting her request in two. Hazard had not spoken kindly to Dodo when she reported a raise of only twenty-five dollars, but half a loaf was better than no biscuit at all, and he had gone off angry, but taking with him Dodo's twenty-five dollars.

"You shall have more, Jack," she said to him, pleadingly, "when I collar the prize at the carnival. Think of it, old hoy. Five hundred good hard plunks. Why, you can huck the whole shooting match with that."

"Wait till you get it," he growled. "The Lah de dah may be my banker this time next week."

There was a mean smile on his face, and the tears came to Dodo's eyes, but she could not let him go with an angry word on her lips, and she did not reply to his taunt.

That night Mr. Hazard was caught in the act, and when the morning sun rose over Dog Rib, flooding the narrow valley with an effulgence of purple and amethyst, there was crape on his door. It was Dodo who had put it there, and it was Dodo who had had him taken to his room after the smoke had cleared away and the play had been decorously resumed. Otherwise it is barely possible the street-sweepers would have found his remains obstructing the highway, for Dog Rib was no respecter of persons of his ilk.

The carnival was to occur that evening, and there was no time for funerals, so the Hazard obsequies, which were to be very simple for obvious reasons, were postponed until the following day. Dodo was the only mourner, but she did not permit her grief to interfere with business.

"I'll swipe that five hundred or fracture a limb," she said softly to herself, "and good old Jack shall have the grandest funeral this town ever saw, har none."

During the afternoon she went around to the quarters of the deceased, and as she entered the place the proprietor of the boarding-house told her there was a lady in Mr. Hazard's room, and hastened to explain that he had let her in "seein' that friends of the fam'ly had been respectively invited to attend, and she said she was a friend."

Dodo hurried into the room, fearing something, she knew not what, and jealous even of the dead. Possibly the visitor was Dutch Kate, or Susan the Slipper, or some one of the others of whom the manager had spoken, and the thought of it sent the blood whirling through her veins. As she opened the door La Deda turned from the coffin to meet her. Dodo knew her from having seen her on the street.

"What are you doing here?" she greeted her, abruptly.

"I beg your pardon," responded the other woman, in a tone of refinement and irony that nettled Dodo, "I had a wild brother in the mines somewhere, and something I had heard led me to think that he might be here."

"Well," asked Dodo, hard and cold, resenting any intrusion, "is he your brother?"

"I am glad to say he is not."

"Then get out of here, and get quick. I'm tending to this funeral myself." Dodo was clenching her hands and patting her foot in the effort to suppress an outbreak.

"Oh," sneered La Deda, showing not the slightest intention of accepting the invitation so directly given, "by what right, may I ask, do you assume so much?"

"Who's got a better right?" she answered, defiantly. "I'm the only friend he had."

"Merely a friend?" queried Le Deda, with cutting scorn.

Dodo was not prepared for a struggle of this kind. She could talk with any of them when she was angry, but sorrow overmastered anger in the presence of the dead, and her eyes moistened.

"I—I—I loved him," she said, slowly, with quivering lips.

The other woman's manner changed a little.

"Was he your husband?" she asked.

"No, but he would have been after the carnival. He promised to marry me then."

"Oh, did he?" and La Deda grew scornful again.

"Well, he was my husband, and had been for more than ten years."

Dodo looked straight into her face for an instant.

"You are a liar!" she exclaimed, starting fiercely toward her.

"I think not," said La Deda, with a smile, extending a package of papers. "Read what is there."

The woman was so firm and calm that Dodo could only obey, and she took the papers and opened them with nervous fingers. One was a certificate of marriage dated a dozen years back; the other was a letter, not a month old, from the gambler asking his "dear wife" for money. She knew the writiing too well to deny that the letter was from Hazard, and she handed the package back to its rightful possessor in silence. La Deda tore both certificate and letter into pieces and tossed them aside.

"They are of no further value," she said, with a harsh laugh. "The present takes the place of the past, and the question now is, what are you going to do about it?" nodding toward the coffin.

Dodo gathered herself together. There were tears in her voice, but the presence of the other woman gave her strength. She stepped over to the side of the coffin and laid her hand on the still hands folded across the lifeless breast.

"I'm going to win that dance to-night," she said, "and hlow every d—d cent of the prize money on the biggest funeral for good old Jack that this town ever went to. That's what."

It was like a piece of acting, and La Deda involuntarily clapped her hands. The tears came to her eyes, such tears as women weep at plays, perhaps, but they were tears that softened the hard lines in the woman's face.

"Razzle Dazzle," she said, "you're all right. A man may destroy the faith and the love of his wife, but it's different with his sweetheart. Good-by; I'm going back to Frisco on the stage that leaves here at six o'clock this evening."

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1901. W. J. LAMPTON.

There have been only two instances in the navy where officers of high rank were court-martialed, charged with cowardice. The first was that of Captain James Barron, whose ship, the *Chesapeake*, was captured March 16, 1807, by the British frigate *Leopard*. Barron was charged with cowardice, found guilty, and sentenced to suspension for five years. Upon his return to the navy after the War of 1812, he sought re-instatement to active duty, but was opposed by Commodore Decatur. The quarrel between the two culminated in a duel March 22, 1820, in which Decatur was killed and Barron severely wounded. Captain Barron remained in the navy, but was never given a ship. The second case was that of Commodore T. Craven, who, on March 24, 1865, while commanding the United States ship *Niagara*, lying in the bay of Coruna, Spain, failed to accept the challenge of the Confederate ironclad *Stonewall* on the ground that the odds were too largely in favor of the enemy. A court-martial declared him practically guilty as charged, and sentenced him to suspension from duty on leave pay for two years. Secretary Gideon Welles wrote a letter stinging reuking the members of the court-martial, and wound up by setting the proceedings aside and relieving Commodore Craven from arrest, the sentence being deemed entirely inadequate as a punishment for an offense for which the articles of the navy may impose the penalty of death.

In London they have a street lamp which provides a stream of boiling water and dispenses tea, coffee, and cocoa. The heat of the lamp warms the water, and by dropping a cent in the slot a gallon of hoiilog water may be had. Two cents brings you milk, sugar, tea, coffee, etc. The light and heat are provided by the city, which coöperates with a private corporation that furnishes the rest.

A Cervera testimonial association, consisting of leading business men and citizens of Sidney, N. Y., was organized last week. The object of the association is to present to the gallant Spanish admiral a loving-cup as a mark of appreciation of his kindness to Hohson and his little hand of heroes.

Baron Krupp, the head of the great German gun-works, has declared his annual income for the purpose of taxation to be \$5,250,000. His fortune is valued at \$47,500,000. There are 80,000 employees of the Krupp Works. Of this number, 65,000 are workmen and 15,000 clerks.



## THE COURIER MAID.

Italy and France—Incidents of Travel—Ristori at Rome—Mexican Martel Cognac—Italian Hotel Thieves—The English at Manila—Mr. Middle West.

I would like to advise all Americans, before going to Rome, to buy "Roman Gossip," by Mrs. Francis Minto Elliot, an English lady, who writes very entertainingly. The widow of an English dean, her daughter married an Italian nobleman, which explains her knowledge of the inside of Roman and Italian society during the latter days of Pius the Ninth and Leo the Thirteenth's first years. The book is in the Tauchnitz Leipzig print, price two francs. Of the two Popes, the former she admires, not the latter; she also tells of Cardinal Antonelli, Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, Canova, Alfieri, Rossini, and Ristori.

She has something to say of Legouvé's "Medea," in which Mme. Ristori appeared at the Bush Street Theatre, when she was in San Francisco. I saw the Marchesa in Rome at the opera; while older and hent, Ristori's face is still classical and strong. She was seated in a box, watching the stage, listening to Brouci, a very sweet tenor, singing "La donna e mobile" in "Rigoletto," thinking of her own triumphs perhaps; suddenly a roar of applause came, and the audience made Brouci repeat, not once but thrice. The leader of the orchestra was much irritated by the desire of the audience to make the unwilling tenor sing a third time. He rose from his chair, turned upon the audience, and shook his baton at them. The fifteen hundred people laughed at his little stick, and roared the louder. During the "between acts," I heard the Italians around me murmuring "La grande Ristori," and great she was.

Mrs. Elliot also speaks of the Roman Bonapartes, and the great Banker Torlonia. "Roman Gossip" prepares one for Rome, and is good to read when you have no one to talk to, as it is full of anecdotes. I read another book by Mrs. Elliot, called the "Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain." There was one good story in it. When approaching Xeres de la Frontera she was struck by the absence of grapevines. "No wines, no grapes—where does all the sherry come from?" she asks, and then partly answers her own question, "perhaps the London wine merchants can tell me." Several years ago I read in the commercial column of an American newspaper that some three million gallons of potato spirits had been sent from Hamburg to Xeres and Oporto. It is known that most gins are concocted in the warehouses of the London docks, and it is amusing to listen to some Americans chattering about "Rare old sherry!" "Fine old crusty port!" They little know that most of the stuff they drink and talk so knowingly and wisely about is made from potato or other spirits, colored and flavored.

Near the City of Mexico is, or was when I was last there, a factory where one could get any brand of American whisky, or three-star Hennessy, or Martel cognac. I was told that the Martel Company sued this factory for infringement. When the case came up in court the judge suddenly sent out and bought a bottle of each from a neighboring shop. These he had analyzed. Finding that the Mexican production was more wholesome than the imported Martel concoction, he decided against the French. In France there are laws which demand purity for home consumption only; for export, everything goes.

The Italian Hotel Keepers' Association comprises the owners of the best hotels in Italy. You are met at the railway station and shown how to get to the hotel; when you leave you are looked after till your seat in the train is secure, your tickets properly chosen, and it saves you a lot of bother. It is well to ask at the hotel whether there is a dining-car on your intended train, and, if not, to take a lunch with you. There is no drinking-water on the train, so a bottle of wine, or Vichy, or one of the Italian bottled waters should be taken in any event.

The law in Italy does not make the hotel proprietor responsible for losses in the rooms. Hence it is decidedly advisable to keep your valuables in your trunk, and keep your trunk locked night and day, and not leave the room till you have locked it. Money or jewels not likely to be needed can be put in charge of the proprietor and a receipt taken, in which case he is responsible according to law. It is also advisable not to take an *entresol* room, unless it has close iron grills from top to bottom, otherwise you will have to keep the windows closed when not in the room, or asleep. Through neglecting this a gentleman lost his pocket-book one night containing some money and his letter of credit, the latter a very disagreeable thing to have happen.

At a hotel in Italy a lady came into the dining-room and remarked to some friends: "We are going to leave this hotel in the morning. Many things have been taken, and to-day my last pair of American shoes is gone. That is the last straw." It is amusing to hear the Americans talk of the "American shoes." They are certainly more comfortable than the Italian, French, or English, and are now to be found in Paris and the large towns in Germany.

I think that the servants in European hotels steal but rarely. It is done in my opinion by thieves who stay in the hotel for one night, leaving early next morning. They walk along the hall, see a door open, or people going down to dinner, and they step in and pick up anything. The proprietors complain of the Americans for their carelessness in leaving money or jewelry on the table or wash-stand, anywhere. In most Italian hotels the chambermaids are not allowed pass-keys, and if you lock your door, your room can not be made up, so most doors are left unlocked. The chambermaid is being called by others, for hot or cold water, and when she hears her bell, she runs out, frequently leaving the door wide open in her hurry, and any passer-by with evil intent can run in, pick up something, and get away before she returns. It is astonishing that so little is taken under the circumstances.

The long *table-d'hôte* tables are not being used so much

as formerly. A seat at a small table can be generally secured, when there are two or three or four, by paying an extra franc or two for each diner. Several years ago a single man was charged at a hotel in Switzerland six francs for dinner at the long table and twelve and a half at the small. This was a little over double for the same food, but it was hot and right from the range. Of course small tables require more waiters. At the long tables one makes some very agreeable acquaintances. From one at Naples I heard an anecdote concerning our officers in the Philippines. An Englishman just from Manila said: "I met two of your big men over there, General MacArthur and Admiral Dewey. I have been in business in Manila a good many years, and have a flag-pole in front of my private residence on which I run up the Union Jack on appropriate occasions. The Spaniards would not allow a foreign flag to fly unless a Spanish hanner went up first and the foreign flag under. It was extremely irritating. I was away on a business trip, and, when I returned, I noticed at my place a *new* flag-pole, with the Stars and Stripes flying. A sentinel stopped me.

"Why am I stopped?" I asked.

"This is General MacArthur's head-quarters, sir," he answered.

"Will you send in my card?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I wrote 'The former owner of this property' on the card. I was ushered in, and the general said:

"The necessities of war forced this upon me. Sorry to disturb you; but, if you like, take a room and join our mess."

"But," said I, "you did not disturb my flag-pole."

"This was the general's answer: 'Your servant told me the house belonged to an Englishman. We Americans are friendly to the English, and have no desire to disturb their flag.'

"Very decent of him, now, wasn't it, really?" remarked the Englishman.

The "Courier Maid," as she is called, is often found with American travelers. Suppose a married man of fifty or sixty does not want to see everything or buy anything, but has a wife and daughter who do. A woman guide is better in such a case. These women generally speak some Italian, French, and German. They know the prices of gowns, hats, shoes, laces, and jewelry, and are quite well informed about pictures, statuary, churches, monuments, etc. One can be secured by writing ahead to any of the first-class hotels, say a month in advance, in the important towns of Italy. Such a maid charges about fifty dollars a month. She is supposed to pay her hotel bill herself, but as a gentleman who employed one told me: "It gets into my bill somehow." I was told that she is useful in other ways—she serves as a maid in helping the ladies to dress, in mending, etc.

But Mr. J. Middle West—whom I met in Naples, in Rome, Florence, Venice, and in Paris—took an intense dislike to his wife's Courier Maid. I think the reason was that he wanted to give *his* views, which she contradicted frequently, and hence their friendship became wrenched. He came up to me one day:

"How do you? You are an American. I can tell by your shoes, your clothes, and the way you walk. All Americans walk as if they owned Italy. What part do you come from?"

"The Pacific Coast."

"I've been there—it's a great town you have, San Francisco—Cliff House—Pacific Ocean—Sutro Heights—grand view—Sutro Baths—great—splendid bay—Golden Gate Park—greatest winter park in the world—no snow—green grass—flowers in bloom outside—little dinkaleene museum—roads good—not enough monuments. I come from the great Middle West—Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Kentucky—good; Pennsylvania, good; West Virginia, good. It's a great, noble country. It's fine, it's splendid. No naked old saints on exhibition there. I was born in the great State of Ohio. Was taken as a hoy to Indianapolis. Ben Harrison was the best President we have had, except Washington and Lincoln. I'm sixty-two. Went to Chicago late in life; made five hundred thousand in pork; got nervous doing it, and here I am in this d—daleene country trying to forget stocks and get well. But my wife has a Courier Maid. Of all the things in this world that would give a man nervous prostration, if he hadn't come to Italy with it already, it's a Courier Maid. Ever seen a Courier Maid? No? Well, don't. This one has the talking disease. Most women talk too much. But don't that Courier Maid talk! It's gabble-gabble from morning till bed time, and that's what it is now. Well, O rivore."

JULY, 1901.

COVINGTON JOHNSON.

On account of the large difference between the rates fixed by the railroads for small shipments and car-load lots, "a new branch of business," says the *Railway and Engineering Review*, "has sprung up, which, for convenience's sake, may be designated as a consolidation agency. Arrangements are made with shippers of less than car-load quantities to deliver their goods to such an agency, where they are consolidated with other shipments and forwarded in car-load lots, the difference between the charges on the two being divided between the shipper and the agency. An attempt having been made by the railroads to put an end to this method, the United States court has been petitioned for a restraining order."

As a consequence of the wide-spread advertising of the fact that the city of Philadelphia has fallen into the hands of thieves, Mayor Ashbridge finds the credit of the municipality sadly impaired. A loan of two millions of dollars, authorized for the construction of a filtration plant, was a few days ago put upon the market; and yet, with funds more abundant than ever in American history, only five thousand dollars of the amount was taken. Other cities are borrowing money at three per cent.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Jennie, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, is the way the former Lady Randolph Churchill is now known in English court documents.

The claim of Mr. Bradley Martin to exemption from the personal assessment on the tax books of New York has at length been admitted, on the ground that he has become a full-fledged Englishman, and that his personal property has ceased to be assessable on this side of the Atlantic.

Governor Geer, of Oregon, has again refused the offer of a great number of his admirers to buy him an executive mansion. "I am too poor to accept it," he says. "I am living comfortably in the house I rent, and to buy a fine house for me to furnish would be laying too heavy a burden on my shoulders."

M. Gaston Menier, the noted "Chocolate King," is very much to the front in French affairs just now. Having built a model workman's village, he entered the Chamber of Deputies and became an intimate friend of M. Waldeck-Rousseau. He is now about to hack up a great newspaper enterprise—a Paris paper on the lines of the American dailies.

Morris D. Howlett, the famous Parisian whip, who last year won the five-hundred-dollar prize offered by the National Horse Show Association for four-in-hand driving, was a passenger on the *Campania*, which arrived in New York last Saturday. Mr. Howlett, who is accompanied by his wife, also a competent whip, comes to this country to teach New York society how to handle reins. His father is Edwin Howlett, the veteran driver, known in Paris as the "father of coaching."

John Howard Bryant, the only living brother of William Cullen Bryant, celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday at his home in Princeton, Ill., a fortnight ago. He has been prominent in the politics of Illinois, and has served several terms in the legislature. He was a strong abolitionist, and at one time sheltered many fugitive slaves. His views naturally brought him into the Republican party when it was organized, and in 1862 he was appointed a federal collector of internal revenue by his personal friend, President Lincoln. In recent years the tariff issue has led him to side with the Democrats. He is the author of one or two volumes of verse.

The election of officers at the convention of the National Association of Colored Women, recently held at Buffalo, resulted in the choice of Mrs. J. S. Yates, of Kansas City—the former treasurer—as president. Mrs. Booker T. Washington was a candidate, and her election to the office was looked for. But it seems that other members of the association resented Mrs. Washington's absence from their reception, chiefly from the fact that she attended a similar function given by white women at the Twentieth Century Club where her husband was a guest of honor. Mrs. Washington was elected vice-president, and the retiring president, Mrs. M. C. Terrell, of the Harriet Beecher Stowe Club, of Washington, was made honorary president. Mrs. Washington is one of the best informed colored women in the country, and an efficient aid to her husband in his work for the advancement of the colored race.

It is said that there is a decided public prejudice against Nansen in Norway, particularly in Christiania. He is charged with being guilty of injustice to Sverdrup, the sailing-master of the *Fram*, and other companions in his hook, taking all credit and glory to himself. It is the prevailing opinion that his head has been turned by flattery, and people declare that most of the damage was done in America, although he speaks contemptuously of our country and complains of his treatment here. From his hooks and lectures Nansen has made a fortune—not less than one hundred thousand dollars in the United States alone—and nearly as much more in England, Germany, Sweden, and other European countries. His hook has been published in four different languages, and he receives a comfortable income from the copyright. He has purchased a handsome villa about four miles from Christiania, where he lives in fine style. In addition to his large personal fortune, his Arctic achievement has given him a life position at the head of a department in the University of Christiania, recently established with an endowment of two hundred and seventy thousand dollars. The money was raised by a lottery and private subscription.

Martin Irons, who succeeded, through the Knights of Labor, in tying up the Gould railroad properties south-west of St. Louis in 1886, had a meteoric career. He was scarcely five feet six in height, had stoop shoulders, and an unimpressive shock of dark-red hair, and was representative of the lawless element among the strikers. He was opposed by Terence V. Powderly, also in the Knights of Labor, who did not believe in strikes where settlements could be effected otherwise. For a while Irons was a great man. He not only made considerable money, but occupied a great deal of space in the newspapers and printed his autobiography in one of the current magazines. At this time he was blindly worshiped by his men. When the strike failed, as it did signally, his men would have nothing more to do with him. He wandered about the West and got into various troubles, among which was his arrest in October, 1894, at Fort Worth, Tex., for attempted assault on a seven-year-old child. Recently he died in poverty and disgrace. Terence V. Powderly, who opposed Irons, was high in the councils of the Knights of Labor, but he said of strikes: "I do not believe in strikes, because I do not think there is any necessity for them." In the eighties, Powderly had a disagreement with John W. Hayes, general secretary of the Knights of Labor; he gradually drew away from his former associates, and, in the campaign of 1896, was stamping the country for McKinley. After the latter's election, Powderly was rewarded by being made commissioner of immigration, a post which he still holds.



## OUR CONSULAR SYSTEM.

Traveling Americans at Our Consulates—Their Growls at the  
Consuls—The Spoils System—Poor Pay—Reform  
Needed in the Service.

I recently happened to be in one of our consulates in a European city, and was called on to pass coroner's judgment on a letter forwarded by the Department of State as a warning. It was from a certain Mr. Bumpus, a lawyer by profession, to the "Honorable John C. Hay, Secretary of State." It referred to a letter of recommendation given by Secretary Hay to Mrs. Bumpus, commending her to the especial consideration of United States consuls during office hours. The opening paragraph detailed the relationship of Mrs. Bumpus to General Beverage, toastmaster-general, and the friendship of the lady to Secretary Long, as the causes for the issue of the consular letter.

Then follows a quotation from a letter of Mrs. Bumpus to her husband, stating her grievance. She had called at the accused consulate. Had requested to see the consul. Was asked to wait, because he was in conversation with one or two other ladies, whose voices could be distinctly heard by the complainant in the office next to the waiting-room. Twenty minutes elapsed before patience was exhausted, and then Mr. Hay's letter was produced and ordered sent in to the delinquent consul. A few more seconds elapsing without the appearance of the consul, Mrs. Bumpus stated her business to the deputy consul, and was informed that he was authorized to transact it, and would be happy to do so. Thereon, Mrs. Bumpus brought out a document which she wanted to have notably witnessed, paid eleven francs for the service, and went away in high dudgeon, leaving behind her a sweetly sarcastic note, written on her card, saying what she thought of the offending consul and what Mr. Hay would do to him when he heard of the slight that had been put upon his letter.

The quotation from Mrs. Bumpus's letter went on to pay her sarcastic respects to the deputy who signed the documents and shielded the consul from a personal interview. The letter wound up by disclaiming any desire to make complaint on personal grounds, but duty compelled the writer to expose one occupying a social and diplomatic position as representative of the United States who was so little qualified to fill the place.

The amusing part of the incident is that the two ladies who engaged the attention of the consul while the Bumpus lady got furious outside, also carried a letter of recommendation from Mr. Hay, and the poor consul was doing his best to get rid of the first hatch of recommendations in order to take up the second, when the last one went off like a firecracker and the report of it was soon heard in Washington.

The trials and tribulations of politics do not appear during the campaign before election. When it is all over and the victory is won the trouble begins. Suppose your share of the recompense is a foreign consulate. You inquire into foreign countries and their desirability as residences. You glance over the salary list. London is out of the question, as it is the one big political plum, and is reserved for a relative of the President. Paris is good enough, but you do not speak French, which is awkward. All the other desirable countries are in the same fix as to language, and the salaries are not very large. A few places like Kanagawa (Yokohama) and Shanghai, which are consulates-general, offer four thousand dollars a year and some scanty perquisites. If the perquisites are generous the salary is small or nothing at all, as in cities like Buda-Pesth, Hungary. In a place like Venice, where "social and diplomatic" qualities are demanded, the salary of the consul is one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, and that of his deputy forty dollars, with so few perquisites in the possession of the place through four administrations until he has become really efficient and competent.

Having to live like a gentleman on a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month among a rich and well-paid consular corps is hard enough, and it takes some years to grow up to it; but this is not the hardest part of a consular appointment. Think of the possibilities of offending influential people! By this danger many a promising consul, torn from his farm or his saloon, has been driven to gray hairs in the course of one short administration. If he has tackled the language of the country, so as to be able to try to make thirty cents look like two dollars, he has learned how hopeless it is to be respectable while ignorant. If he has not attempted the language, he sits at his desk like an automaton, and signs his "mark" to documents the real purport of which is unknown to him. He is the puppet of the linguistic secretary, usually a native of the country or the son of a missionary, frequently an Englishman or an Irishman adventuring abroad for some reason or other.

In the consular service of other nations a career is offered to those who enter it. The pay is respectable and the training long and exacting, so that the title carries dignity with it, and there is certainty of employment so long as the service is satisfactory, and a pension when old age comes on. It attracts serious people and insures filling the offices progressively with good men.

An intimate account of the experiences of apprentice United States consuls, written with the same skill and frankness as Howells's "Venice," and covering all the funny happenings that are constantly occurring, would make very interesting reading. I call them "apprentice consuls" for the reason that very few of them get beyond the experimental stage. The consular service, as a political spoils department, is about as rotten as possible. President Cleveland did much to make reform possible, and the influence of his wisdom is felt still, but the whole organization should be reorganized to be worthy of the dignity and destiny of the United States.

It is contended that the reports of the United States consuls are superior to those of any other nation. In volume,

true; yet few realize how much our consuls are indebted to the consuls of other nations, who are skilled in the language and the work, for the material out of which these reports are elaborated into voluminosity.

The United States continues to prosper materially, in spite of the deficiency and rottenness of the consular organization, but that is not the fault or the favor of the system.

VENICE, July 15, 1901.

H. F.

## LATE VERSE.

The Royal House of France.

Kings and the seed of kings, they sit  
From royal charge exempt,  
Yet earn in many a restless fit  
Their tribute of contempt.

Rich, lettered, leisured, in their hand,  
No strenuous soul is known;  
They hint their mission, hat in hand,  
Mendicants for a throne.

Merchants of hate, their game they play  
With counterfeiting face;  
The blood of old Egalité  
Still rankles in the race.

Like him, they hail the general wrack,  
Like him no sword they draw,  
But tempt a frantic folk to sack  
The citadel of law.

One kissed in court the branded cheat—  
O brave bid for a crown!  
With justice trampled in the street,  
He flung their lilies down.

Not theirs the path of France to shape,  
To speak her mind aloud,  
Who coldly in their wisdom ape  
The madness of a crowd.

Whatever shame and black mischance  
May, in the scheme of things,  
Await distracted, staggering France,  
God send her no such kings.

—Stephen Gwynn.

## In City Pent.

Oh, sweet at this sweet hour to wander free,  
Or follow some invisible-heckoning hand,  
Among the moody mountains, where they stand  
Awe with the thought of their own majesty!  
Sweet, at the folding-up of day, to be  
Where on the tattered fringes of the land,  
The uncourted flowers of the pensive sand  
Are pale against the pale lips of the sea.  
Sweetest to dream, on careless earth reclined,  
Far in some forest's ancient idleness,  
Under the shadow of its bossy holes,  
Beyond the world's pursuit and Care's access,  
And hear the wild feet of the elfin wind,  
Dancing and prancing in mad capricious.

—William Watson in August Century Magazine.

## The Keepers of the Seal.

I sing the song of labor, of the lowly smelling soil,  
The whirling of the spindle and the whirling of the wheel:  
The hand that guides the plowshare and the rugged son of toil—  
The sinews of the country and its weal.

For the pulses of the Nation beat within the sturdy arms  
That are bared before the anvil, or they wear an humble guise;  
And the sentinels of liberty, the shields from war's alarms,  
Are wholesome hearts and honest-seeing eyes;

Those who feel the sweat of labor ere they break the wage of bread,  
Nor covet goods beyond the pale that bounds an honest reach;  
But give to God the glory, and the thanks that they are fed,  
And rather live a principle, than preach.

Ah! God of Heaven, pity for the chilling drops that creep  
In tortuous threads, where living strength should swell the Nation's veins;

The sloth that cumber progress, and the useless drones who steep  
The curse that follows idle hands and brains.

I sing the song of labor, for the keepers of the seal,  
For a new day broke in radiance on the wardens of the land;  
Clearer thought to those who ask it, heaping store to those who kneel;  
To the sons of stalwart heart and horny hand.

—Virginia Frazer Boyle in Youth's Companion.

"While we are trying to establish an empire on the other side of the world," declares the New Orleans *Picayune* (Dem.), "Germany is rapidly establishing her trade in South America, our natural market. While the American people are following a will-o'-the-wisp in Asia, they have been giving the European nations the pretexts they wish to interfere in the affairs of the western hemisphere." Germany is colonizing Brazil. Venezuela is "flirting with European governments," and Chile is far from friendly to this country. Señor Gransac, librarian of the National Library in Buenos Ayres, in an article, discusses the Monroe doctrine and the latter-day "flaming Yankee imperialism." He makes it clear that the republics of South America feel themselves to-day threatened by the United States. "These republics," writes Señor Gransac, "have no fear of civilized and industrial Europe—the only Europe we know. She exchanges her goods for ours without trying to shut out our products, and sends us thousands of her sons every year to become full citizens and defenders of their new country." Señor Gransac declares that an attack has been made "not upon our autonomy, but upon our political beliefs, and an attack delivered by the very people who had impressed them upon us, by both precept and example. The crime of American imperialism is that it gave this profound shock to the souls of us South Americans."

One of the sights of the Harvard commencement this year was the new building of the Harvard Union—a big club with small dues, intended to include every one in college who wants to join it. The building is beautiful, close by the yard, commodious, attractive, admirably suited to its purpose. It has a great hall, a big billiard-room, dining rooms, committee-rooms, a library, and even some bedrooms. There will be food there; there will be books, newspapers, games, and tobacco smoke, but there will be no intoxicating beverages.

## THE HENLEY REGATTA.

"Cockaigne" Describes the Struggle for the Grand Challenge  
Cup—Six Crews in the Race—How Narrowly the Penn-  
sylvania Boys Missed a Victory.

The swinging "Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoorah! Penn-sylvan-i-a!" of the Philadelphia University was, alas, not heard at Henley yesterday, although thousands of throats were anxious and ready to give it. American throats, I beg to say. The splendid crew came over to win the Grand Challenge Cup and fetch it home with them across the Atlantic, and at one time it looked as though they were going to do it.

The race for the Grand Challenge Cup is one for eight-oared crews, and it is rowed in heats, two boats in each heat. Who shall row against each other in the preliminary heats, until the grand final is reached, is decided by lot. Six boats' crews entered for the race this year, viz.: The Leander, the London, and the Thames Rowing Clubs, New College Oxford, a Belgian crew called the "Cluh Nautique de Ghent," and last, but not least, the crew of the University of Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia boys drew the London and Thames crews as their preliminary competitors, the other two being drawn by the Leander Club. In the first heats, Pennsylvania beat the London crew easily, the Leander Club heating New College in much the same fashion. On Thursday, Pennsylvania again won their heat, heating the Thames Club handsomely. Leander, too, had no difficulty in walking away from the Belgian oarsmen, who hadn't a chance with the stalwart Brits. This left Pennsylvania and Leander to compete together in the final heat. Naturally a grand race was predicted, and a grand race it was. Not only was it to be a trial of strength and skill, but a test of the two methods and styles of rowing as they are followed in England and the United States.

After the first two heats, it looked as if the Pennsylvania crew would have an easy task in defeating all comers who insisted in rowing the effete English stroke. Neither London nor Thames were in it with them. Therefore, when they had only one more heat to row, and that with another English crew who would row the identical stroke that defeated both London and Thames, why, the result seemed a foregone conclusion. However, all the superiority of style in the world couldn't counterbalance the natural advantages of weight, strength, and age. The Pennsylvania crew were hoys, slight, muscular (for their age), healthy, and in the pink of training. Their two easy wins had given them confidence, and they did not lack encouragement from the enormous turn-out of their countrymen and countrywomen who had deserted London's season for the day to come to Henley and see their fellow-citizens twist the lion's tail.

Alas! several matters of a very essential character were not taken into consideration. The Leander crew were full-grown men, the pick and cream of the English amateur oarsmen—old "varsity "Blues," in fact, all of them. By which is meant that they had each, during the last year or two, rowed in the boat of one or other of the universities at the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. Great, brawny giants they were, with the thews and muscles of a Samson or a Hercules, hull-necked and vermillion-faced, with arms like fifty-pound clubs set into their shoulders. So far as calibres went, it was like a hattle-ship fighting a gunboat. It would have been far more fair and even had the Eton crew, who raced for the Ladies' Plate, been Pennsylvania's competitor. But it was not an affair wherein sportsmanship was to be considered.

Well, the heat was rowed—a grand, a magnificent race by Pennsylvania in every sense—the hoys against the men, and despite all their advantages it was as much as the brawny giants could do to heat the Yankee striplings by a boat's length, in a race of over a mile. Up to the mile the boats were neck and neck, and then the big ones drew ahead inch by inch. But they were a sorry sight, pumped out—a mass of panting, steaming, human pulp—while the Pennsylvanians were smiling and as fresh as paint as they turned and paddled hack up the course. Oh, but the cheering, the yells, the screams and howls that went up when the English crew won. Natural, you'll say. No doubt. But it was a pent-up shriek of relief, so great was the fear that the Yankee hoys should carry off the great rowing trophy. They could only have kept it for a year, however. But even that was too much to ask. Indeed, so great was the tension during the seven minutes of the race, that I believe the Pennsylvanians would have been mohled had they won. You see, the Derby and the Reiffs and Pierpont Morgans have made Englishmen a hit sore, and every new American success is like a red flag to a bull. However, once the cup was safe, all the animosity was extinguished, and the American crew became the lions of the inclosure for the rest of the day. They took their defeat like gentlemen and sportsmen, though they couldn't help looking, as they felt, hugely disappointed. And it didn't save their feelings much to hear the Leander stroke tell people, in a patronizing tone: "By Jove, it was the hardest race I ever rowed." Which was undoubtedly true, to judge by his crew. "I wish it had been four miles instead of one," groaned Ellis Ward, the coach of the Pennsylvania crew; "we would have had you there." Which was also undoubtedly true for the same reason. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, July 12, 1901.

Embezzling Cashier Charles W. Mussey, of the defunct Merchants' National Bank, of Rutland, Vt., who was pardoned by President McKinley a month ago because he was dying of appendicitis, is now on a hunting trip in the Adirondacks, having speedily recovered perfect health.

It has been determined that the memorial to the late Senator Stephen M. White shall be in the form of a life-sized statue, which will be located in the court-house grounds at Los Angeles.



## WHAT IS YOUR FATE?

Astrology and the Occult Arts—A Modern Seer—How to Cast Your Own Horoscope—Reading the Zodiac.

Few of us really believe in astrology and the occult arts, and yet it is none the less fascinating to attempt to discover what horoscope the fates have cast for us. "Our Fate and the Zodiac" is an astrological autograph-book by Margaret Mayo, pleasantly written and full of interesting references to historical, musical, and literary people under the months of their birth. Blank pages are provided in the book in order that the reader may place therein autographs, that the future may verify the truth of the author's theories.

The following is but a synopsis of the sort of diverting matter that is contained in the twelve periods into which the book is divided:

**January 20th to February 19th.**—Persons born during this period take up the thread of life under the influence of Aquarius, an airy, equinoctial sign, indicating a noble, progressive nature, a quick, receptive mind, and a touch of genius inclining toward any of the fine arts.

Mozart, Mendelssohn, Burns, and Byron belonged to this sign, and were men of the same emotions. Each portrayed his emotion in his art:

The vibrating impulse of Aquarius invariably finds its outlet in music, poetry, or painting. These men attained much, and the fulfillment of their still greater promise was halted only by the leisurely habits characterizing all *protégés* of this sign. Like the rest of mankind, Aquarius's heirs find it much easier to dream castles than to build them—much easier to think heroic deeds than to do them. They are the students, the thinkers, the reformers, the supporters of any and all innovations that tend toward the advancement of art, letters, or liberty. Although brilliant writers, they are seldom clever conversationalists, lacking that personal magnetism and dramatic manner of expression that compel undivided attention. George Washington was born under the cusp of this sign, Abraham Lincoln under its full influence.

**February 19th to March 20th.**—People born during the latter half of February or the early half of March enter life under the influence of the sign Pisces, a watery, fruitful sign, indicating a pure, limpid soul, a tremulous sympathy with nature, and a scattering of vital force:

These people spend their emotions on humanity with the same prodigality that water spends its force on dry soil. They are so modest, so wanting in self-appreciation, so full of "the milk of human kindness," that they repeatedly allow themselves to be used as a ladder by which the unscrupulous may climb to a selfish success. Meissonier, born under this sign, stroked his very soul upon canvas for all the world to see; Victor Hugo sounded every fibre of pity in the human heart, persuading every man to mercy; Copernicus taught us the voice of the stars; and Darwin has shown us a purpose and a possible perfection in it all that should make man proud to be the tiniest cog-wheel of so great a scheme. Chopin, Rachel, and Van Dyke belonged to this sign.

**March 20th to April 19th.**—People born between these dates take up the thread of life under the influence of the fiery sign Aries, a movable, equinoctial sign of the zodiac, indicating a stormy, impetuous nature, and an eventful course in life:

These people enter life's arena with a mad martial music in their souls that forces them forward to conquer or die. Their loins are girded round with a determination that strikes its colors to neither man, maid, nor circumstance. Once having conquered in decision as to the course they mean to pursue, they will march to success over the corpse of their own dead selves, content with victory as its own reward, gaining their ends at any cost, but giving the preference to honorable means, unless such means obstruct the direct road to their achievements. The women of this sign are born leaders. The men draw irresistibly toward war and politics, and generally carry a throng of satellites with them. Henry Clay, Bismarck, and Shakespeare all belong to this sign. . . . Of the months of the year, June and July should prove most congenial to the successful development of Aries interests, and it is advisable that all difficult transactions and precarious undertakings should be referred as much as possible to these months. Tuesday is given the preference as the most propitious day of the week; but all days are useful to quick-witted Aries, who learns early in life that "we must take the tide when it serves or lose our ventures." The flower of this storm-tossed month is the amaryllis, signifying unbending pride.

**April 19th to May 20th.**—People born between these dates enter life under the guidance of the mighty Taurus, a strong, fixed, earthy sign, hequeathing to its *protégés* a wealth of sterling attributes that can scarcely fail of success:

These people are the sturdy oaks of society. But even the sturdy oak is not independent of outside forces; it must draw sustenance from earth, air, and water. And so with the assimilative mind of Taurus. It is not independent or original, but must draw inspiration from the minds of other men. Theirs is the power that Emerson alludes to when he says: "Great genial power consists in not being original at all; in being altogether receptive." And these people above all others are capable of receiving and successfully maturing the half-formed plans of their less executive fellow-men. They are the Realists who bring to happy fruition the visionary schemes of the Idealists. In a word, they are the practical, useful, dependable, people of the earth. They are seldom talkative, however, nor are they likely to soar to any great heights of imagination, for their knowledge

lies deep and does not come readily to the surface. . . . But people of more superficial signs soon learn to rely upon these sturdy *protégés* of Taurus for mental, moral, and physical support. . . . To Taurus belonged Huxley, Wellington, and John Stuart Mill.

**May 20th to June 21st.**—Persons waking to light during this period take their inheritance from the sign Gemini, an airy, barren, changeable sign, indicating a variable nature and changeable existence:

These people are usually a bewildering combination of contradictions, and seem possessed of two distinct natures. Their friends find it difficult to know upon which of them to depend. . . . They love and they don't love; they are happy and unhappy; they wish to give and they wish to retain. They are filled with unrest, and long to be away, to do something or be something, though they seldom know what. As poets, artists, teachers, intellectual leaders, or after-dinner speakers they excel. Many famous wits have been born under this sign, among them Alexander Pope and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Their quick, restless minds find expression with such aptness and rapidly as to astonish even themselves.

**June 21st to July 22d.**—The Romans deeded the radiant month of June to Luna, the moon goddess. Persons born during the latter half of this fickle month, or the earlier half of July, enter life under the doubtful influence of the sign Cancer, a watery, tropical, changeable sign, indicating a wavering of character and a complexity of good and bad attributes that are apt to result in a very unusual manner of life, and render these people wholly incomprehensible to the larger humanity:

These people, though gifted in many directions to the verge of genius, like genius, they are alluring, unstable, never quite defined. They are the people whom Emerson describes as "having no next. They live from hand to mouth without plan, and after each action they wait for an impulse from abroad." . . . Being neither broad-minded nor open to conviction, they seldom progress. Like the slow, conservative Chinese Empire (which is under this sign), they retire within themselves at the first hint of change or improvement. They invariably construe any attempt made for their advancement into a personal reflection upon their own capability, and become moody and melancholy in consequence. . . . In the words of Le Gallienne, they are "a curious mixture of dream and disillusion." . . . John Jacob Astor belongs to this sign.

**July 22d to August 23d.**—Persons entering life during this period take their inheritance from the magnetic Leo, a fiery, commanding, changing sign, governing the heat of life, and radiating life and warmth:

These people are generous, sympathetic, kind-hearted, and impulsive to a dangerous degree. Let impulse once be coupled with their inborn courage and determination, and they rush to alarming extremes, unmindful of the cost. Quick intuition alone may sometimes enable them to avert the deserved consequence of their foolhardiness. With their argument is useless. They act from the heart, not from the head, and are manageable only through love or sympathy. . . . Like the late Mr. Vanderbilt, these people are "not lazy, but constitutionally opposed to physical exertion." Robert Ingersoll was a *protégé* of this sign; also Napoleon, Sarah Siddons, and innumerable social leaders, orators, and actors—persons who were in their element only when dealing with humanity in its broader sense and winning the plaudits of the world at large.

**August 23d to September 23d.**—People born during this period enter life under the influence of the sign Virgo, an earthy, barren sign, indicating a materialistic, matter-of-fact turn of mind, a keen insight into human nature, and a cold-blooded estimate of life and the things of life:

These people are qualified for success in various directions, becoming successful chemists, lawyers, designers, scholars, philosophers, journalists, novelists, or politicians; the latter because of an inborn aptitude for sounding public opinion. Goethe belonged to this sign, also Eugene Field. . . . An amusing inconsistency in the lives of these people is their absolute helplessness to cope with the family feuds and misunderstandings that they themselves have unwittingly created. . . . The most helpful marital relations are possible for them, however, for they inherit a genuine love of home and family. . . . Epicurean in their faith as well as in their tastes, they take little account of their future state, preferring to get all they can out of the present. Yet, as life advances, the idealism of their nature sometimes so develops as to lift them far above the lonely plane at which they started. . . . These people are seldom extensive travelers. . . . They are far more active in mind than in body.

**September 23d to October 23d.**—Persons born during this period take up the thread of life under the influence of the sign Libra, an airy, sanguine sign, indicating impartial justice, rare good judgment, and fine liberality of thought:

These people, above those of all other signs, are qualified to fill worthily the high places of earth, holding the whip-hand over their fellow-men by sheer force of unassailable right. To this sign belonged innumerable jurists, generals, and leaders of people. . . . Born leaders, these men are had followers. . . . Many of the world's famous actors and actresses have taken their origin in this sign, among them Sarah Bernhardt, Peg Woffington, and Mme. Modjeska. . . . The men in Libra excel in constancy to the few whom they love, for it is no more in their nature to scatter their affection than to scatter their force. Having once made their choice, they are content to "follow Love's folding star to the evening land."

**October 23d to November 22d.**—Persons born dur-

ing the latter half of October or the earlier half of November draw unto themselves the vibratory influence of the sign Scorpio, a fixed, nocturnal, southern sign, indicating a moody, determined, commanding nature, destined to strange vicissitudes of fortune, but recognizing no obstacles:

It matters little what pursuit these people elect to follow so long as they are the head. Theirs is the motto of Lucifer himself: "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." It is impossible for them to fill subordinate positions with any marked degree of success. In the first place they are too entirely selfish to work conscientiously in the interests of another; in the second place, they have very decided convictions as to the way and most of its affairs should be conducted. . . . Richard the Third, Marie Antoinette, and many dark figures in the world's history of blood and crime, drew inheritance from the violent sign of Scorpio, and all *protégés* of the period invariably drift toward places of fire, blood, and tragedy.

**November 22d to December 21st.**—People entering life during this period take their inheritance from the sign Sagittarius, a fiery-speaking sign, indicating a frank, energetic, progressive nature, rich in love and hope, and blessed in an inexhaustible faith in its fellow-man:

These people, such is the indomitable energy and distressing activity of the Sagittarius horn, combine remarkable energy, keen insight, and an intuitive knowledge of outcomes. They are excellent financiers and fortunate in any enterprise that involves the handling of money. . . . Be the day or the hour what it may, these busy people will be found to rush, drive, and push their affairs in a nerve-destroying fashion that taxes mental and physical endurance to the uttermost. . . . In an artistic way, the heirs of Sagittarius are gifted toward music (Paderewski was born under this sign) or the occult sciences.

**December 21st to January 20th.**—Those born during the latter half of December or the earlier half of January take up the thread of life under the influence of the sign Capricornus, a dry, earthy sign of the zodiac, influencing the *protégés* toward a materialistic estimate of life and the things of life:

Cold, calculating, and exclusive by nature, the *protégés* of this sign inherit a cautious, far-seeing instinct that precludes the possibility of impulse ever gaining the mastery over their reason. These people come into life with their minds made up. They are exempt from the misery of indecision that paralyzes the will of weaker creatures. They know nothing of the struggle that other men undergo, having arrived at the choice of life's cross-roads. Baring-Gould has cleverly said that "on life's way all the direction-posts are painted to show us where we have diverged from the right way, and not whither we are going." These brave, self-reliant people of Capricornus feel little need of direction-posts. . . . William E. Gladstone, Disraeli, Daniel Webster, and Sir Isaac Newton belonged to this sign.

These extracts will suffice to show the nature of the volume. It is needless to say that the horoscopes of individuals born under the various signs of the zodiac are carried out with much greater fullness in the book itself.

Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.25.

## A Tale of Love and Nihilism.

"On Peter's Island," by Arthur R. Ropes and Mary E. Ropes, presents a very real and interesting picture of the St. Petersburg of twenty years ago. Russia was then swarming with Nihilists, or "Terrorists," as they were called, and its capital city was not the cosmopolitan centre that it has since become. The story centres around two interesting young men, one an American and the other a German, who are engaged in the manufacture of oil on the Neva. They meet with a formidable rival in the person of a wealthy and unscrupulous Russian, who is an ex-convict from Siberia. He also manufactures oil. In their employ is a treacherous Pole, degenerate son of a noble family, whose sister is as beautiful and fair as she is good. A talented English girl, who is visiting in St. Petersburg, becomes deeply interested in the crafty Pole, from whose influence her friends endeavor to extricate her. He is involved in political intrigues, which fact opens the way for a glimpse into the thick of nihilism as it existed in the early days of the reign of Alexander the Third.

The characters are well designed to give romantic interest to the narrative, while the true color of Russian life is thrown upon it by the unobtrusive descriptive parts and the incidents in which the Terrorist secret societies play a part. Alternating with placid social reunions about the tall brass samovar, hissing and bubbling, with its accompanying little tea-pot, plate of sliced lemon, and set of tea-glasses each in its silver holder, the scene shifts now and again to the secret meeting-places of the "Society of Odds and Evens," where organized conspirators plot against the government. Of the unscrupulous Pole the Nihilists make a very useful tool, playing upon his cowardice, treachery, and fear of personal injury to keep him in their ranks. The authors have made of him an interesting character-study.

Not the least striking character in the story is that of Major Golovkin, an officer infinitely above the petty red-tape of the complicated Russian official machine, and yet by reason of his position bound to uphold it. With the young oil merchants—since they are foreigners—he candidly discusses the corruption of the official system. They are telling him of their difficulty in finding an honest clerk:

"I suppose you wouldn't take me for your new

clerk? It would be a treat to be employed by an honest man for once!" He smiled as he spoke, but it was a grim smile.

"My dear major," put in Walter, "you are far too great a man for us. Why, you are an officer—you have rank and power and uniform and all the rest of it, and you are a member of the best organized police in the world, and you can have us all arrested by lifting your little finger."

Golovkin's eyes flashed for a moment. "Yes, it is a power that one has—and it is good to show these pigs sometimes that there is something stronger than the rouble, even in Russia," he said; "but after all, when one knows what a sham our official system is! Do you know what I saw yesterday? I was visiting a prison—I won't tell you where I went, or why—and there was a woman in one of the cells—a political prisoner, they told me. I asked why she was there—she didn't know. I asked the governor of the prison—he did not know, either. At last I found out the order of her arrest, and the policeman who had taken her. He was ordered to go to a certain house and arrest the woman who occupied the rooms on the third story, on the left of the landing as you went up—"

Golovkin paused to enjoy his cigar.

"And what happened then?" asked Anon.

"Nothing particular happened. Only he went up a story too high, and then, when he remembered, came down and knocked on the door on the left—only it was on the left as he came down, and the house was so constructed that that made a difference. A mere accident—that was all. And she had been there two years."

"Gott im himmel!" ejaculated Franz, staring at the impassive major; "and did you get her out?"

"She will be released in a month or two. That is rather indecent haste, but the authorities kindly stretched a point for me. Oh, we have the finest police in Europe, Vladimir Stepanovich!"

"Well, I prefer America, I must say," remarked Franz. "There's rather too much government here for my taste."

"Oh, yes," replied Golovkin, with a sardonic grin.

"A charming country is America for justice—nearly equal to ours. You let nine out of every ten criminals go unpunished. Then at the tenth your moral sense is aroused, and you rise in your majesty and lynch the wrong man. It's nearly as just as our system, and a good deal cheaper."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## The Expectation of Life.

The old rule for obtaining one's expectation of life—subtracting your present age from 86 and dividing by 2—which has been floating the rounds of the newspapers for many years, is no longer used by insurance companies. The rule which was based upon 86 years as the limit of life is now considered obsolete. It was originated by Demoisire, whose name it bears, and was used in his treatise on annuities, written in 1725.

It was at first deemed correct by insurance men, and was used by the Northampton Company in 1780 in preparing tables when life insurance was comparatively new. By these tables a person of 20 may expect to live 33 years; one of 30, 28 years; one of 40, 23 years.

According to the modern computation a person of 20 may expect to live 42 years; a person of 30, 34 years; a person of 40, 28 years; a person of 50, 21 years; and a person of 60, 15 years; figures given without the decimals.

Abdul Hamid the Second has heaten the British average of decorations for service in South Africa. There was a fire in the harem at Yildiz Kiosk recently that was put out quickly. The sultan has already bestowed six hundred medals for life-saving on that occasion.

A patent has been granted General A. W. Greely, chief signal officer of the army, for a telegraph and cable code.

## BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Society Comedy with a Touch of Melodrama.

"The Archbishop and the Lady," by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, displays marvelous powers of invention, as well as eminent descriptive ability. There are many prominent figures in the story, and all are far removed from ordinary aspects. A beautiful, much-enduring daughter is the heroine, and she, though twice wedded, stands on the threshold of another marital complication at the end of this record. A flirtatious, scheming mamma, with little regard for even her own children, is another figure who finally achieves a satisfactory alliance after no little trouble. A son-in-law, crippled, yet a spend-thrift, who is accepted by the heroine merely that she may share with him the fortune left by her first husband, is the conscienceless plotter in the circle. An unfrocked priest, with a more or less secret passion for the heroine, aids the disabled husband in his nefarious schemes. An athletic, wealthy, cultured American, somewhat out of conceit with life, is another admirer of the heroine, and he wins her at last, by simply waiting and preserving an attitude of adoration. The archbishop is a more conventional figure, and his efforts to induce the heroine to escape her sorrows by retreat to a convent do not demand an apology. An Irish-French brother-in-law, with tons of good-nature and an exhaustless wardrobe of weird color combinations, is a picturesque makeweight, and his daughter, a new edition of the irrepressible infat, though almost supernaturally clever, is the most amusing character in the comedy. There are others, and, even if in the chorus, their parts are always well taken.

The scene of this story is an old abbey in France, part of a ducal estate, and it is pictured with art. For the greater part of the time this country home is filled with a house-party, and only for the plotting husband's alleged experiments with explosives, and the sentimental tangles of mother and daughter, it would be a charming retreat for visitors and hosts. But the husband makes all kinds of trouble, and at last it transpires that he sends infernal machines away by steamer, insuring them as cases of valuables and realizing the insurance when the vessels are lost. He promptly takes his way out of the world when his murderous exploits become known, and frees his patient wife. The coquettish and unprincipled mamma has soared as English lord, and with the final victory of love over the archbishop's wiles for the daughter's decision, the story comes to a graceful conclusion.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Where the Country Road Led.

The first and only novel of a young collegian and journalist is offered in "The Road to Ridgeby," by Frank Burlingame Harris. Before the volume came from the press the author's life was over, at the early age of twenty-four. Material for his story was gathered in a pedestrian tour through the country in which its scenes are laid, and some of its descriptive passages are notably vivid. A farming neighborhood in Iowa furnishes all but one of his characters, and these are well drawn. The thought of a beckoning mystery at the end of the road that has been an object of childish wonder and imagination, is worked out in the story, and with something more than mediocre effect.

Newton Mills, left alone by the death of his parents, after a college course and a sojourn in Europe, comes to his old home and finds the road passing by and over the hill still a haunting feature of his recollections. The desire to follow it, no matter where it leads, and see its realities becomes irresistible. He starts out on foot, with little to distinguish him from other nomads, and allows fate to decide his places of rest and entertainment. The inevitable takes place. He sees an attractive young woman and accepts her grandfather's offer to engage him as a farm-hand. The girl is a college graduate, too, and yet, with all her refinement, has taken up again without a murmur the dreary round of duties in a farm-house, made necessary by the farmer's failing means. She promises to marry a neighbor's son, hoping to prevent the foreclosure of a mortgage, but her plan fails through the rapacity of the money-lender, who thinks there is no escape for the borrower. The hero takes action in this crisis, saves the old man's farm, and wins a wife.

With no lack of incident, some unforced humor, and several exciting episodes, the story maintains its interest throughout. Some of the scenes are highly colored, yet not above the possibilities, and the exigencies of a usually monotonous existence are made the most of. The two mysteries are cleared up satisfactorily in the end, and the promise of happiness is none too great for the merit of the principal figures.

Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## One Side of a Romance.

It is easy to believe that a solitary, imaginative man, even though the hero of numerous experiences in the world, might fall in love with a woman whom he knew only as an artist of brilliant achievements. That he might write to her, merely to express his admiration of her picture, and discover that his first brief note led easily to an extended correspondence, is a more readily understood. These are the situations and conditions upon which "His Letters,"

by "Julien Gordoo," are based. There are one hundred and fifteen of the letters, one-third of them written before the lover meets the lady. They may be recommended to those who require inspiration in their efforts to translate emotion into words. They are full of repetitions, of images that seem ridiculous to those unaffected by the passion of admiration and the desire of possession, and yet they are not too sublimated for earthly use. As may be imagined, they are equal to the emergency—they relieve the writer and they win the one addressed. There might be some curiosity to see the letters to which some of these are replies, but the story is told so completely that the suggestion is only transitory.

This is a new edition of Mrs. Cruger's work, the first having been issued nearly ten years ago. It will find many new readers and admirers.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Short Stories by Ouida.

Still another volume of short stories by Ouida comes from the publishers, this one taking its title from the first in the collection, "Street Dust." While there is none in the book so full of pain and sorrow as "The Waters of Edera" and those that followed in that volume, all but one of these are in the same key. They tell of the hardships borne by the Italian peasantry, the conditions that grind the faces of young and old alike, the unavailing rebellion and struggle against the brutal forces over them. The pen that wrote "A Dog of Flanders" is still equal to the task of moving the hearts of those who read, and in these later sketches, if there is no one that may be chosen as the crowning blossom of her genius, there is no one that may be thrown aside for lack of personal interest and unstrained sentiment.

In "Street Dust" the pitiful story of a mother and her two children is told. The husband and father informs against a brigand and is murdered in revenge. The mother runs away and hides in a miserable hut at the edge of the Roman Campagna, and there ekes out an existence for herself and her two little girls by gathering wild flowers and selling them in the streets of Rome. Suddenly she succumbs to the fever and dies, leaving the children alone. As they have been taught, they choose from the flowers around, and then summon courage to go to the city to sell them. There they are crowded aside and repulsed until at last they are arrested and thrown into prison, at the end of a long day without food. After another day they are brought into court, and, by a stretch of mercy, set at liberty. But freedom means little to them. They only try to hide from the cruel people about them, and at last lie down for their last sleep in a deserted ruin. There are three other stories, alike sombre and saddening, and then follows a longer one that tells of a boy gardener who ran away to London to plead with the prime minister for his home and garden, threatened by a progressive town council. How he succeeded and saved a long existing charity that sheltered many who were old and unfortunate, is told with all the author's earlier charm.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Sensible Ideas on Cooking.

Among the principles laid down by Heleoa V. Sachse in her convenient little volume, "How to Cook for the Sick and Convalescent," the following rules may well be observed in preparing food as well for those who are not sick, but who desire to avoid becoming so:

1. Starchy foods require long cooking.
2. Albuminous foods, as eggs, oysters, etc., must be cooked at a low temperature, or they are rendered tough.
3. Fats in the form of butter and cream are best added after the food has been removed from the fire.
4. No fried foods should ever be given to an invalid.
5. Give as much variety as possible.
6. Measure all ingredients carefully before mixing. Taste before serving. Serve hot foods hot (not lukewarm).

An excellent recipe is given for soft-boiled eggs which far surpasses in point of taste and digestibility the usual method of boiling eggs for three minutes in water. It is as follows:

Place one or two eggs in a measure or saucepan, pour over them a pint of boiling water. Cover closely, and let them stand off the fire for from eight to ten minutes (according to the size of the eggs).

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Henryk Sienkiewicz's translator, Jeremiab Curtio, has just returned from a visit to the novelist at his summer home in the Carpathians. Sienkiewicz is at work on a novel of the life of John Sobieski, a king of Poland. He intends later to write a series of historical novels on the career of Napoleon the First, and also a novel treating of the career of Kosciuszko and the downfall of Poland.

The series of magnificent monographs in which the Scribners have published Sir Walter Armstrong's "Reynolds" and "Gaiusborough" is to be continued, with a volume on Sir Henry Raeburn, which will, however, be brought out in this country.

Joho Morley says that his labor on Gladstone's biography has been greatly lessened by the great

statesman's personal habits of order and regularity. Through the last sixty years of his career he not only preserved every important letter or document that reached him, but neatly indorsed it with his own hand and stowed it away in order of date.

"The Making of a Marchioness," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, which is attracting so much attention in the *Century Magazine*, will be offered in book-form in September.

Sarah Orne Jewett, the Maine novelist, now rejoices in the degree of doctor of letters, lately conferred upon her by Bowdoin College.

The late M. Pasteur's son-in-law, M. A. Valery-Redot, has written a long biography of the noted Frenchman, and an English version, under the title "The Life of Pasteur," will soon be issued.

"A Wonderful Duchess," the biography of Anna Amelia, Duchess of Saxe-Weimar and Eisenach, compiled from the private papers in the archives at Weimar by Frances Gerard, will appear in October.

W. B. Yeats is writing a quantity of short poems dealing with events in the heroic age of Ireland. All his poetry, we are told, is written in his own country, where alone he finds it quiet enough for work.

Vaughan Kester, whose story, "The Manager of the B. & A.," is about to be brought out in book-form, remarked the other day: "I have done a good deal of newspaper and syndicate work, but my most remarkable achievement so far seems to be that I am my brother's brother." The allusion is, of course, to Paul Kester, the playwright, who is best known to-day for his dramatizations of "Nell Gwynne" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

George Gissing has fallen into rank with an historical novel, its place and period being Rome in the early days of Christianity.

Among the notable forthcoming fall books are S. R. Crockett's volume of "Love Idyls," Bernard Capes's "The Lady of the Woods," W. E. Norris's "The Embarrassing Orphan," and "Zack's" "Tales of Dunstable Weir."

Albert Chevalier, whose fame at present rests upon the coarser songs which he sings so realistically, is about to come out with a book which is apparently to be one of reminiscence, to judge from the title, "Before I Forget."

The title, "The Victors," which Robert Barr has given to his forthcoming novel, comes from William L. Marcy's "To the victors belong the spoils."

The library of the late Professor Max Müller has been purchased by Baroo Iwasaki for presentation to the University of Tokio. It will be kept in separate apartments in the university under Max Müller's name and open to any student of Oriental languages. It includes thirteen thousand volumes.

The first book of Gwendoline Keats, otherwise "Zack," written some fourteen years ago, was sent to a publisher, who wrote to her courteously enough in returning it. After this she lost the manuscript and never touched a pen for six years, when she made a second attempt, which also missed the mark, her manuscript again being returned. Thus it will be seen that "Zack" has had her share of the discouragements which are supposed to hang round the beginnings of authorship. It was not, in fact, until 1898 that she sent to *Blackwood's Magazine* a short story that the ever kindly Mr. Blackwood accepted. Since then, her success has been easy.

## A Notable Spanish Translation.

Charles F. Lummis, the author, and editor of the *Land of Sunshine*, has gone East, after an absence of eighteen years, to superintend the publication of one of the rarest books ever given to the public. It is the memorial of Fray Alonso de Benavides, who faithfully served as the custodian of all the missions of New Mexico (which included Arizona) for the eight years ending with 1630. Returning in that year to Madrid to recruit his forces, he published this little book, telling of his experiences in the new land. There are but four copies in existence. They consist of one hundred and three pages, and are valued at twenty-five hundred dollars. The memorial was translated for the first time into English by Mr. Ayer, and then sent to Mr. Lummis for careful revision and annotation. The translation will also contain invaluable notes by F. W. Hodge, of the Smithsonian Institution.

Mr. Lummis says it has required a year's hard work just to verify the translation. The Spanish of the Conquest is practically a dead language, and the public does not understand the enormous work required for getting out such a translation with absolute correctness.

Practically, all the many photographs for the book will be from Mr. Lummis's photographs. The memorial will be published in the most artistic style known to the book-maker, and the expensive photographs will be the handsomest feature. On every alternate page will appear the fac-simile of the ancient Spanish text, a unique and helpful idea. Beside these, the volume will be doubled in interesting notes bearing upon the country and people.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Volumen of New Verse.

Among the poets of the time there are several who find in the legends of Erin and the themes that her singers have made familiar an attractive and inspiring field. A number of notable volumes have appeared recently with this relation, and of these, "Deirdre Wed and Other Poems," by Herbert French, the latest, deserves more than a passing word of praise. "Deirdre Wed," which fills the first half of the book, is an episodic poem, describing the wooing of Naois by Deirdre and their pursuit and banishment. It is partly in blank verse and partly in rhymed measures, but is stately in movement at all times. There are many passages of beauty in the poem. The nineteen shorter poems that follow have more of music and sentiment in them, and they are all worthy of the poet. Two selections are given below, and while they show the charm of all his verse, they are only two huds from a garden rich with color and fragrance:

## THE SHELL.

I am a Shell out of the Asian sea,  
But my sad Pearl is gone,  
Risen to be Goddess—Venus green is she,  
And I cast up alone.

Yet some night shall her brilliance stoop and take  
Unto her ear this shell,  
And hear the whisper of her own heart-break . . .  
All that I serve to tell.

Here is a song of longing and regret, simple, yet moving in its tenderness:

## MAURYA'S SONG.

Rushes that grow by the black water  
When will I see you more?  
When will the sorrowful heart forget you,  
Land of the green, green shore?  
When will the field and the small cabin  
See us more  
In the old country?

What is to me all the cold yonder?  
She that bore me is gone.  
Knees that dandled and hands that hessed me  
Colder than any stone;  
Stranger to me than the face of strangers  
Are my own  
In the old country.

Vein o' my heart, from the lone mountain  
The smoke of the turf will die  
And the stream that sang to the younger childer  
Run down alone from the sky:  
On the door-stone, grass,—and the cloud lying  
Where they lie  
In the old country.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Poems of the Unknown Way," by Sidney Royce Lysaght, is a little volume in which there are some twenty odd poems under the general heading, "The Undiscovered Shore," and half as many more making up "A Ritual." Of the first division nearly all relate to the sailing out of adventurers for a far and hoped-for haven, and those in the latter are psalms, lessons, hymns, and confessions, though rather of questioning than of faith. The poet is something more than a rhymist, for there is thought in all his verses, and now and then a phrase that sings itself. From among them this is chosen as one with a fresh suggestion from a poet-haunted field:

## DREAMS.

Dreams lead us on. We find on sea or land  
No morn so glad, no stars in Heaven so fair  
As those we dreamed. Over a lonelier deep  
They beckon us, and whisper in our sleep  
A memory of things that never were.

Dreams lead us on. We know not what strange  
hand  
Sowed them, or what fair presence on the sea  
Passed and left dreams behind it, wild and  
sweet,  
On lonely paths, as flowers sprung to greet  
The woodland footsteps of Persephone.

This is not the best even of those remaining, but it gives more than an indication of a power that will one day offer better things:

## AN EXILE.

He made the whole wide earth a harrier  
Between them, and of sea and rain and wind  
And heights of whirling snow, a veil to blind  
His sight against the face he held most dear.  
He made far mountain lands and deserts dear  
A wall between him and memories kind  
Of all that might have been, and left behind  
Her sweetness in another hemisphere.

But sometimes, far upon the lonely deep  
At midnight, when the stormy watch is o'er,  
His arms enfold her as he falls asleep;  
And sometimes, when the light is growing dim  
On winter evenings, she unbars the door,  
And through the wide world wanders, seeking him.  
Published by the Macmillan Company, New  
York; price, \$1.75.

There are nearly two hundred pieces of verse in "Love-in-a-Mist," by Post Wheeler, and there are pleasing qualities in all of them. The joys of home, childhood, and affection are sung with a light heart, and the poet's ear is true even if his pen seldom hesitates in its choice of words. This shows his usual mood and the facility of his art:

## STRAYED.

I took the road to Arcadie  
Within the realm of May,  
And left my sweet with eager feet—  
Alas and welaway!

I took the road to Arcadie;  
Dark grew the meadows and the sea;  
Dull the fair sky seemed to me,  
And gray.

I turned my hack on Arcadie  
All upon a day,  
And with lagging feet, to find my sweet,  
Went back along the way.  
Brighter the meadows grew and sea;  
And then—I knew that aye to me,  
Home with her was Arcadie  
And May.

This is more ordinary in sentiment, but there is a characteristic and winning touch in the opening stanzas:

## THE MESSENGERS.

The little children, in whose eyes  
Young faith is deep and clear,  
Gaze on the world with shy surprise,  
With laughter light and deaf.  
They guess not evil is so wise  
And grief than smiles more near.

They know hut joy. Their souls are white,  
Their little hearts are soft.  
They dream of heaven in the night,  
They pray and wonder oft.  
For their own innocence hath might  
To lift them up aloft.

Last night—I dreamed I was a child.  
I dropped my weary years.  
I felt the mother-fingers mild,  
That soothed my childish fears.  
And when I woke, with longing wild,  
My face was wet with tears.

Published by the Camelot Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

John Williamson Palmer's verse has been quoted in nearly every paper and magazine, for his stirring rhymes of war and gentler songs of pure sentiment have distinctive qualities. "For Charlie's Sake, and Other Lyrics and Ballads," is a beautifully printed and bound volume, made up of selections from his work, and in it are found not only those well-known pieces, "The Fight at the San Jacinto," "Reid at Fayal," "Stonewall Jackson's Way," and the poem named in the title, but a dozen others equally pleasing. Here are four stanzas from the best of his war ballads:

## STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails;  
Stir up the camp-fire bright!  
No growling if the canteen fails:  
We'll make a roaring night.  
Here Shenandoah hawls along,  
There hurly Blue Ridge echoes strong,  
To swell the Brigade's rousing song  
Of Stonewall Jackson's Way.

We see him now—the queer slouched hat  
Cocked o'er his eye askew.  
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,  
So calm, so blunt, so true.  
The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well.  
Says he: "That's Banks; he's fond of shell.  
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—" Well,  
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!  
Steady! the whole Brigade.  
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win  
His way out, ball and blade.  
What matter if our shoes are worn?  
What matter if our feet are torn?  
Quick step! we're with him before morn.  
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Ah, Maiden! wait and watch and yearn,  
For news of Stonewall's hand.  
Ah, Widow! read with eyes that burn,  
That ring upon thy hand.  
Ah, Wife! sew on, pray on, hope on!  
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.  
The foe had better ne'er been born  
That gets in Stonewall's Way.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

## New Publications.

"The Provençal Lyric," by Lewis F. Mott, is a brief yet illuminating lecture on the poetry of the troubadours in Southern France. Published by W. R. Jenkins, New York; price, 75 cents.

A volume made up of papers on the teachings of Paul, James, Peter, Jude, John, and the Apocalypse, is offered in "The First Interpreters of Jesus," by George Holley Gilbert, Ph. D., D. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

F. Oppen has drawn nearly a hundred new and amusing pictures for "The Complete Tribune Primer," which is made up of paragraphs and sketches by Eugene Field, first printed in the *Denver Tribune*. Published by the Mutual Book Company, Boston.

"The Supreme Crime," by Dorothea Gerard, is a tragic story of Russian priests and peasantry in a favored agricultural region. It contains several good character sketches and some notable descriptions of unfamiliar scenes. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Cranksims" is a little volume of wit and wisdom and fanciful yet highly artistic engravings in outline and silhouette. Lisle de Vaux Matthewman is the author and Clare Victor Diggins the illustrator. The book offers a hundred brief paragraphs on as many pages, and though the accompanying draw-

ings will have the honor of first attention, none of the quaint bits of humor and satire will be overlooked in the final summing-up. It is altogether a clever piece of work. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

Henry T. Newcomb prepared an able and exhaustive paper on "The Postal Deficit," and submitted it to the American Association for the Advancement of Science a year ago. It has since been revised and enlarged, and is now published by William Ballantyne & Sons, Washington, D. C.

In the Riverside Literature Series the latest issue, No. 147, contains Pope's "The Rape of the Lock," "An Essay on Man," and "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," edited, with introduction and notes, by Henry W. Boynton. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, in paper covers, 15 cents.

There are many well-drawn views of life in France and in America as well as a story of interest in "Heart and Soul," by Henrietta Dana Skinner. It is told in the first person by one who escaped from a Cuban insurrection in 1844, and in his later career had many stirring adventures. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The twelfth annual volume of "Remington Brothers' Newspaper Manual" contains all the features that have made it a favorite with publishers and advertisers, and its carefully condensed and classified information is brought down to the latest date possible with so large a field. It lists more than twenty-two thousand publications in the United States, Canada, Porto Rico, Cuba, and Hawaii, and gives the details of character, publication day, and circulation. In separate lists it names leading dailies and weeklies, trade, and class publications. The department of newspaper advertisements is not the least valuable of its features. Published by Remington Brothers, New York; price, \$5.00.

## Ibsen's Illness.

The following extract from a letter written by Dr. George Brandes to a friend in New York, dated Christiania, June 24, 1901, appears in the August number of the *Critic*. It was written, the *Lounger* says, "by the death-bed of Ibsen":

"Literary affairs here are in a state of suspended animation. Ever since the illness of Henrik Ibsen has been pronounced as incurable (*i. e.*, for over three months) a pall seems to have fallen upon all authors. People here still refuse to believe that the vigorous old man whom they used to see daily sitting at his window, or on the balcony of his *café* sipping his cognac is doomed; that his life is to last for a few months only at the best. Nothing in the past could be compared with the intense interest everybody takes in Ibsen's condition. Bulletins are posted three times a day and an eager crowd is reading them silently and sadly.

"Three physicians, the most eminent medical men of the city, are attending him, the state bearing all expenses. Flowers, fruit, rare old wines, and delicacies continue to arrive at his house. Hundreds of personal inquirers come daily. Of all these attentions Ibsen is told, and he appreciates them very greatly. Nearly all day he rests in bed or on a lounge, being unable to move his legs. It is pitiful to see how helpless the old man is. He has become irritable beyond conception. He is quarrelsome and finds fault with everything and everybody. But his mind is not affected. It is just as clear and sharp as it used to be, and he works almost daily for two hours. He is writing the story of his life.

"Whether this will be a drama or an essay no one knows, and he himself will not tell. With characteristic stubbornness he refuses the aid of an amanuensis and writes every word himself. No man has yet been allowed to read it. Even his attendants must retire to the opposite end of the room while he is working. . . . In one of his fits of anger he recently began to destroy the manuscript of his autobiography, and it took the combined efforts of all his friends to save his notes and the greatest part of the manuscript. Björnsterne Björnson is a daily visitor in Ibsen's sick room; the feud between them has ended and their relations with each other are of the most cordial nature. No man congratulated Björnson more heartily and more sincerely at the success of 'Laboremus' than did Ibsen.

"The physicians agree that Ibsen's illness is fatal, and they do not expect him to live longer than to Christmas at the utmost. A great deal of speculation is indulged in as to who will be named by him as his literary executor. In all fairness Björnson would be the best man, for I believe that he is the man who comes nearest to the Ibsen ideas. I have heard it stated repeatedly during my stay here that Ibsen wanted me to be his 'executor,' as he terms it; the old man himself has not mentioned the subject to me. I should be very loath, indeed, to accept this trust. It is one thing to criticize and quite another thing to be responsible for what is published in the name of another man."

Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Lesson," has caused much irritation among English leaders, and will not increase either his popularity or his literary reputation. He is reported to have written another poem, in which he attempts to mete out rough-and-ready justice to various British generals. Those who have seen it in manuscript do not look for its publication soon. Kipling is a strong military partisan, and is thorough-going in his contempt for Aldershot fussiness and red tape. He expresses colonial and imperial rather than British opinion of military failures during the week.

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It is not, however, a delighted exaltation of spirit that we experience in listening to "Mrs. Dane's Defense." The story is almost too painful, and the gentle and winning character of the poor prodigal seems to lead a cruelty to the remorseless fate which overtakes her. But the artistic consistency with which Miss Anglin adhered to her conception of the character of Mrs. Dane, made her portrayal strangely and wonderfully realistic, and the dread with which the unhappy penitent awaited each slight inrush from the flood of revelation concerning her past life, the desperation with which she faced and diverted the current, the intensity of her gratitude for her first escape, all these carried the hearer along with a breathless and sustained attention that almost made the heart beat more quickly. In the third act, however, the young actress made a wonderful revelation of her tremendous emotional power and her strong hold upon the sympathy of her audience. She is placed all unconsciously upon the rack by the keen-witted justice who has full faith in her account of her past life, and shred by shred the robe of her hardly won respectability is torn away. During this scene, sympathy for the hunted, defenseless creature becomes so intense that it is like a physical oppression. She sees the toils closing around her, and dreads the first frown of suspicion on the brow of the kind friend who questions her. She fights back the hysteria of despair, and with quivering lips, and eyes full of the terror of a hunted hare, pleads for delay in a shaking voice that is fatally charged with self-betrayal. In moments when the terribly discerning eye of her questioner is turned away she relieves the fearful tension of the spirit by spasmodic gestures of growing agony. At last, the flood! Clear comprehension has come, and the voice of her protector and friend is harsh with the accusatory sternness of the judge. The wretched woman joins her hands in fruitless appeal, and with a look as if body and soul would dissolve in the crucible of shame and suffering, she sinks to the floor, and hides her fallen head from justice.

There is not in the whole artistic structure a single evidence of mediocrity, no facile copying of the commonplace tricks of the trade, no touch of artificiality. Miss Anglin has in her mind a carefully wrought-out conception of the nature of the woman she portrays, and with rare felicity she blends her own and Mrs. Dane's personality into one. Mrs. Dane is intensely feminine through and through—weak, but not wicked. She is no brazen fighter, but with her small, pleading hands she throws herself desperately upon the mercy of the strong swimmer, and wins his chivalrous aid. She tells desperate, unavailing lies, but they are for love; and when love is denied, with feminine instinct she falls back upon the next best affection, and plans to fill her life with that.

There is only one character in the play that would cast stones at the sinner, and inevitably for purposes of comedy effect she is a woman, and no longer young. All others are full of pity for the fallen. A gentle emotion that is commoner in life than in fiction, although the Mrs. Bulsom-Porters and the Sir Daniels are very necessary factors in society to aid in keeping the sinners, however repentant and interesting, within borders. Henry Arthur Jones makes himself perfectly explicit on this point, by putting quite a lengthy speech into the mouth of Sir Daniel Carteret, and we understand that the creator of Mrs. Dane pities but condemns her. I think he is very hard on the Mrs. Bulsom-Porters of life, for there are many womanly women who fill that rôle with due regard for the mercy that is accorded to the sinner, even while punishment must be meted out for the sin. And I do not believe that the Mrs. Bulsom-Porters, either in life or on the stage, generally enjoy their ungracious task.

By contrast, a very agreeable part to play is that of Lady Eastney, who throws the gentle mantle of charity over the rent robe of the sinner, and who recognizes that a sheltered and virtuous life might have had worse possibilities if exposed to the fierce blaze of temptation. There are a few women who, in their slenderness, grace, and delicacy of tint and line, suggest flowers. Miss Ethel Hornick is one of these. At one time she reminded one of a long-stemmed, swaying, white-crowned lily; at another, a delicious golden jonquil, in all the glory of its

spring-time bloom. She has a swift, graceful impetuosity, both of speech and motion, that is very attractive; and, while she is not yet fully equipped with a sufficient amount of the technique of her profession for hi-play, yet her unusual repose is far more pleasing than uncalculated and fidgety acting. She is the dresser of the company, and when, in the third act, she crossed the stage gowned prettily in a walking-dress of cream wool, every opera glass in the house pertaining to a woman flew to its owner's nose, and was leveled with scientific interest upon the cascade of black velvet ribbons tumbling down her immaculately setting back-breads.

Margaret Dale was rather extinguished in an uninteresting *ingénue* part, but did her duty as far as the part allowed her by looking very girlish, very pretty, and very dainty.

Charles Richman, as Sir Daniel Carteret, gave a curiously good portrait of that eminent justice, considering that it was possible, most of the time, to remember that it was Mr. Richman the actor, and not Sir Daniel the justice, who was before us. It was puzzling, for one could scarcely pick a flaw in the characterization, it was so carefully considered and so thoroughly carried out in detail. In appearance, too, Mr. Richman is suited to the part, being a fine, personable man, with piercing eyes, a dominant chin, and a rich voice. It is probably some slight limitation of temperament that prevents this excellent actor from sinking his identity as thoroughly as he seeks to, and as completely as his abilities would seem to make possible. In the strong scene with Mrs. Dane in the third act, however, the powerful sweep of the drama and the magnificently simulated agony of the woman under fire stimulated the actor to his finest and best. Every glance, every tone, every pause was pregnant with meaning, and for the time the player was indeed the man he strove to represent, and thoroughly within the line of illusion.

Stanley Dark is a man of very appropriate appearance to fill the rôle of a member of the English aristocracy, and put much earnestness and feeling into his brief scene with Mrs. Dane.

Mr. Backus played his rôle of the luckless Mr. Bulsom-Porter with a moderation to be commended, for there was a grateful absence of all cheap and senseless hids for laughter so frequent in a rôle of this kind. Mr. Backus, although the playwright put some rather rude speeches in his mouth, was consistently a gentleman in a friend's drawing-room.

I particularly admired the life-like touches with which Mr. Crompton endowed his portrayal of the Vicar of Sunnywater. Mr. Crompton looked and walked and sat and spoke as one who had passed his life in admonishing his fellow-man from the pulpit, for the dear old fellow's entire architecture was thoroughly theological. He might have stepped out full panopied in English side-whiskers and black broadcloth from one of Anthony Trollope's or George Eliot's novels.

George Osbourne, Jr., was a valuable aid to Miss Anglin in strengthening the tension of the scene in which she makes her desperate appeal to the detective.

The weak point in the cast was in the character of Lionel. Mr. Worsley seemed over young and tender to inspire so profound an attachment in Mrs. Dane's breast, and his cast of feature, being something of the cherubic nature, made this incongruity of type further apparent. In the last act, too, which was not particularly interesting, being merely a tying-up of loose ends, the dramatist seemed determined to treat Lionel as a baby; and when the luckless youth, sighing deeply, laid himself down upon a couch, with a sleeping-powder aboard his lighted person, while one smoothed his hair and another spread a cover over a badly posed and most uncomfortable-looking pair of legs, there really was something suggestive of underdone veal about the affair for which, I think, Mr. Jones, and not Mr. Worsley, should be held responsible.

Another play by this brilliant dramatist has, within a week or so, received in San Francisco a very creditable representation at the hands of the Neill Company. "The Case of Rebellious Susan," does not on the surface purport to be more than a very witty comedy, whose action is based upon a rather obstinate but finally healed matrimonial estrangement. Incidental to its disclosure a great many wise, witty, or cynical comments are passed upon the holy estate of matrimony by the ladies and gentlemen who are friends or relatives of the quarrelling pair. Comments which, if of a flippant nature, were received with tight and chilly smiles by the women and with inexpressible relish by the men in the audience. This is a subject that is inevitably of deep and unflinching interest to all humanity past the age of—well, let us say twelve, and under ninety. And this interest, always chronic, reaches its most acute point when a matrimonial union or a matrimonial separation is impending.

The play opened at a moment when there is a sympathetic rallying of Lady Susan Harabin's family and friends, and we are given to understand that there is Another Woman in the case, and that Jim Harabin's marital inconstancy is the cause of the impending breach. Thus, at one leap, our interest is hugely roused, and the situation gains in probability and dramatic value from the strong desire of the husband to become reconciled. But Lady Susan first demands of her husband a solemn promise, to be given on his honor as a gentleman, that his fault will never be repeated, and Jim, who somewhere in the

background of his miserable and repentant mood is dimly conscious of his inability to keep the promise, fails to make it. Lady Susan thereupon shakes the dust and shackles of matrimony from her feet, and leaves the house with the ominous announcement that she considers herself free in the future to introduce romantic adventures into her own life.

Up to this point there is quite a similarity in subject between Mr. Jones's comedy and one by Dumas the younger, entitled "Francillon." Francillon is the young and beautiful wife of a French viscount, whose attentions, during the period of his wife's maternal devotion to their first child, have strayed, and whose affection has cooled. Francillon, unlike Lady Susan, whose heart remains hard to the recalcitrant, tries by numerous charming feminine wiles to woo him back. She fails, and suddenly develops a determined and mettlesome spirit. Under the sting of her wounded pride and her rebuffed affection, she, too, makes a threat—a more daring one than Lady Susan's—and the lengths to which she goes in carrying it out, told with French candor of tone in Dumas's witty, concise dialogue, make up a comedy of such pronounced interest that, when it was first acted, all married Paris fell to discussing, arguing, and becoming partisans on either side. And, strangely enough, contrary to all the unwholesome traditions of French literature, it is the French heroine whose wifely dignity remains unstained in spite of the plan she lays to compromise herself in her husband's eyes.

And Lady Susan? Well, I have known several instances where two people have sat side by side witnessing this play, and have come off with decidedly varying views as to how far Lady Susan has stretched her conception of what constitutes romantic adventure. This delicate point is handled with the nicest art by the playwright. Not so much so by the players, for, admirable as they were in the other scenes, here they failed in various subtleties of look, gesture, and inflection to indicate the presence of a more serious element in the conjugal disagreement. Nevertheless, I have never seen the company, as a whole, appear to so great advantage as in this play.

Clever dialogue, charged with mead and motive, puts intelligent players at their ease. The Neill Company are people who think first and act afterward, and down to the slightest rôle there were plentiful evidences of careful study. The presentation, as a whole, seemed carefully to follow the lines of a model, rather than to be original, but study is study, and always tells. Furthermore, they possess the pleasant distinction of appearing like ladies and gentlemen—not an unimportant matter in presenting plays by Henry Arthur Jones, for, in witnessing them, we are subtly flattered by finding ourselves in most exclusive society. His women have beauty and breeding, and move with graceful ease through rooms that have an agreeable atmosphere of luxury and good taste. His men are of the polite world, and frequently have the further distinction of possessing brains.

There is a certain impartiality of tone in this play which prevents one, in spite of occasional evidences of seriousness, from regarding it as a thesis embodying Mr. Jones's views on matrimony. It is interesting, however, to observe that both the French and the English play have the same conclusion. The husband and the wife are reconciled, and in both cases the reconciliation is caused by the disciplinary process the husband has been put through. It is a great advantage, however, for an offended wife to be young, handsome, wealthy, and of high lineage. Husbands as well as wivers are influenced by these things. But in spite of both heroines enjoying these very solid advantages, the looker-on feels that their regained happiness is built on sand, and that sooner or later both Jim Harabin and Lucio de Riverolles will be off and away with their leading strings flying loose.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mabelle Gillman, who has entirely recovered from her recent illness, has signed a five years' contract with the Sire Brothers, and will soon appear in New York in the leading rôle of the comic opera, "The King's Carnival."

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Popular Prices—25c, 50c, and 75c. Telephone Bush 9.

## COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, August 12th. Second and Last Week. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Company, Presenting Henry Arthur Jones's Greatest Play.

### — MRS. DANE'S DEFENSE —

August 10th—Daniel Frohman's Company in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment."

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinées To-Day and To-Morrow. Last Two Nights of "Toll-Gate Inn." Week Commencing Monday Evening, August 12th, T. Daniel Frawley Presents

### — THE LIARS —

A Brilliant Comedy of Modern Society Manners. By Henry Arthur Jones. Re-Appearance of T. Daniel Frawley as Col. Sir Christopher Doering. E. J. Morgan in his Original Rôle of Edward Falkner. Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Good Orchestra Seat, All Matinées, 25c. Branch Ticket-Office, Emporium.

## Orpheum

Week Commencing Sunday, August 12th. Charles H. Bradshaw and Company; Remarc & Riley; Hill & Silvan; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelcy; Sisson, Wallace and Company; the Standard Quartet; New Views by the Biograph; and Last Appearances of Alexandra Dagmar.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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## THE ELDER SOTHERN.

## Factual Jokes in Which He Was Concerned.

In an entertaining article on "Happenings to umorists" in the August number of the *Criterion*, urat Halstead relates some amusing stories of the der Sothern, father of the young actor, E. H. Sothern, who has added honors to the famous name by inheriting. Mr. Halstead enjoyed the close friendship of Sothern and found him a remarkable man in any ways. He was humorous as Mark Twain, ally as a sailor, all the while picking up professional joints and carrying on practical jokes, wrought ith such drollery as to be delightful though tortenting. For instance, says the writer:

"He got up the celebrated dinner given to a young English actor of distinction who was wonderfully ill-informed about New York people and Americans generally, and had equipped himself with a lot of letters to society people, which he confidently displayed to Sothern, who told him these were really very clever New York folks, but—'Go to see them, if course,' said Sothern, 'but I want to give you a inner to the descendants of the old Knickerbockers, and then you'll see the real thing, and I shall add a ew literary stars.' Sothern engaged some of the rists of negro minstrel shows and two or three od fellows capable of great pomp and circumstance, besides gave them names of the highest celebrities and made them study their parts for the inner. One of the figures was called William allen Bryant, the great poet, and he was dressed in he height of fashion and carried a pistol under his ress-coat and hung around his neck with a heavy ord, the butt of it heavily mounted with silver, and occasionally visible. There was great courtesy at he dinner until all were seated, when William Culn Bryant—enormous oysters having been placed efore each guest—picked up his half dozen, smelled hem, was dissatisfied, and threw the plate, shells nd all, over his head. This was pronounced ofensive, and there was a fight. Bryant whipped out he brass-barreled horse-pistol, and was about to low out the brains of the alleged Peter Cooper, when he was forcibly restrained. This was the pening incident."

At another time, in London, Sothern played a ood joke on an actress:

"Early one morning he entered a cab, and all day ong, until the shops were closed, and the next day for one hours, he was moving at full speed, ordering rifles in the shops, each to be profusely packed in paper and inclosed in a handbox, the larger the eter, prepaid for delivery at an appointed number and our on the second day. The boxes were addressed with great care, cards having been made ready, and he success was in overwhelming a woman friend with hundreds of handboxes. At the appointed time he street of her residence was filled, and the handboxes made a grotesque pyramid. The contents were straw hats, cotton gloves, boxes of candy, handkerchiefs, stockings, combs, pins. Sothern strolled along with an air of utter unconcern, while the crowd of messengers with handboxes hewildered all beholders."

In the same city he strolled into a hardware store and encountered a young salesman behind the ounter, whose personal appearance did not meet the requirements of his highly cultivated taste:

"He addressed him a muddle of words, using the names of English authors, Macaulay and Thackeray, Charles Reade, and others, adding a torrent of gibberish, purporting to be orders, though nothing was really directed, for putting up the books, making the packages neat, and tying them with good, strong strings. This suddenly brought to a termination, the actor, staring right on in the best Dundreary style, fixing his eye and eye-glass on the young man, begged to know—this very clearly spoken, with a little irritation—how long must one wait to have so simple an order attended to, mentioning that he desired to take the article in hand. The young man was confounded, and begged pardon, but was so sorry he could not understand the gentleman's want, and would be he so good as to say it again. Sothern did say it again, and more incomprehensibly than before. Assuming incredulity about the ignorance of the salesman, and with evidently great difficulty suppressing his indignation, he closed with: 'There now, my good man, hurry it up. Do that for me, please, quickly. I have already been too long detained.' This was followed by a sigh and muttered ejaculation. The youth was in despair, and answered the Dundreary stare of the distinguished impersonator almost tearfully, saying he had understood nothing, except that the gentleman wanted a copy of Macaulay's history of England in six volumes, and he begged to say and hoped it was no offense that this was a hardware shop and not a book-store, and pointed to the goods exposed. Sothern got off one of his tragic exclamations: 'Oh, can it be that I am going mad? I surely have made my little need known. It is such a plain, unmistakable thing! Can it be that we are maniacs?' One of the owners of the establishment stepped quickly forward, seeing a gentleman was in trouble, and the boy was dismayed."

"The proprietor inquired: 'May I know, sir, what it is that you wish?' Sothern leaned across the counter, looking furtively at the young man, who was driven aside by a deprecating wave of the hand of the proprietor; and the well-dressed and dignified customer bowed confidently to this man, and spoke out clear and strong these words: 'I regret this scene, sir, about such a trifle. I merely want to purchase a small rat-tailed file about that long,' measuring on his forefinger and wrist. The amazed hardware man snatched the article himself and had it wrapped up, and turning to the youth, who could not understand, smote him thus: 'Why, the gentleman has not called for books; you must be a bloody fool!'"

One of Sothern's plays was the "Crushed Tragedian," a burlesque on the terrible tragedians. It was a part of the play that at the end of the third act a floral ship was carried down the central aisle and duly presented on the stage, while the "Crushed" bowed and scraped his profound acknowledgments. One evening Mr. Halstead prepared the gigantic bouquet:

"The basis of it was cornstalks and sunflowers, and there were roses and smilax, and a lot of big things and little things. There never had been seen such a bouquet. Success with this tribute depended on sending the cornstalks, sunflowers, etc., on the stage at the end of the second act, taking precedence of the floral ship by one act; and the chance of a triumph hung on that of taking Sothern by surprise, causing him to think my floral giant his floral ship. He was short-sighted, and the scheme worked beautifully. At all the touchy places the plot bore a charmed life, so that when two sturdy vassals, at the end of the second act, marched down the aisle, hearing the towering tribute, having been instructed and rewarded for stolidity, the actor thought there had been a blunder in the delivery of his floral ship. His amazement was wonderful. I had told no tales, and there was a sensation in the house and no explanation. The 'Crushed' wildly tried to shoo the flower-bearers back, swung his arms, made all signs possible to go away, but the gorgeous tower 'still full high advanced'; so he hastened to the footlights and made frantic gesticulations, seeing, when too late, that the tribute was not the ship. I had the pleasure, as the 'Crushed' recoiled in a fine fury, of grinning at him from my box, for which he had provided me with free tickets, and he did not look pleased, and in an undertone used 'unlawful language.'"

Mr. Halstead got a note that night from Sothern which read: "Thought it was the floral ship. Sold dead as nails. The audience called and called and called. I thought they never would stop."

## "The Fortune Teller" in London.

Commenting on the London reception of Alice Nielsen in "The Fortune Teller," Eugene Cowles, said the other day:

"That first night was a terror. The 'hooh-ers club' opened upon us in the second act, and if it hadn't been for Charley Mitchell, the old prize-fighter, they would have arranged our funeral on the spot. When the 'booh-ers' started their racket in the pit, Mitchell jumped up in one of the stalls in front of them and drowned them out. Some one started to 'booh' again, but Mitchell, pointing him out, exclaimed:

"Here, you, over there; do that again and I'll come over and wring your neck."

"Well, they all know Charley, and as none cared for to get up with him they let us alone. But it was a close call. We had made good from the opening chorus and there was really no occasion for interference."

"The trouble was they didn't understand that hoary old joke which Joe Cawthorne tells Herbert about the bird named 'Enza' and when Cawthorne said: 'I opened the cage and in-flew-enza,' they didn't conceive that he was not telling it for a new 'wheez' and began to 'hooh-oo-ooo' to heat the hand. 'We've heard that before,' they cried, and they didn't catch the meaning until some time later."

The time of action of De Koven and Smith's new opera, "Maid Marian," a sequel to "Robin Hood," which the Bostonians will produce in Philadelphia in November, is a period in the fourteenth century. The story will be told in three acts. The scenes will represent a beautiful old English park and castle, a camp of the crusaders in Palestine, with the walls of the fortified city in the distance and an English baronial hall, a fine old mediæval banquet-room. Some of the characters will be those with whom the admirers of comic opera became acquainted in "Robin Hood"—the Sheriff of Nottingham, Little John, Will Scarlet, Friar Tuck, Allan-a-Dale, Guy of Gisborne, Marian, Lady Vivian, and Dame Durden.

Just at this time, while the Republican managers are discussing the question of available candidates for the highest office within the gift of the people of the State, the name of E. B. Edson, of Gazette, Siskiyou County, receives more frequent mention among the rank and file of the party than any other prominent man now before the public. His record as railroad commissioner and presiding officer of that board entitles him to political preferment, and from the impartial manner that has characterized his treatment of all matters that have come under his jurisdiction it is safe to assume that as chief executive of the State he would wield a powerful influence for good government, and would be a credit to California.

Sihyl Sanderson, who has been engaged by Maurice Grau, will first join the company in New Orleans, and will then sing in Los Angeles and San Francisco. It is said that she was engaged especially for the season in San Francisco, as she will be sure to prove a great drawing card. It is not improbable that "Thais" may be revived for her at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Albert Alvarez in the cast. He is to be the leading tenor of the company, as Jean de Reszké has decided not to return next season.

—THE REIGNING LITERARY SUCCESS, "THE Crisis," for sale at Cooper's, 745 Market Street.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Second Week of "Mrs. Dane's Defense."

Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Company enters on its second and last week at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night in Henry Arthur Jones's powerful play, "Mrs. Dane's Defense." Large audiences have crowded the theatre during the week, and the demand for seats for the remainder of the engagement is equally great. Mr. Jones's latest play is a happy combination of laughter and tears, bright witticisms and profound thoughts, and leads up to a powerful climax in the third act, in which Margaret Anglin, as the highly emotional Mrs. Dane, and Charles Richman, as the calm, resolute, dignified lawyer, are seen to excellent advantage. The costumes and settings of the play are in excellent taste, and the stage management is perfect.

On Monday evening, August 19th, Daniel Frohman's stock company, headed by Hilda Spong, will present R. C. Carton's "Lady Huntworth's Experiment."

## The Frawley Company in "The Liars."

Landon McCormick's colonial romance, "The Toll-Gate Inn," will give way at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening to Henry Arthur Jones's "The Liars," presented here on several occasions by Henry Miller. It is what may be called a "drawing-room" play, in the vein of Mr. Jones's "The Case of Rebellious Susan," and hinges on the complications which arise from a wife's indiscreet flirtations. E. J. Morgan will again be seen as Edward Falkner, the infatuated African explorer, a rôle better suited to his strong personality than any in which he has appeared at the Grand Opera House this season. Mary Van Buren will impersonate Lady Jessica, the neglected young wife of the aged Gilbert Nepean, so charmingly played by Margaret Anglin. T. Daniel Frawley will essay Henry Miller's part of Sir Christopher Deering, a mutual friend of husband and lover, who, when the complications become hopelessly tangled, steps in and adjusts matters by taking Falkner abroad with him to continue his career as an explorer, and bringing about a reconciliation between the unbending husband and his indiscreet wife. Altogether an interesting revival is assured, although the Frawley Company will certainly suffer by comparison with the unusually fine casts which Henry Miller has offered us in "The Liars."

## The Tivoli's Double Bill.

In Donizetti's "La Favorita," which will be the bill at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, Giuseppe Agostini, the noted tenor, will make his re-appearance here in the rôle of Ferdinand. He was heard here before with the Del Conte company, and made himself a great favorite by his singing in "La Bohème," "Manon Lescaut," and the other operas in the repertoire of that organization. Collamarini will be the Leonora; Dado, the Balthazar; Ferrari, the king; Cortesi, the Don Caspar; and Sammie Kriger, the Inez.

Tuesday evening will mark the return of the popular soprano, Linda Montanari, as Desdemona in Verdi's "Otello." She was also last heard here with the Del Conte company, when she won great praise for her singing of the rôles of Mimi, Manon, and Santuzza. Others in the cast will be Castellano as the jealous Moor, Salassa as Iago, Lia Polettini as Emelia, Napoleoni as Ludovico, Zani as Montano, and Cortesi, Facci, and Richards in the lesser parts. "Otello" will be repeated on Thursday and Sunday evenings and at the Saturday matinee.

## At the Orpheum.

The leading new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be the clever comedian, Charles H. Bradshaw, who, assisted by Frank Currier, Meta Britton, and Minnie Monk, will present "Fix in a Fix," showing the domestic complications which resulted from the interference of a too zealous mother-in-law; and Remarc and Riley, grotesque acrobats, whose skit is said to be "indescribably droll."

Those retained from this week's bill will be Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelcy, who change their act from "In Trust" to a new comedieta entitled "Uncle Phineas"; Oscar P. Sisson, Ester Wallace, and their company in a "quaint little vocal sketch" entitled "Love Finds a Way," in which Mr. Sisson uses a make-up which strongly suggests Richard Mansfield's Prince Karl; Hill and Silvian, repeating their sensational ride down a flight of stairs on a single wheel without handle-bars; the Standard Quartet of colored vocalists in new selections; and Alexandra Dagmar and the Molasso-Salvaggi troupe of French dancers, who enter on the last week of their engagement.

From the summit of Mt. Tamalpais it is, indeed, a wonderful sight to watch the sunset, to observe the gorgeous changes of color, and the shades of night settle over the valleys far below. Nowhere hut from Tamalpais can a California sunset be observed in all its glory, with nothing to shut off the fine effects as the sun sinks to sleep in the broad Pacific.

In consequence of the long delay at the Comédie-Française in the production of his drama of "Saint Thérèse," the scene of which is Spain in the time of Philip the Second, Catulle Mendès has withdrawn the piece and placed it in the hands of Sarah Bernhardt.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 7, 1901, were as follows:

|                               | BONOS.  |             | Closed. |       |
|-------------------------------|---------|-------------|---------|-------|
|                               | Shares. | @           | Bid.    | Asked |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.....         | 4,000   | @ 106½      | 106½    |       |
| Contra C. Water 5%.....       | 1,000   | @ 108       | 107½    |       |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%.....         | 7,000   | @ 119½      | 118½    |       |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....        | 26,000  | @ 106       | 105     |       |
| Oakland Transit 6%.....       | 10,000  | @ 118-119   | 117½    | 119   |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909 13,000 | 1,000   | @ 102½      | 102½    |       |
| S. P. Branch 6%.....          | 2,000   | @ 112-112½  | 112½    |       |
| S. V. Water 4%.....           | 9,000   | @ 102½-102½ | 102½    |       |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d.....        | 19,000  | @ 101½-101½ | 101½    |       |
|                               | STOCKS. |             | Closed. |       |
|                               | Shares. | @           | Bid.    | Asked |
| Contra Costa Water.....       | 160     | @ 76½-76½   | 75½     | 77    |
| Spring Valley Water.....      | 20      | @ 85½-85½   | 85½     | 86½   |
| Gas and Electric.             |         |             |         |       |
| Equitable Gaslight.....       | 230     | @ 47½-53½   | 5½      | 5½    |
| Oakland Gas.....              | 40      | @ 50½-51    | 51      |       |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....     | 1,845   | @ 42-44     | 42½     | 43½   |
| Banks.                        |         |             |         |       |
| Bank of Cal.....              | 32      | @ 405       | 404     | 406   |
| German S. & L.....            | 4       | @ 1880      | 1870    | 1900  |
| Street R. R.                  |         |             |         |       |
| Market St.....                | 268     | @ 74-75½    | 76½     | 78½   |
| Powders.                      |         |             |         |       |
| Giant Co.....                 | 130     | @ 76½-77    | 77½     |       |
| Vigorit.....                  | 115     | @ 3½        | 3       | 4½    |
| Sugars.                       |         |             |         |       |
| Hana P. Co.....               | 100     | @ 6½        | 6½      | 7     |
| Honokaa S. Co.....            | 1,080   | @ 14½-15½   | 15½     |       |
| Hutchinson.....               | 540     | @ 16½-16½   | 16½     | 16½   |
| Kilauea S. Co.....            | 100     | @ 16½       | 16      | 16½   |
| Makaweli S. Co.....           | 475     | @ 30½-30½   | 30½     | 30½   |
| Onohua S. Co.....             | 100     | @ 22        | 22½     |       |
| Paahau S. P. Co.....          | 2,050   | @ 17-20½    | 17½     |       |
| Miscellaneous.                |         |             |         |       |
| Alaska Packers.....           | 65      | @ 130½-130½ | 130½    | 130½  |
| Oceanic S. Co.....            | 50      | @ 46        | 46      | 50    |

The sugar stocks have been traded in at the amount of 4,600 shares, Honokaa Sugar Company selling as low as 14½, and Paahau at 17, but at the close were in better demand, with a gain of from three-quarters to one point. Paahau has reduced their monthly dividend from thirty cents to twenty cents per share.

There was a small demand for Spring Valley Water, which took the stock to 86½ sales, but at the close, on small offerings, sold down one-half a point.

San Francisco Gas and Electric has been active, and sold up to 44 on sales of 1,900 shares, but was sold off to 42, and at the close, on small buying orders, advanced one and a half points to 43½, closing at 42½ bid and 43½ asked. Equitable Gas was in good demand, selling up to 5½ on small sales, closing at 5½ bid, 5½ asked.

Claus Spreckels is quoted in an interview in the *Chronicle* as saying that he "refused to listen to the proposition for the consolidation of all of the gas and electric companies of this city a month or so ago. The statement that I am prepared to sell out to the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company is unfounded."

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O Lord, I come to Thee in prayer once more;  
But pardon that I do not kneel before  
Thy gracious presence—for my knees are sore  
From too much walking. In my chair instead  
I'll sit at ease, and humbly how my head.

I've labored in Thy vineyard, Thou dost know:  
I've sold ten tickets to the minstrel show.  
I've called on fifteen strangers in our town,  
Their contributions to our church put down.  
I've baked a pot of beans for Wednesday's spree—  
As "Old Time Supper" it is going to be.  
I've dressed three dolls for our annual fair,  
And made a cake which we will raffle there.

Now, with Thy boundless wisdom so sublime,  
Thou knowest that these duties all take time.  
I have no time to fight my spirit's foes;  
I have no time to mend my husband's clothes.  
My children roam the streets from morn till night,  
I have no time to teach them to do right.  
But Thou, O Lord, considering my cares,  
Wilt count them righteousness, and heed my prayers.

Bless the beao supper and the minstrel show,  
And put it in the hearts of all to go.  
Induce all visitors to patronize  
The men who in our programmes advertise,  
Because I've chased those merchants till they hid  
When'er they saw me coming—yes, they did.

Increase the contributions to our fair,  
And bless the people who assemble there.  
Bless Thou the grab-bag and the gypsy teet,  
The flower-table and the cake that's sent.  
May our whist club be to Thy service blest;  
The dancing-party gayest than the rest.  
And when Thou hast bestowed these blessings—tho  
We pray that Thou wilt bless our souls. Amen.

—Caroline A. Walker in Life.

Heory Litchfield West, writing in the August *Forum* about the President's recent transcontinental journey, says: "The very first fact which, in my judgment, impressed itself upon the President and his party, is the homogeneity of the American people. We reached San Francisco by way of Memphis, New Orleans, El Paso, and Los Angeles. The journey was over three thousand miles in length, and yet there was no city en route, no crowd which gathered, which was not thoroughly and typically American. This, it may be remarked, was to have been expected; and yet the importance of the fact is not thereby lessened. I can now well understand why the weary brain-worker or the broken-down money-maker turns his face toward England and the Continent in his rest-seeking moments. A few hours from London and he is amid the kaleidoscopic scenes of Paris; then Switzerland is within easy reach; Italy and Spain lie beyond; Germany and Russia, or even Turkey and Egypt, are comparatively near at hand. Within a distance equal to that which separates New York and San Francisco, there are a dozen nationalities, each with its distinctive characteristics and each affording the delight of novelty. But the United States is the United States from ocean to ocean, from Canadiana border to the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The city which is reached to-day is but the counterpart of the city which was left yesterday. There is no unvarying monotony of architecture, an absolute lack of diversity in dress and custom. The people are actuated by the same ideas, they speak an identical language, they sell the same goods in stores modeled after the same pattern. Market Street in San Francisco is but a reproduction of Market Street in Philadelphia, even to the ferries at the lower end; and State Street in Chicago is but Broadway built up again with greater width."

William E. Curtis has been visiting the Island of Elsinore, the scene of the tragedy of Hamlet, which stands off the northern point of the Danish peninsula. He says that although the present castle of Kronborg was not built for five hundred years after the time of Hamlet, the numerous guides will point out the platform where Hamlet played before the king, and the rampart upon which the ghost walked. The fact that Ophelia does not appear in the account of the monk named Saxo-Græmmaticus, who first told the story of Hamlet and from which Shakespeare took his plot, does not interfere with the imagination of the poets and guide-book writers. They point out the place in the moat of the old castle where she was drowned, and in the park there is a spring which is christened in her honor. Near by is another spring that bears the name of Hamlet, and in a beautiful sequestered dale is his burial place, marked by a cairn of stones, partially moss-covered, and a rude shaft of granite which bears the inscription: "Hamlet's Grav." It is the favorite joke of scoffers to ask the guides "where the grave used to be," because, according to traditions that are said to be well founded, it has occupied its present site less than a century, and was originally in the private grounds of a merchant at the other end of the tow. This gentleman became so annoyed by the pilgrims who came to the place that he told the town council he would pay the entire expense of fixing up a more appropriate grave for Hamlet if they would designate a proper location in one of the parks. He did as he promised. The result has been satisfactory all around. He is not annoyed by sight-seers, and the present location is much more convenient to the public; but, upon the payment of an extra fee, the

guides will point out the original grave. However, Hamlet's tomb, Ophelia's drowning place, the rampart where the ghost walked, and the grassy plain which Hamlet used as a stage for his celebrated outdoor performance, are a great attraction to tourists and support several hotels. They have brought much money to Elsinore, and public interest in them still continues. Notwithstanding the doubt that has been cast upon their authenticity, all of the great tragedians have been there, including Bernhardt, Irving, Forrest, and Booth, and largely through contributions from the dramatic profession a statue has been erected by Nielsine Peterse, a Danish artist. Everything about the tow is named after Hamlet or Ophelia, just as everything at Stratford-on-Avon is named after Shakespeare. There is a Hamlet bicycle and a Hamlet hotel, a Hamlet biscuit and a Hamlet cigar, Hamlet perfumery and Hamlet hams, Hamlet butter and Hamlet dressing-cases and traveling-bags. Ophelia does not fare so well, although there are several places named in her honor. The ghost has his promenade, but the king and queen are entirely ignored. They have a very bad reputation.

In Frederic Harrison's "appreciation" of things America, he did not fail to refer to our literature, though he did not wax so enthusiastic about our output of books as about that of steel and pork. The excuse which he kindly found for the lack of charm and sparkle in our writers was the fact that "American society does not lead itself to the daily practice of polished conversation." And he added: "After all, it is conversation, the spokeo thought of groups of men and women in familiar and easy intercourse, which gives the aroma of literature to written ideas. And where the arts of conversation have but a moderate scope and value, the literature will be solid but seldom brilliant." Commenting on Mr. Harrison's remarks, the *New York Evening Post* says: "If conversation in New York society did not please Mr. Harrison, he will be glad to hear that it is disappearing and promises to become extinct. The over fashionable world meets to feed, to be amused by high-priced singers or actors, but as for talking—have they not social tortures enough to endure without resorting to that *peine forte et dure*? It is the rule, we are informed by architects, to have a cozy little theatre, instead of a drawing-room, built in the palaces of our grandees whose social star takes them and its way from West to East. They are wise. They will hire their talking done. Instructed by Martinus Scriblerus that 'Vulgar Conversation' only adapts the mind to the 'lowest thoughts,' they eschew it altogether; so that presently howling and giggling but speechless automata might easily take the place, and fulfill all the duties of host or guest in their gatherings of the elite. For them, it is clear, 'style' can mean only what it does to servant-girls—something which 'they are wearing now,' and which, whatever else it be, is awfully expensive."

Miss Elizabeth Van Duzer, who went to Paris from Portland, Me., three weeks ago, bound for Luchon, intended to remain in the French capital only twenty-four hours, but considering herself overcharged in a fashionable restaurant she had mistakenly entered, she decided to remain as long as necessary to make the "robbers" disgorge. Her case was called last week. The bill for two ladies—Miss Van Duzer and her companion—amounted to eighteen dollars. The judge reduced the amount one-third, as being manifestly outrageous. One item was two dollars and eighty cents for a meion. The restaurant proprietor explained that it was customary to charge for a whole meion, however little was eaten. Three French volunteer witnesses testified that for a meion the charge to them was only one dollar. Thereupon the judge delivered a severe lecture on the "bideoose practice of robbing foreigners." He required the proprietor to partly reimburse the complainant and to pay the cost of the trial. Miss Van Duzer says now she will sue for five thousand dollars damages on account of having been delayed in Paris.

In "Stage-Coach and Tavern Days," published by the Macmillan Company, Mrs. Earle says: "There lies before me a collection of two-score old hotel bills of fare about half a century old. The menus are printed on long narrow slips of poor paper, not on card-board. They show much excellence and variety in quality, and abundance in quantity; they are, I think, as good as hotels of similar size would offer to-day. There are more boiled meats proportionately than would be served now, and fewer desserts. Here is what the America House, of Springfield, had for its guests on October 2, 1851: Mock-turtle soup; boiled blue-fish with oyster sauce; boiled chickens with oyster sauce; boiled muttoo with caper sauce; boiled tongue, ham, corned beef and cabbage; boiled chickens with pork; roast beef, lamb, chickens, veal, pork, and turkey; roast partridge; fricassee chicken; oyster patties, chicken pie, boiled rice, macaroon; apple, squash, mince, custard, and peach pies; boiled custard; blanc-mange, tapioca pudding, peaches, outs, and raisins. Vegetables were not named; doubtless every autumnal vegetable was served. At the Union Palace Hotel, in 1850, the vegetables were mashed potatoes, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, boiled rice, omelets, tomatoes, squash, cauliflower, turnips, and spicach. At

the United States Hotel, in Philadelphia, the variety was still greater, and there were twelve entrées. The Southern hotels offered nine entrées, and egg-plant appears among the vegetables. The wine lists are ample; those of 1840 might be of to-day, that is, in regard to familiar names; but the prices were different. Mumm's champagne was two dollars and a half a quart; Ruinart and Cliquot, two dollars; the best Sauterne a dollar a quart; Rudesheimer, 1811, and Hochheimer, two dollars; clarets were higher-priced, and Burgundies. Madeiras were many in number, and high-priced; Constantia (twenty years in glass) and Diploma (forty years in wood) were six dollars a bottle. At Barnum's Hotel there were Madeiras at ten dollars a bottle, sherries at five, hock at six; this hotel offered thirty choice Madeiras—and these dinners were served at two o'clock. Corkage was a dollar."

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont was forced to abandon her proposed "patent medicine quackery," which was to have been the feature of her dance at Newport a fortnight ago. She was compelled to take this step owing to the avalanche of letters and telegrams which the announcement of the entertainment brought down upon herself and upon her invited guests from the proprietors of patent medicines and from their advertising agents. Eager to avail themselves of such a favorable opportunity to advertise their "cures" among the Four Hundred, they offered not only to design the costumes worn to represent each particular remedy, but also to defray all the expenses in connection therewith, some even being impolitic enough to offer monetary considerations if their proposals were accepted.

The Dowager Empress Frederick, of Germany, mother of Emperor William, died at Cronberg on Monday, August 5th, at the age of sixty-one. According to Mrs. W. W. Sherwood, in the *July Smart Set*, "she had the most talent and the least beauty of the daughters of Queen Victoria, with the apparently happy lot of being wife to the best fellow in Europe, 'Unser Fritz'; but she had a life-long quarrel with his mother, with Bismarck, and with the German people. They all hated her, and accused her of a flirtation with her faithful servant, Seckendorf. Her devotion to her 'Unser Fritz' did not stop their mouths. She put the final touch to her unpopularity by her mistake in furnishing with English furniture, for Queen Victoria on one of her visits, the apartments of the beautiful Queen Louise, the high priestess of the German people. This nearly provoked a riot. Why should a clever woman have made such a blunder? Because she had her mother's fault of a very dogged obstinacy. 'My will or nothing,' has been the motto of both. Then she had a life-long quarrel with her son. May an old clergyman, looking oo, has condemned him, perhaps unjustly, and has quoted the tremendous Scripture, 'He who mocketh at his father and obeyeth not the law of his mother, the eagles of the mount shall pluck out his eye, and the young eagles shall eat it,' as the medical experts all over the world tell of his disease of the ear, and claim that it mounts to the brain and will eventually push out one of his eyes. Furthermore, this princess of Great Britain had to see her Fritz die the dreadful death of cancer in the throat, and now has to meet a lingering death herself. Yet she had many years of honor and splendor. Queen Victoria always gave her precedence over all the other children, except the Prince of Wales."

Secretary Root has prohibited the army quartermasters in Washington from importing into this country another lot of Paoama bats. A fortnight ago a large number of these bats were brought from Porto Rico. They were of excellent quality, and were easily retailed for ten or fifteen dollars, current market prices. They were sold at cost to army officers on duty in Washington who were willing to pay the price of one dollar and five cents asked for each bat. Circulars were sent to these officers asking them to call between two and twelve o'clock on a Wednesday morning at the United States depot quartermaster's, near the War Department. Loog before the expiration of that period the hats were purchased by those entitled to the favor. The demand proved so great that the army quartermasters arranged to import an additional lot of five hundred bats. Secretary Root got wind of the proposed transaction and prohibited the importation of the hats, on the ground that it was an unnecessary favor to extend an army officer and calculated to arouse the ire of the hat manufacturers and dealers who were being deprived of a chance to sell America-made goods. Besides, the bats were admitted free of duty, and were being sold at absurdly low prices.

Sufficient stamps will be issued this year to supply every man, woman, and child in the United States with at least sixty stamps each. Distributed among the population of the entire globe, they would supply each person with postage for not less than three letters. If spread out across the United States, the stamps would form a paper sidewalk from New York to San Francisco over three feet wide.

— WHY EXPERIMENT WITH OTHER BRANDS when you can get Jesse Moore Whisky at all times and places?

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODELL.  
Based at Directors: Ign. Steinhart, Emil Robte, H. B. Russ, N. Oblandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
Contingent Fund..... 440,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Hills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES.....President  
WILLIAM BABCOCK.....Vice-President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,681,497.64  
July 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
Boston.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank  
Chicago.....The National Shawmut Bank  
Philadelphia.....First National Bank  
St. Louis.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
San Francisco.....Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères  
Berlin.....Direction der Deutsche Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits,  
December 31, 1900, \$3,620,223.88.

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;  
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst.-Cashier;  
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst.-Cashier.  
Directors—John J. Valentine, Oliver Eldridge, Homer S. King, John J. McCook, Andrew Christensen, H. E. Huntington, Geo. E. Gray, John Berningham, Dudley Evans.  
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081-  
895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.  
411 California Street.

A large and successful advertiser says that when he first went into business he regarded newspaper advertising as an expense which was important, but not essential to success, but a little experience taught him to view regular and systematic advertising in the most widely circulated newspapers as an investment or as a necessary part of the capital put into his establishment. "Like any other safe investment," he says, "the newspaper ad. brings in profits, and without it an enterprise falls short of its possibilities."—*Fourth Estate.*

San Jose is now on the map. It has long been one of the finest residence and business points in California. The closing of the "Gap" in the Coast Line makes it the finest. San Jose is in the heart of Santa Clara County, the richest county in the State. Now is the time to invest. Choice residence lots on Tenth Street and future business property on the corner of Ninth and Santa Clara Streets for sale.

WOOSTER & WHITTON, No. 7 West  
Santa Clara Street, San José.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

According to the London *Vanity Fair*, a celebrated surgeon met a young officer in Piccadilly the other day, and greeted him with surprise: "Well, I am pleased to see you! I am surprised! Do you know I have a portion of your brain in a jar at home?" "Ah, well," laughed the other, "I can easily spare that; I have got a berth in the war office!"

Replying to his opponent's remark that "the Boers are unwashed and semi-barbarous," Professor Joseph French Johnson, in a recent public debate in Philadelphia regarding the South African war, retorted, solemnly: "It is true that the Boers are not cleanly of person, but the English have driven them first from Cape Colony, and then from Natal, to the desolate uplands beyond the Vaal where there is no water; and how, therefore, can you expect them to wash?"

Some days ago a swarm of bees entered a roadside letter-box near Mullingar, in Ireland. A number of letters were in the box, and the postmaster-general offered a reward of two shillings (fifty cents) to any person dislodging the bees. This tempting offer resulted in the sending of a stinging letter from the owner of the swarm, who threatened, if the bees were injured, to take legal proceedings against Lord Londonderry, as his own offer to remove the intruders was rendered fruitless by the refusal of the post-office authorities to allow the door of the letter-box to be opened.

It is said that not long ago Rear-Admiral Robley Evans entered a fashionable house of worship in New York and took a seat far forward. He was well but not very expensively dressed. Soon after the admiral had seated himself, a man and his wife entered. He looked uneasy, and pulling out his card wrote on it: "Do you know I pay fifteen hundred dollars a year for this pew?" Not to be outdone in courtesy, Admiral Evans took one of his own cards, and above his name, which necessarily gave his naval rank, wrote in reply: "Well, you pay too much."

Jean Carrière, of the Paris *Matin*, who returned recently from South Africa, relates an encounter of Lord Kitchener with a dandy officer who had an unfortunately effeminate taste in trifles. The young man came to him one day bringing a dainty silk handkerchief upon which, in accordance with a prevailing fashionable fad, he desired him to inscribe his autograph. Lord Kitchener took the handkerchief, and remarked: "This is doubtless your sister's handkerchief?" "No," replied the dandy, smiling amiably, "it is mine." Lord Kitchener handed it back without writing on it, only inquiring as he did so, with an air of serious interest: "And what sized hair-pins do you wear?"

A local musical critic of Hagerstown, Md., wrote thus of a performance of "Inlanthe," which was recently produced there: "Melodic curves of divine intensity vaulted aloft, mirroring the perturbations of music's soul and painting the struggle for subliminal expression upon the airy fabric of voice dreams. Ecstatically, yet orderly, the chorus rang its accompaniment, dashing the serene waves of its cloud-capped visions right to the ultimate bars of human reach. The audience was sympathetic and enrapt, hanging with dramatic fervor to the meticulous inspiration of the passionate verve of the sinuous, irresistibly direct and coordinate harmonies, which passed off the ivory gates and scored their triumphs in the very heart of music's capital."

General O. O. Howard, who commanded one of the wings of Sherman's army on the famous march to the sea, and who bore Lee's first shock at Gettysburg, was once interviewed on the subject of answers to prayer. In his famous fight with Stunewall Jackson the Union forces were defeated, so he was asked: "You prayed before that battle?" "Yes," he answered. "And Jackson was a praying man. He prayed also?" "Yes," he assented. "Then how was it he gained the victory? Did that mean that the Union cause was wrong?" Very gently the good old general replied: "Both our prayers were answered. Jackson prayed for immediate victory and I for the ultimate triumph of our cause. We both got what we prayed for."

One of the greatest curiosities in Modoc County is the stone wall, four feet high, which nearly surrounds Jesse D. Carr's estate of twenty-five thousand acres. In order to protect his stock, Mr. Carr built the fence at a cost of something like sixty thousand dollars. "Do you know what the United States marshal said about it, when he was sent out here to investigate at the time they were trying to force me to pull it down during Cleveland's administration?" he said to a friend recently. "Well, he looked it over carefully, and he said to me: 'Carr, I don't know which is the biggest deal—fool—the government for wanting to pull down that fence, or you for putting it up.' That," added Mr. Carr with keenest appreciation, "was the most sensible thing

I ever heard about that fence—even if I did put it up."

Several years ago the Ponca Indians were given a certain number of plows to care for their crops. Kicking Bear, a sub-chief, told his neighbors that he did not propose to take his plow in the sheds at the end of the plowing season. "Uncle Sam wants Indians to farm," he said; "White Father give us heap more plows when want them." But he was never more mistaken, for when the agent heard of his boast, he sent the Indian to jail, where he remained three weeks for his threat. He was glad enough to take care of his implements after that. William R. Draper says that a great many of the Poncas keep their farming-tools in the two-room houses erected for them by the government, while the family are content to reside in tepees.

## Twain Thinks Old Age Should Precede Youth.

Mark Twain will not be able to attend the Missouri Day celebration in Kansas City to-day (Saturday), August 11th, to commemorate the State's admission to the Union, but he has written a letter in regard to it that will be read to his fellow-Missourians on this occasion. The letter was received by E. L. Dimmit, secretary of the Missouri Jubilee Association. Mark Twain was born at Florida, in Monroe County, and was one of the first to be asked to take part in the celebration of the State's eightieth birthday. Mr. Clemens's letter is as follows:

"AMONG THE ADIRONDACK LAKES, July 19, 1901: Dear Sir—By an error in the plans things go wrong end first in this world; and so much precious time is lost and matters of urgent importance are fatally retarded. Invitations which a brisk young fellow should get, and which would transport him with joy, are delayed and impeded and obstructed until they are fifty years overdue when they reach him. It has happened again in this case. When I was a boy in Missouri I was always on the lookout for invitations, but they always miscarried and went wandering through the aisles of time, and now they are arriving when I am old and rheumatic and can't travel, and must lose my chance. I have lost a world of delight through this matter of delaying invitations. Fifty years ago I would have gone eagerly across the world to help celebrate anything that might turn. It would have made no difference to me what it was so that I was there, and allowed a chance to make a noise.

"The whole science of things is turned wrong end to. Life should begin with age and its privileges and accumulations, and end with youth and its capacity to splendidly enjoy such advantages. As things are now, when in youth a dollar would bring you a hundred pleasures, you can't get it; when you are old you get it, and there's nothing worth buying with it then. It's an epitome of life. The first half of it consists of the capacity to enjoy without the chance, the last half consists of the chance without the capacity.

"I am admonished in many ways that time is pushing me inexorably along. I am approaching the threshold of age—in 1977 I shall be one hundred and forty-two. This is not the time to be flitting about the earth; I must cease from the activities proper to youth and begin to take on the dignities and gravities and inertia proper to that season of honorable senility which is in its way and imminent—as indicated above.

"Yours is a great and memorable occasion, and, as a son of Missouri, I should hold it a high privilege to be there and share your just pride in the State's achievements; but I must deny myself the indulgence, while thanking you earnestly for the prized honor you have done me in asking me to be present.

Very truly yours,  
"S. L. CLEMENS."

## Why She Quit the 'Phone.

"The young woman employed as a stenographer had a beau named Will, to whom she talked some twenty-five times a day," says the Boston Record. "The lawyer who labored under the impression that he was paying for the stenographer's time was not pleased that Maggie should drop her work and rush frantically to the telephone every time the bell rang, and stand there for fifteen minutes debating whether or not Will ought to have told Clara that secret which he knew well enough was none of Clara's business. One day the lawyer left his office, and, going to another telephone in the building, called up his own office. Of course, Maggie rushed frantically to the 'phone, and answered.

"Hello," said the lawyer, in a muffled voice. "This is a lineman testing the wire. Kindly stand one foot in front of the receiver and say hello."

"Maggie obeyed.

"Thank you. Now stand two feet to one side and say hello."

"Maggie complied.

"Thank you. Now stand two feet on the other side and say hello."

"It was done.

"Thank you. Now stand on your head and say hello."

"Maggie seems to be somewhat backward in answering the telephone now."

What may be expected: "Is your wife a club-woman, Haskins?" "Never has been, but now she's going to join the hired girl's union, so she can have 'Bargain Monday'."—Chicago Record Herald.

## Moore's Polson Oak Remedy.

Cures pinworm and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

When Father Rode the Goat.

The house is full of arnica  
And mystery profound;  
We do not dare to run about  
Or make the slightest sound;  
We leave the big piano shut  
And do not strike a note;  
The doctor's been here seven times  
Since father rode the goat.

He joined the lodge a week ago—

Gut in at 4 A. M.,  
And sixteen brethren brought him home,  
Though he says he brought them.  
His wrist was sprained, and one big rip  
Had rent his Sunday coat—  
There must have been a lively time  
When father rode the goat.

He's resting on the couch to-day

And practicing his signs—  
The hailing signal, working grip,  
And other monkeyshines;  
He mutters passwords 'neath his breath,  
And other things he'll quote—  
They surely had an evening's work  
When father rode the goat.

He has a gorgeous uniform,

All gold and red and blue,  
A hat with plumes and yellow braid,  
And golden badges, too.  
But, somehow, when we mention it,  
He wears a look so grim  
We wonder if he rode the goat  
Or if the goat rode him.

—Baltimore American.

## "The Lesson" Kipling Has Taught Us.

It was all our fault and not very great fault—we praised him in the beginning.

So it isn't his fault, not all his fault—he's as much sinned at as sinning.

We worshipped his face and sang his songs from a page just yesterday;

So we got our lesson and got it good, till the task was far from heavenly.

For 9 times 9 makes 81 and 2 plus 2 is 4,  
And horses are quicker than messenger-boys, and a Briton runs quicker than a Boer.

And bikes are quicker than hob-tail cars, but the quickest of all that class

Is the blubbering automobilist gnate, petroleum, steam, or gas.

So it was our fault, our terrible fault; by the Great Horn Spout—Who knows?

Had we jumped on him with a Saxon vim, his verse mightn't now be prose.

So the more he works and the less he prints, 'twill be better all round, you bet!

We have had an imperial lesson, and we'll profit—lest we forget!

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## Pure Cow's Milk,

made sterile and guarded against contamination, from beginning to baby's bottle, is the perfection of substitute feeding for infants. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has stood first among infant foods for more than forty years.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; ORDER from any coal-dealer.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

V V O

## Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

## TOURS

FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE

## ROUND THE WORLD

(Via Japan, China, India, Egypt, etc.)

From San Francisco, Sept. 4th, Oct. 15th, Oct. 31st.

From Vancouver, Sept. 9th.

## EGYPT AND PALESTINE

(Via Athens and Constantinople)

From New York, Sept. 21st.

Illustrated descriptive programmes on application. Sailing lists of Nile steamers for ensuing season now ready.

THOS. COOK & SON,  
621 Market St., San Francisco.

## DOMINION LINE

Fastest Twin-Screw Passenger Service.  
Boston to Liverpool via Queenstown

S. S. NEW ENGLAND, 11,600 Tons, Length 575 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, August 14th.

S. S. COMMONWEALTH, 13,000 Tons, Length 600 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, August 21st.

Portland, Me., to Liverpool  
S. S. CAMPROMAN, sailing Saturday, August 17th.  
S. S. VANCOUVER, sailing Saturday, August 17th.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast,  
621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

RICHES AREN'T NECESSARY  
TO LUXURY.

We build to order, care for, and repair

## AUTOMOBILES

and sell them on monthly installments. We'll fill your orders by telephone.

## California Automobile Co.

Main Office, 222 Sansome St.  
Factory, 346 McAllister St. Phone Jessie 366.

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622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, August 27  
Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, September 20

Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, October 15  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Thursday, November 7

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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America Maru..... Saturday, August 10  
Hongkong Maru..... Wednesday, September 4

Nippon Maru..... Friday, September 27  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
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## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

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Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
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S. S. Mariposa, for Honolulu only, August 10, 1901, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu. Pago Pago, Anckland and Sydney, Thursday, August 22, 1901, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Australia, for Tahiti, September 11, 1901, at 10 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., July 5,  
10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., July 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, August 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles): Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M. State of Cal.—Wednesdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Huemene, San Pedro, East San Pedro, and Newport ("Corona" only).

Corona—Saturdays, 9 A. M. Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month. For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice. Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg Westbound.

St. Louis.....August 14  
Philadelphia.....August 21  
St. Paul.....August 28

St. Louis.....September 4  
Philadelphia.....September 11  
St. Paul.....September 18

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Kensington.....August 14  
Zeehind.....August 21  
Friesland.....August 28

Southwark.....September 4  
Vaderland.....September 11  
Kenington.....September 18

\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Richardson-Gage Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Stanford Gage, daughter of Mr. Stephen T. Gage, and Mr. William R. Richardson, of Austin, Tex., took place at the home of the bride's father, 1300 Harrison Street, Oakland, on Tuesday evening, August 6th. The ceremony was solemnized at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. Robert Ritchie, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Miss Rose Nalle, of Austin, Tex., a cousin of the groom, was the maid of honor. Miss Mabel Gage and Miss Ethel Gage, sisters of the bride, Miss Chrissie Taft, Miss Ruth Dunham, Miss Belle Nicholson, and Miss Amy Scoville, of New York, were the bridesmaids. Mr. George Gage, brother of the bride, was the best man, and Mr. George Gross and Mr. Cornelius Roman acted as ushers.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the guests sat down to a wedding supper, which was served in a large marquee which had been erected on the lawn. Besides the bridal party, those who sat at the bride's table were: Miss Pauline Lohse, Miss Anita Lohse, Miss Kate Chabot, Miss Carrie Nicholson, Miss Alma Brown, Mr. Russell Lukens, Mr. Charles K. Field, Mr. Philip Wadsworth, Mr. Cleve Baker, Mr. Montell Taylor, Mr. McClure Gregory, Mr. Duncan McDuffie, and Mr. Ray Crawford.

Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, after a three weeks' wedding journey, will return to Oakland to be present at the wedding of Miss Ethel Gage, when they will leave for Austin, Tex., which will be their future home.

## The Castner-White Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Ada White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. White, and Captain J. C. Castner, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., took place on Saturday morning, August 3d, at St. Ignatius Church. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. Father Frieden. Miss Gertrude Sullivan was the maid of honor, and Captain Harold P. Howard, U. S. A., was the best man. After the ceremony the bridal party and relatives repaired to the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. George T. Bliss, at 1581 Pacific Avenue, where a wedding breakfast was served.

Owing to the illness of the bride, the proposed wedding trip to Catalina had to be temporarily abandoned, and in the meantime Captain and Mrs. Castner will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss.

## Notes and Gossip.

The marriage is announced of Mrs. Henry Janin to Mr. George H. Mendell. The event took place in Boston on Friday, August 2d. The lady was divorced quite recently from Mr. Henry Janin, although they have been separated for some time. Mrs. Mendell is well-known in San Francisco. She is a very handsome woman, and was a great belle in the elder set of some years ago in which she and Mrs. Fred Sharon were leaders. She is a sister of Hamilton Smith, the well-known mining engineer, and of Ballard Smith, an equally well-known journalist, who married Miss Butterworth, a New York heiress, and died abroad not long ago.

The wedding of Miss Eva Herold, daughter of Mr. Rudolph Herold, Jr., and granddaughter of Mrs. N. Van Burgen, and Dr. E. W. Westphal, son of Mr. C. Westphal, took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening, August 7th. The ceremony was performed at six o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Buchler. Later in the evening Dr. and Mrs. Westphal departed on their wedding journey for Banff, Canada. After an Eastern tour they will return to San Francisco and take up their residence at the corner of Haight and Pierce Streets.

The date of the wedding of Miss Pauline Lohse and Mr. Montell Taylor, of Oakland, has been set for Wednesday, August 21st. It will be a quiet home affair.

The engagement is announced of Miss Clara A. Well, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Weil, of New York, and Mr. Adolph Zuckerman, of this city. The wedding will take place in New York in October.

Mrs. A. H. Loughborough recently gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Tomlinson, of New York, who is the guest of Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee, Miss Ethel Keeney, the Misses Loughborough, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, and Mr. J. P. Whitney.

Miss Maylita Pease gave a "river party" at Portland, Or., last week, the objective point being Riverside, from whence, after refreshments were served, the party returned to town.

Mrs. Edson F. Adams, of Oakland, gave a luncheon during the week in honor of Miss Ida Belle Palmer, whose engagement to Mr. George Wheaton has just been announced. Mrs. Adams's guests were Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. George McNear, Mrs. Thomas Prather, Miss Bessie McNear, and Miss Lucy Moffitt.

Among the Californians who were present at the v. deville entertainment given by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish at "Crossways," Newport, recently, were Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, Miss Rutherford, and Mr. Peter D. Martin.

The Burlingame Country Club has elected the following officers: President, George A. Newhall;

vice-president, Henry T. Scott; secretary-treasurer, A. B. Ford; board of directors, George A. Newhall, J. A. Folger, F. S. Moody, T. L. Driscoll, A. H. Payson, Francis Carolan, W. B. Tubbs, A. B. Ford, H. T. Scott, J. Kruttschnitt, J. L. Rathbone, and G. A. Pope.

## Art Notes.

When the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art opens on Monday, Robert L. Aitken, the young California sculptor, will be at the head of the department of sculpture, Douglas Tilden having resigned so as to be able to devote his attention solely to his own work. Mr. Aitken, who is only in his twenty-third year, first attracted attention by his bust of Mme. Modjeska, and in 1898 his bronze door to the Crocker tomb, which was called "The Gate of Silence," was warmly praised. He followed this with "Art Lured to Bohemia," which created a furore at the Bohemian Club Winter Exhibition in 1899. "Life's Flowing Bowl," a fountain design for Union Square, made the following year, was the cause of a controversy, which resembled the famous Bacchante controversy in Boston. The spandrels for the Claus Spreckels music-stand in Golden Gate Park were his next work. They were followed, among other works, by "Ambition," a group now on exhibition at the Hopkins Institute; "To Our Host Sequoia," presented to the Bohemian Club, and on exhibition at the club; "Love's Answer" and "Kismet." This last was exhibited in New York last year, and was the means of introducing Mr. Aitken in the East. His latest work is a ninety-foot frieze for the Ackerman residence, an allegory representing the seasons of life.

Mrs. Withrow, accompanied by her daughters, the Misses Marie and Eva Withrow, has returned from Europe after an extended stay abroad. They will remain in San Francisco for about three months, and will be at home every Thursday afternoon, from three to five o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. C. E. Wright, 1620 Broadway. Miss Marie Withrow has made quite a reputation in London as a vocal teacher. Marie Tempest, Rose Adler, Tallur Andrews, the baritone, Miss Florence Lancaster, Lady Sibyl Primrose, daughter of Lord Roseberry, being a few prominent people who have studied music with her during her stay in London. Miss Eva Withrow has been equally successful as a painter. She has had her pictures in the Royal Academy, and her "Antiquarian," which all San Francisco knows so well, was sold to the Henry Graves Company. She has been working on portraits and compositions, and has had sittings from Violet, Countess of Rosslyn, and other noted Londoners.

## Golf Notes.

At Burlingame on Thursday, August 15th, the annual ladies' tournament for the Poniatowski Cup will take place.

Among those who will take part in the open competition for amateur and professional golfers to take place August 24th at the Hotel Del Monte links, will be Ernest R. Folger, of the Oakland Golf Club, winner of the first championship of the Pacific Coast, John Lawson, C. E. Maud, C. E. Orr, champion of Southern California in 1900, H. M. Sears, N. Wilshire, R. M. Fitzgerald, W. P. Johnson, C. P. Hubbard, and probably R. H. Hay Chapman, president of the Southern California Golf Association. Among professionals there will be F. J. Riley, of the Burlingame Country Club, Alexander Bell, of San Rafael, W. J. Bradley, of Sacramento, Robert Johnson, of the San Francisco Golf Club, and James Melville, of Del Monte.

A mixed foursome handicap over 18 holes for two trophies, donated by Mr. and Mrs. Graham Babcock, attracted a large number of players to the links of the San Rafael Golf Club Saturday afternoon, August 3d. The conditions were similar to the conditions of the play for the J. J. Crooks Cup on the previous Saturday, with the exception that it was not necessary for the couples to the foursomes being man and wife. Major and Mrs. Charles Christensen were the ultimate winners of the tournament, with the score of 35, W. B. Murray and Miss M. Burrows being second, with a total of 41.

After the Del Monte week of sports, the Oakland Golf Club will announce an elaborate schedule of events to take place at Adams Point during September and October.

J. W. Byrne broke the amateur record for the San Francisco Club's links last week, when he negotiated the course in 37.

The unveiling of the Goethe-Schiller monument will take place at Golden Gate Park, opposite the Claus Spreckels music-stand, on Sunday, August 11th, at 2 o'clock P. M. The literary exercises to be held in commemoration of the event will take place at Native Sons' Hall on the evening of the same day at eight o'clock. The resolution to erect the monument, which is a replica of the celebrated Rietschel statue at Weimar, was adopted at the celebration of German Day during the Midwinter Fair in 1894. The monument cost fifteen thousand dollars, which sum was subscribed by German-American citizens.

## The Real Thing.

"Knox" celebrated New York hats. Fall styles now ready. Eugene Korn, the Hatter, 726 Market Street, near Kearny.

## RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

A partial distribution of Mrs. Amelia V. R. Pixley's estate has been ordered by Judge Dunne. The amount distributed was \$122,924, a large part of the estate having been converted into cash. Seventy per cent. of the direct legacies were ordered paid. The sums given to the legatees at present, with an additional amount for interest at 7 per cent. from 1899, are as follows: Frank P. Topping, \$5,600; Amelia Margaret Burnell, \$1,400; Arstine Maud Pixley, \$1,400; Vida Pixley, \$1,400; J. F. D. Curtis, \$5,200; May M. Curtis, \$2,800; Cornelia Curtis, \$2,100; Alice Van Reynegom, \$350; Frances Van Reynegom, \$350; Kate Lynch, Nellie Lynch, J. D. White, and W. M. Taylor, who were servants in the Pixley household, \$70 each; Henry P. Curtis, \$700; Edith Nelson, \$12,600; Herbert Harrington Pixley, \$35,000; Vera Weller Pixley, \$22,000; Pixley Memorial Free Kindergarten, \$4,500; Armistage Orphanage, \$1,000; San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, \$1,000; incurable ward of Hospital for Children, \$1,000; Church of St. Mary the Virgin, \$1,000; St. Luke's Hospital for the support of a bed to be known as the Amelia V. R. Pixley bed, and to be subject to the control of the pastor of St. Mary the Virgin, \$2,100; J. F. D. Curtis and the Union Trust Company, for the purchase of a scholarship in the University of California, to be known as the Frank M. Pixley scholarship, \$2,450. J. F. D. Curtis was appointed as trustee of the bequests to Mrs. Pixley's adopted children, Vera Weller Pixley and Herbert Harrington Pixley (the boy's middle name being spelled without a capital letter). Curtis and the Union Trust Company are the trustees of Edith Nelson's legacy. Herbert Harrington Pixley is to be given \$5,000 for investment in business when he reaches the age of twenty-one years and \$125 a month thereafter; \$5,000 additional for the same purpose when he becomes twenty-five years old, and the remainder of his legacy when he attains the age of thirty-five years. Miss Pixley's legacy is to be held until she becomes thirty years old, but part of it is to be given her before that time if she should marry. When she becomes twenty years old she is to be given \$100 a month. Edith Nelson's legacy is to be held until her thirty-fifth year, but \$5,000 can be given to her at her marriage.

The will of Robert Rawson Grayson, who died July 13th, was filed for probate on Monday, July 29th. It was executed March 10, 1901. To Miss Jennie Carmen Dunphy are bequeathed the jewelry and personal effects of the deceased, save a few odd pieces, which are bequeathed to Daniel T. Murphy, Alexander Hamilton, and Harry H. Veuve, "in remembrance of close and enduring friendship." Decedent also bequeaths \$500 to Rev. John E. Cottle and \$500 to his faithful Chinese servant, Wong Sam. The residue of the estate is devised in trust to Eugene Lent, to receive and hold the rents and profits until after the death of decedent's father, when the same is to be paid to the testator's mother, Eliza J. Grayson. At her death the property is to go to decedent's sisters, Mary Grayson Hincley and Georgia Grayson Ralston, share and share alike.

A young man who was arrested in Chicago for playing base-ball on the streets was sentenced by a magistrate to save one hundred dollars. The judge argued that the youth was an idler, and declared that the saving sentence would be of more moral benefit to him than a term in jail.

—A "HEART OF FLAME," by CHARLES FLEMING Embree, can be had at Cooper's Book Store.

## Moët & Chandon

Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.

WHITE SEAL (Grande Cuvée) of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—COURT JOURNAL.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,  
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## CONGRESS SPRINGS.

The gem of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An ideal summer and winter resort. Always open. New management. Table unsurpassed. Best mineral water on the coast.

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## THE ANTLERS

LAKE CUSHMAN, WASH.

RATES, \$3.00 PER DAY.

# Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

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EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importation in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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**Pozzoni's**  
Face Powder  
for summer; keeps off freckles and blemishes. Absolutely pure. Sample free.  
J. A. Pozzoni, St. Louis, Mo.

## FOR ADOPTION.

Little girl, nine years old; pretty, refined, and well brought up. Best of references given and required.  
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CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.

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## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

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## HOTEL GRANADA

THE NEWEST AND FINEST-EQUIPPED FAMILY HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO

N. W. Cor. Sutter and Hyde Sts., S. F., Cal.  
MRS. J. C. LEVY, Proprietor.

A hotel in the Olympic Mountains offering a table and sleeping accommodations of peculiar excellence is now open. Good fishing and elk shooting in the vicinity.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hohart have returned to San Mateo after a sojourn of several weeks at Lake Tahoe. They will go to the Hotel Del Monte next week to be present at the Carnival of Sports.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins when last heard from were in Lucerne.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and family have arrived at the Hotel Del Monte after a short stay at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills were visitors at the Pacific Congress Springs during the week.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe, of Santa Cruz, has been spending a few days in San José.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, accompanied by Miss Jennie Blair, will leave soon for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Fulger are sojourning at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Mr. Charles de Young sailed from New York for Europe on Thursday, August 1st.

Miss Alice Hager and Miss Ethyl Hager expect to sail for Japan on Tuesday, August 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels have returned from their ranch in Sonoma County.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott has returned to her home in San Mateo after an extended visit to her daughter, Mrs. Archibald Douglas-Dick, in Scotland.

Mrs. Edgar J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen have been spending a week in San José.

Miss Lillie Spreckels has been the guest of Miss Olive Holbrook at Menlo Park.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin and family are at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mrs. Theodore Blakeman and Miss Lenette Blakeman have returned from their visit to San Diego.

Mr. James Otis and daughter have been visiting Mrs. James Otis, Sr., in San José during the week.

Mrs. E. F. Preston and the Misses Edith and Norma Preston were in Paris when last heard from. They are expected home in September.

Mr. George Hall has returned from Europe after an absence of several months. Mr. Hall, who is consul for Turkey at San Francisco, spent some time in Constantinople.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Miss Jean Reid have closed their country-place, "Ophir Hall," at White Plains, N. Y., and are now at their camp in the Adirondacks, where they will remain for about six weeks. Mr. D. O. Mills will join them.

The Misses Ella and Thérèse Morgan have rented the E. L. May house in Monterey for the months of August and September.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels will leave for Monterey about the middle of August.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle are visiting friends in San José.

Mayor James D. Phelan was a visitor at the Hotel Rafael early in the week.

Mrs. John McMullin and Mrs. McMullin Belvin are sojourning in Santa Cruz.

Mr. C. O. G. Miller, of Oakland, was a guest at the Pacific Congress Springs last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Paynt, who have been spending some weeks in the East, are at present in Milwaukee. They will visit the Yellowstone Park, and late in August expect to leave Seattle for Alaska, after which they will return to San Francisco for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams, Jr., (née Steele) arrived in New York from Europe last week. They will visit the Pan-American Exposition before returning to Oakland.

Mr. Ray Jones, son of Senator J. P. Jones, arrived from the East last week, and is now at Santa Monica. Mrs. Jones and the Misses Jones will return to California from the East sometime in the early fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson have been making a short stay in Santa Cruz.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, after a year's absence abroad, will return to New York within a fortnight. She expects to remain in the East until about the first of September.

Miss Clark and Miss Elise Clark have returned from a two weeks' visit to Mrs. A. P. Redding, at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have been sojourning at Los Gatos.

Mrs. Albert Gallatin and her daughter have returned from their visit to Portland.

Mrs. F. L. Castle and Miss Castle are spending the winter at the Plymouth, corner of Jones and Bush Streets.

Miss McKinstry and Miss Frances McKinstry have returned from their sojourn in Southern California.

Mr. Truxtun Beale was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. Lillie Cnit sailed from New York for Europe on Tuesday, July 31st.

Mrs. Norman Rideout was at Belvedere last week.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker, who is expected here within a fortnight, has arrived at Fort Ludlow, Wash., after a visit to Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. M. L. Macondray is spending the month of August in San José.

Mrs. Henry Castle and Miss Castle sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra* on Thursday, August 1st.

Judge Charles W. Slack has been spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Catherine Slack, in San José.

Mrs. Julie Rosewald has returned to San Francisco after a four years' absence abroad, and has taken apartments at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Fleissner have returned from a month's stay at Rindwardennan.

Mr. G. A. Dorsey, curator of the Field Museum, Chicago, was at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Mrs. Edward A. Belcher is visiting Mrs. Alex-

ander Brezard in Arcata, Humboldt County, and will be absent from San Francisco until September.

Dr. and Mrs. George C. Pardee, of Oakland, have been making a week's stay in San José.

Mr. A. Gerry Field sails for China on the Japanese steamer *America Maru* to-day (Saturday) to remain indefinitely.

Mr. Hubert Wismer returned last Monday from Gilroy Hot Springs.

Mr. H. M. Yerrington came down from Carson, Nev., a few days ago and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Philip C. Meyer, of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Babin, Mr. Daniel Bonne and Mr. O. L. Entritt, of New York, Mr. G. H. Bowman, of Cleveland, Mr. E. H. Rix, of Alameda, Mr. A. M. Jones, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Cbas. G. Lyman, Master Edmund Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Taunsey, Mr. E. M. Calhoun, and Mr. A. D. Hirschfelder.

Among the week's visitors at Congress Springs were Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Flemming, Mr. and Mrs. James Wagg, Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Stevens, Mr. S. B. Archer, Mr. D. A. Lane, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gantz, of Oakland, Mr. H. Sanford, Mr. H. D. Sterns, of Palo Alto, Mr. W. P. Dillan, of Alameda, Mr. S. C. Wallis, Mr. F. S. Mitchell, Mr. R. R. Bigelow, Mr. E. Bigelow, Mr. F. S. Oliver, and Mr. A. L. Edwards.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. C. Curpy, of St. Helena, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lindsay, of Santa Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Sykes, of Schenectady, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. J. Levy, of Visalia, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Morrison, of Pittsburg, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dorsey, of Evansville, O., Mrs. William Skeets, of Sacramento, Mrs. L. Canklin, of Kansas City, Mo., Mr. C. P. Soule, Mr. G. P. Pollard, of New York, Mr. L. L. Carter, of Fresno, Mr. G. A. Page, Mr. J. Ward, Mr. L. Grubb, of Stockton, Mr. L. F. Vetter, of Los Angeles, Mr. G. C. Hartman, of Mexico, Mr. H. Mangan Hill, of Del Monte, and Mr. C. W. Harris, of Akron, O.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major General Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., and Captain W. R. Smedberg, U. S. A., during their stay at Vancouver barracks last week, were the guests of Colonel Richards, U. S. A., and Mrs. Richards.

Lieutenant Daniel W. Wurtzbaugh, U. S. N., whose engagement to Miss Mahel Foster, daughter of Mr. N. H. Foster, of the Southern Pacific Company, was recently announced, arrived here early in the week from Newport, R. I., where he has been stationed for some time past.

Dr. Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Edie were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Major Thomas C. Prince, assistant quartermaster, U. S. N., has been detached from duty with the Marine Brigade, Cavite, P. I., and ordered to the naval hospital, Yokohama, Japan.

General George M. Randall, U. S. A., who has been stationed at St. Michael for the last year, will succeed to the command of the Department of the Columbia on September 1st.

Commander John A. Norris, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty in charge of the Philippine longitude expedition, which will sail from San Francisco on the first steamer departing after September 1st.

Captain G. R. Plummer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Plummer were at the California Hotel during the week. Captain Plummer is en route to the Philippines.

Pay Inspector Samuel R. Calhoun, U. S. A., reported at Bremerton on Thursday, August 1st, for duty as the fleet paymaster of the Pacific station. Upon the arrival of the *Iowa* in port, Paymaster Calhoun's family will locate in this city.

Lieutenant James F. McKinley, U. S. A., aid-de-camp to General Young, U. S. A., will reside with his cousin, Mrs. George E. Morse, 1578 Fell Street. His sister, Miss Grace McKinley, is expected to arrive within the next few weeks from Washington, D. C., and will also reside at the Morse residence for the coming year.

Lieutenant Howard H. Kipp, U. S. M. C., was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

The improvement to be made on the south-west corner of Post and Jones Streets will be a five-story and basement apartment-house, owned by and erected for the Schmiedell Estate Company on plans by John White. The structure will be seventy-eight feet square, and will cost about seventy-five thousand dollars. There are to be eleven apartments, two on each of the five floors and one in the basement. Each apartment will have its interior hall and comprise eight rooms. These will consist of four bedrooms for family use, with kitchen, living, dining, and servants' rooms.

Miss Susan G. Walker, daughter of Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N., retired, was married to Richard V. Fitzgerald, of California, at Wilton, N. H., on Saturday, August 3d. Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, of Nashville, read the ceremony. He is an uncle to the groom. Fitzgerald was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1898, and now practices in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald will reside in New York.

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— EDWARD A. BELCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW  
412-413 Call Building.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

Inquiry for a Missing Relative.

WASHINGTON BORO,  
LANE COUNTY, PA., July 29, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I asked the Philadelphia *Inquirer* a question some time ago and they referred me to you. The question is this: I would like to have the names of the principal gold-mining towns and cities of California since 1849. I have an uncle out there somewhere that went there in 1849; we have lost all trace of him. His name is W. H. Sayre. Will you kindly give me the names and any other information you might have bearing on the subject, and oblige,

W. H. SAYRE.

[The list would be too long and many of the most flourishing mining towns of '49 are now deserted. —Eds.]

He Wants Belgian Hares.

CRESWELL, LANE COUNTY, PA.,  
July 18, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Having noticed an account in an issue of your paper regarding the English wild-rabbit, or Belgian hare, I thought possibly you could direct me where I might procure a trio. I have been seeking them for years. And if you could give me directions, I would gladly remunerate you. Respectfully yours,

HENRY E. HILDT.

[Mr. Hildt can get Belgian hares, so-called, at probably half a thousand places in California. And after he gets them, we think he will be very sorry he got them. —Eds.]

Site for the Carnegie Library.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There is only one best location for a library, and that is in the downtown district. If the city is to purchase any property as a library site, it should consider the northern half of the block bounded by Powell, Stockton, O'Farrell, and Geary Streets. Here is a site which has all the essential requirements of a location for a library, and, having a frontage of the whole block on Geary Street, with Union Square as a foreground, is possible of monumental architectural treatment.

Respectfully,

JOHN RALSTON HAMILTON.

Mrs. Burton Harrison is sending out invitations for a rural fete, which is to take place at Bar Harbor on the afternoon of Friday, August 23d. It is to be held on the lawn at "Sea Urchins," and the costumes are to be after the Petit Trianon fashion, when Marie Antoinette and her court ladies played they were shepherdesses and milkmaids. There are to be several novel features—an outdoor play ending in a rustic dance and a pantomime interlude of shepherdesses and their swains called "The Comedy of a Fan."

One of the visible effects of the strike on the docks is to be seen in the saloons which line the city front. In each saloon from three to five extra bar-keepers have been engaged for work during the continuance of the trouble.

Judge James V. Coffey, after an absence of two months, has returned from his first trip to Europe much benefited by his vacation. Judge Coffey will reconvene his court Monday.

— THE INVITATIONS ENGRAVED BY MESSRS. COOPER & CO., the Art Stationers, can always be relied upon for excellence of workmanship.

— WHEN THE BAR-KEEPER SETS OUT JESSE MOORE "AA," he gives the customer the best in the house.

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## GOLF.

August 19th—Men's Amateur Competition for the Del Monte Cup.

August 21st—The Pacific Coast Golf Association's Competition for the Women's Amateur Championship.

August 22d, 23d, 24th—The Match Rounds in the Pacific Coast Golf Association's Competition for the Women's Amateur Championship.

Entries for the Pacific Coast Women's Championship will close August 16th.

## POLO.

August 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d—Polo Tournaments.

In Charge of Golf—

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## MR. HOTHER WISMER,

Violinist,

Has resumed his teaching at his studio and residence, 844 Grove Street, near Fillmore, San Francisco, Cal.

## MR. OTTO FLEISSNER

(Musical Director, Blind Department, Deaf and Blind Institution, Berkeley, Cal.)

Has resumed teaching Vocal, Piano, Organ, and Harmony. Residence, 2514 Octavia St.

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### ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at the nearest office

## Southern Pacific

### SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | From July 14, 1901.   | ARRIVE   |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Susan, Elmura, and Sacramento.....   | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....  | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....   | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....  | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....                                      | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....                               | 4:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Soledad, Carters.....  | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....                                  | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 6:55 P.  |
| 11:00 A. | Sacramento River Steamers.....  | 7:50 A.  |
| 11:30 P. | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....  | 9:15 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.....  | 11:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles..... | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 5:00 P.  | Yosemite.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....                    | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....   | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo.....  | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.....  | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....                          | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 11:25 A. |
| 18:05 P. | Vallejo.....  | 7:55 P.  |

### COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 17:45 A. | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18:05 P. |
| 8:15 A.  | Newark, Joselyn, San José, El Estero, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                         | 5:50 P.  |
| 12:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 11:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....   | 18:50 A. |
| 4:45 P.  | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.....   | 18:50 A. |

### OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

|   |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)— |                                       |
| 17:15   | 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M. |
| From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—                  | 16:00 18:00                           |
| 18:05   | 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.     |

### COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 6:10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6:30 A.  |
| 17:00 A. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 1:30 P.  |
| 17:00 A. | New Almaden.....   | 7:40 P.  |
| 17:30 A. | Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....  | 18:30 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal Intermediate Stations.....  | 7:30 P.  |
| 10:30 A. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6:30 P.  |
| 11:30 A. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 5:30 P.  |
| 12:45 P. | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 11:00 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations.....   | 4:10 P.  |
| 14:15 P. | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 9:45 A.  |
| 15:00 P. | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....   | 11:00 A. |
| 5:30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 8:50 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....   | 10:05 A. |
| 6:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 8:00 A.  |
| 6:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 7:30 P.  |

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.  
S for Sunday.  
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at Saturday and Sunday.  
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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Conclusions: "I conclude that's a fly," said the young trout. "You are right, my dear," said its mother, "but never jump at conclusions."—*Ex.*

Mrs. Kelly—"So 'Incunm-ataxics' is a paralysis of the legs?" Mrs. O'Toole—"Yes." Mrs. Kelly—"What a tiny name for a plain drunk."—*Baltimore World.*

"And what has become of that funny old dog you used to trot around?" "Oh, he got so had we had to shoot him in the end." "Poo'ah beggah! Which end?"—*Moonshine.*

The late executive head of Chile not only died a natural death, but he died in office. This is a long stride toward stability in the South American republic.—*Washington Post.*

Nut built that way: Tess—"Miss Skrawnay is going to the mountains this year, as usual, I believe." Jess—"Yes, I believe she can't bare to go to a watering-place."—*Philadelphia Press.*

More satisfactory: Guest—"Waiter, bring two hoiled eggs." Waiter—"Boss, couldn't you take dem aigs poached? Hit's been found mn' satisfactory all rou' to opeo dem aigs in de kitchen."—*Leslie's Weekly.*

Abrupt discharge: Mrs. Hennesy—"O! hear Cassidy war discharged from the quarry. Has he nnything to do yit?" Mrs. Cassidy—"O! duono. Shure, he hovn't cum down from the explsin."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"No, sir," said the prisoner, "I assure you that it was not for money that I robbed the bank. My nhject was purely literary." "Hnw can that be?" "I was anxious to write a magazine article nn how I did it."—*Town Topics.*

The usual way: Mrs. Jones—"The kidnapers have thrown two more messages nn to the Parken-hamm's front lawn." Mrs. Propah Stock—"There's no use trying to keep a front lawn looking delect if one has children."—*Judge.*

How it will sonn be: Mr. Subbubs (pleadingly)—"Can't you help me out for a few days until I make other arrangements?" Miss O'Rourke (the cook)—"Nnt nn yer loife! Me tme is booked solid fer eighteen months ahead, all one-wake shtands."—*Puck.*

Logical: Mamma—"Willie, shut that windnw-screen. You're letting the flies in." Willie—"Well, you've got to let some of 'em in." Mamma—"Why?" Willie—"Cause if you don't let 'em in, hnw are they goin' to get on the fly-paper?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

Teacher—"What is the meaning of the word 'excavate'?" Small pupil—"It means to hollow out." Teacher—"Correct. Now form a sentence in which the word is properly used." Small pupil—"Stick a pio in a boy and he will excavate."—*Chicago News.*

The latest fad: Mrs. Nebb—"I am going to an nshervatinn-party this afternoon, dear." Husband—"An observation-party? What sort of a party is that?" Mrs. Nebb—"Mrs. Quizzer's next-door neighbor is moving, and Mrs. Quizzer has invited a few friends to watch through the windws and see what they have."—*Boston Traveller.*

Combative: Uncle Jahez halted before a both in a mammoth department-store and thoughtfully read the sign over the windnw: "Parcel Rnm—Umbrellas Taken Here." Gipping his faded parachute suspiciously, Uncle Jahez edged toward the exit, muttering audibly: "Waal, they won't git mine without a ruff an' tumble fight, h'gush!"—*Ohio State Journal.*

A cash transaction at Concord: Mrs. Eddy—"There is no matter; all is mind." Learner—"Is mney matter?" Mrs. Eddy—"There is no matter." Learner—"Well, I have a million dollars in my mind. Will you please cash me a check for a hundred thousand?" Mrs. Eddy—"Yes, in my mind." Learner—"Nn matter—never mind."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"Your services are no longer required!" said the great metropolitan editor to the reporter who had written up a sensational elopement. "Why?" was the startled question. "Because you wrote up the elopement of the waitress and the janitor without calling one a society favorite and the other a man of leisure and a well-known clubman. Such carelessness for opportunities must be punished."—*Boston Transcript.*

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|-----------------|-------------|------------------|
| 9:30 A. M.      | 3:35 P. M.  |                  |
| 1:45 P. M.      | 5:50 P. M.  |                  |
| 4:15 P. M.      | 8:45 A. M.  |                  |
| 8:00 A. M.      | 12:15 P. M. |                  |
| 9:00 A. M.      | 1:15 P. M.  |                  |
| 10:00 A. M.     | 3:30 P. M.  |                  |
| 11:30 A. M.     | 4:50 P. M.  |                  |
| 1:30 P. M.      | 5:50 P. M.  |                  |
| 2:30 P. M.      | 7:10 P. M.  |                  |

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XLIX. No. 1275.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 19, 1901.

PRICE TEN CENTS

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The sympathetic strike in San Francisco continues with not much change. The employers refuse to recede from their stand. The labor-unions are willing to negotiate, but have met with no response. The Municipal League has repeatedly attempted to bring about a conference, but has repeatedly failed. The retail dealers, who are threatened with a complete stoppage of sales, have appointed committees to coöper with the wholesalers and attempt to bring about a settlement. Presi-

dent Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, has consented to act as mediator if invited to do so by both sides, but will not force himself into the controversy. Many vessels are tied up in the harbor, both steam and sail, but none of them of regular lines. The Oceanic, the Occidental and Oriental, the Pacific Mail, the Japanese, and the Pacific Coast Steamship lines are all getting their steamers away on time, although with only partial cargoes. Numbers of coal-ships are lying in the harbor, discharging cargo, but very slowly. The steamship companies are keeping large forces of stevedores at work by hoarding and lodging them aboard ships and keeping the dock-gates closed so that the strikers can not get at them. New men are being engaged every day by the steamship companies. On the whole, the strike affects the merchants more seriously than it does the shipping men, and if the strike should be settled, it is probable that the merchants will make more concessions than the shipping men, if the latter make any at all. It is extremely probable that the first organized attempt to import large numbers of men from other places will be by the steamship-owners. Then, if the Labor Council and the Employers' Association come to terms, it will settle nothing so far as the steamship-owners are concerned. They do not belong to the Employers' Association and had nothing to do with the original strike against that body's subordinate, the Draymen's Association. Hence any truce patched up by the Employers' Association will not include the shipping men if they care to stay out. Considering the temper they are in, they very probably will stay out. So with the grain men; they had nothing to do with the Employers' Association, yet their Port Costa employees struck at the behest of the San Francisco Labor Council fighting the Employers' Association. This also involves the farmers who stand behind the grain-handlers. A sympathetic strike is so far-reaching in its effects that no labor leader can tell whom it will hit nor where it will stop. This strike has hit many thousands of innocent persons throughout the State who had no quarrel with the trades-unions, but who now have with them a very bitter quarrel. Suppose the strike is lifted by the Labor Council—will that appease the angered ship-owners, the grain-handlers, the ruined fruit-growers and farmers? If it does we shall be very much surprised.

So long as the discussion continues whether there will or will not be an anti-American commercial alliance formed among the nations of Europe, and whether it can or can not be successfully inaugurated, anything which throws light upon the probable position of the United States and the effect upon this country of such a warfare must be of general interest. The first weapon naturally caught up in such a contest would be that of tariff retaliation. That it could not be a perfect defense is apparent from the fact that the same weapon is available to every country, and that the reflexive injury would be greatest upon the country which, like the United States, exports more to European countries than she imports from them. If we har their goods, they could har ours, and the advantages might remain with our commercial antagonists.

Another and seemingly more feasible action has been suggested. The ownership of the world's great merchant marines is almost wholly distributed among the nations of Europe, and a great proportion of it is employed in trade with the United States. While Germany, for instance, is ambitiously reaching out for ocean trade, the most important vessels of her large transportation companies are in the transatlantic trade. Her immense fleets, exceeding in tonnage the whole merchant marine of the United States, are subsisting on the commerce with America. If Germany were to join an anti-American league, and the United States should decree that merchandise imported in German vessels should pay an additional duty, a blow would be struck at the pride and strength of German commerce which she could not return, at least in kind, as there are scarcely any American vessels trading to German ports. Having already levied almost prohibitory tariffs upon American goods, nothing would remain for her except to see a flourishing trade ab-

sorbed by the vessels of her European rivals, whose shipping would be eager to assume the work. Though with a smaller marine, France would be similarly vulnerable. The finest vessels of the latter country are also maintained by the trade with our Atlantic coast.

In varying degrees the retaliation could be made effective against almost every country of continental Europe. Even Russia would be hampered in her ambitions for trans-pacific trade. English vessels, comprising a preponderance of the world's marine, would stand ready to absorb the carrying trade relinquished by other nations. Reprisals against us would not deter them, and reprisals against England would soon lead to commercial war among the members of the league, in which each would seek the alliance of the United States.

The idea lends credence to the belief that European nations can not successfully combine against us, and that we hold a weapon which if used would insure that they could never be brought to agree upon a division of American trade. Facing such conditions, it seems more than probable that Europe will continue to witness American encroachments upon the field of foreign commerce with as much complaisance as its respective members can command.

The mystery of the daring bullion robbery near San Francisco last week has finally been brought to light. Less than a week had elapsed after the disappearance of the gold before its hiding-place was discovered and the criminal behind the bars. The story is so extraordinary that it is well worth recording here.

On the morning of August 5, 1901, the officers of the Selby Smelting Works at Crockett attempted to open the large safe containing the bullion. The door resisted their efforts. After a time they succeeded in opening it, and found that it had been wedged on the inside. Once inside the vault, they found that twenty-four bars of gold bullion, valued at \$283,000, were missing; that an elliptical hole had been cut in the steel floor of the vault; that beneath it a tunnel had been excavated, running beyond the outer wall of the building; that a trail of red pepper ran from the mouth of the tunnel to the shore of the bay; that two gold bars had been left on the shore by the criminal, presumably in the haste of embarking. The county officials of Contra Costa County, the police officers of San Francisco, and the Pinkerton detectives were at once notified. With the county officials collaborated Private Detective H. N. Morse. The smelting company employed Captain I. W. Lees to look specially after the return of the gold—for in crimes of this kind experience has shown that sometimes it is necessary to have a detective to see that the booty, if recovered, is not lost in the shuffle. This was the duty of Captain Lees, and he performed it steadfastly; it was not his business to capture the criminal, but to capture the gold, and he did it.

There is much dispute among the detectives as to who was successful in running down the criminal. The facts appear to be about as follows:

One John Wioters had been employed in the Selby Smelting Works up to some months ago. After losing his employment there, he did not leave the neighborhood, but camped on a hillside not far away, living in a little shanty. Suspicion was, at once directed toward him, and Detective Morse and Sheriff Veale went in his absence to his cabin and searched it. They found there a pocket electric-lamp, and a shovel crusted with mud similar to that in the tunnel. They found a number of cooes of chalk such as are used for lessening noise and friction in drilling through steel. They found in a stove the ashes of a burned suit of clothes, the metal waistcoat and trouser buckles. They also found the receipt for a registered letter from Miss Ida Spencer, the daughter of a hotel-keeper in San Rafael. Detectives hastened to San Rafael and found Wioters seated on the porch of the Specier Hotel. He was at once arrested and taken to San Francisco. There for three days he was subjected to what is known in police circles as the "sweat-box," and late on the afternoon of the third day he appeared



yielded to police pressure and confessed that he was the robber of the Selby vault. He was at once placed on a tug-boat, taken to the scene of the robbery, and there he pointed out to the officers a spot in the bay, a little below low-water mark, where he said he had thrown the bullion. He had indicated the spot by private marks on the wharf, upon which he stood tossing pebbles in the water to guide the officers. They at once began grappling for the gold in the soft mud of the bay bottom, and in a short time had recovered \$85,000. After that the search became more difficult, as the heavy bars of gold had sunk deep into the mud. At this writing most of the plunder has been recovered.

It goes without saying that an acrimonious contest has broken out among the various detectives engaged in the matter. The smelting company had offered a reward of \$25,000 for the recovery of the gold. It is not disputed that Detective Morse was the first to go to Winters's cabin, but he left behind him the tell-tale letter from San Rafael. This was found by the San Francisco detective, Gibson, and he arrested the criminal. But when the robber was taken to the smelting works there was a quarrel among the officers over their prey; Sheriff Veale, the Contra Costa officer, threatened to take him from the San Francisco officers, who had no jurisdiction. Thereupon some sort of a compromise was effected, the particulars of which have not reached the public. It is probable that the smelting company will pay the reward into court and let the contending officers fight for it.

There are several very remarkable features about this bullion robbery. Perhaps the most remarkable is that the smelting company should have kept so large an amount of gold in so insecure a receptacle. The history of bank robberies shows that to build bank-vaults with the bottom, top, or sides touching the wall, ceiling, or floor, is an invitation to bank robbers. Innumerable instances are on record of bank-vaults being entered from under the floor of the bank, or through a wall at back or side, or through the floor above when the top of the vault reached the ceiling. Experience has so clearly demonstrated the danger of this method of building bank-vaults that in modern banks the vaults are almost invariably constructed in the open, so that the vision is unobstructed all around them, and they are frequently elevated on supports so that one can see under as well as around the vaults. Furthermore, the securities in bank-vaults are frequently registered bonds and other non-negotiable securities. In the Selby works the contents were bar-gold, fine or alloyed—next to gold coin the easiest plunder in the world to negotiate. It is probable that the Selby Company will not again place half a million of bullion in an insecure vault resting on Mother Earth. They have learned their lesson.

The second remarkable phase of this robbery is that it was not the work of a gang; that it was designed and carried out by one man; that this man apparently had no accomplices or confederates outside or inside of the smelting works; and that he should have been innocently betrayed by a letter from a woman. That any man, single-handed, should attempt and carry out such a daring robbery is in itself marvelous. But that he should have been successful is even more extraordinary when the physical conditions are considered. Winters had to do his work in a stifling tunnel, and he had to carry unaided over half a ton of gold to the bay shore. He left \$150,000 worth of gold bullion in the vault, and says that he would have removed that also had it not been for the approach of daylight.

Another remarkable phase of the robbery is that the robber should not have hidden his plunder with more skill. He cast it into the waters of the bay less than six hundred yards from the smelting works. To those who might say that such a place was an admirable hiding-place, it could be retorted that it was so admirable that probably neither the robber nor the robbed could have recovered all of the plunder again had much time elapsed. The mud along the bay shore there is almost bottomless. The only possible explanation of Winters's having selected this extraordinary hiding-place is given by Detective MacParland. He thinks that Winters intended to join in the search for the missing bullion, and, after all had failed, to discover it himself when witnesses were near, and claim the reward. In proof of this the detective shows a long, hooked steel rod intended to probe in the mud and grapple the bags containing the bullion.

But the most amazing feature of the whole affair is that the man Winters does not seem to be of sound mind. While he may not be crazy, many of the detectives think him weak-minded. This theory is a plausible one, when it is considered that he had nothing to gain by avowing his guilt. Had he steadfastly denied it, he might possibly have been convicted, but then again he might not have been. In either event he would have been the only person who

knew where the gold was concealed. If convicted and imprisoned, he could on his release have driven a hard bargain with the Selby Company for the return of the gold.

And this raises another interesting question—an ethical one this time. What induced Winters to confess and point out the gold? There has been much talk of compounding with felony. To this the officers of the smelting works reply indignantly that they have offered \$25,000 for the "conviction of the criminal and the return of the gold"; that therefore, as their reward required conviction, they can scarcely be considered parties to attempts at non-conviction. The detectives talk vaguely of "persuasion," and each maintains that he made no promises to the criminal, but hints that the other detectives did. There can be no doubt that compounding with felony is a grave crime against society. There is, however, no proof as yet that it has been committed here.

A new difficulty between the United States and Germany.

THE CASE  
OF COLONEL  
MURILLO.

Colonel Murillo, who was wanted by the United States authorities, took refuge on a German steamer in the port of Cartagena, on the Island of Guam. Wrapping himself in the German flag, he defied his pursuers to arrest him. The pursuers evidently did not feel the same respect for the sanctity of the German flag as Colonel Murillo did, for they took him and threw him into prison. The dispute is now going through the diplomatic stages, the administration at Washington claiming that there is no rule of international law that grants the right of asylum under these circumstances. The incident recalls a case that arose about ten years ago, when James G. Blaine was Secretary of State. Guatemala was experiencing one of its periodic revolutions. The fortunes of war turned against General Barrundia, one of the claimants for the presidency, and he took refuge on board of the Pacific Mail steamer *Acapulco*. While the steamer was lying in a Guatemalan port, the opponents of Barrundia boarded her and attempted to arrest him. During the struggle Barrundia was shot and killed. Mr. Mizner, who was minister to Guatemala at the time, declared that the Guatemalan authorities acted wholly within their rights. The warship *Ranger* was lying in the port at the same time, and Commander Reiter took the same view of the case and refused to interfere. Mr. Blaine, however, took the opposite position. He censured Minister Mizner severely, and later removed him. Commander Reiter was publicly disgraced by Mr. Tracy, the Secretary of the Navy. The Barrundia incident caused considerable excitement throughout the country, and Mr. Blaine's position was popularly upheld. In the present case it may prove to be an awkward precedent, for the administration now takes the same stand as did Minister Mizner.

When the strike leaders, through the Labor Council, sent a demand to Mayor Phelan to remove George A. Newhall, president of the police commissioners, the city awaited the mayor's reply with bated breath.

Mr. Newhall had signed a letter from the Chamber of Commerce to the city authorities asking for more protection for non-union employees. This had aroused the indignation of the labor leaders, hence their demand that the mayor should remove Commissioner Newhall. It was known that the Employers' Association looked with some distrust upon the mayor, and the Chamber of Commerce, through its directors, had refused to meet him to discuss means of settling the strike. The mayor is a politician, and naturally wishes to stand well with the working classes. Still, such distrustful treatment of him by the Chamber of Commerce was certainly not very politic on the part of that body, if they desired to keep him on the side of the employers. Being a millionaire, the mayor's instincts would naturally ally him with capital; but not being an employer of labor, and being an ambitious politician, his instincts might naturally be expected to ally him with the trades-unions. Hence the interest with which the community awaited his reply.

It is no more than just to Mr. Phelan to say that his reply is characterized by firmness and fairness. He does not hesitate to say that he believes that the communication of the Chamber of Commerce appealing to him to ask for military aid from the State was "unwise and unnecessary," and he refuses to accede to their request. But he also refuses to yield to the demands of the Labor Council, and remove Mr. Newhall from office. Concerning this demand, he says:

"I fully acquit Mr. Newhall of any discourtesy or of any prejudice or bias in the matter of which you complain. On this account, and for other reasons, I am of the opinion that he will act fairly and impartially as a member of the board of police commissioners, according to his oath of office, which is to support and defend the laws."

Concerning the furnishing of more police protection, against which the Labor Council protests with a veiled threat as to its consequences, the mayor says:

"On account of the excited condition of the public mind, many acts of lawlessness have been reported throughout the city in neighborhoods

which have had no police protection. Therefore, the present plan of the police commission is to take the regular police off the trucks and assign them to their beats. When apprised of this, the owners of drays decided to employ guards, or detectives, at their own expense, to protect their property and employees, and they, furthermore, asked that these men be made special officers, as authorized by law. . . .

"The board decided . . . that, as special officers, such men were amenable to its rules and regulations, but as private detectives or guards they would be wholly under the control of their employers, and for this reason the public interests seemed to dictate that they be put under the control and made responsible to the constituted authorities. . . .

"The charter, Section 4, Chapter 3, Article VIII., provides as follows:

"The board of police commissioners shall have power, at its discretion, upon the petition of any person, firm, or corporation, to appoint, and at pleasure to remove, special police officers. Such officers shall be subject to all of the rules and regulations of the board."

"This is the authority under which the commissioners have acted. The chief will swear in no man for such service unless, after an examination, he proves himself to be of good character. He shall be instructed in his duty by the chief, who will see that he does not exceed his instructions."

We think Mr. Phelan has acted with prudence and fairness in this matter. Neither the employers nor the labor-unions have cause to complain of his conduct. The demand of the Chamber of Commerce for troops was unnecessary—there had been nothing like rioting. Therefore the fear of the Chamber was more than unnecessary—it was hysterical. If the fear expressed by the Chamber was hysterical, that expressed by the Labor Council was by-critical. As to its fear that placing additional police officers in our streets may "injure the fair fame of our city," we may remark that there are other things happening in our streets more calculated to injure the city's fair fame than the presence of police officers.

The last paragraph of Mr. Phelan's letter to the Labor Council has no uncertain sound. He says:

"There is one point I desire the Labor Council to understand and appreciate—that whatever may be the merits of the controversy between the employers and the employees, I, as a law officer, must see that legal rights are preserved, and that in the pursuit of them no man shall suffer violence if it may be prevented."

The police have acted admirably ever since this strike began; they have been earnestly supported by their chief, and the chief has had the moral and official support of the police commissioners. Now an attempt has been made to pull down the police commissioners through the city's executive. It is gratifying to the law-abiding citizens of San Francisco to see that the police commissioners are not to be discredited, but will be supported by Mayor Phelan.

There has been some uncertainty whether Mr. Phelan intended to run again for mayor next November. His recent action settles it. It is quite evident that he will not run.

Effective coöperation among fruit-growers seems to be as difficult of accomplishment as ever. The troubles of the prune-growers have already been referred to in these columns. Now it is the raisin-growers and raisin-packers who have got into difficulties.

A few years ago the raisin industry was languishing in this State. The growers were fighting among themselves, and there were no facilities for marketing their product profitably. To remedy this an association was formed, and the growers entered into contracts to sell their entire crop to the association. The latter in turn entered into a contract to furnish raisins to a packers' association. Under this contract the growers' association sold all its hold-over crop to the packers' association and the latter resold it to another association to which a part only of its members belonged. The members who were left out on the deal owned some of the raisins, and, holding that their contract with the growers' association was not binding, refused to deliver them. Thereupon the new and select packers' association broke into the warehouse and took the raisins by force. The responsible members have been arrested and charged with burglary, but, apart from the satisfaction of these prosecutions, the growers have no remedy beyond a suit for damages, in which they may get little or nothing. In the meantime the affairs of the organization are in a demoralized condition.

The State railway commission has been devoting considerable time to an investigation of the rates charged by the railway companies for the transportation of oil in this State. The rate charged from Bakersfield and other points in the San Joaquin Valley to this city is now forty-two cents; the oil-producers want this reduced to twenty-five cents. During the hearing an immense amount of testimony, amounting to nearly one hundred thousand words, has been taken, and much valuable information has been gained. The investigation has now been adjourned until September 3d, when three days will be occupied in hearing the arguments of the attorneys representing the different parties in interest. In all, sixteen witnesses testified. Of these, seven were railway officials, four were southern oil-producers, three were coal and electrical experts, one was an Oregon lumber-shipper, and one was a mining engineer. With such a variety of expert testimony, it was to be expected that the inquiry would take

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able time to an investigation of the rates charged by the railway companies for the transportation of oil in this State. The rate charged from Bakersfield and other points in the San Joaquin Valley to this city is now forty-two cents; the oil-producers want this reduced to twenty-five cents. During the hearing an immense amount of testimony, amounting to nearly one hundred thousand words, has been taken, and much valuable information has been gained. The investigation has now been adjourned until September 3d, when three days will be occupied in hearing the arguments of the attorneys representing the different parties in interest. In all, sixteen witnesses testified. Of these, seven were railway officials, four were southern oil-producers, three were coal and electrical experts, one was an Oregon lumber-shipper, and one was a mining engineer. With such a variety of expert testimony, it was to be expected that the inquiry would take



a wide range, though every one of them was practically a witness for the railway, even the oil-producer who brought the suit not appearing on the stand. There was much information regarding the basis upon which the oil rates were fixed, one of the railway officials explaining that it cost two dollars and thirty-one cents to move an average freight train a mile, and that the oil rates had been fixed lower than rates on other classes of freight in order to foster the industry. The question of rates was naturally the most important one before the commission, but for the general public the economic questions and discussions were more interesting. One witness brought out the point that vessels now come here loaded with coal, and then carry away wheat. Were coal superseded by oil, the vessels would have to come here empty, and, rather than sustain this loss, ship-owners would either not come here at all or would make the farmers foot the loss by increasing wheat rates. There is little probability that oil will supersede coal. It will supplement coal by building up industries that can not now be conducted at a profit on account of the expense of fuel. Another witness declared that the only raw materials that California now produces for manufacturing purposes are copper and wool, and oil can not be used as a fuel for smelting copper. The railroad companies are to prepare some valuable statistics bearing on the question, and when these are ready the closing arguments will be heard.

The vote of the primary election of August 12th included 18,594 Republican ballots and 3,540 Democratic ballots. There has been a bitter fight going on for a number of weeks between the Republican Primary League, so-called, which was backed up by J. D. Spreckels with the *Call* and M. H. De Young with the *Chronicle*. Against this were allied the forces of Governor Gage, Colonel Dan Burns, and Bosses Kelly and Crimmins—generally called "the machine." The machine handsomely defeated the two editors and elected the straight boss ticket by an overwhelming majority. It is now said that Messrs. Gage and Burns will control the municipal convention, will nominate whomever they please, will control the party machinery for the State election next year, will control the San Francisco delegation to the State convention, will re-nominate Governor Gage, and will force Senator Perkins to support Collector John C. Lynch, or will send an anti-Perkins delegation to the legislature. The only drawback to this programme is that Gage and Burns may not agree with Kelly and Crimmins. Already there is said to be jealousy growing up between the conquerors. It is our belief that no Republican machine can be sure of success this fall. There will probably be a United Labor ticket nominated, which will play hob with the nominations of both the old parties. It is almost certain that the election this fall will be a good, old-fashioned, Killkenny-cat scratching match.

A New York clipping bureau has forwarded to us the following peculiar paragraph:

A PHILANTHROPIC SHORT-STORY HUSTLER. "Curtis J. Mar, an ex-theatrical man and a hustler, has carried the Hearst Short Story Syndicate to a reasonable success. It is run as a philanthropic enterprise, the reason for its existence being that the Chicago enterprise of a similar enterprise printed such poor, low stories that an improvement was absolutely necessary in the interests of good literature. We understand that the stories published by the Hearst S. S. S. have been so good that they are regularly stolen by the San Francisco *Argonaut*, and *Black and White* of London."

This paragraph is from the New York *Journalist*, and has caused in the bosom of the *Argonaut* office a feeling of mild surprise. We were ignorant that Curtis J. Mar was a hustler; ignorant why, what, or whom he hustled; ignorant that he managed the Hearst Short Story Syndicate; ignorant that Mr. Hearst had a short-story syndicate; ignorant that he encouraged good literature; ignorant that the Chicago syndicate printed poor, low stories; ignorant that Mr. Hearst's Short Story Syndicate printed the other kind; ignorant that the Hearst Short Story Syndicate stories were so good that they were regularly stolen; innocent of the accusation that they were stolen by us; impotent to prevent their being stolen by *Black and White*, of London. With this triple confession of ignorance, innocence, and impotence, we present our compliments to the ex-theatrical Mr. Mar, who hustles for Mr. Hearst's philanthropic short-story syndicate.

About the only streak of light athwart the gloomy zone which we have traced across the Pacific to the Philippines is the sailing of the pedagogues. Instead of ships going out laden with men and munitions of war, and returning with diseased, dead, and dying soldiers, we are now sending out ships laden with the emissaries of education. The last government transport which left here carried five hundred teachers, male and female. Whatever may be thought of our Philippine policy, the policy of education can only meet with cordial commendation. But there is one phase of the

pedagogic question which the government evidently has not considered. It is the moonlight question. It is the marriage question. If the government wishes to keep the teachers devoted to their pedagogic duties it had better ship the two sexes in separate transports. The last one sailed from here about the full of the moon, and from here to Honolulu love's ravages among the male pedagogues are said to have been frightful. In fact, some particularly amorous pedagogues implored the transport captain to marry them on the spot—or rather on the high seas. But the phlegmatic skipper bade them "wait till they get to Honolulu." It is probable that Uncle Sam, who has paid the passage of the pedagogues to the Philippines, will not only have to pay their passage back, but the passage of some pedagoguitos as well.

The *Argonaut* recently remarked that the San Francisco dailies carefully refrained from any editorial expressions on the strike. We will modify this by saying that the *Examiner*, after some weeks of shuffling, has now come out bitterly against the employers. Whatever may be its motives, one can not admire its methods. For example, it gave a detailed report of a meeting said to have been held at the mayor's office between Frank J. Symmes, G. W. McNear, and Mayor Phelan. It gave a minute report of the conversation. It gave the language used. It stated that Mr. McNear had urged Mr. Symmes, as a representative of the Employers' Association, to compromise with the trades-unions on the ground that if they did not do so the fruit and grain crop of the State would rot. It stated that in reply to this Mr. Symmes shouted "Let it rot!" On the next day the *Examiner* printed in black type this conversation at the head of its columns, with Mr. Symmes's name signed to these cruel and offensive words. On the third day it printed them again, under a portrait of Mr. Symmes in the act of uttering them, and again signed. Yet in the interim Mr. Symmes stated over his own name that he had attended no such meeting at the mayor's office, had not met Mr. McNear, and had made no such remark. Mr. Charles Page, attorney for the wheat-shippers, stated over his own name that he was at the meeting at the mayor's office; that no such conversation as reported in the *Examiner* took place; that Mr. McNear was not present; and that Mr. Symmes had made no such remark. Mr. G. W. McNear said over his own signature: "I have not been present at any meeting or conference at which Mr. Frank J. Symmes was present. I have not heard Mr. Symmes make any remark in reference to the cereal or fruit crop of this State, such as 'Let it rot!' or anything of similar meaning or spirit."

Any decent newspaper would have retracted such a statement when it was denied by the person attacked, and denied by two others of high standing in the community. The *Examiner* has made no retraction. Even in the slimy career of that journal such malignant mendacity is without a parallel.

## ONE MEAL A DAY.

British Naval Experiments—Food for Sailors—Medical Experimenting at Venice—Luigi Cornaro's Dietary—A Frugal Centenarian—Twelve Ounces of Food per Day.

Quite recently some members of Parliament have been doing duty on one of the men-of-war of the Mediterranean squadron to learn, by actual experience, whether the jackies are rightly and sufficiently nourished. They suffered the trial of eating just what the men eat and performing duty with the men in order to be able to report to the nation whether the sailors who grumbled knew their own feelings about the matter. The report unofficially stated that the time from noon of one day to early the next morning was too long a time for the men to go without any food "except a hearty tea" at four or five o'clock in the evening. The members of Parliament, who were in the habit of taking a gluttonous meal at seven or eight or nine o'clock in the evening, and who had habituated their stomachs to expect a stuffing between those hours found themselves "faint" from want of the accustomed stuffing when they attempted to subsist on the sailor's rations.

During the past year some experiments have been carried on in Venice which prove that the present ration of the British sailor is about three times as much as his body can profitably digest, and that most of the ills he suffers come from the strain upon his body caused by its effort to get rid of the superfluous two-thirds of "grub." The results of these experiments show that Luigi Cornaro was right in his assertion that twelve ounces of solid food per day, like that commonly consumed, is as much as the average man can eat and remain perfectly healthy. This quantity is about one-third of the usual ration given to soldiers and sailors.

During the time that the investigating members of Parliament were making preparations to undergo a trial of sailor's rations, a report of the Venice experiments was made to the British war office by an English physician and also a request to continue the experiments with a body of soldiers, if a number of them could be induced to submit themselves to experiment. The physician reported that the experiments were conclusive as far as Venetian subjects were concerned, and that they showed a way by which one-third the food commonly given as rations could be made to completely

nourish the body, completely satisfy the appetite, and, at the same time, give to the eater an amount of good taste for his gratification that he had not previously enjoyed. The physician also offered to demonstrate that the excess quantity of food usually taken by the average person provoked more or less strain upon the whole human organism under the most favorable conditions, frequently caused a predisposition to disease, and nearly always resulted in putrid decomposition of the various excreta. A commission of army physicians reports that the probable cause of enteric fever among the South African troops was putrid excreta.

After two or more months of consideration, the war office replied to the Venetian physician that his report was interesting, but that at the present time it was not thought best to submit any soldiers to any experiment that entailed abstemiousness, not even if they were volunteers.

History reports that the Irish constabulary, some centuries ago, were in the habit of taking only one meal a day. These men were noted for their prodigious strength and endurance. They cultivated the one-meal-a-day habit. History shows that abstemiousness has always been the habit of peoples that have accomplished much, and that with increasing gluttony and luxury nations degenerate, as England is degenerating now, as rapidly as luxury and gluttony can accomplish the decline.

I presume you have heard of Luigi Cornaro. He flourished between 1467 and 1566, and hence rounded out a century of life. He was contemporary with Titian, who was also a Venetian, and there is reason to believe that the great painter owed his one hundred years somewhat to the influence of Cornaro, for they were friends as well as fellow-citizens.

Here follows the "Encyclopædia Britannica" account of Cornaro:

"CORNARO, LUIGI (1467-1566), a Venetian nobleman, famous for his treatise on a temperate life. From some dishonesty on the part of his relatives he was deprived of his rank, and induced to retire to Padua, where he acquired the experience in regard to food and regimen which he has detailed in his works. In his youth he lived freely, but after a severe illness at the age of forty, he began under medical advice gradually to reduce his diet. For some time he restricted himself to a daily allowance of twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen ounces of wine; later in life he reduced still further his bill of fare, and he found he could support his life and strength with no more solid meat than an egg a day. So much habituated did he become to this simple diet, that when he was about seventy years of age the addition by way of experiment of two ounces a day had nearly proved fatal. At the age of eighty-three he wrote his treatise on 'The Sure and Certain Method of Attaining a Long and Healthful Life,' and this work was followed by three others on the same subject, composed at the ages of eighty-six, ninety-one, and ninety-five, respectively. 'They are written,' says Addison (*Spectator*, No. 195), 'with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety.' He died at the age of ninety-eight (100?). His case is an evidence that those who have suffered the results of sensual excesses may, not only with safety, but with advantage, adopt the opposite extreme of ascetic abstinence; but it does not show that persons with unimpaired constitutions, living regular lives, would be the better for it. A proof of this is the rarity with which his system has been persisted in, compared with the frequency with which his books have been read. 'The first three of these treatises were published during his life (Padua, 1558), and all four have since been frequently reprinted in the original and other languages. An English translation of the 'Sure Method' has gone through more than thirty editions."

Cornaro assures his readers that he never knew what it was to enjoy life and food until he adopted his regimen of temperance. He had spent a fortune in high living, so that he certainly knew the difference. But by recent experiments it has been discovered how Luigi got such enjoyment out of his small rations. The recent experiments referred to have consisted of nutrition tests made upon subjects of different characteristics and various habits of life, and the results obtained have been compared with the ordinary experiences of peoples of different countries and various occupations. Individuals differ so greatly, and Nature is so deliberate in her methods, that the experiments can not be hurried to a conclusion.

Cornaro reached a minimum of twelve ounces of solid food a day—only about a fourth of what he had been consuming. Later in life he took even less. He does not tell us, but it is natural to infer that he did not bolt his food. He chewed and sipped as long as possible, to get all the taste out of it. In doing so he conformed to Nature's requirements, and thoroughly insatiated his food.

Try it yourself. Select twelve ounces of the sort of food that pleases you most, but in simple variety. Divide it into four rations a day and of three ounces each, as Cornaro did; and fix the feeding time to suit your fancy. You will probably sit down to eat your three ounces of favorite fare with an appetite born of waiting and expectation. You will not bolt it. You will linger over each morsel so as to prolong the pleasure of it. At first you may not be satisfied with your three ounces, for your organism is habituated to stuffing. But in ten minutes after the three-ounce meal you will notice that appetite is more perfectly satisfied than usual.

This is what happened to Cornaro, without doubt, but he failed to dwell upon this feature of his experience, and hence it is that so few have persisted in practicing his advice. It was the key to his secret which he forgot to leave behind.

VENICE, July, 1901.

HORACE FLETCHER.

Among the many uses to which the automobile is applied in military service is that of a new Austrian invention, called the Schweizer Military Mill-Bakery Automobile. This will follow the regiments on the march and make fresh bread from the wheat obtained on the spot. There is mounted on an automobile car a mill with bolters and kneading-troughs, all run by the same motor which runs the automobile. The oven is drawn along in the rear. The bran obtained serves as food for the cavalry horses. By this method, five thousand men can be fed daily. This mill-bakery can also render service in cases of large labor contracts which bring together numbers of workmen.

The Philadelphia city hall was designed to cost three millions of dollars, and was to be completed within ten years, an extraordinary allowance of time. It has cost twenty-five millions of dollars, and, after thirty years, is yet incomplete.



## ON THE THROW OF THE KNIFE.

How the Cause of the Indian Girl was Lost.

By all the laws of the true romance she should have felt, upon opening her eyes, a premonition that this was to be a day of destiny. But she merely felt that the engines had stopped, that the ship was at anchor, and that, therefore, it was moistly, insufferably warm. The curtains across the state-room windows did not so much as move. She came down from her berth and pulled them aside. The coast of Guatemala was before her—and the port of San José.

There had been rain in the night, a tropic shower. The clouds were lifting away. They were massed in white and gold behind the two volcano peaks that had sent forth the one fire, the other water, in their time. And the peaks themselves were side by side, two cones of glowing pink.

They were miles inland, many miles, and the thick, lush tropic green was between, reaching to the curve of the sand. There were some white houses by the beach, white with red tiles. They made the port of San José. But the ship was anchored well out in deep water, and there were no craft in sight, save a row-boat or two drawn up on the sand, and one that was starting out from the pier across the faint blue water that showed back the clouds of white and gold. The wake and the oars glistened in the new sunlight.

The girl leaned her bare arm on the sill and stood looking out. She had seen many beautiful things in her life, but never so lovely as the coast and volcano peaks of San José de Guatemala at the break of day.

The row-boat came near, and she saw that the quarantine officials sat in the stern. But by the time she was dressed and came on deck, they had long since gone. There was no one at all in sight either aft or amidships, but when she was forward of the bridge she saw some one standing near the bow. He was a new passenger. He turned and looked at her.

There was a breeze, the faintest South Sea morning breeze, that rippled her thin white gown and moved the loose tendrils of her hair. He raised his straw hat civilly and turned back to his consideration of the shore. Presently the purser joined him, and he stood talking, his hands jammed into his sack-coat pockets and his tan-shod feet wide apart on the deck. Then he went into the saloon.

That was all Miss Strathmore saw of him, but she described him to her mother accurately, nevertheless.

"He's the only Latin I ever saw who looked as though he could do things—and not talk about it afterwards. His skin is very white and his hair is very black. His nose is big and his jaw shuts hard. And, moreover—though his eyes are brown, they are neither sparkling nor soft"—she objected to both—"they are level and hard. That he may speak English is my fondest wish."

He did. He was put beside her at breakfast, and the captain presented him. His name was Merida.

"You saw me this morning," he said, "when I was looking back upon 'my house, my home, my heritage, my lands.'"

"And 'the laughing dames in whom you did delight?'" she followed it up.

He gave her a quick look. "Perhaps," he said, and turned short about to talk to the man at the other side, a little Chilean whom Miss Strathmore did not like. They talked Spanish together, and she could not understand. So she ate her breakfast, and wondered why the Guatemalan should have objected to having his quotation finished out. Had she hit some nail too neatly on the head? He had risked that. But he knew his Byron, apparently, and his English had not so much as an accent. If there was to be any further conversation, it lay with him to begin it. He did so presently, but he kept to generalities and refused to be drawn out about himself.

The captain was more communicative on the subject later on. He belonged to the general sea-dog type. "Better make up to young Merida, Miss Elizabeth," he advised, coming to a stop in front of her steamer-chair; "he owns about everything in sight over there," his arm swept the view of dense green from the beach curve to the mountains far away. "Half Guatemala belongs to his brother and him. The brother is married—to a Spanish princess, too—but he's not, and you'll do the best two weeks' work you ever did in your life, if you catch him between here and 'Frisco Bay.'"

The captain liked the topic, evidently. He drew up a stool and sat down to pursue it further, growing from the jocose to the serious.

He could recommend Matcho Merida. He wasn't like the rest of these Black-and-Tans.

"He's made this trip with me six times now, and I've watched him close. He don't go in for the things that most of his breed do—cards and women and wine." (Miss Strathmore thought of her quotation.) "We get the chance to see things on these ships, you bet, but I've never seen Merida do a fool thing yet. It may be because he's been to school in England, and runs the New York end of affairs for their *fincas*, but why ever it is, it's so. And educated!" he added, awe-inspiredly, "why, that fellow speaks four languages as well as he does his own—and got something to say in all of them. You mind what I say, Miss Elizabeth. I knew your father when I was a boy, and the best I could wish for his daughter would be to marry young Merida." He stood up and started off. "Here he comes now. Get him to tell you how he and the other young bloods held the governor's *palacio* against a revolutionist mob for a day and a night. Make up to him."

Which—the advice and the strategy—had the natural effect of rendering Miss Strathmore more barely civil to Merida when he stopped to speak to her. He had changed the suit in which he had come on board and was in white flannels now.

"He's not handsome," she decided, remembering the regular features of other Spanish-blooded males she had

known, "but he's quite the most swagger individual I ever saw."

He pulled up a wicker chair beside her, and they began to talk. It was ten o'clock then. They were still talking when the luncheon-gong sounded at one. They went down together and talked through the meal.

If Miss Strathmore had been stupid she would have stayed on deck the rest of the afternoon. As it was she went to the cabin for a nap, and then devoted herself—the least in the world, obviously—to her mother, until dinner time. But there was the evening after that. They spent it together in the bow and talked—of the phosphorus and things.

It was not until after a good many nights that they got to anything much more personal. Then it came all at once. Merida stood wedged into the extreme point of the bow and Miss Strathmore sat half-overhanging the black ocean when the prow cut into gold light. She was holding fast to a stay. She could just see Merida's face in the starlight, and his eyes were on her steadily. There had been a stop in speech.

"Was I uncivil when you finished my line for me, that night?" he asked.

"Rather," Miss Strathmore answered him.

"And you didn't know why, I suppose?"

She admitted that she did not.

"Well," he explained, "it's just this. I get so sick of having people go on the basis that all men down here are—devils of fellows—Don Juans and all that. We get so deucedly much of it."

She reminded him that he had laid himself open to it.

"I know I did. But one doesn't expect an American or an Englishman to know his poets—if you don't mind my saying so. I never thought about your going on." There was a pause. "And I don't go in for women and flirtations," Merida said. "I have never cared for any girl except you."

It was sudden, certainly—so sudden that she let go her hold on the stay. His hand went out to steady her instantly. Then he took it away.

"I suppose you are surprised," he said. "I am myself. But it's true."

Miss Strathmore's self-possession had weathered many experiences, but it foundered at this. She did not think of anything to say.

"I don't want to bother," he told her, "and I don't expect you to like me yet—but I hope you will—before long." Then he went off to other things, but conversation was not a success.

They were at anchor off Mazatlan the next day, some two miles out beyond the bar. Merida put in his appearance at breakfast in shore-clothes.

"I'm going to land," he told Miss Strathmore, "if the captain will have a boat whistled for me."

"It's rough," she tried to suggest.

"I know it is," he answered, leveling his eyes straight on her for the benefit of all who might choose to see, so that she flushed very pink. "If it were not, I should ask you and your mother to go, too." They had done it at Acapulco and Manzanillo before.

"I will not go," observed the Chilean, "it is too much danger to."

Merida caught Miss Strathmore's glance of contempt and nearly smiled.

Toward the middle of the morning a row-boat, whose owners were courageous, responded to the signals and ventured out to the ship. Merida went down the Jacob's ladder. The captain watched him.

"You'll come to grief, Matcho, if you don't watch out. See that your men aren't *tequila* drunk when you start back. It's pretty bad now, but it'll be rolling like fun then. We'll anchor at three," he added, warningly.

Merida watched his chance to jump; he caught it expertly, and the boat pulled away.

It was two o'clock when it re-appeared, coming slowly, hidden in a hollow, climbing a crest, flung about through the frothing bar. Miss Strathmore and the captain and a good many others were watching it. Miss Strathmore had been shooting at driftwood and at a big turtle that was floating on its back in the sun. The captain had been watching her. The turtle was a shifting and difficult mark, but she had hit it three times and then a boat had put out to bring it in.

"We'll have turtle steaks to-morrow," said the captain; "you're a pretty good shot."

But she had had enough of the amusement and they were leaning idly against the rail. The captain reverted to Merida.

"Matcho tell you about the *palacio*?" he asked.

"He won't," she answered; "he says he's forgotten it."

"He isn't much on talk," he said, approachingly.

"Hasn't told you about the girl down below on the spar-deck either, I suppose?"

She shook her head.

"Well," said the captain, "she's a little Indian from one of his plantations down there—pretty little devil, too. Seems she's in love with him and he won't look at her. So what does she go and do but scrape the money together somehow and take steerage passage and follow him. She came on at San José, but he never knew she was aboard until after we got off the Guatemala coast. She's a shy one—and sharp. Then one day when he was down with the doctor looking at the hospital, she showed herself, clasped his knees and wept, and all the rest of it—made the dickens' own row. He acted very well, but it put him in a ticklish kind of place. Of course we won't let her up here, and he's mighty careful to keep off the spar-deck now. He's going to ship her back from 'Frisco, he says." He pointed to the back of a black-haired head that appeared over the side directly below them. "That's her." Evidently the eyes in the head were watching the boat, too.

"She's seen you with him, and she don't like you a little bit," the captain chuckled. "She calls you names."

Miss Strathmore did not think it amusing at all. The row-boat was near. Miss Strathmore met Merida's eye.

"He'll have a scramble of it getting up," the captain opined.

The ship was rolling heavily.

"And his Mexicans," said the captain, uneasily; "by heaven, they're half drunk, too. Look at their eyes."

Whether it was that or not, it was certain that they could not seem to manage to keep the boat alongside long enough for Merida to catch the platform, when the ship rolled down.

"Take your time, Merida," the chief-engineer called to him—"take your time."

Apparently the word suggested something to Merida. He put his hand to his watch-pocket—and then his face changed. There were three Mexicans in the boat, but only two of them had rowed, the other had been sitting near him in the stern, steering occasionally with an oar. Merida said something to this one. The fellow looked too innocent and shook his head. Things happened quickly after that. Merida caught the *mozo* by the arm, and that began the fight. The rowers shipped their oars, and, urged by the excitement and the *tequila*, joined in. The boat pitched and plunged.

"They'll kill him," the captain called out, "lower away a boat."

"If they've no knives—" began the purser. But as he said it a knife was thrown, and by the little Indian girl on the deck below.

The captain swore one oath. "They'll do him now—sure," he said.

Merida had his man by the throat, but he was down, and all three were atop of him. One of them jumped up and caught the knife by the handle as it came, dexterously. He gave it to the man who had Merida under him, and the other two drew back. A splendid brown arm, with its hand grasping the knife, rose high and poised above Merida's breast. Then it fell—but uselessly, limp from the shoulder-bone. There was smoke in the muzzle of the revolver in Miss Strathmore's band.

Merida threw the wounded Mexican off, bent over him, felt in his sash, and drew out his own watch. The rowers had resumed their oars. "Now," said Merida, quietly, "you take me alongside."

The little Indian on the spar-deck had watched it eagerly, hanging out far over the side. She turned now, twisting around lithely upon her back, her face upturned. Her dark eyes glowed, her lips apart. Miss Strathmore, the revolver still in her hand, was straight above. The Indian threw back her head, farther still, and then laughed. Her right hand went to her forehead and came away again with a sweep, in mock salute—the salute of the *matador* who has missed his stroke and forsakes the ring. GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1901.

During the Civil War it was proved that the American white man of families longest in this country is, on the average, larger than his European kinsman, the increase being mainly in the size of head and chest. It is further indicated by the endurance of these men in the trials of the soldier's life and by the remarkable percentage of recoveries from wounds. This endurance of wounds was regarded by the late Dr. Brown-Sequard as a feature common to all mammals of this continent, being, as he claimed, on the basis of an extensive experience, as characteristic of American rabbits as of American men. Moreover, the statistics of life insurance companies doing business in this country appear to indicate that the expectation of life is greater here than in the Old World. It is evident that the American Indians, a race evidently on the ground for many thousand years before the coming of the Europeans, had found the land hospitable. For savages they were remarkably well developed, and, though unfitted for steady labor, their bodies were well made and enduring. Taking their place, the North Europeans, representing a wide range of local varieties—English, Irish, Highland Scotch, Germans, Scandinavians, Normans, French, and many other groups of Old World peoples—have, since their implantation a hundred years or more ago, shown that the area of the continent from the Rio Grande to the Far North is better suited to our kind than any part of the earth.

That hackneyed American maiden who said London was a nice place if you knew the language, was not a bit absurd. An American can hardly utter a sentence in England without calling attention to the difference between his speech and that of the people about him (asserts Julian Ralph in a recent article in *Harper's Magazine*). If you ask a guest at your home in England whether he likes his meat rare, he asks what you said, because he does not understand you. He calls meat underdone when it is not thoroughly cooked. If you tell him you fear the asparagus is canned, he is at a loss again, because he would have said it was tinned. To ask him to pass the powdered sugar will again set him to wondering, for he calls it icing sugar, generally, though he knows that it is sometimes called caster or sifted sugar. And if you have candy on the table you may not call it so without betraying your foreign origin, for he calls candy "sweets," abbreviated from "sweetmeats," and used to designate all preserves, puddings, pies, candies, and jams. To go farther along the eccentricities of English at the dining-table, most persons know, I suppose, that the beet is called beet-root, corn-starch is corn-flour, corned-beef (or a particular cut of it) is called "silversides of beef," and napkins are serviettes.

The annual conference of American rabbis in Philadelphia recently made the following report on the question of teaching the religion of Jesus in the Jewish theological schools:

"Dogmatically speaking, the position of Judaism in respect to the founder of Christianity is altogether negative as denying his divinity; though the pivot on which Christianity revolves, Jesus of Nazareth, has no place in Jewish theology. The conception of his historical position and of his significance in the development of religion is a matter of individual view and conviction, as is also the pointing out and application of the Jewish nature of many of the beautiful moral teachings attributed to Jesus, but these can not form part nor be incorporated in any official statement or declaration of Jewish belief."



## HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

A Californian in the Netherlands—Crowds of Americans—A Drive by Steamer—Amphibious Beauties—Masonry Wind-mills—A Fat and Juicy Land.

[Dr. W. S. Thorne, one of our prominent physicians, who is at present traveling abroad, sends us this pleasant letter concerning the sights in the Low Countries.—EDS.]

DEAR ARGONAUT: A trip through Holland and Belgium at this season is both interesting and instructive. The marvelous productive resources of these countries are everywhere apparent. Belgium is chiefly agricultural. Its broad acres teem with golden fields of wheat, oats, and rye, with intervening patches of clover and potatoes. No grazing kine are visible. The holdings are evidently small, with numerous subdivisions, each dedicated to some particular product. Where not separated by water-courses, boundary lines are designated by hedges, elm or linden trees. The vista, even to the very horizon, is broken by neither hill nor dale, and but for the rich and diversified coloring of the landscape, it would be monotonous. The spires of the clustering villages are seen in every direction, apparently separated by only a few miles. The farm-houses, the peasants' cottages, and the pretentious mansions are of brick, and covered with red tiles that lend to each an air of neatness and substantiality. Level, white, macadamized roads wind beneath double rows of elms or lindens. No unsightly fences or dilapidated dwellings mar the landscape. Every visible object bears the impress of care and of orderly arrangement.

The peasants are now harvesting. Stalwart fellows bend their broad shoulders to the sickle, reaping, and they in turn are followed by the bronzed-faced women who glean and bind the yellow corn into sheaves after the manner of Ruth in the fields of Boaz. Yonder are the hay-makers, spreading the newly cut hay to the hot sun's rays or gathering it into piles for stacking in the large ricks so neatly thatched and artistically grouped in the distance. Here are some women loading hay upon a cart, drawn by a single horse half hidden by the fragrant burden. Miles succeed miles of waving grain and harvest-fields. Not an acre of idle or barren land is visible—nay, nor the fraction of one. Every available foot of ground is made to produce something of value to the people. Labor and frugality are the price one pays for existence in a country whose population numbers from five hundred and twenty to eight hundred and seventy to the square mile. What an object-lesson is here presented to the wasteful and unskillful tillers of the soil in our country. Here we behold a region teeming with abundant harvests, and every acre of land by provident skill is made to yield its just proportion. These broad lands, groaning with the products of a generous soil, have been continuously tilled since the Roman conquest. The rejuvenation of the soil through the centuries has been accomplished by judicious rotation of crops and the persistent fertilization. "Verily, as ye sow so shall ye reap," and this law is written on the golden fields of Belgium, now smiling beneath the summer sun, a marvel of intelligent husbandry.

The antiquated joke, that "The Dutch have taken Holland," is no longer admissible. Holland is held by the Yankee travelers and the American school-marms. The latter were in evidence individually and in droves everywhere in Belgium and in Holland. The concourse of Americans on the Continent this year exceeds all past records. The hotels are full of them. The *Paris Herald* of a recent date recounts a large registration of them in Switzerland and the opening of a large party at a hotel in Lucerne by an American couple from San Francisco. The American is abroad, and his liberal dispensation of the coin of the realm makes his presence a joy to the lackey and a pecuniary cloudburst to mine host of the inn. The latter greets you as a long-lost brother, while the lackies salaam and wink the other eye as they solemnly meditate on the shekels that are in store for them, and the price of bread-stuffs in that particular hotel advance three-hundred fold. Whoso journeys abroad for rest and change will note that mine host gets the change, the servants get the rest, and the traveler the experience, which at least is edifying, if not satisfactory. But one must see Europe, and the large-handed American with capacious pocket and a sense of humor should submit with ready grace to those petty extortions to which his reputation and practice have largely contributed.

The ride from Roosendaal, on the Belgian frontier, via Rotterdam and The Hague to Amsterdam is of surpassing interest. On entering Holland from the south one leaves the waving fields of golden grain behind and enters upon a scene of pastoral beauty. As far as the eye can reach on either side are green and level pastures; the verdant expanse stretches away to the horizon unbroken save by elevated dykes and numerous water-courses. The willow, elm, and linden mark the dykes and water-ways, adding to the beauty of the country and materially augmenting the security of these structures. At short intervals huge wind-mills of solid masonry rear their lofty arms heavenward. Black and white Holstein cattle graze in groups about the plain, or lie in enviable luxury upon the soft, green turf. The landscape is dotted with villages, rarely out of sight, and the neighboring spires appear to nod good-night to each other across the intervening country. Picturesque peasants push the laden boats along the water courses from hamlet to village, and the train hurries along its elevated way as though anxious to reach more congenial company of the city. The country houses are bright, clean, and cheerful; a garden containing flowers and vegetables, well-ordered out-houses in perfect repair, ornamental trees in abundance, and near by the lofty hay-ricks, so trim and conical they resemble in the distance huge sugar-loaves done up in brown paper.

To-day our party took a small steamer and drove through the country in a canal, from Amsterdam to the Zuider Zee, a distance of about fifteen miles. The house-fraus, the children, and the unemployed dogs, came out to greet us as we

drove by; for he it understood that a Dutchman finds it more convenient and economical to drive a hoat than a horse. We alighted at several of the villages and walked through them. The inhabitants resembled in dress, and the villages in structure and quaintness, the appearance of like settlements at New Amsterdam and along the Hudson in Colonial days. Holland has preserved the ancient dress and manners among the peasantry to a greater extent than any country in Europe. A real Dutch farm-house is a revelation—it is the abode of neatness, order, and economy. Polishing, scrubbing, and cleaning are the chief aim and object of the life of a Dutch house-frau. Ye lovers of Edam cheese, be not afraid—it contains no unclean thing—"it is just the cheese." The cow and the owner occupy adjoining apartments—a door permits ingress and egress. It is impossible to distinguish between the neatness and order of the one or of the other. Scrupulous cleanliness characterizes both. The cow begins her education in Holland young, and ere she reaches maidenhood she is much of a lady. She is taught obedience and neatness, and through the long winter nights she has time to study. The dairy, therefore, is a hovine training-school, where the highest culture is marked by the highest grade of cheese.

The Island of Marken is the home of the fishing fleet of the Zuider Zee. It is six miles in circumference, and is exclusively occupied by fishermen and their families. Like every other territory about the Zuider Zee, it has been rescued from the waves. The dress and appearance of this people is unique, and has remained unchanged for centuries. The women wear a head-dress than which is none queerer to be found in the heavens or on the earth. It is of a gaudy multi-colored stuff, close-fitting, and reaches to the brow. The blonde hair is hanging, a short fringe of which protrudes beneath the cap. The dresses are quite short and so enormously padded at the hips that the wearer resembles an animated barrel with legs. The large feet are inclosed in wooden shoes. They wear a broad smile, and are of limited intelligence. The males affect short breeches of immense breadth, long stockings, and wooden shoes. They seldom if ever leave their island for any purpose save that of fishing. They are the most distinctive and peculiar peasantry in Europe.

Holland is the land of gigantic enterprises. Its innumerable water-ways, its numerous canals, its immense defenses against the sea, its flourishing cities, its accumulated wealth, and its magnificent territory rescued from the waves by stupendous labor, all attest the solid qualities of a people who have earned the admiration of mankind by the exercise of those attributes that exalt and ennoble the human race.

AMSTERDAM, July 21, 1901.

W. S. THORNE.

Stratford-on-Avon.

JUNE 27, 1901.

Be glad in heaven above all souls inspired,  
Most royal and most loyal born of men,  
Shakespeare, of all on earth beloved or feared  
Or worshiped, highest in sight of human ken.  
The homestead hallowed by thy sovereign birth,  
Whose name, being one with thine, shines higher than  
Rome,  
Forgets not how of all on English earth  
Their trust is holiest, there who have their home.  
Stratford is thine and England's. None that hate  
The commonweal whose empire sets men free  
Find comfort there, where once by grace of fate  
A soul was born as boundless as the sea.  
If life, if love, if memory now be thine,  
Rejoice that still thy Stratford bears thy sign.  
—Algernon Charles Swinburne in the *Saturday Review*.

A railroad man recently described the sensations of "hearing a freight wreck" to a New Orleans *Times-Democrat* writer: "I was at a little station on the Iron Mountain a few years ago," he said, "when a 'long file' of empty cars rushed past, rounded into a deep cut and must have been half a mile away when we heard a frantic whistle from the engine, answered by another in a different key, and then there followed a series of explosions as if fifteen or twenty dynamite cartridges had been set off in succession. We knew that something horrible had happened, manned a hand-car and started for the scene. We found the freights telescoped, several dead trainmen, and as fierce-looking a wreck as ever happened. As the engine on the down train struck the first empty box-car it blew up like an empty candy-bag popped by a boy, and then each succeeding car went off with the pop! pop! pop! we had heard away back at the station. The principle of the thing was the same; the air in the cars was compressed to the bursting point. Yes, a hollow train is like a hollow head; it makes more noise than a full one. Another wreck I heard was hard to hear as a noise producer. It was on the Chicago and Alton road at Upper Alton. Just beyond the depot is the largest bottle factory in the world. Some one had left a switch open, and the limited dashed into the glass-works' switch and passed clear through six box-cars loaded to the roof with prescription bottles. A servant girl dropping a tray of new china can give you only a faint idea of the resulting smash."

Unable to compete further with big department-stores, thirty of the smaller shop-keepers of Chicago will open before October an immense establishment, to be conducted on the co-operative plan, with a capital stock of one million dollars. The promoter of the scheme is C. F. Gillman, president of the Northside Business Men's Association, who fought department-stores in the legislature during 1897. He says he has found, as have other retail merchants, that it is of no use to oppose the department-stores. The people seem to want them, and will trade at them to the exclusion of the smaller merchants. So it has been decided to get into the swim, to fight the others on their own ground, and get a share of trade that way.

The use of the "E Pluribus Unum" on coin was never authorized by law. Its first known use was on a New Jersey cent struck off in 1776.

## HOW MOSQUITOES CONVEY DISEASE.

There is a great deal of useful and interesting information in the little book entitled "Mosquitoes," by Dr. L. O. Howard, which has been already briefly noticed in the *Argonaut*. It is not a ponderous volume, but the subject is treated scientifically, and the many questions that inevitably arise about this obnoxious plague are answered in a most clear and satisfactory manner. Among the scientists quoted are Professor V. L. Kellogg of Stanford University, Professor E. W. Hilgard of the University of California, Professor MacCallum of Johns Hopkins University, and other investigators of world-wide repute. From the results of many experiments in all parts of the world Dr. Howard has drawn his conclusions.

Since it has been ascertained with certainty during the last few years that the spread of yellow fever in Cuba is due to the mosquito, there has been a persistent effort on the part of scientists and physicians to learn more of this dangerous pest with a view to its extermination. The possibility that mosquitoes caused the spread of malaria was suspected at least twenty years ago. Now it is practically an accepted fact. Hence the energy with which the investigations regarding mosquitoes have been pushed the past few years.

So far as is known, all mosquitoes are aquatic in their early stages. That is, the eggs are invariably laid in water, and the "wigglers" hatch out under water. It may be in a rain-water cistern, or in the pitcher of a pitcher-plant, or in the crotch of a tree where rain-water has fallen and stands, or in dissipated wells, in roadside puddles and ditches, in closed sewers when there is an absence of heavy rains to flush the drains—in short, there must be standing water no matter in how small quantities for mosquitoes to breed. They do not breed in wet grass, as is so often erroneously stated. It is true that they are attracted by the moist air which hangs about a well-watered lawn, but there is always found to be some area of standing water in the vicinity to account for their existence. However, the female mosquitoes do not die for lack of water for very long periods. They are able to live through long spells of dry weather to which the male insect succumbs. The adult female also survives through extremely cold weather and is often found hibernating in very cold basements. The larvæ have been known to live through the winter frozen solidly in blocks of ice, but in many places it is the fertilized female only that survives the winter. Without doubt it is the female which does the biting. The head of the male is weaker, and not fitted to penetrate the skin of even a tender-skinned animal.

One often hears it said that the female mosquito sucks blood but once and then dies. This is not so. Experiment has shown that they may bite and become gorged with blood many times before they die. The development of the malarial parasite takes place in the body of the female mosquito of the genus *Anopheles*, and malaria is transmitted by its biting healthy persons after having sucked the blood of a malarial patient. Practical demonstrations to prove the correctness of this theory have been carried on in the most malarious portions of the Roman Campagna. In every case the persons who lived in houses tightly screened against mosquitoes did not develop the slightest trace of malaria, even dwelling in the same place through the rainy season. In order to disprove the prevalent idea that the night air of the Campagna is in itself dangerous, these persons slept with their windows open, but still did not contract malaria. As a check experiment, a number of the *Anopheles* mosquitoes which had sucked the blood of malarial patients in Rome were sent to London. Healthy persons who had never had a trace of malaria fell victims to the malady in due time after being bitten by these mosquitoes.

Equally interesting experiments have been carried on in Cuba the past two years. These experiments prove that the yellow-fever parasite also develops in the mosquito's body. After an interval of twelve days or more from the time it sucks a yellow-fever patient's blood this mosquito is capable of conveying the infection. These investigations do not touch upon the problem of what may be the specific cause of yellow-fever, but only upon the cause of the spread of the dread disease. Like the *Anopheles*, which carries malaria, this mosquito seems to be of its own genus. It is found only in warm climates, never in Arctic and temperate climates. The common mosquito of the genus *Culex* is found everywhere and is known in many varieties.

Dr. Howard is of the opinion that the mosquito plague could be wiped out of existence with but a moderate degree of individual care and diligence, coupled with proper municipal regulations. In addition to the abolition of breeding-places by draining or filling, he recommends the free and constant use of kerosene (at intervals of two or three weeks) poured on the surface of all tanks and pools of standing water. He says there is no efficacy in the eucalyptus-tree and castor-oil plant to drive away mosquitoes. Experiment and investigation have disproved these theories. The energetic mayor of a city in Virginia in the last two years has succeeded in almost entirely exterminating mosquitoes from the locality by treating the entire city with kerosene, under an ordinance of the city council. Leaflets were circulated giving to the people an account of the habits of the mosquito and its requisites for breeding, and the war of extermination was intelligently carried on, with most satisfactory results. Other instances are given of ridding whole districts of the mosquito plague with but very little expenditure of time and money. As Dr. Howard succinctly remarks, "there is no more reason why people should suffer from mosquitoes than that they should suffer from small-pox." When one considers that the horrible ravages of yellow fever in the tropics, and the misery and suffering caused by malaria in the temperate and colder climates, are but accompanying evils of the mosquito plague, one may well wonder that a war of extermination is not undertaken against the mosquito in every intelligent community.

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## NOTES ON PARIS.

Circulars in the Streets—Cab Fares—Paris and San Francisco—  
"Cocktail Route"—Up Kearny to the Madeleine—  
American Girls Abroad—French Barbers.

A great deal of fault has been found with San Francisco for allowing its streets to be littered by advertising circulars. In Paris there is much of this nuisance to be observed on all the main streets and boulevards. It is probably because there is little advertising done in the French papers. The advertising charges in newspapers here are so high that little business is given them. The business-managers ought to read *Printer's Ink* and study the art of writing ads.; they would then learn that the remuneration gained by the right kind of advertising in newspapers is very large. The *Figaro*, the most popular paper at the Paris *cafés*, has six pages, thirty-six columns, one-sixth being given to ads.; *Gil Blas*, one-twelfth; *Le Journal* and *Le Temps*, the same. The *Figaro's* charges are, per line, 6 francs; ten insertions, or fifty lines, 5 francs per line; situations wanted (servants) on Wednesdays, 3 francs per line. As the French travel little except in their own country, there are no steamship ads. The advertising circulars in Paris are shoved at you, put in front of your face, and frequently, if you do not take them, insulting remarks are made by the givers. The Parisians complain of the littering of their streets, but excuse it by saying that something must be found for the poor to do, and that thousands of boys and old men earn their living in this way, and that it supports the cheap printing establishments.

At the French national celebration, on July 14th, the review of the army was very fine this year. The president in his four horse victoria, the generals and the emhassadors in their glittering uniforms, the cavalry, artillery, and infantry, the bicycle corps, and the many military bands, made a magnificent show. All Paris seemed to be at Longchamps that day. Sunday afternoon (the fourteenth) free theatrical performances were given. At the Opéra—"The Huguenots"; Comédie-Française—"Horace"; "Le Medecin Malgré lui"; Opéra-Comique—"Les Dragons de Villars"; Porte St. Martin—"Uncle Tom"; Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt—"L'Aiglon"—here, for the first time, Paris saw Bernhardt and Coquelin together in that play. In all there were fifteen theatres giving gratuitous performances. There were also fireworks at night from the Pont Neuf. Public street-balls took place at all the open places or squares of Paris, of which there are many. The people were decent and well-behaved, and I saw no drunkenness.

On the national festival-day cabs are in demand at high prices. The Paris cabman pays 18 francs 50 centimes on the day of the Grand Prix—the big race—for his cab; \$3.70 for his cab and an extra horse, in case he works long hours. His fee by law is 1.70 francs, or 34 cents American money, for a "course," and, as he has to give his hostler tips for extra attention to his cab horses and harness, he has to make about \$4 a day before earning anything for himself. On the big race-day, and on the fourteenth of July review of the army, both at Longchamps, he earns sometimes as much as 40 or 60 francs; but those are only two days in the year, so he threatens to strike, and the big stables come down in their prices during the dull summer months, when those who use cabs are mostly on the sea-shore or at the springs. The price comes down to 12 francs, or \$2.40 for the day. There are 17,000 cabs in Paris, and they have the competition of the omnibuses, the trams, and now the underground, which is in operation from Vincennes on one side of Paris to the Bois on the other. The fares for 'bus, trams, and underground are 6 cents on the first, for first class, 3 cents for second; on the underground, 5 cents for first class and 3 for second class.

As everyone knows, Brussels calls herself "the little Paris of Belgium," Geneva says she is "the little Paris of Switzerland," and a very entertaining gentleman of Portland, Or., called San Francisco "the little Paris of the United States." There is some resemblance. The gaiety of San Franciscans, their love of going out of town on Sundays, the foreign population toward North Beach, where there are little French shops, *cafés*, and wine merchants—all these have a Parisian effect. The restaurants of San Francisco are very like those in Paris on the Boulevard at "Prix Fixe." The "Cabinets particuliers" upstairs are also of a similar kind. The walk along the "cocktail route" from Sutter, along Kearny, to the corner of Powell, at the hour when the Aspasias parade, is very much, but of course in a small way, like the promenade from the Rue du Fauhourg Montmartre to La Madeleine along the Boulevard; the northern side of the Boulevard here being—just as north of the slot is on Market Street—the favorite side. If the Panhandle is carried down to Market Street it will have some resemblance to the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, both in length and width. Then San Francisco has other attractions—among them is good water, better water than Paris has, and proportionately more of it; it is a great thing for a town to have good water and plenty of it. Then, again, San Francisco is cool—there are no excessive hot spells or sunstrokes, as in New York, London, and Paris. Many growl at our summer winds and fogs, but they keep our rainless summers healthy, and cause the San Franciscans to be energetic. And then last, but not least, they give their fine complexions to the lovely girls of the Golden City. Take it all in all, San Francisco has the most even climate of any town of 350,000 inhabitants in northern latitudes.

Talking of American girls, while sauntering about the Tuileries Garden one day, I saw a pointer dog in one of the round ponds, who had slipped in while trying to get a drink. He was struggling mightily to get out, but every time he leaped his forepaws would slip on the stone retaining wall, and he would fall back. I went toward him to give him a lift. Two American girls were going in the same direction. One can tell an American girl from her short gown, just not touching the ground, and her sensible, thick-soled, broad-

heeled American shoes. The two girls reached the pond a little before I did. One planted her right foot firmly on the top of the wall, leaned over, took the pointer by the collar, and pulled him out. While some French men and women were standing idly by, discussing how to get the dog out, it took an American girl with common sense to do the kindly little act.

There is one thing that the United States can be proud of, small as the thing is—we have the best barber-chairs and barbers. In Paris, on the boulevards, the barber gives you an arm-chair with a low back; you have no support for your head while being shaved, and the barber twists it around and nearly wrings your neck. I have not found a place where the razors are sharp and run smoothly over the face; they drag, and one's face smarts and hurns. In San Francisco you frequently see a man snoozing a bit in a barber's chair while being shaved. Here, if you want to get thoroughly waked up, the best way is to get a shave. The charge on the Boulevard for a shave and a hair-cut is twenty-five cents, American money. While being shaved you can have your silk hat given an ironing (*coup de fer*), or have your derby refreshed for five cents. The barber expects a tip. He is satisfied with two cents—he prefers four—and if you give him five cents, he opens the door for you and gives you a bow such as a Spanish ambassador would give on taking leave of an honored *hidalgo* guest.

PARIS, July 20, 1901.

COVINGTON JOHNSON.

## SONG OF THE 13-INCH.

I come of a fighting race,  
You should see my family tree,  
With never a break when you come to trace  
From "Mons Meg" down to me—  
From old "Mons Meg" with his hoop-bound side,  
That shook to his homharde song,  
When he said to the foemen at Norham, "Bide—  
To me, with my well-wrought, toughened hide,  
And my helly lean and long."

I grin with the grin of death,  
That spins from my iron lips—  
Bluff joy, with a roar of my pregnant breath,  
To hite at the steel-clad ships—  
To hite at the ships in the lust of blood,  
As I whip them over the sea,  
And fence them in with the spouting scud,  
And scatter them over the littered flood,  
Till they dip their rags to me.

I hunger—ere yet I teach—  
Feed me not of the loam—  
I feed to the snap of the locking breech  
That slides the greased shell home,  
That slides it home—then, in mad desire,  
I speed it far and true,  
While my mouth is ringed with the dripping fire,  
And the crumpling cities feel my ire,  
As I search them through and through.

I come of a fighting stock.  
On the word of my father Thor!  
'Tis well for my friends—but the foes that mock,  
I whelm in the throes of war—  
I whelm in the throes of war, and they fall,  
Fleets and cities and men.  
Yet my time may come—let it be a call,  
To the wildest, wickedest fight of all,  
Far out, beyond all ken!

Shivered, crippled, and spent,  
Twain on a hopeless sea,  
Dying, each firm in a fell intent,  
Grim, set on victory—  
Grim, set, to the end. In the waning light  
As the last, last daylight dies,  
The flare of the holocaust's awful blight,  
Or the cold, gray water's gulping night,  
And—the clean-swept billow's rise.

I come of a fighting race,  
You should see my family tree,  
With never a break when you come to trace  
From "Mons Meg" down to me—  
From old "Mons Meg" with his hoop-bound side,  
That shook to his homharde song,  
When he said to the foemen at Norham, "Bide—  
To me, with my well-wrought, toughened hide,  
And my helly lean and long."

—J. H. Bates, Jr., in *Collier's Weekly*.

Edward Moran, whose death in New York at the age of seventy-two occurred recently, was one of the three brothers born at Bolton, Lancashire, England, who came over the water to America in their childhood with their parents in 1844, and became noteworthy as painters, so that few names are better known in the history of American art. At first the Morans made their home in Philadelphia, and the eldest son, Edward, born in 1829, worked at the family craft, hand-loom weaving, until he was twenty-two, when his natural bent was recognized, and he began the study of art. Thomas and Peter Moran, respectively sixty-four and fifty-nine years old, still survive, and are active in their profession of artist. Edward is best known for his marines, and his chief works are esteemed his series representing thirteen episodes in the marine history of the United States, beginning with the landing of Eric in 1001 and ending with "The Return of the Conquerors," typifying the victory of the navy in the war with Spain. He was a member of the Water Color Society, an associate of the National Academy of Design, a member of the London Water Color Society, and a charter member of the Lotus Club, of New York.

The Pennsylvania Railroad proposes spending millions to extend its line to Montauk Point, at the eastern end of Long Island, so that the ocean voyage may be shortened. The tunneling of East River by the Long Island Railroad Company, which is controlled by the Pennsylvania, and the bridging or tunneling of the North River are enterprises included in the scheme.

The largest perfect pearl ever taken out of the Mississippi River was found a few days ago near La Crosse, Wis. The pearl weighs one hundred and ten grains, and is valued at five thousand dollars.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

In consideration of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts's eminent services in South Africa, Parliament has granted him the sum of five hundred thousand dollars.

Dr. Hans Blum, one of the biographers of Bismarck, has become mentally deranged owing to his losses through the recent failure of the Leipziger Bank, and has been placed in an asylum.

J. Young Jones, of Columbia, S. C., has filed a suit against Senator Tillman for ten thousand dollars' damages for slander. Months ago Senator Tillman, in a speech, referred to the complainant as "a crazy old thing, just out of the asylum," or words to that effect.

Emperor Francis Joseph has forwarded a gift to Señora Concha Mendez, the Mexican singer, on the occasion of her eightieth birthday. After Emperor Maximilian had been shot and Empress Carlotta had gone insane, the audience at a Mexican theatre called upon Señora Mendez to sing a song vilifying them, but she replied: "No; I will not vilify the dead and the unhappy."

Helen Potts Hall, formerly of California, who claims the entire estate of the late George Francis Gilman, the millionaire New York tea merchant, has obtained an absolute divorce from Blakely Hall. The decree authorizes Mrs. Hall to resume her maiden name of Helen Potts; provides that she can marry again, while her former husband can not; and permits her at some future time to make application for alimony, should she desire.

Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil magnate, who is known in his own State as the "King of Florida," and is now in his seventy-second year, obtained a divorce at Miami from his insane wife on August 13th. He was represented by former Supreme Court Judge George P. Raney, who is accredited with having engineered through the Florida legislature a bill in the interest of Flagler, by the provisions of which insanity of four years' standing is made a sufficient ground for a divorce.

Thomas C. Platt and Whitelaw Reid are said to have hurried the batchet after nearly ten years of political quarreling. Senator Platt is quoted as saying: "Mr. Reid and I are on the most friendly terms. He concluded some time ago that he wished to be a friend to me, and I concluded that I desired to be a friend to him." The friction between Platt and Reid began before the Republican National Convention in 1892, when Reid, through the *Tribune*, kept up a persistent warfare upon Senator Platt and his friends. The senator in return thwarted Reid's ambition to go back to Paris as ambassador to France and to London as ambassador to England, and told his friends that he would oppose Reid in his ambitions as long as he lived.

One of the most interesting men in Congress is Senator Pettus, of Alabama. He is generally known as "Grandpa" Pettus, being eighty years old. His life has been an active and eventful one. He was a lieutenant in the Mexican War and a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. When he was about seventy-five years of age he took it into his head that he would like to be judge of the federal court, and modestly applied for the job. Mr. Pugh, of Alabama, who was then senator, declined to indorse his application, on the ground that he was too old. He was a year Pugh's senior. "All right," replied Pettus, "I may be too old for a judge, but I am young enough to be a senator." And thereupon he went out after Pugh's seat, and brought it home by a big majority.

Admiral Kempff has forwarded to the Navy Department an official report, thrilling in its details, of the biting off of the leg of Quartermaster S. McKie, third class, of the gunboat *Annapolis*, by a shark. The *Annapolis*, in command of Commander Rohrer, has been stationed of late at Iloilo, and on June 24th last a party was sent out for rifle target practice. Permission was given to several of the men to go swimming while the others were engaged in firing. Two of the men had been in for some time when McKie joined them and asked if they had been able to touch bottom. Being answered in the negative, he made a dive and was gone for several seconds. One of the seamen heard a gurgling sound beneath the water. A moment later McKie appeared on the surface, and shouted: "Shark! shark!" The surface of the water was covered with blood near where he came up. McKie started to swim, and, although crippled, reached the boat and was taken aboard the *Annapolis*, where the surgeon found it necessary to amputate the limb between the knee and hip.

M. Santos-Dumont, who seems to have come nearer solving the problem of aerial navigation than Professor Langley, Count Zeppelin, or any of the other noted aeronauts of the day, had a most thrilling experience in Paris on August 8th, when he attempted to win the Deutsch prize by circling the Eiffel Tower and returning to the point of starting, the Parc de St. Cloud, within a half hour. M. Santos-Dumont succeeded in rounding the tower, but the balloon was then unable to make headway against the strong wind, and, owing to an accident to the wires, he was obliged to stop the motor. As the balloon began to descend, it struck the side of a six-story building, exploded, and fell rapidly, leaving the daring aeronaut clinging to the iron har of a window until he was rescued with some difficulty by the use of ropes. M. Deutsch, who offered the prize of one hundred thousand francs, was so affected by the danger that M. Santos-Dumont had passed through, that he told him he would rather present him with the prize at once than to see him kill himself with his experiments, but the balloonist replied that he had rounded Eiffel Tower in such a short period of time that he considered the result too satisfactory to permit the relinquishment of his attempts in the future. M. Santos-Dumont is only twenty-five years old, and is the son of a Brazilian coffee-planter of great wealth.



## WHEN SLAVERS SAILED THE SEAS.

Horrors of the Voyage from Africa to a Market—Suicide Among the Tortured Slaves—Their Mental Suffering—Punishing Mutiny on the American Slaver "Kentucky."

John R. Spears's history of "The American Slave Trade" reads more like a lurid narrative of the barbarities practiced in the Middle Ages than a plain, unvarnished tale of the traffic in human beings which flourished in our own country within the past century, for the power of the slave-ship owners in national politics before the Civil War was something that makes us marvel now. That our naval ships, in forces ranging from a single schooner to a frigate squadron, had cruised on the coast of Africa at intervals during a period of nearly forty years for the proclaimed purpose of suppressing the slave trade, without accomplishing so much as a restriction of it, seems incredible. Nevertheless, such is the case. No other trade ever had such an exalted origin—it was established because of the sincere pity of a tender-hearted and most praiseworthy priest for an outraged people—and yet the cruelties and horrors of it far surpass those described in any other branch of history. Mr. Spears's chapter on "The Middle Passage," in which he pictures the fiendish treatment accorded the slaves during the passage from Africa to a market, is in itself sufficient to make an American ashamed of his country.

Viewed fairly and by the light of age, Mr. Spears says the gathering of slaves on the coast of Africa, previous to 1750, was conducted with as great a regard for honesty as was any other trade with uncivilized people:

The voyage to the coast in the Newport slaver days lasted anywhere from six to ten weeks, according to the ship and the luck in winds. On reaching Bonny, or Anamaboe, or Old Calabar, then favorite ports, the captain made ready for a grand entertainment in honor of the native chiefs and head men. To put it bluntly, the chiefs were invited on board to get drunk, and they accepted the invitation with an eager thirst. In addition to this free debauch, the chiefs received sundry presents. According to Alexander Falconbridge, a surgeon in the trade in the latter half of the eighteenth century, the presents "generally consisted of pieces of cloth, cotton, chintz, silk handkerchiefs, and other India goods, and sometimes brandy, wine, or beef."

Having propitiated the chiefs, the captains were free to begin trade:

They generally looked for a chief who held a grudge against a native tribe, and incited and aided him to take revenge. They suggested to chiefs that certain stout, well-built citizens of the tribe were ambitious of becoming rulers, and that an effectual stop to such ambition was to sell the offenders. They made friends with the fetish or medicine men—always the adroit and underhand rascals of the tribe—in order to have charges of witchcraft preferred against likely young men and women. They persuaded the medicine men to have youths and children entrapped without any charge of any kind. They told men having many wives that this or that young man was the lover of one or another wife. So the great man was led to lie in wait and capture the lover and sell him. It was a short step from this to another practice, whereby attractive wives were sent to entrap unwary amorous swains. Incredible as it must seem, the civilized captains from Christian lands introduced what is known as professional thieves as the badger game, and they made money out of it, and the ship-merchants and stockholders in the ships knew that it was done and willingly shared the profits. But a worse state of affairs was to come. There was a steady growth in the number of ships in the trade, for the planters of the West Indies found it more profitable to work slaves to death, while yet in the prime of life, than to support them in idle old age. The loss of hands could be readily replaced by importations from Africa, and there was nothing in the civilization of that age to make the planters consider any other question in the matter than that of making profits.

When the demand became eager, after 1750, the captains let it be known that every soul offered, if physically sound, would be taken and no questions asked. Heretofore slaves had been purchased almost exclusively of chiefs and head men, and it had been a daylight trade. Now anybody might bring a slave at any time of night and get a good price for him:

Straightway the people of the coast who, in the ordinary course of their lives would never have owned a slave, began bringing slaves to the ships. Two or three would paddle off in a canoe at night, bringing one that was bound and gagged, and the purchase of those who were manifestly kidnapped became the regular custom of the trade. Alexander Falconbridge, the slaver-surgeon already quoted, said that in his time (during the latter part of the century) the majority of the slaves with whom he talked had been kidnapped. He gave many instances of which he had personal knowledge, by way of illustration. A woman was invited by a neighbor to come in for a visit one evening. As soon as she entered the hut two men in waiting bound her and carried her on board ship. A father and his son, while planting yams, were seized by men who came from the brush. A man from the interior, having brought some product to the beach for sale, was asked to visit the ship lying off shore and get a free drink of rum. He went, but when there found that his guide had sold him, and stay he must.

Captain Canot, in describing the work of a raiding-party, says:

"In my wanderings in Africa I have often seen the tiger pounce upon its prey, and with insatiable thirst satiate its appetite for blood and abandon the drained corpse; but these African negroes (who were of the raiding-party) were neither as decent nor as merciful as the beast of the wilderness. Their malignant pleasure seemed to consist in the invention of tortures that would agonize but not slay. A slow, lingering, tormenting mutilation was practiced on the living, . . . and in every instance the brutality of the women exceeded that of the men. I can not picture their hellish joy . . . while the queen of the harpies crept amid the butchery gathering the brains from each severed skull as a *bonne bouche* for the approaching feast. As for the defeated negroes who were not killed, they were carried down to the sea and sold. And as time passed the passion for blood grew on the raiders until it was greater than their greed. They tortured to death many whom they might have sold. Before the end of the eighteenth century these raids, called wars by those who owned the slave-ships, were the chief source of supply for the coast market, and after the trade was declared illegal they were, practically, the only source of supply; and the people of the United States knew that it was so. There were many little tribes and settlements on the rivers in the old days wherein the natives were chiefly devoted to agriculture, and these were the prey of the coast pirates until the rivers were swept clean of all peace-loving inhabitants, and the whole population surviving was turned into ravaging pirate bands."

Most of the ships built for the slave trade in the eighteenth century had two decks:

The space between the keel and the lower deck was called the lower hold, while space between the two decks was sometimes called the upper hold, but was generally designated "tween-decks." The "tween-deck space was reserved for the slaves. The new slaver built at "Warren in the county of Bristol, in the colony of Rhode Island," was to be "ten feet in the hold, with three feet ten inches betwixt decks." That is to say, the space between the decks where the slaves were to be kept during the time the cargo was accumulating (three to

ten months) and while crossing the Atlantic (six to ten weeks) was a room as long and as wide as the ship, but only three feet ten inches high—the space of an average Newport slaver in the days when the traffic was lawful and respected. The men were ironed together, two and two, by the ankles, but women and children were left unironed. They were taken to the slave-deck, the males forward of a bulkhead built abaft the main hatch, and the women aft. There all were compelled to lie down with their backs on the deck and feet outboard. In this position the irons on the men were usually secured to chains or iron rods that were rove through staples in the deck, or the ceiling of the ship. The entire deck was covered with them lying so. They were squeezed so tightly together, in fact, that the average space allowed to each one was but sixteen inches wide by five and a half feet long.

In the Liverpool ships in the latter part of the eighteenth century—ships that carried from three hundred to five hundred deck-slaves at a load—the average height between decks was five feet two inches:

This statement of the average distance between decks was proved by measuring many ships. But that is not to say that the slaves were more comfortable on the ships having greater space between decks. On the contrary, they were less so. Economy of space was studied with a sharp eye. It would never do to allow all that space between decks to remain unoccupied. So a shelf or gallery, usually six feet wide, was suspended midway between the two decks, and on this another layer of slaves was placed. Of course the deck under the shelf or gallery was covered with slaves packed as closely together as possible. This shelf was made of unplanned lumber, and there was no effort to make tight the joints between the boards.

The smaller ships—the sloops and schooners that had no 'tween-decks—were arranged for stowing the slaves by building a temporary deck beneath the upper one:

Having stowed the barrels of food and water in the hold so as to occupy as little space as possible, a row of stanchions, fore and aft on the keelson, and rising just above the barrels, was erected. These were connected by a ridge-pole, and from this ridge-pole rafters were extended to the sides of the ship. On the rafters common, unplanned boards were laid. Thus a deck was laid that could be easily removed on occasion. The space between this deck and the upper one was rarely, if ever, more than three feet high, and cases are on record where it was considerably less than two feet—in this century even as little as eighteen inches.

Most of the vessels used after the trade was outlawed were of the small, single-decked class:

Because the trade was unlawful these slaves had to be prepared to pass as palm-oil buyers when they were overhauled by a cruiser, and they could not do that if they had a slave-deck laid. Accordingly, the slave-deck was not laid until the slaves were on the beach ready to embark. Being then in great haste the slaver did not usually go to the trouble of erecting stanchions and building his deck substantially. He merely laid his rafters or timbers on the barrels, as best he might; spread the boards over them, with a nail driven in here and there, perhaps, but sometimes with never a nail to hold them in place, and then the slaves were brought on board and jammed into the thin space with less regard for their comfort than is shown now for hogs shipped in a two-week stock-car. In fact, when the cruisers became at last somewhat vigilant, cargoes were shipped in vessels that had no slave-deck; the slaves were piled on the barrels of food and water until the barrels were blanketed out of sight.

But the limit of devilish ingenuity in stowing slaves was not reached until the trade was outlawed:

To increase the number of slaves on the deck they were then compelled to lie on their sides, breast to back, "spoon fashion," to use the term then common. Where the 'tween-deck space was two feet high or more, the slaves were stowed sitting up in rows, one crowded into the lap of another, and with legs on legs, like riders on a crowded toboggan. In storms the sailors had to put on the hatches, and seal tight the openings into the infernal cesspool. It was ascertained by the naval officers who were stationed on the coast to stop the traffic that in certain states of the weather they could detect the odor of a slaver further away than they could see her on a clear night. The odor was often unmistakable at a distance of five miles down wind.

The death rate on these voyages was generally large, although some captains, by careful treatment, did carry a cargo without the loss of a man, but such passages were rare. The ordinary slaver captain at the end of the eighteenth century was not so considerate, while many a slaver was without any sympathy whatever for the unfortunate. The story of the *Zong*, Captain Luke Collingwood, illustrates this statement:

The *Zong* sailed from the Island of St. Thomas, off the coast of Africa, on September 6, 1781, bound for Jamaica, with four hundred and forty slaves. The water on board was insufficient in quantity, and the slaves began to die for want of it. On arriving off Jamaica, Collingwood made the mistake of supposing he was off Hayti, and the death rate was now so great that he began to think the voyage would be unprofitable. On casting about for some way of saving the owners from the impending loss of profits, Captain Collingwood remembered that the underwriters were always obliged to pay for all cargo jetsoned—thrown overboard—either to lighten the ship or to provide in any way the safety of the cargo retained on board. In short, if the slaves died of disease or from lack of water while on board the ship, the loss would fall on the ship; but if he threw overboard some of them, so that he would have enough food and water to abundantly nourish those remaining, he could collect the price of those thrown into the sea from the underwriters. Accordingly, one hundred and thirty-two of the most wretched slaves were brought on deck. Of these one hundred and twenty-two were thrown to the sharks that swarmed about the ship; but ten, seeing that they were to be thrown over, and that most of the sufferers were writhing in abject terror—these ten struggled to their feet, and, in spite of cramps and weakness, staggered to the rail and plunged over, that they might show the others how to die.

The underwriters refused to pay, however; the case went to court, and the jury decided in favor of the ship. Solicitor-General J. Lee refused to carry the case to a higher court. He said the master had "an unquestionable right" to throw the slaves into the sea. "This is a case of goods and chattels," said he. "It is really so; it is a case of throwing over goods; for to this purpose, and the purpose of insurance, they are goods and property." The insurers appealed the case, and the court above, Lord Mansfield presiding, in spite of the plain mandate of statute—disregarding the obvious meaning of the law with the making of which he had nothing to do—yielded to his sense of humanity, decided according to "the higher law," and said: "It is a very shocking case." He granted a new trial, at which the insurers escaped paying for the loss. So the laws, being unjust, were violated—disregarded even—by the courts before they were repealed. Such sacrifice of a part of a cargo of slaves to save the others was common enough in the history of the trade.

Of the mental sufferings of the slaves and those that grew out of the deliberate cruelty of the crews, Mr. Spears says:

The ships were fitted up with a view of preventing slaves jumping overboard, but an opening was left in the netting set above the rail in order that refuse might be dumped overboard, and through this many a negro leaped to his death. Others managed to secrete rope-yarn or strong twine, by which a noose was made and secured to a cleat overhead, and so the slave strangled himself to death. One tore his throat open with his finger-nails. Many others, to kill themselves, refused to eat. They were flogged to compel them to eat, but this failed so often that it was the custom for all slaves to carry a tube-like instrument used by surgeons to force food into the mouths of patients suffering from lockjaw. This was driven into the mouths of obstinate negroes, smashing lips and teeth, until food could be forced down the throat. Instances were described where lips were burned with coals and hot irons to compel the negroes to open their mouths and swallow the food. How men and women were flogged to death; how they died smiling

under the blows, saying, "Soon we shall be free"; how they leaped overboard and exultingly bade farewell to friends who rejoiced in their escape—all that has been told over and again by the slaver captains themselves.

One of the most pitiful stories known to these annals is told in connection with the slaver's habit of compelling his slaves to eat:

There was a child, less than a year old, that could not eat the boiled rice prepared for it, and the captain decided it was stubborn, rather than sick. Getting angry at the little one repeatedly turned its head from the food, he grabbed it from its mother's arms. He tied a twelve-pound stick of wood to its neck as a punishment, and thereafter flogged it with the cat at each meal-time, until the fourth day, when, after the whipping, it died. To make complete his work, the captain, whip in hand, then called the child's mother to pick up the little body and throw it over the rail. She refused at first, but, tortured by the cat, she took up the child, walked to the ship's side, and turning her head away dropped the body into the sea. Of the truth of the story there is no doubt. It was told under oath before a committee of Parliament, and of all the tales of inhuman deeds perpetrated by the slavers, none had more effect in riding the earth of the traffic than this.

From one point of view the picture of a gang of slaves when on deck for an airing was one of the most shocking known to the trade:

For the slaver captain knew how much brooding over their wrongs tended to promote disease, and his chief object in bringing them on deck was to cheer them. He wanted them to sing and dance, and he saw that they did it, too—he applied the lash not only to make them eat, but to make them sing. There they stood in rows, and as the brawny slaver, whip in hand, paced to and fro, they sang their home songs and danced, each with his free foot slapping the deck. When the slaves tried to kill themselves because they believed in the resurrection and a life in their old homes after death, some of the slaver captains mutilated the bodies of the dead by cutting off and carrying along the heads or other portions of the bodies, and telling the slaves that thus the dead would be wholly unable to exist, or, at any rate, to enjoy the life they hoped for after death. But the slaves smiled in contempt when they heard that. They were of a heathen race. They had never learned the Christian's hope of heaven, but something had told them (who shall say how?) that the body, though it be "sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption"—that though it be "sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." And they—those heathen—trusted implicitly the light they had.

It is a most interesting fact, points out Mr. Spear, that while the slave trade developed vikings when it was a legal and reputable traffic, it developed a race devoid of every manly instinct when it became unlawful:

As illustrating this fact, it may be said that in the nineteenth century the slavers dealt in children as far as possible. Children did not bring as large a price as field hands, of course, but they covered under torture, and there was no fear of their rising against the crew. But many adult cargoes were shipped, and the American slaver *Kentucky*, Captain George H. Douglass, master, and Thomas H. Boyle, mate, was one that carried adults. On September 9, 1844, she sailed from Inhambone with five hundred and thirty slaves in her hold. On the voyage there was an insurrection. It was quickly subdued by force, but, through fear of more trouble of the kind, the captain determined to punish the ringleaders. In all, forty-six men and one woman were hanged and shot to death.

Said one of the crew, when testifying under oath:

"They were ironed or chained, two together, and when they were hung, a rope was put around their necks and they were drawn up to the yard-arm clear of the sail. This did not kill them, but only choked or strangled them. They were then shot in the breast and the bodies thrown overboard. If only one of two that were ironed together was to be hung, the rope was put around his neck and he was drawn up clear of the deck, and his leg laid across the rail and chopped off to save the irons and release him from his companion, who at the same time lifted up his leg till the other was chopped off, as aforesaid, and he released. The bleeding negro was then drawn up, shot in the breast, and thrown overboard, as aforesaid. The legs of about one dozen were chopped off in this way. When the feet fell on deck, they were picked up by the crew and thrown overboard, and sometimes they shot at the body while it still hung living, and all kinds of sport was made of the business. When the woman was hung up and shot, the ball did not take effect, and she was thrown overboard living, and was seen to struggle some time in the water before she sunk; and deponent further says, that after this was over they brought up and flogged about twenty men and six women. The flesh of some of them where they were flogged purified, and came off in some cases six or eight inches in diameter, and in places half an inch thick."

This story, sworn to before United States Consul George William Gordon, was repeated by Consul Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, in an official communication to Secretary of State James Buchanan, under date of May 1, 1845. James K. Polk was then President of the United States, and this story and others of like character were sent to Congress.

One of the most murderous of stories of captains who were anxious to get rid of their slaves is told of the slaver *Brillante*, commanded by an Englishman named Homans, who, in ten voyages, had landed five thousand negroes in Cuba:

She was brig-rigged, carried ten guns, thirty sweeps (big oars), and a crew of sixty men in the forecabin. An English cruiser that attacked her was so badly cut up that her crew had to abandon her. When, on another occasion, the boats from a sloop-of-war attacked the *Brillante*, they were driven off with great slaughter. Finally Homans found himself trapped by four cruisers that came upon him from all quarters, and there was no escaping them. However, the wind died away and night came on before the cruisers arrived at their range, and at that Homans set his largest anchor ready for dropping. Then he hauled the chain-cable out through the hawse-pipe and stretched it around the ship outside the rail, by means of slender stops, and to this chain he bound every slave on board—about six hundred in number—piling them up at the rail and securing their arm-shackles to it by strong cords through the chain-links. There the slaves remained until the warship boats were heard coming near at hand, and then he cast loose the anchor, and down all those slaves were carried into the sea. Although the crews of the warship boats had heard the noise and the outcries when the slaves were sent to the bottom, and the hold of the slaver contained indisputable evidence that the slaves had been there but a few minutes before the boats arrived, they had to let the slaver go free. Indeed, Homans jeered in their faces and defied them as they stood on his deck, but they had no redress.

Neither James Buchanan, nor James K. Polk, nor any other member of any administration from and including that of Andrew Jackson down to the Civil War, did anything that could in justice be called an effort to stop the use of the American flag for covering such atrocities. Under Buchanan it was possible for the slave-hark *Cora* to be captured on the coast of Africa on the eighteenth of May, 1859, carried to New York, let go after a form of condemnation, and then captured once more on the slave coast, on December 10th of the same year. With the advent of Abraham Lincoln, however, the sham passed away.

Mr. Spear closes his work with a graphic account of the trial, conviction, and execution of Captain Nathaniel Gordon, in New York in 1862, which marked the end of the heinous traffic. Fourteen excellent illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark supplement the volume.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Tragedies in Brief.

That A. E. W. Mason is capable of dramatic, well-sustained work, none who have read "Parson Kelly" and "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" needs to be told, but there are some surprises in store for those who have yet to take up his latest volume, "Ensign Knightley, and Other Stories." This is a collection of fifteen short stories, every one of which is distinctly notable, and though nearly all of them are tragic, they have few suggestions of melodrama. Mr. Mason's art seems peculiarly adapted to this form of fiction. He sketches scene and action with a few words, yet there is no essential detail lacking. He chooses situations and motives with rare discretion, and, abruptly as the narration may end, the tale is told when he lifts his pen. It is a justification of his skill and purpose when the reader turns back for a second reading of the concluding paragraphs, as many a reader will.

Among the fifteen stories there is a wide range for choice. There is one, "The Princess Joceliande," that comes down from the earliest days of romance and chivalry, and while the others are more modern, their scenes are laid in many unfamiliar places, from the shores of the North Sea to the jungles of West Africa. A powerful study of degeneration and reversion to savage instincts is presented in "Hateras," the melancholy and haunting story of a youth who lived for years with no companions except the black natives. In "Ensign Knightley," the title-story, some strange experiences that hinge on a lapse of memory are recounted in an impressive way. "The Deserter" tells of a French officer who led fifty of his comrades in a hopeless attack on an army rather than suffer seeming disgrace. A story of danger and loss at sea is told in "The Cruise of the Willing Mind," and there are few tales of storm and wreck that equal it. "A Liberal Education" and "The Fifth Picture" are stories of human passion and sorrow, with little of adventure in them, yet they are as vital in interest as any in the collection. "Mr. Mitchellburne's Last Escape" is full of a grim humor, though it holds more than one exciting complication. In "The Twenty-Kroner Story" a touching instance of gratitude and sacrificing devotion is offered without a trace of sentimentality. The volume may safely be placed in the front rank of short-story collections, and there are few of equal merit to be made up of the works of one writer.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## The Romance of an Italian Beauty.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's latest novel, "A Princess of the Hills," is a captivating story of love, jealousy, and adventure in a happy valley of Northern Italy. Its hero is an American, educated in England, who has absorbed some of the characteristics of his educators. He quarrels in Venice with the American girl who has promised to marry him, and strikes off into the country in find forgetfulness in solitude. A few days later he meets an Englishman, an old college friend, who has been recalled to England by a death that gives him a title. Before the two part, the English lord tells his American friend that he has found in a secluded valley a peasant girl of wonderful beauty and goodness, who has promised to become his wife, and that he intends to hasten his return from England to claim her and defy the opposition of her Italian relatives. In the meantime her position will not be a pleasant one, and he asks the American to go in the valley and keep an eye on his treasure, protecting her, if need be, from assiduous lovers and disagreeable complications.

The real story begins with the American's arrival in Valle Delicinsa and his meeting with Fiore, the peasant divinity. She is really of noble descent, for her family once owned the grand dwelling where Bowdoin, the American, is lodged. The gossip of the neighborhood soon informs Bowdoin that Fiore has made many conquests, even before the Englishman had appeared on the scene, and it is their belief that her latest affair is already ended, as there is grave doubt of the English lover's return. Bowdoin at once cultivates his acquaintance with the beautiful peasant, loyal at first to his friend, but too soon finds himself a victim of her attractions. There are several stirring scenes between them, in one of which she saves the American from death at the hands of an Italian rival, but she is not quick enough to prevent his receiving a dangerous wound. She nurses him through long days and nights, and when he is once more able to walk their wedding is announced. Then comes the final catastrophe, like a flash of lightning from a clear sky. It is almost as unsatisfactory for the reader, but it clears the way for a satisfactory ending.

Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Short Stories by Lillian Bell.

The second volume in the "Portrait Collection of Short Stories" bears the title "Sir John and the American Girl," and its contents are from the pen of Lillian Bell. Those who have believed the name to be a pseudonym will be enlightened by the dedication of the book to the author's brother, Lieutenant James Edward Bell, of the Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A. The collection includes six stories and

three character sketches, and all of these are bright and entertaining. The first of the stories, which gives its title to the volume, pictures a frank and choleric English nobleman who is won as completely by an American girl as is his young friend to whom she is engaged, and who promptly comes to the rescue when jealous relatives of the prospective bridegroom attempt to part the lovers. Incidentally there are some good bits of description of travel in Egypt and on the Mediterranean Sea. But the best of all are "Miss Scarborough's Point of View" and "With Feet of Clay," which are really one story. The heroine is a trifle too clever, but her impulses are in the right line, and the analysis of the members of her social circle is keen and satisfying. "The Pacifier of Pecos" is a frontier story; "Vessum," is a Southern sketch, artistic and impressive. There is humor in every situation of "With Mamma Away," and "The Chattahoochee Woman's Club" is a delightfully humorous satire.

In outward appearance the volume is especially attractive, and the fine portrait of the author that serves as a frontispiece is a feature that will be appreciated. This series began with "A Pair of Patient Lovers," by W. D. Howells, and the second volume is a worthy successor to that collection of characteristic stories.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.15.

## The Mystery of an English Manor-House.

The preface to "The Seal of Silence" arouses a sympathetic interest in the novel, though this is not its purpose. The author of the story, Arthur R. Conder, was a talented young collegian who died before the book was published, though he had read the proofs. One of his friends has written briefly of his career and his winning qualities, and this preface, touching in its modest simplicity, is in no sense a plea for acceptance of the story that follows.

"The Seal of Silence" needs no apology. It is a clever story, well planned and written with ease and confidence. Its principal idea, the seclusion of an individual supposed to be dead, and the consequent self-punishment of the man who believes himself to be his murderer, is not new in fiction, but it is worked out with careful recognition of probabilities, and many original variations of the usual course. The several characters are consistent in speech and action, and nearly all of them are made specially attractive. Two love-stories are woven into the record of events, and a cheerful consummation precedes the final fall of the curtain.

There is no little humor in the story, and when the incidents are most serious there is no effort to add to their gloomy effect. It shows something more than promise, and without introduction or special favor would win commendation from most readers of fiction.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"A Winter Pilgrimage" is the title of a new book by H. Rider Haggard which will soon be published. It deals with Italy and the near East, and is the result of a journey made by the author last year through Palestine, Italy, and Cyprus. The volume will be illustrated with thirty-nine illustrations, from photographs.

The new novel by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, soon to appear, tells of a Scandinavian consul at a Japanese port, his daughter, and a British nobleman. The daughter's name occurs in the title of the book, "Marna's Mutiny."

Andrew Lang's Christmas book for 1901 is to be called "The Violet Fairy Book." It will be published with eight colored plates—an innovation so far as the Lang fairy books are concerned—and fifty-four other illustrations.

D. Appleton & Co. announce an arrangement by which they will publish the complete works in uniform editions of Dr. Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope.

Sir Walter Besant's little posthumous volume about King Alfred the Great, which will be published this week by D. Appleton & Co., was written expressly for the Appletons' Library of Useful Stories.

Henry James's new novel, "The Ambassadors," is to appear as a serial in *Harper's Magazine*.

Another new Russian author, Dimitri Merejkowski, is about to be introduced to American readers by means of his historical trilogy, "The Death of the Gods," which has to do with the career of the Emperor Julian the Philosopher (whose earlier name in Christian history was the Apostate); "The Resurrection of the Gods," which has for its period the Renaissance, and takes for its hero Leonarno da Vinci; and "The Anti-Christ," in which Peter the Great is the leading figure. "The Death of the Gods" will be published early in October, and the other volumes will follow soon after.

Sadie Martinot, the popular actress, is putting the finishing touches to her first novel, "The Eternal Question."

Jeremiah Curtin is introducing a new Polish writer to the public in the person of Mme. Eliza Orzeszko. Mme. Orzeszko's novels deal with Polish society, and are not at all like those of her famous

countryman, Sienkiewicz. The story that Mr. Curtin has translated is called "The Argonauts," and will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Henry Seton Merriman has drawn from Northern Spain the local color for his new novel, "The Velvet Glove," which is to be published soon. Carlists and Jesuits take part in the action. The characters in the book are all Spanish.

H. G. Wells, not content with the serial now running in which he shows us the inhabitants of the moon, has just begun another serial, the heroine of which is a genuine mermaid, who comes ashore and enters a commonplace English family, with a view to flirtation with a man.

Theodore Watts-Dutton's memoirs are to be published in a few months. His friendships with Swinburne, Rossetti, Morris, and several other important figures in Victorian literature ought to make his volume of reminiscence rich in literary personalities.

The manuscript of Mrs. Elia W. Peattie's novel, "The Beleaguered Forest," was destroyed by fire some two years ago. She had this, with other material for her literary work, in a log cabin on her father's place in Michigan. The cabin was destroyed by fire, and with it the work of years. Out of the ashes Mrs. Peattie has resurrected "The Beleaguered Forest," which D. Appleton & Co. have just published.

The Academy, of London, has offered a prize for the best quotation applicable to the present state of the Liberal party. The prize quotation is taken from Franklin's side remarks at the signing of the Declaration of Independence: "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."

"The Million," by Dorothea Gerard, author of "A Spotted Reputation," is a story of the present day, with the scene laid in Galicia, Austria, and will be brought out this fall.

With regard to the fashion of re-christening and re-issuing old books, which has grown considerably of late, one literary journal suggests that a big success is in store for the publisher who will bring out a new edition of "Robinson Crusoe" as "On a Desert Island," and "Æsop's Fables" under the title of "Animals Who Have Talked with Me."

The Librarian of Congress will soon publish a book compiled by Ralph M. McKenzie, of the periodical department, containing a brief history of American journalism. The newspapers treated are arranged by States, and include those long since dead as well as the newest of the living. In every instance, the name of the founder is given and such other facts as will answer the questions which naturally suggest themselves concerning a newspaper's history. The entire work, it is estimated, will fill more than two thousand pages of print. It has taken about three years to prepare, and another six months will probably be consumed in putting it through the press.

## John Fiske's Library.

The library of the late John Fiske consists of twelve thousand books, all of which are standard works in their field of literature, and many of them are old editions that are exceedingly rare. Dr. Fiske, aside from loving to work in his chosen departments of human knowledge and discussion, loved the books themselves which he used, and each one of them (says the *Cambridge Tribune*) was treated with the devotion and regard shown to a dear friend. He had many very old bindings in his possession, and he made it his rule never to destroy any of them for a new binding—in fact, his veneration for the old covers and the old stamping never would allow him to do so. Another indication of Dr. Fiske's love of his books is to be found in the attention he gave to securing just those effects in a binding that should suit his artistic sense. He frequently went to his binder with a general scheme outlined on paper for the printing of the covers of the books he was having newly bound; and in the selection and matching of papers, cloths, and leathers he had a perception that was uniquely accurate.

One of the many unusual works which Dr. Fiske possessed, and in which his mind was constantly delighting itself, was a book entitled "Translations from Chinese and Armenian," and its binding is as unique as its contents. It is done in red morocco, with a hack beautifully tooled in gold from a special design. Upon quite another historical subject, and still more lavishly bound, is a volume weighty in every sense of the word—Cotton Mather's "Magnalia Christi Americana," an ecclesiastical history of New England from 1620 to 1698. This is a superb specimen of the skill of Pratt, a London bookbinder, who did the book in full crushed levant and gilt edges. A set of Renan, in red morocco, is one of the strong points of the collection. Dr. Fiske, who was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1863, always was interested in collecting the best sources of information as to the history and progress of his Alma Mater, and on his shelves he has no small number of substantially bound volumes bearing upon this subject. Among them are the Harvard College reports, volumes of *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, etc. His own works, which have commanded attention on both sides of the Atlantic, are modestly placed on inconspicuous shelves.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Realistic Novel of Spain.

It is with a definite feeling of pleasure that one accedes in gathering from a novel some well-defined impression of the life and manners of a foreign country—of the atmosphere of the people in whom one is for the time being absorbed. Such a pleasure may be derived from the reading of "The Fourth Estate," by A. Palacio Valdés; it is distinctly a novel of Spain. The author is known as well broad as in his own country, and some of his earlier novels have won him more consideration out of Spain than in it. For, notably, "Espuma" (which savors of the French novelists' style and was much thought of in France) has been severely criticized in Spain for dwelling upon "society," in which its author never moved.

Valdés was born in 1853, and is one of the most prominent of the Spanish writers of the day. Howells speaks of him in terms of the highest praise in his "Criticism and Fiction," though it can hardly be said that in his later novels Valdés has fulfilled the promise of "Marta y María" and "La Hermana de San Sulpicio"—which two notable books Howells evidently had in mind when he wrote. Valdés is admittedly a realist. But he draws a distinction between his own realism and the naturalism of the Zola school, which he abhors, and which he says "represents only a moment, and an insignificant part of life," and "is characterized by sadness and narrowness." Such is his criticism of the French novelists generally, as translated from one of his essays by Howells, to whom, by the way, he is indebted for his introduction in this country. Upon the question as to whether or not he does in reality differ from the French writers whose style he condemns, his critics are not agreed.

However, in the greater part of his books, that which Howells calls "the truthful treatment of material" is what characterizes Valdés's style. It is this "truthful treatment," devoid of the artifice of an involved plot and dramatic effects, that constitutes the charm of his "Joy of Captain Ribot," which was translated into English about a year ago. Character drawing is his forte. "For me," he says in his introduction to "La Hermana de San Sulpicio," "the only condition of character is that it be human, and that is enough. If I wished to know what was human, I should study humanity." In "The Fourth Estate," Valdés has studied humanity to good purpose. It is a story with barely any plot at all. It is constructed on the characters themselves, beginning with the youth of the principal ones, and running through the incidents of their lives until the faithlessness of one and the death of another bring the novel to a natural close.

The climax is a highly tragic, but a natural one. There are two sisters loved in turn by one man. While the elder is planning her tressoune he discovers that he loves the younger. It would be difficult to draw more strikingly different pictures of two young girls in the same household than the author has given of the sisters Belinchons. Don Gonzalo, a young man of twenty, calls hurriedly one day to see their father on an errand from his uncle. He is shown directly upstairs by the servant into an anteroom where he finds Cecilia ironing:

"Good-evening," he said, with a blush.  
"Good evening, Gonzalo," she returned.  
"Can I see your papa?"  
"I do not know if he is at home; I will go and see," replied the girl. When she had proceeded a few steps, she turned back and said:  
"Is your uncle well?"  
"Yes, señora, yes—I mean no, for some days he has not left his bed—he has a dreadful cold."  
"It is nothing serious?"  
"I think not, señora."  
The girl went on her way, smiling; she was well pleased at Gonzalo calling her "señora," for she was not sixteen. . . .

"Come this way, Gonzalo; papa is waiting for you in the dining-room," she said, when he reappeared. "I hope your uncle will get better."  
"Many thanks," he returned, abruptly, and being so tall, he knocked against the lamp hanging in the hall so that it nearly fell to the ground. He cast an agonized look at it, and quickly steadied it, while his face grew red with confusion.

"Has it hurt you?" asked Cecilia, anxiously.  
"No, indeed, señora—on the contrary, dear me! I nearly broke it." And he became more and more confused.

Our young friend was at that time of life when he would fall in love with a broom.

For three years Gonzalo remains in England occupied with his studies. Then he travels extensively on the Continent, visiting the factories of many cities. During this time the image of Cecilia is ever in his mind. He returns home, they become engaged, and at once begin to discuss their future plans in detail. While Cecilia is occupied with the seamstresses in preparing the tressoune, her lover falls a victim to the charms of her younger sister, Venturita, who is an incorrigible flirt. The skill of the author appears in the succeeding chapters, in which the young man determines to break with the older sister and marry the younger.

Regarded as a study of character, and as a study of manners as well, "The Fourth Estate" is certainly an admirable novel. While it is thoroughly Spanish in tone, its interest is a human interest that appeals to readers in any country. This is shown by the fact that during the month of May it had

larger sales in several cities in the United States than any other novel.

We often hear it said that the novelists of modern Spain do not compare with those lions in literature of three centuries ago—Cervantes and Lope de Vega. This is quite true, and yet the work of several of them is characterized by unusual force and originality, and is not to be lightly regarded. We must remember that the creator of "Don Quixote" and that dramatic prodigy, Lope Félix de Vega, are unique figures in the literature of the ages. Signor Valdés merely ranks with his contemporaries in other countries.

Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.50.

## New Publications.

"Another Woman's Territory," by "Alien," is a graphic story of Australia by an author whose earlier stories have won recognition. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"An Original Girl," by Christine Faber, is a long story, beginning with the youth of its heroine, and slowly working its way toward her engagement. Published by P. J. Kennedy, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Maxims and Proverbs of the Bible and Talmud," by D. A. Friedman, is a thin volume of selections that include much wisdom. Published by the Philadelphia Hebrew Free School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Two of Edmond About's short stories, "La Fille du Chanoine" and "L'Album du Régiment," with explanatory notes in English by G. Castegnier, are issued in the Contes Choisis Series in one volume. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, in paper covers, 25 cents.

The fourteen humorous and satirical sketches that make up the volume entitled "Every One His Own Way," are intensely modern and practical, but their author, Edith Wyatt, has drawn from good models and with success. The work is worthy of its dainty dress. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Le Dix-Septième Siècle en France" is the title of a little volume of "lectures historiques," edited by Delphine Duval and H. Isabelle Williams. The quotations from Capéfigue, Gombault, Sainte Beuve, Barine, Lacroix, and others, are given in the original French, and there are numerous notes in English. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

In the Teachers' Professional Library Series the latest issue is "School Hygiene," by Professor Edward R. Shaw, of New York University. The work describes the conditions which should surround pupils at school in order that their mental and physical health may be thoroughly protected, with many illustrations. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

An interesting and valuable work, in spite of its historical and technical detail, is "Indian Basketry," by George Wharton James. It is the first book on the subject by one qualified to write exhaustively, and it will be prized by all who care to know more of the life and art of the American Indians, soon to be a forgotten race. More than three hundred engravings illustrate the work. Published by Henry Malkan, New York; price, \$2.00.

In a recent issue of the *Argonaut* a quotation from "The Rose of Dawn: A Tale of the South Sea," by Helen Hay, gave a suggestion of its music and its motive. The poem is the most ambitious of Miss Hay's poetic works, and in all of her published verse there is evidence of a gift for metrical expression beyond the ordinary. This little romance in blank verse deserves more than a first reading. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.50.

A "log" or record for travelers has been made-up by Edward J. Cadigan, and is presented under the title "My Ocean Trip." There are blank pages with appropriate headings for all ordinary happenings, and space is left for extraordinary events, while there are numerous items of information and suggestion, descriptions of games for shipboard exercise, quotations, etc. Two pages printed in colors show the flags of the various steamer lines and the signal codes. Published by Brentano's, New York.

## Abbey on Magazine Illustrations.

Edwin A. Abbey, R. A., in an interview reported in the *King*, has been speaking his mind on the subject of illustration in periodical literature. Alluding to the changes brought about by the general adoption of half-tone illustrations, he said: "Magazines, with a few notable exceptions, have been so cheapened that the young artist has no encouragement from them to do the best that is in him. Most magazines will pay only small sums for drawings, and artists must do them hurriedly to make a living. Besides, the editor is not satisfied now to let a man develop what is in him. They set him to working out their ideas—often doing that for which he is not at all fitted. When I worked for the Harpers they let me develop my own ideas and do it in my own way."

The original drawings made by Mr. Abbey to illustrate Shakespeare's comedies are all hung, it appears, in his London house. "We bought them back some time ago," he said to the reporter; "they are now the property of Mrs. Abbey."

## LATE VERSE.

## Why?

If the wren can cling  
To a spray a-wing  
In the mad May wind, and sing and sing  
As if she'd burst for joy;—

Why can not I  
Contented lie  
In His quiet arms, beneath His sky,  
Unmoved by Life's annoy?

—Robert Haven Schaffer in the Independent.

## Taken at Her Word.

He came and asked me for my love,  
And said that his devotion  
Would most undubitably prove  
As boundless as the ocean.  
But I was young and fair and gay;  
My life was like a summer's day;  
And this was all that I would say,  
"You'd better ask Pepita."

His form was fine, and oh, his face  
Recalled the young Leander,  
And for his peer in manly grace  
Go back to Alexander.  
But flattery had turned my head,  
And when he urged that I would wed,  
Coquettishly again I said,  
"You'd better ask Pepita."

And then—I've heard of course that man  
Is fickle and peculiar,  
Ranging from Elinor to Ann,  
From Ann to Jane or Julia,  
But if I'er had thought that he  
Would so extremely docile be,  
I never should have said—ah me!  
He'd better ask Pepita.

—C. W. Thayer in Harper's Magazine.

## Nirvana.

We talk and work, we come and go;  
And, then, the close of all we do  
Is gentle Sleep.

We gather up some little store;  
Yet, when 'tis ours, we want no more  
Than dreamless Sleep.

We praise and h'ave, we smile and frown,  
'Till all our weary lives sink down  
In endless Sleep.—The Academy.

## Habit.

The river carves a channel to the sea,  
The channel holds the river in its way.  
So Habit carves the course of Destiny.  
We are to-morrow what we will to-day;  
—Ernest Neal Lyon in the Basar.

## Ad Astra.

Love, you are late.  
Yea, while the rose-leaves fall  
In showers against the moonlit garden wall,  
My firm hand shuts the gate.

The nightingale  
Has worn himself with pleading;  
The fountains silvered tears are interceding,  
But what is their avail.

Love, you are late.  
Long stood the postern wide  
With all my morning glories twined; inside  
Bird called to bird for mate.  
Noon and the sun,  
The loves of bees and flowers.  
With folded hands unclaimed I marked the  
hours

That saw my youth undone.  
Then evening star  
And coming of the moon!  
Ah, not too soon, my soul, ah, not too soon  
Broke their soft grace afar!  
All consecrate,  
I chose my white path there  
And took the withered roses from my hair.  
Love, you are late,—too late.

—Thomas Walsh in Atlantic Monthly.

## Zola's Next Work.

An Italian journalist has been interviewing M. Zola, and from the interview the following quotation is given by the *Academy*:

"I do not believe in absolute felicity, which is not attainable; but I believe that all social injustices might be attenuated, and, therefore, I trust to science to create a sentiment of truth. I have a great veneration for Tolstoy, but I do not agree with him on one important point. He rests on the gospel. Now, the gospel is also to me very beautiful, but I believe that future morality must be founded on scientific psychology. The *affaire* (Dreyfus) has taught me that it is necessary to reconstruct the moral question from its very base, and my next romance, 'Vérité,' will tend to that. In it I shall study primary and secondary instruction in France. I shall be active between pupils and masters, and shall explain my ideas on the education problem. In the first part I shall describe the sad effects of present-day education; in the second, education as it ought to be. My next work will be 'Justice.' It will treat of a judicial error; but I shall try not to make any allusion to the *affaire*. The action will not take place in military circles. It will give me a motive to show my supreme ideal—the end of war, the victory of the spirit of justice over militarism, the United States of Europe, the dream of Victor Hugo. You will be astonished that I join Hugo. I am, perhaps, more romantic than you thought."

Leslie Stephen is preparing a critical biography of George Eliot.

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And in we rush, all of us. There is nothing else needed but the hint of seeing ourselves, our dear, interesting old selves. This is "us," this little black thing with the wart on the nose—how fascinating! Even the wart assumes a mysterious charm. It is not very beautiful to be sure, but then it is so much better to see ourselves unattractively represented than not to see ourselves at all. And there is some consolation—the wart does not always show, we are not always in profile, there are certain lights in which it is unrevealed. Be what it may, under any circumstances, under any conditions, there is nothing quite so interesting in life as *ego*, and this is the thing that Henry Arthur Jones understands, and this is the understanding that has made him with all of his faults one of the foremost of modern English dramatists.

I say "with all of his faults," for he has many, the primary one perhaps being this, that he writes plays for the sake of studying life, instead of studying life for the sake of writing plays. What should be the effect is with him the cause. There is none of the exaltation in his work that comes from art for art's sake. He is like a clever draughtsman, who illustrates a theme, rather than like the greater artist, who makes a picture for the picture's sake. It seems to me that I have somewhere read that the models of Henry Arthur Jones were Shakespeare and Ibsen. It is easier to believe that he has absorbed Ibsen than that he has studied Shakespeare. Certainly with Shakespeare the first object was the play; he cut his cloth that he might have a coat, he did not make a coat to display his cloth. The Henry Arthur Jones method seems to be the reverse. He gives one the impression of having selected a hit of human nature and of having huilt a play to fit it; the leading idea is not how can I make the best play, but how can I best show this particular phase of human life. Human souls are with him simply specimens as interesting as are hogs and beetles to a dusty entomologist; the acts of a drama are the shelves of a cabinet whereon the Jones talent lays out its specimens for inspection.

We have been favored lately with several exhibitions of the Jones specimens in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" at the Columbia, in "The Case of Rebellious Susan" by the Neill Company, and now, in a revival of "The Liars" by the Frawleys. Nearly everybody knows all about "The Liars," nearly everybody has seen it. The title is the most fascinating that I know of—it attracts all kinds and conditions of men. I never see it gleaming from the poster on the face without experiencing a subtle sense of delight. Every letter is the picture of a liar—the long, slimy L, the slippery I, and on the end the evasive S. To the devotee of modern so-called "degeneration" there is a "green" suggestiveness in this title—it tells of things that are not for the Philistine, while to the Philistine himself it opens a world of wonder. "The beautiful purple sin" of lying, if I may be pardoned the Oscarism, is not reserved for the elect; the Philistine may lie as well as his betters, and so he too finds food for thought in this insinuating title. What kind of liars does it mean, big ones or little ones, and, above all, do they get found out? Well, it's worth the price of admission to discover this side of the thing, thinks the Philistine; and so he pays his money and spends a few hours sympathizing with the liars, and bopping with all his heart that they will not get caught, just as the non-Philistine across the way is doing. But herein are they doomed to disappointment; things do not run as smoothly for the liars as their sympathizers would wish, for Mr. Jones is a moralist of the most orthodox sort. His morality savors of the morality of the churches; it is practically an if-you-don't-be-good-you'll-be-damned sort of morality, containing no suggestion of that higher thing—right for right's sake. When Falkner is on the point of running away with another man's wife, this is the argument that is used to dissuade him—"In this country, my boy, it won't work, it won't work!" And again the moralist says to him: "You will have all the disadvantages of married life with none of its advantages." To the woman he portrays the time to come when she will have wearied of her lover, when her heart will yearn for nothing else but respectability—the thing that will be denied her. The worst consequence, the losing of caste, is the thing

that counts in Mr. Jones's morality, for Mr. Jones is giving us Anglo-Saxon life as it is—not as it ought to be. He is a realist, not an idealist.

Every little boy in his Sunday-school days has been told that if he went fishing on Sunday he would get drowned, yet all of us have known had little boys whose desire was so strong that they took chances on getting drowned and went fishing anyway. When Falkner and Lady Jessica are ready to elope, Colonel Deering talks to them in much this fashion, just as the Sunday-school teacher talks to the little boy—if you do this thing, something dreadful will happen to you. And, like the conventional little boy who takes his teacher's word for it—who longs to go fishing, but does not, because he is afraid—Falkner and Lady Jessica return sadly to their conventional respectability. The wickedness of the thing isn't emphasized—ah! but they might get drowned—drowned! Had they possessed the venturesome spirit of the occasional bad little boy, there is no telling what would have happened, but this had little boy has no part in good society, and this is the thing that Mr. Jones is depicting—good society as it is.

The part of Colonel Deering is played by Frawley passably well, although I can not approve his idea of making Colonel Deering an Irishman with a very pronounced brogue. Frawley always seems to me to understand the technique of acting without being able to execute it; his manner savors of *savoir faire* without the necessary *pouvoir faire*. I can forgive Frawley, however, even when he fails; for succeeding or failing, his efforts are in the right direction—they are steps toward art. In "The Liars" most of the witticisms come from him, and he is said to his credit he does not incoincidentally by propelling them at us with visible effort. He gives us the pleasure of discovering and recognizing them ourselves; he lets us pet our egotism in thinking that we know a good thing when we hear it.

Edward Morgan does the part of Falkner, the ardent young man who would run away with the wife of Gilbert Nepean. My attention has been called to the fact that I am most persistent in referring to Morgan as "Edward," although the posters and the programmes always indicate him with the prosy suggestiveness of "E. J. Morgan." It has even been hinted that his name might not be "Edward" at all—that it might be Edgar or Ernest or Emmanuel, for all that I know about it. This I concede to be possible, and yet I proceed to write "Edward Morgan" with the most deliberate design. "E. J. Morgan"—heavens! It savors of commerce, of stock exchange, of trade. It is redolent of everything on earth but of art. It might belong to the man who takes the tickets at the door, or to him who negotiates for a sign on the advertising curtain, but to a beautiful actor man, with a Greek nose and a voice that awakens a certain indefinite emotion, that the French describe as *la curiosité de souffrir*—never! If Morgan intends being a star, which he must be in the natural order of things, the sooner that he abandons that superfluous J the better. What would we think of E. S. Booth, for instance, or H. C. Irving, or J. P. Jefferson?

Morgan as Falkner is supposed to be ideal, which is probably true. I will not dispute that he is ideal for the part, but the part is not ideal for him. It may be that I am so in the habit of seeing Morgan led off like a lamb to the slaughter that I feel decidedly cheated unless he dies at least once in every play. (In "Paul Kaurar" he dies twice, doesn't he?) Morgao's is not exactly the drawing-room style—he needs a costume a little more picturesque than the conventional dress-suit, and then he needs a wig—his own hair is not at all becoming to him. No, it is not in such a play as "The Liars" that Morgan will completely find himself. It is his theatrical destiny to bear the cross and to be crucified. Let us hope that some day he will find a play, not vulgarly melodramatic, wherein his destiny may be nobly fulfilled.

"Why all this fuss about 'Hamlet'?" a discerning individual remarked, "it is only a collection of familiar quotations." The same criticism might apply to Italian operas—after all they are only collections of very familiar tunes that street organs have rendered famous. "Lucia di Lammermoor," less, perhaps, than any of the others, is indebted to the street musicians, but somehow we like it less. One feels invariably that Donizetti would have done a great deal better had he adhered more conscientiously to the canons of the blind beggar. It would be rather late in the day, undoubtedly, to tell this Signor Donizetti that his opera was not a success, that it hadn't the first element of the thing that lives, yet this is the thought that possesses nearly every one on hearing the strains of "Lucia." The good old shade of Donizetti would have the laugh on such a critic, for how persistently his "Lucia" has lived, how strenuously it *does* live and *will* live in all probability, though no one can tell exactly why.

Neither dramatically nor musically is "Lucia" particularly interesting; it is rendered so only by a combination of the two talents, the dramatic and the musical, each developed in a marked degree. Signorina Repetto, who has been singing the part at the Tivoli, is a musician to the ends of her fingers, but is not enough of an actress to sustain one's interest in the rôle. Her voice is singularly, delightfully true; there is probably no one of the present Tivoli force who could be of greater benefit to vocal students, but the dramatic instinct seems to be utterly

lacking within her. In the mad scene she is so perceptibly, so palpably bent on singing that she quite forgets to act; I doubt that any one not knowing the story would receive more than a hint of madness from her acting. How different from the more intense Collamarini, who acts first and then sings, whose song seems to be forced out by sheer violence of passion! Repetto reveals her method in a manner that is more instructive, perhaps than artistic, for, paradoxical as it may seem, the highest art is undoubtedly to conceal one's art. The Repetto talent is essentially lyrical, that of Collamarini is the truly operatic.

The *cadenza*, with flute accompaniment, as rendered by Repetto, is simply exquisite. The accompanist, I understand, is Neubauer, who, as a flute-player, has few equals in the world. During Mme. Nevada's recent visit, Neubauer accompanied her and received this unqualified compliment, that in all of her experience in great cities and among the best musicians, she had never found a flute accompanist who gave her such absolute satisfaction.

Russo, who sings the part of Lord Edgar, is a more satisfactory tenor than Castellano. He is a little man with a voice that really seems too large for him. He conveys the impression of exhausting all of his power, of keeping nothing in reserve, so that one wonders how long he will last. The greatest applause of the evening was evoked by Russo in the second act, the marriage contract scene wherein occurs the famous sextet. This, of course, is the most familiar thing in the opera, and the people who go to Italian operas want the familiar; they are on the alert for it and are ready with their applause at the least hint of its coming. It is a debatable question whether the most familiar things in an opera are the most deserving of applause. Do the best things become the most familiar? In any event the sextet of Lucia is the most pronounced melody in the opera, and again the lovers of Italian opera love it for its melody. "Lucia" is a disappointment to many on account of the little melody that it contains.

How they beg for applause, these Italians, these children of the sunny south, where emotions and sentiments are not concealed! There is sometimes a positive pathos in their appeals to the gallery. The greatest enthusiasm that we are wont to display is frigid when compared with their native enthusiasm, for there is no denying it that with us love of art in any form whatsoever is a pose, or, at least, a plant of forced growth; with the Latins it is a natural function; and, after all, there is a terrible ring in sincerity that it is very hard to counterfeit. With us, the "bravos" that come from a few throats are half-scared and uncertain; the man who stampedes a little is conscious of being conspicuous; he is not at all sure that the managerial eye is not on him disappearing, that an order is not in readiness for his ejection. At the best, he feels very affected, for the American is never swept away, like the Latin, by a great flood of emotion, wherein all things else are forgotten. GENEVIEVE GREEN HAMILTON.

Heavy damages, twelve thousand five hundred dollars, were awarded in a libel suit against the London *Daily Mail* brought by a young actress, Hettie Chatel, who had been represented in that paper to be the mother of Miss Rosa Boote, the not very young actress whom the Marquis of Headfort married. The actress was respectable and unmarried, but the main objection she made in her testimony to the *Mail's* misstatement was that it attributed an age to her which would make it difficult for her to secure professional engagements in the future.

Margaret Anglin, who has scored a great hit in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" at the Columbia Theatre, has been extensively entertained during her stay in this city. Miss Anglin came to town a week previous to the opening night, and during that week visited Mrs. J. B. Casserly at her place at San Mateo. There were several dinners at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of the actress, and a most delightful affair, a moonlight ride, was given by Mr. Walter Hobart, and followed by an elaborate supper at the Hobart place.

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### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monday, August 19th. Daniel Frohman's Company from Daly's Theatre, New York, Including Miss Hilda Spong, in the Great Success,

-- Lady Huntworth's Experiment --  
By R. C. Carton, Author of "Lord and Lady Algy," "Liberty Hall," "The Tree of Knowledge," and the Immense Comedy Triumph, "Wheels Within Wheels."

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinées To-Day and To-Morrow. Last Two Nights of "The Liars." Week Starting Monday Evening Next, Daniel Frawley Presents

-- BROTHER OFFICERS --  
By Leo Trevor. On Thursday Evening a Fine Souvenir Photograph of Mary Van Buren will be given to Every Lady Attending the Performance. Same Prices—10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Good Orchestra Seat, All Matinées, 25c. Branch Ticket-Office, Emporium.

## Orpheum

Week Commencing Sunday, August 18th. The Cragg Family; Louise Thornbydyke, Boucicault and Company; Katharine Germaine; the Four Otis; Lefebvre Saxophone Quartet; Hill & Silvianny; Remarc & Riley; New Views by the Biograph; and Last Appearances of Chas. H. Bradshaw and Company.  
Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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## HE RETURN OF DUSE TO AMERICA.

It has just been announced that Signora Eleonora Duse will make a third American tour at the head of her own company, beginning in New York in October, 1902. Her appearances in America will be limited to fifty performances, and in her repertoire will be four of D'Annunzio's plays, "Francesca da Rimini," "La Gioconda," "Il Fuoco," and "Città morta." It took a great deal of parleying to coax a great Italian actress to visit the United States, and her recent appearances outside of Italy have not been greeted with such enthusiasm as previously. Her last season in Berlin was less successful than any of her previous engagements in the German capital, and last year in London there was less interest evidenced in her performances than ever before. Even in Vienna, where she made her first success outside of Italy, she was not received with the former warmth. According to a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, Duse has openly expressed her contempt for the dramas of Dumas and Sardou, which she is compelled to act because barbarian countries do not know after D'Annunzio's pseudo-Hellenism, and in acting in these pieces, which she is compelled to play in other countries, is supposed to show plainly her opinion of them.

The rumor that D'Annunzio is to accompany her when she returns to America is said to have furiously incensed Duse, who denies the truth of the statement most emphatically, and declares that it must have originated from the offer which Major Pond made the Italian author for a lecture tour here during her appearances in America. That she is kindly with D'Annunzio is shown by the fact that she is soon to produce his new play, "Francesca da Rimini," in Genoa and by her recent attempt to win success for his poetical tragedy, "The Dead City," which, when it was first acted in Italy five years ago, was a complete failure, and met with no better fortune in Paris, where Sarah Bernhardt, with all her genius, was able to act it only a few times. In her rival, Duse had the assistance of Ermeté Zaccani, and the attitude of the audience was less cold than was at the first performances of the play, a difference which was to be expected in view of the greater acquaintance which the author and actress now enjoy.

For, despite her less enthusiastic reception elsewhere, Duse's fame in her own country is greater than ever. Only the other day a new biography of her was published that contained many facts not known before. Her age, according to the author, who is said to have received his information from the actress herself, is forty-two, and she was born in a small town on the way to Venice on October 3, 1859. Her grandfather, who was born in Chigaglia, where the name Duse is still common, was the leader of a troupe of Venetian dialect comedians and is still famous. His four sons all became actors. Duse's father had, in addition to his inherited talent as an actor, some skill as a painter, and he ultimately left the stage to devote himself to that art.

All the children of the second generation were actors, like the little Eleonora, who began to play in the troupe of which her parents were members when she was four years old. A curious circumstance attended her baptism at Vigevano, in Piedmont. In accordance with the custom of the country, the child was carried to the church in a shrine gilded and ornamented with jewels. A detachment of Austrian soldiery marched past the baptismal procession, and, mistaking the shrine for the relics of some saint, halted and saluted. When he returned to his wife, he father said to her: "Forgive me, dear, that I am too poor to bring you a present for giving me a daughter, but I can give you a happy omen. Our daughter will be something great some day; already she has shown her military honors."

For a long time after that the little girl had no honors of any kind, and very little else but poverty and suffering. Once, as her mother lay ill in a hospital, the child visited her daily to eat the remains of the soup that had been supplied to the patient. She was fourteen when her mother died, leaving her without money enough to buy a black dress. For our years after this she played in one hamlet and another in bands of strolling actors, until her famous appearance as Juliet came at Verona, when she was eighteen. That was the turning point in her career, and D'Annunzio mentions in his book, "The Flame," one incident of that appearance that had never before been made public. With the little money she had been able to save, the actress bought all the roses she could. She came before the audience decked in the flowers, and in every scene appeared covered with blooms of a different color. The symbolism and beauty of the device delighted the spectators.

She was married to Signor Checchi before she was twenty, and in 1879 came into the second stage of her theatrical career. She had already begun to be called promising and she went to the Teatro Fiorentini in Naples. There she acted the leading rôles, and was warmly disliked by her colleagues. Nor was she regarded as a very gifted actress, the chief complaint then against her being a lack of facial expression.

She had her first opportunity in "Les Fourchambaults," when the illness of the leading actress, for she was only *seconda donna*, gave her the opportunity to play the kind of rôle that suited her. The leading actor, Giovanni Emanuel, still one of the foremost in Italy, was so delighted with her per-

formance that he had her immediately promoted to the position of second lady in the company formed by Mme. Pezzana. But she was not often seen, in spite of her place in the affections of the Neapolitan public. Mme. Pezzana saw to it that her new *seconda donna* did not have too many important and suitable rôles to play, but once unguardedly gave her the wife in "Thérèse Raquin." This performance so increased her reputation that Cesare Rossi at once engaged her to act the leading rôle with him in his company.

From the time she went to Turin with Rossi and Mme. Pezzana and played in "La Principessa de Bagdad," after Sarah Bernhardt's visit, her career has been well known. But it was not known before, that when dramatic success was in her grasp she realized that as a woman she was not ready to take the place that must be held by a great actress; so she devoted a certain time every day to the study of languages, literature, and every branch of her education that had been neglected. Scorning what is commonly known as society, she sought the acquaintance of the most cultivated persons in Italy. It was this ambition that led to her friendship with Gabriele d'Annunzio, which has had such an influence on her career.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

### "Lady Huntworth's Experiment."

It is a long time since San Francisco theatre-goers have had such an array of good attractions to pick from as have been offered them at the theatres during the current week—Henry Arthur Jones's "Mrs. Dane's Defense" and "The Liars"; Charles Coghlan's adaptation, "The Royal Box"; Charlotte Thompson's new drama, "Silver Harness"; the re-appearance of Agostini and Montanari in "La Favorita" and "Otello," respectively; and an excellent bill at the Orpheum. The outlook for next week is equally as promising. At the Columbia Theatre, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" will receive its *première* here on Monday night, with Hilda Spong, Daniel Frohman's new star, in the leading rôle. The play is in three acts, by R. C. Carton, author of "Lord and Lady," "Wheels Within Wheels," "Liberty Hall," and other successes, and ran for over four months at Daly's Theatre, New York, last year. Its story revolves about Lady Huntworth, who married a dissolute nobleman, and, though innocent of any wrong-doing, permits him to secure a divorce in order to get rid of him. In her desire to secure absolute retirement for a few months, she engages herself as a cook in the family of a vicar living near London. In this menial position, her ex-husband accidentally finds her, and, as she has in the meantime received a tidy legacy, he seeks to rehabilitate himself in her favor. But the wife in her disguise has attracted the attention of several eligible men, and there are many complications both humorous and serious in consequence.

### The Frawleys in "Brother Officers."

At the Grand Opera House next week, the Frawleys will revive Leo Trevor's charming play, "Brother Officers," the comedy-drama in which Henry Miller and his company scored such a success at the Columbia Theatre last year. It is in three acts, and deals with army life among the English lancers. T. Daniel Frawley will be seen in the rôle of Lieutenant John Hinds, a sort of rough diamond promoted from the ranks, who finds it difficult to take on the airs and manners of the smartest regiment in the service after a life spent in the wilds of India. When he finds that he is learning to love his best friend's *fiancée*, he resigns from the regiment, after saving him from disgrace, and goes back to India, leaving the two lovers to their happiness. Mary Van Buren will be the Baroness Royden, formerly played by Margaret Anglin, and E. J. Morgan will again be seen as Pleydell.

On Thursday evening a fine souvenir photograph of Mary Van Buren will be given to every lady attending the performance.

### Boito's "Mefistofele" at the Tivoli.

The production of Boito's "Mefistofele" on Tuesday evening, August 20th, will be the event of the grand-opera season at the Tivoli Opera House, for in addition to being a novelty, it will have an exceptionally fine cast. Dado is to sing the title-rôle, in which he has been received with great favor on the Continent; Agostini will be the Faust, and Montanari the Marguerite. Polletini will appear as Martha, and Cortesi as Wagner. The stage settings will be especially elaborate, six new scenes from the brush of Frederick McGreer having been specially prepared for this production.

On Monday and alternate evenings, Rossini's "The Barber of Seville" will be the bill, with Repetto as Rosina, Ferrari as Figaro, Russo as Almaviva, Nicolini as Basilio, Polletini as Bertha and Napoleoni and Facci in the lesser rôles.

### At the Orpheum.

Louise Thorndyke Boucicault, who was last seen here with the Miller Company, will make her first vaudeville appearance at the Orpheum on Monday night in a comedietta by Augustus Thomas entitled "A Proper Impropriety." She will be supported by Herbert Pattee and Nellie Meyer, and as she has a host of friends and admirers here she is sure of a

warm welcome. The other new-comers include the Cragg Family, six in number, who have an acrobatic act which they call "Scene in the Alps," in which some marvelous feats of strength and agility are introduced; Katherine Germaine, the comic-opera *prima donna* who has starred in the East in "The Highwayman," "The Fencing-Master," and "Isle of Champagne"; the Four Otts in a farce entitled "The Smart Set," by Joseph Hart; and M. Lefebvre and his Saxophone Quartet, whose selections are said to be of the highest order.

Those retained from this week's bill are Charles H. Bradshaw and his clever associates in "Fix in a Fix"; Remare and Riley, the grotesque acrobats; Hill and Silvany, the daring bicyclists; and the biograph.

An example which it is to be hoped will find many imitators has been set in the will of Lewis Elkin, the Philadelphia millionaire, whose estate of nearly two millions of dollars has been left in trust for the benefit of aged and indigent female school-teachers of that city. The will provides that "any unmarried female teacher who shall have taught in any of the public schools of Philadelphia for a period of twenty-five years, and has, at the time of her application, no means of support, shall receive from the income of the estate the sum of four hundred dollars per annum, to be paid to her quarterly during the term of her natural life, if she should continue without means of support for that period."

Blanche Walsh has stolen a march on Sarah Bernhardt, and Maude Fealey, with equal alacrity, has stolen a march on Maude Adams. At Denver, a fortnight ago, these two young actresses played "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Walsh, according to the Denver critics, made a most alluring Romeo. Miss Fealey's Juliet is pronounced excellent. So great was Miss Walsh's success as Romeo that she intends to add the character permanently to her repertoire, and she will give occasional performances of the Shakespearian tragedy during her coming tour.

Emma Calvé said in a recent interview in Paris that she had now only one ambition, and that was to become an actress. "I have made a success as a grand-opera singer," she is reported as saying. "I am rich, too. But what I now want to be able to do is to move people by acting as I have already done by my singing."

Bertha Runkle, in collaboration with Lawrence Marston, has dramatized her popular novel, "The Helmet of Navarre." Charles Dalton, the robust English actor who was last seen here as Marcus Superbus in "The Sign of the Cross," is to star in it.

In October, Arthur Byron, so long the leading man with John Drew's company, will make his *début* as a star at the head of a first-class company in Chicago.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 14, 1901, were as follows:

|                             | BONDS. | Shares.           |  | Closed. |
|-----------------------------|--------|-------------------|--|---------|
|                             |        |                   |  |         |
| U. S. Coup. 3%.....         | 4,000  | @ 108 1/2         |  | 108 1/2 |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.....       | 10,000 | @ 106 1/2         |  | 106 1/2 |
| Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....    | 3,000  | @ 100 1/2         |  |         |
| Los An. Ry 5%.....          | 1,000  | @ 116             |  | 116     |
| Market St. Ry. 6%.....      | 14,000 | @ 127 1/2         |  | 127 1/2 |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.....      | 1,000  | @ 124 1/2         |  | 124 1/2 |
| N. R. of Cal. 6%.....       | 7,000  | @ 111 1/2         |  | 111 1/2 |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....      | 23,000 | @ 106             |  | 106     |
| Oakland Transit 6%.....     | 14,000 | @ 118 1/2-119 1/2 |  | 119 1/2 |
| Oakland Water 5%.....       | 7,000  | @ 102 1/2-103 1/2 |  |         |
| Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....    | 5,000  | @ 110             |  | 109 3/4 |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909..... | 11,000 | @ 112 1/2-113 1/2 |  | 112 1/2 |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910..... | 12,000 | @ 113 1/2         |  | 113 1/2 |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905.....  | 6,000  | @ 107 1/2         |  | 109 1/2 |
| S. P. Branch 6%.....        | 5,000  | @ 106 1/2         |  | 106 1/2 |
| S. V. Water 4%.....         | 4,000  | @ 102 1/2-103 1/2 |  | 103 1/2 |

|                           | STOCKS. | Shares.         |  | Closed. |
|---------------------------|---------|-----------------|--|---------|
|                           |         |                 |  |         |
| Water.                    |         |                 |  |         |
| Contra Costa Water.....   | 150     | @ 75 1/2-76     |  | 76      |
| Spring Valley Water.....  | 650     | @ 84 1/2-86     |  | 84 1/2  |
| Gas and Electric.         |         |                 |  |         |
| Equitable Gaslight.....   | 255     | @ 5 1/2         |  | 5 1/2   |
| S. F. Gas & Electric..... | 1,545   | @ 38 1/2-43 1/2 |  | 38 1/2  |
| Banks.                    |         |                 |  |         |
| Bank of Cal.....          | 9       | @ 405           |  | 406     |
| German S. & L.....        | 2       | @ 1880          |  | 1870    |
| First National.....       | 67      | @ 306           |  | 305     |
| Street R. R.              |         |                 |  |         |
| Market St.....            | 435     | @ 77 1/2-79 1/2 |  | 79 1/2  |
| Powders.                  |         |                 |  |         |
| Giant Con.....            | 20      | @ 76 1/2        |  | 76 1/2  |
| Sugars.                   |         |                 |  |         |
| Hana P. Co.....           | 55      | @ 6 1/2-6 3/4   |  | 6 1/2   |
| Honokaa S. Co.....        | 260     | @ 14 1/2-15 1/2 |  | 15 1/2  |
| Hutchinson.....           | 1,005   | @ 13 1/2-16 1/2 |  | 15      |
| Kilauea S. Co.....        | 335     | @ 15-16 1/2     |  | 15      |
| Makaweli S. Co.....       | 305     | @ 30-30 1/2     |  | 27 1/2  |
| Onomea S. Co.....         | 330     | @ 23-23 1/2     |  | 24      |
| Paaahau S. Co.....        | 805     | @ 14 1/2-17 1/2 |  | 14 1/2  |
| Miscellaneous.            |         |                 |  |         |
| Alaska Packers.....       | 90      | @ 130 1/2       |  | 130     |
| Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....   | 25      | @ 95            |  | 95 1/2  |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....       | 25      | @ 98            |  | 96      |
| Oceanic S. Co.....        | 55      | @ 46            |  | 45 1/2  |

The sugar stocks have been weak, and on small sales broke badly, making losses ranging from one to three points, the latter in Paaahau, which sold down to 14 1/2, closing at that price, sales and bid. The total sales of sugars during the week amounted to about 3,200 shares only for all kinds. The

cause of the break is reported to be on the reduction of dividends, caused by lack of rain and the labor troubles. Kilauea has reduced its monthly dividend from twenty-five cents to twenty cents, and Hutchinson from twenty cents to twelve and one-half cents per share. The market was steadied at the close by bear buying to fill outstanding short contracts.

The lighting stocks have been weak, and San Francisco Gas and Electric was sold off five and three-eighths points, closing at 38 1/2 bid and sales. Spring Valley Water sold off two points on the general weakness of the market, closing at 84 1/2 sales.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Marvelous Treatment Discovered by Famous  
Doctor-Scientist that Cures Every  
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THE REMEDY IS FREE TO ALL.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Not only was the recent *fête* at Newport in honor of the New York Yacht Club and the North Atlantic squadron far more brilliant than any of its predecessors, but it was notable as constituting the first instance in the history of the city by the sea of the fashionable element co-operating with the local authorities and with the government in any popular celebration, and the cottagers contributed in no small measure to the success of the affair. The night illuminations of the several hundred visiting yachts in port and of the villas, the dinner-parties and dances afloat and ashore, the strains of music from land and sea, formed a fairy-like complement to the land parade and boat races earlier in the day, in both of which the navy, local authorities, and society took part. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., O. H. P. Belmont, Pembroke Jones, C. L. F. Robinson, and several other equally well-known cottagers were associated with the mayor of Newport and other dignitaries of the city in judging and starting the boat races between the crews of the United States warships in the harbor and of some of the Newport rowing clubs, while in the land parade Colonel John Jacob Astor, Duncan Elliot, Perry Belmont, and a number of other prominent New Yorkers figured as aids to General Joseph Wheeler, who acted as grand marshal of the day parade. During the evening illumination, the streets were crowded and *confetti* throwing was indulged in by every one. Staid business and professional men, society women and society swells, the worker of the city and the visitor from the country, went about with their hands filled, pelting their friends and returning the fire of strangers until the air was filled with flying bits of colored paper and fluttering strips of paper ribbon. Altogether the *fête* was a great success, and did much to allay the antagonism which has always existed until now between the summer colony and the townpeople.

According to a writer in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, nearly every large department-store in the big cities of the East has a baby-room in charge of a competent nurse. This cozy apartment is generally an annex to the ladies' waiting-room, and is furnished with cribs, cradles, and rocking chairs, and with a tempting stock of toys. In some establishments the nursery is so elaborate as to reach the proportions of a kindergarten school. Experience, however, has taught the undesirability of making the entertainment too attractive. In at least one large Chicago house it was found that some mothers did not hesitate to make the play-room accommodations the means of giving them a half-holiday without the expense of providing nursemaids for their children. This experiment led to the discontinuance of the play-room and the substitution of a baby nursery of the simplest kind. The liability of having little foundlings permanently left in their charge has caused the managers of department-stores to provide for the exercise of great caution on the part of nurses in charge of baby-rooms. As a rule, infants under six months of age are not received, except in instances where the mothers are known to be regular customers of the establishment. Under all circumstances, the mother leaving a child in charge of a nurse is required to give her name, and generally her home address, and to state the departments in which she expects to do her trading. Some stores follow the practice of requiring a mother, whose child has been left with the nurse, to report to the baby-room within one hour, and, in case of a failure to do this, she is summoned by an attendant.

It is announced from Berlin that on the invitation of Prince Loewenstein one hundred and forty representatives of the German nobility, for the most part the heads of old Roman Catholic families, have signed a declaration against dueling. The declaration sets forth that the usage, although it receives a passive encouragement, purely as a means of maintaining the military spirit, from the heads of the army, is clearly contrary to intelligence, religion, culture, and law, and to social and state order. The signatories bind themselves to work for its abolition, stating that it is false and unjust to qualify a man as a coward who refuses to fight, and they regard any man as worthy of all respect who, by conscientious scruples, ignores a challenge. In consideration of the present state of affairs, they reserve the right to demand satisfaction according to the old usage if honor is at stake, but at the same time ask that tribunals of honor be created, which would give a much more real satisfaction than that obtained on the so-called field of honor. Two recent French duels, by the way, over which Paris has been laughing, concern two promising young sons of notable fathers. Leon Daudet was slightly wounded the other day in a duel with swords with M. Géraud Richard, a writer on the *Petite République*, as a result of a newspaper article which he wrote. This is not young Daudet's first duel. One of his most famous encounters was with M. Jean Charcot, son of the great physician of the Salpêtrière. That arose out of M. Daudet's "Les Morticoles," a novel intended to satirize the medical profession in much the same way that his brilliant father, Alphonse, had made game of the Academy. In the other recent duel, M. Sarcy fils and Laurent Tailhade, a noted literary critic and book-reviewer, were the actors. M. Tailhade delivered himself of some very severe

remarks on the influence of the late M. Sarcy on the contemporary stage. "Young Sarcy," to avenge his father's memory, called out the critic, and the gray-headed writer and the hot-headed young man faced each other's pistols on one of the lawns of the Bois de Boulogne. M. Sarcy fired first and missed his adversary. M. Tailhade fired up in the trees, then taking his hat in his hand he went up to his young opponent. "I could not refuse you the satisfaction you demanded," he said, "for I esteemed too highly the sentiments which made you act as you did. But a duel with me is no duel; I am one-eyed, one armed. Now that I have stood your fire let me say how greatly I regret having wounded your filial feelings." And with this graceful speech M. Tailhade extended his hand and the quarrel was ended.

A rush to the nuptial altar and to the Spanish grammar are two distinctive features of the wholesale appointments of teachers for the Philippines, as developed by correspondence between appointees and the insular division of the War Department. The number of college graduates, whose first act after receiving their appointments was to enter the matrimonial state and forward to the department requests for transportation for wives, is said to have been appalling. The accommodations on board the transports were strained by the list of teachers alone. Ingeniously worded letters began to come in, however, directly after the appointments were sent out, the teachers setting forth that in view of their expected long absence in a foreign country they had concluded to marry young women to whom they were engaged, and desired to have their wives accompany them. The regular order in this regard is that a person directly dependent upon a teacher may be furnished passage upon a transport only if practicable. In spite of the straits to which the new conditions reduced the service, none of the brides were left at home or compelled to cross the Pacific on other than a government vessel.

Mothers of daughters having social aspirations find it very expensive to meet all the social requirements and demands made upon them, as is shown in proceedings in the supreme court of New York brought by Mrs. Kate Shippen Roosevelt to have the yearly allowance of her daughter, Dorothy Quincy Roosevelt, increased from \$1,500 to \$3,000. Even the larger sum will not by any means be sufficient to keep this young lady in good society and meet all the various expenses incidental thereto; but Mrs. Roosevelt says she is willing to pay the additional expenses, which will amount to several thousand dollars annually, out of her own pocket. Miss Roosevelt inherited \$100,000 from a deceased uncle, which is being held in trust for her until she becomes of age next year. Inasmuch as her income amounts to \$4,000 and Mrs. Roosevelt proved to the satisfaction of William J. A. McKim, the referee, that \$3,000 is only a reasonable amount for a young woman of good social position, the increased allowance was granted. In giving her testimony, Mrs. Roosevelt said she had six tutors for her daughter, who, among other things, was being educated in German, French, and Italian. She was also being instructed in elocution, belongs to several social dancing-classes, is a member of golf, tennis, and bathing clubs, is fond of riding, and has an English governess. Mrs. Roosevelt added that the needs of her daughter were increasing year by year, that she found entertaining and traveling abroad added greatly to the cost of living, that one of her daughter's greatest incidental expenses was for hire of cabs going to and from social functions, and that a great deal of the social life which young ladies in New York see is where gentlemen are not invited, such as teas, receptions, etc.

Edna Crawford, the beautiful daughter of Chief Detective Ralph Crawford, of Cincinnati, has brought suit for ten thousand dollars damages against the famous New York photographer, Sarony, for using her picture as a corset advertisement without her permission. Detective Crawford was so incensed that he threatened to thrash Sarony, but was persuaded to let the law settle the matter. Sarony declares the girl was given professional rates, and thus gave him the right to use the picture as he did. Several days ago some of Miss Crawford's classmates were astonished to see her face mounted on the body of a giddy, bespangled actress in a magazine and in several theatrical papers. Next it began to appear peeping out of corset "ads." and wearing two-dollar-and-forty-nine-cent shirt-waists. She was shown as a high-kicker and in other attitudes, the very idea of which shocked the young woman. Miss Crawford denies the professional rate answer.

Commissioner Peck's proposal to engage M. Lebarry, "the best-dressed actor at the Théâtre Français," to lecture before Chicagoans on the art of dressing, has aroused much laughter in the gay capital. Most of the papers, however, are staggered at the impossible nature of the task of teaching Chicagoans how to dress. The *Figaro*, with more liberal views, expresses the opinion that the inhabitants of the "Windy City" might be taught to tie a cravat and abjure glaring contrasts, but it is reluctantly impelled to admit that there is "no hope of inculcating a true instinct for dress into so young a people."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Why?

Why is it folks sit this way in  
The car we miss,  
While in the car we catch at last  
We're jammed like this?  
—Philadelphia Press.

## All the World's a Stage.

"The world is but a fleeting show,"  
And deep within his heart  
Full many a fellow thinks his act  
Is most important, when, in fact,  
'Tis just a thinking part.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Protest of the German Barbers.

Oh, William, Valiant Emperor,  
Oh, friend of small and great,  
Whose constant thought has always been  
The welfare of the State,  
Why do you wish to change your face?  
Why let your whiskers grow,  
When whiskers are but fuzzy fringe  
Through which the wind may blow?  
They hide the face your people love  
To look upon each day,  
At home, or in the Council Halls,  
Or in the grand array  
Of soldiers, ready at your call  
To overturn the world  
And on the top of ruin's pile  
To fix your flag unfurled.  
That must ache militant you loved,  
Your people loved the same,  
And by that sign they saw in you  
A photograph of Fame.  
Which they had hoped would long outlive  
All other pictured things.  
And stand as artists' model for  
The picture of all Kings.  
So much for love of country, Sir,  
But nearer much than that  
To us is this: If you don't shave,  
Say, where will we be at?  
For all men pattern after you;  
As you elect, they are;  
And if you let your whiskers grow,  
You'll knock us out. *Nicht war?*  
—W. J. Lampton in New York Sun.

## Broken China.

[This curious bit of versification was given to Frederick Palmer, *Collier's Weekly's* correspondent in Japan, by a high dignitary of the empire, with the request that it be forwarded for publication.]

The R . . . . . and the C . . . . . n were  
walking hand in hand;  
They wept like anything to see such quantities of  
land.

"If this were only mine," the R . . . . . n thought,  
"it would be grand."

"If seven fleets of seven ships should come this  
way next year,  
Do you suppose," the R . . . . . n said, "they'd  
find the coast so clear?"

"I doubt it," said the C . . . . . n, and gave a  
cunning leer.

"The time has come," the R . . . . . n said, "to  
talk of many things—  
Of loans and spheres of influence, Siberian lines  
and Finns,  
And whether Europe's fighting cocks will tamely  
clip their wings."

"Although I know that enterprise is not your great-  
est vice,  
I'd like to ask (in confidence) old broken china's  
price?"

The C . . . . . n said nothing but, "Please  
take another slice."

"I grieve for you," the R . . . . . n said, "I deeply  
sympathize"

(And held a new peace conference before his  
scheming eyes).

"But why, aye why did you believe the other  
Johnny's lies?"

"And now I'd like to drink your health, before my  
visit's done,  
In any other port you've got," but answer came  
there none.

And this was scarcely odd, because he'd leased  
them every one—*Watakushi.*

The first giant has arrived at Rouen to claim the  
one hundred thousand francs offered, under the will  
of the Comte de Pierrebourg, to any giant who would  
marry a giantess with the view of breeding a race of  
Goliaths. The present candidate is over seven feet  
tall and seems of Mongolian origin. He has not yet  
found a giantess.

—BEWARE OF UNSCRUPULOUS DEALERS WHO  
re-fill Jesse Moore bottles with inferior goods.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.00  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901.....29,886,288.11

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWNY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and L. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve Fund.....226,994  
Contingent Fund.....445,617

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LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
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Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St., SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS.....150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

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## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....2,681,497.64  
July 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
ALLEN M. CLAV.....Secretary  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
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St. Louis.....(Boatmen's Bank)  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères  
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and New Zealand.  
Australia, and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

## Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits,  
July 31, 1901, \$9,561,290.28.

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;  
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier;  
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.  
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Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.

411 California Street.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Aubrey de Vere spoke to Browning, not long before the latter died, about the obscurity of his poems. "I have heard," replied Browning, "that criticism before, and have twice gone carefully through them without being able to detect a single obscure expression."

The poet and divine, John Donne, who became canon of St. Paul's in 1621, married a daughter of Sir George Moore without the consent of her parents. He was told by his father-in-law that he was not to expect any money from him. The bridegroom went one and wrote the witty note, "John Donne, Anne Donne, *undone*," which he sent to the angry father, and this had the effect of restoring them to favor.

On a hot summer day, the Rev. Pettit, one of the best-known priests in Milwaukee, was preaching in St. Raphael's Church, while in an adjoining lot a number of boys were playing baseball. He had taken "Heaven and the Means of Reaching There" as the subject of his sermon, and when he came to the end of a passage, he paused in a solemn manner and asked: "How, then, shall we reach heaven?" Just then came flitting through the church window, in a high-keyed voice: "Slide like the devil, slide!" It was one of the boy baseball players coaching a base-runner.

A German judge cites a rather remarkable case of *de majesté*, which, he says, may be called "unintentional information." A peasant woman who had seen the Kaiser's consort as a slender girl in Prein Kauau, gave blunt rustic expression to her astonishment as to how the figure looked after the birth of several children. Her outcry was mentioned in gossip at a village inn, when it struck the ear of a *gendarme* who happened to be present. This *gendarme* reported the matter. His superior prosecuted it, and the amazed and bewildered old woman was transported from her cottage to a cell.

One of the hardships of a New York correspondent, who tried to accompany the Russians during the recent military activities in China, had to do with the convivial capacities of the Czar's officers, whose guest he was. *Vodka* and *sakuska* were their favorite tipplers. These, as everybody knows, are not "soft"; and to drink a Russian toast means the rapid consumption of a full glass of strong alcoholic liquid. Then the glasses are turned upward, and they must leave no moist spot upon the tablecloth. One toast is to be responded to with another, when the same formality must be again celebrated, and so on. "When that great war between Russia and some Eastern power really comes," the man declares, "ability to speak Russian will not be the qualification looked for by editors when searching for correspondents."

In the early Indiana days, when both judges and attorneys literally "rode the circuit," a newly elected judge, noted for his lack of personal beauty, was plodding along on horseback between two county-seats one fine summer day. Suddenly he was confronted by a hunter, who unslinging his squirrel-rifle from his shoulder, and ordered the horseman to dismount. Somewhat startled by this peremptory command, the jurist began to remonstrate. He was quickly cut short, however, by the remark: "It's no use talking. I long ago swore that if I ever met a homelier man than I am, I'd shoot him on sight." The judge, sizing up the situation, promptly got off his horse. Folding his arms, he faced his assailant, and said: "If I am any homelier than you are, for heaven's sake do shoot, and be quick about it." Needless to say, his wit saved him.

Louis E. Vass Norman tells an amusing incident in connection with the serial publication of "Qun Vadis" in a Polish journal. When the installment describing the captivity of Lygia appeared, a deputation of sensitive young girls called upon Sienkiewicz to beg him not to let his heroine die in prison. "It is a simple matter, this letting her escape," naively declared one of these young ladies; "Lygia has only to write a letter to her *fancé* and he will see to it." Sienkiewicz smiled and requested his fair petitioner to compose such a letter to him. A few days later, however, he received the following missive: "MY DEAR LYGIA: It seems that you ought to write to Vinicius, but illness has probably enfeebled your epistolary powers. Address, instead, the simplest, most unpretentious letter to a certain M. Henryk Sienkiewicz, who lives in Warsaw several centuries hence. I have every reason to believe that, if you ask him prettily, he will arrange the matter without the useless complications of further correspondence. I embrace you affectionately."

In his speech on "Tories" at the Eighty Club in London, the other day, Sir William Harcourt said: "The old Savoy snog says that every child alive is born either a Liberal or else a Conservative, and it appears that the elder snogs are born Conservatives and the younger snogs become naturally Liberals. That is a satisfactory condition of things, because by the law of nature we younger sons are in the ma-

jority; and I hope I am addressing a great number of younger sons. My brother, to whom I was greatly attached, was the elder and I was the younger son; and we naturally had different political ideas. He one day said to me: 'My dear fellow, you have no landed ideas.' I said: 'No, I have not; that is very natural. You have got the land, and why should I have the ideas?' There was another incident, which pleased me very much, which he told me one day. He said he had met in the Carlton Club a gentleman whom I knew a little. He was the elder brother of Mr. Gladstone—Sir John Gladstone—whom was an excellent Tory, and he came up to my brother, with whom he was in sympathy, and he said: 'Mr. Harcourt, you and I have two very troublesome brothers.'

At a Yale dinner not very long ago, Senator Chauncey M. Depew remarked: "We have been having some new stories added in the Grand Central Station. One day as I sat in my office a brick fell from the story above, and, crashing through the glass window, fell almost at my feet. I summoned the contractor and demanded what he intended to do to relieve the situation. He said he would repair the window. I won't repeat what I said to him." All through the evening Senator Depew, who was acting as toast-master of the dinner, kept admonishing the diners to wait for the speech of Yale's president, Arthur D. Hadley, which was to come. When Professor Hadley finally arose to respond to a toast, he addressed himself principally to Senator Depew. "In thinking of something to say to-night," he said, "I have tried to devise some new story to tell you, but it had all seemed hopeless until the toast-master came to my rescue. You—Senator Depew—said that after all these years of speech-making, when you had attempted to force a new story upon the Grand Central Station, you rebuked a workman because he let fly a brick at you."

A story is told by a certain well-known hunter which illustrates the skill some gunners acquire in the use of the bird whistle. On this particular day in fall the birds had not been flying well, and the gunners who had been out since early morning were one by one leaving for their homes. On his way home over the marshes, one of them was on the lookout for grass birds, and when he beheld a flock about to alight, he at once crouched down in the tall grass by the edge of a creek and began calling. It happened that another gunner, who was about to give up his day's work, heard the sharp and repeated whistling of what he supposed were grass birds, and, quickly reloading his gun, he, too, picked up his whistle and began to call. First the man in the tall grass would whistle, then the man in the adjoining stand would answer, and this was kept up for a long time until it got so dark that had the birds flown past either gunner they could not have seen them. Presently the gunner who was crunching in the tall grass ventured to rise and scan the marshes, when to his surprise and chagrin he saw the gunner in the stand do likewise. Neither wished to acknowledge that he had been deceived by the other's whistling, so they quietly disappeared in different directions without exchanging a word.

## Major McKinley in Defeat.

One day when the President, then Major McKinley, had just been defeated for Congress, Major Pearce met him at the counter of a down-town cigar-store. Mr. McKinley was decidedly downcast over his defeat, and did not conceal the fact. He approached Major Pearce and said: "Major, you have been most fortunate and I most unfortunate." The St. Louisan looked at the future President inquiringly, and Mr. McKinley continued: "Yes, you see, when the war was over, instead of taking up a profession, as you have done, I took the plunge into politics, and you can see where I am now after my defeat, with little prospect before me. You took the sensible course by going out to St. Louis and beginning the practice of law. You have prospered, and, well, you know how it is with me."

Major Pearce's reply was prophetic: "Never mind, major, just take another good start, and ten years from now you won't change places with me if I offer you a bonus. It's in you."

It was about this same period (says the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*) that an incident happened which Congressman Joe Cannon delights to tell on the President. The two met at a Chicago hotel, both having been defeated for reelection. They were surrounded by a dozen or more friends who were commiserating them on their defeat. Mr. McKinley was smiling blandly and assuring his friends that everything would come out all right, and he was not in the least disheartened. One by one their friends left them, until the two were sitting side by side in the corridor. Cannon was the first to speak.

"Bill?" with a rising inflection.

"What is it, Joe?" responded the future President.

"Now that we are alone, there is no use lying to each other. I am all cut up about my defeat. How about you?"

"Me, too," said Mr. McKinley.

## Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

## PADS IN LITERATURE.

## In a Garden.

A *Punch* parodist feels that garden literature is overdone, and declares that it is so delightfully easy, compared to novel writing, that he tries his hand in this effect:

"Close by the greenhouse, four feet from the gooseberries, and two feet six from the second-best honeysuckle, I have dotted in a clump of dandelions. Such brave flowers, so sturdy and self-reliant! Oddly enough, they have all turned out yellow with me. Why are none of them purple? Perhaps it is the soil. . . .

"It is nearly twelve o'clock; 'noon,' in the quaint old Anglo-Saxon phrase. A sparrow has just hopped across the lettuce—a sweet little bird, with two eyes, two feet, and one beak. But the early worm has left some hours ago on pressing business. Ah, dearest reader, the saddest words in the language. Too late! Too late! Too late! Oh, the bitterness of it all. . . .

"But I must be brave. I must water the geraniums. (Plant out early in May, in a south aspect, and mulch freely.) Yes, I must water the geraniums. So do the petty, insistent duties of life break in upon our most spiritual moods! . . .

## An Indefatigable Historical Novelist.

Winston Churchill, according to a humorous exchange, is engaged on the following historical novels, to appear in sequence:

Richard Carvel, Jr., A Tale of the War of 1812.  
Minnie Carvel, or the Great Mexican War.  
Lizzie Carvel, or the Missouri Compromise.  
Richard Carvel's Grandson, A Story of the Civil War.

Henrietta Carvel, or the First Move for Women's Rights.

Deadwood Dick Carvel, A Tale of the Great Plains.

Hezekiah Carvel, or Alone in Wall Street in 1873.

Centennial Carvel, or Who Got the Medal at the Philadelphia Exposition?

Grover Cleveland Carvel, or On to Victory.

Bryan Carvel, or the Cross of Gold.

Hobson Carvel, or Down With the Merrimac.

Sampson Carvel, or Training for the Medal.

Laura Jean Libbey Carvel, or the Blue-Eyed Beauty of the Button Works.

Emancipator Carvel, or the Belle of the Philippines.

Continuus Carvel, or the Inherited Publisher.

A ticket-collector on a railway got leave to go and get married, and was given a pass over the line. On the way back, he showed to the new collector his marriage certificate by mistake for his pass. The latter studied it carefully, and then said: "Eh, mnn, you've got a ticket for a lang, wearisome journey, but not on the Caledonian Railway."—*Tit-Bits*.

## Feeding to Fit

Is the problem with infants. The growing child has ever changing needs, but a perfect milk can never go amiss. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the acme of substitute feeding. Send for "Baby's Diary." 71 Hudson St., N. Y.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; THE best for all purposes.

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(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO  
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

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FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE

## ROUND THE WORLD

(Via Japan, China, India, Egypt, etc.)

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Oct. 15th, Oct. 31st.

From Vancouver, Sept. 9th.

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(Via Athens and Constantinople)

From New York, Sept. 21st.

Illustrated descriptive programmes on application. Sailing lists of Nile steamers for ensuing season now ready.

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Fastest Twin-Screw Passenger Service.

Boston to Liverpool via Queenstown

S. S. COMMONWEALTH, 13,000 Tons, Length 600 ft.

Sailing Wednesday, August 28th.

S. S. NEW ENGLAND, 11,600 Tons, Length 575 ft.

Sailing Wednesday, September 12th.

Portland, Me., to Liverpool

S. S. VANCOUVER, sailing Saturday, August 31st.

S. S. DOMINION, sailing Saturday, September 14th.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast,

621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

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IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,

at 1 P. M. for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,

Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and

connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer from San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, August 27

Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, September 20

Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, October 15

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Thursday, November 7

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and

connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.

Hongkong Maru..... Wednesday, September 4

Nippon Maru..... Friday, September 27

America Maru..... Wednesday, October 23

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 Tons  
Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons

S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland

and Sydney, Thursday, August 22, 1901, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Honolulu only, August 31, 1901,

at 2 P. M.

S. S. Australia, for Tahiti, September 11, 1901, at

10 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market

Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., every  
fifth day, change to company's steamers  
at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 11

A. M., every fifth day.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30

P. M., every fifth day.

For San Diego, stopping only at

Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los

Angeles): Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M. State of Cali-

fornia—Wednesdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San

Simon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo),

Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneue, East San

Pedro, San Pedro, and "Newport" (Corona only).

Corona—Saturdays, 9 A. M. Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers,

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## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris),  
from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at

Cherbourg Westbound.

Philadelphia.....August 21 Philadelphia.....September 11

St. Paul.....August 28 St. Paul.....September 18

St. Louis.....September 4 St. Louis.....September 25

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every

Wednesday, 12 noon.

\*Zeland.....August 21 \*Vaderland.....September 11

Friesland.....August 28 Kensington.....September 18

Southwark.....September 4 \*Zeland.....September 25

\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D.

TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery

Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Del Monte Week of Sports.

Society is looking forward with great anticipation to the carnival of amateur sports which is to be held at Del Monte next week, under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Polo and Pony Racing and Pacific Coast Golf Associations. In addition to the usual summer guests of the hotel, many residents of Burlingame, San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Rafael, and other suburban places will congregate there, and, what with sports by day and dancing to Cassara's Concert Band at night, a most enjoyable time should be had. Among other San Franciscans who will take part in the festivities are Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Prince and Princess Poniatowski, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott and the Misses Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cravens, Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. James Morgan, Mrs. M. A. Chabot, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. M. C. Low and Miss Flora Low, Mrs. J. A. Whittell, Mrs. R. G. Brown, the Misses Thérèse and Ella Morgan, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Chabot, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Florence Young, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. W. M. O'Connor, Mr. John Dolbeer, and Mr. S. L. Abbott.

The programme of events for the week's sport is an especially interesting one. On Monday morning, August 19th, the golf tournament will begin, when the qualifying rounds at 18 holes, medal play, in the men's amateur competition for the Del Monte Cup will take place. On Wednesday morning, August 21st, the competition for the women's championship will commence, and on the mornings of August 22d, 23d, and 24th, the match rounds in the latter contest will be played at 18 holes. The polo tournament will be held on the afternoons of August 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22d, and August 23d and 24th will be devoted to the pony-racing and steeplechase.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington gave a reception at Oneonta, N. Y., on Monday, at which the formal announcement of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Ethel Huntington, to Mr. William Perkins was made.

The engagement is announced of Miss Harriet Lewers, daughter of Mr. Robert Lewers, of Honolulu, to Mr. Arthur F. Wall. Miss Lewers is a sister of Mr. William Lewers, the actor, who appeared in this city with the Frawley Company some years ago, and more recently has been identified with the Maude Adams Company.

The wedding of Miss Lily Oelrichs, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs, and Mr. Peter D. Martin, son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, will take place in St. Joseph's Church at Newport on Tuesday, September 17th.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Gage, daughter of Mr. Stephen T. Gage, and Mr. George Gross will take place in Oakland on Tuesday, September 3d, at St. Paul's Church. The maid of honor will be Miss Mabel Gage, the bride-elect's sister, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Carrie Nicholson and Miss Katherine Chabot. A reception at the Gage home, 1300 Harrison Street, will follow the church ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Twitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Twitchell, and Professor William E. Briggs, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Briggs, took place at Sacramento on Thursday, August 15th. Professor Briggs and his bride have departed for the East, and after an extended tour, will take up their residence in Cleveland, O.

The wedding of Miss Lila Convere, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton Jones, and Mr. Francis Bruguière, son of Mrs. E. A. Bruguière, took place at Charlotte, N. C., on Thursday, August 15th.

Miss Charlotte Ellinwood gave an informal tea last week in honor of Miss Parsons, of New York, who is the guest of Miss Ethel Keeney. Miss Ellinwood was assisted in receiving by Miss Ethel Keeney, Miss Leontine Blakeman, and Miss Mary Polhemus.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller recently gave a luncheon at her Oakland home in honor of Miss Ida Belle Palmer, at which she entertained Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. George McNear, Jr., Miss Bessie McNear, Mrs. Will Taylor, Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mrs. William P. Johnson, Mrs. Edson F. Adams, Miss Lucy Moffitt, Mrs. Hubert Moffitt, Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mrs. Thomas Prather, and Mrs. Victor Metcalf.

Among those who were present at the dinner and dance given at the Clambake Club, Newport, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs, a fortnight ago, in honor of Miss Lily Oelrichs and Mr. Peter D. Martin were Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont,

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Burke-Roche, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones, Mrs. C. C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Dolan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr, Miss Marion Mason, Miss Kathleen Neilson, Miss Evelyn Burden, Miss Gladys Brooks, Miss Edith Clapp, Miss Anna Sands, Miss Terry, Miss Swan, Miss Rutherford, Miss Fish, Miss Thayer, Miss Twombly, Miss Emma Rutherford, Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mr. Augustus Jay, Jr., Mr. Frank Andrews, Mr. Henry F. Eldridge, Mr. I. T. Burden, Jr., Mr. W. A. M. Burden, Mr. Willing Spencer, Mr. Arthur Spencer, Mr. Charles Oelrichs, Mr. Stuyvesant Le Roy, Mr. Roderick Terry, Mr. W. Fitzhugh Whitehouse, Jr., Count Gherardesca, and Mr. Center Hitchcock.

Mme. Julie Rosewald will be at home to her friends at the Hotel Granada on the first and third Mondays.

Miss Laura McKinstry recently gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Elkins, who is visiting here from Philadelphia.

## Recent Wills and Successions.

The inventory and appraisal of the late Collis P. Huntington's California estate has been filed, and is as follows: Promissory note of W. V. Huntington, dated May 17, 1899, for \$47,564 64, with interest at 6½ per cent. per annum; lot, corner of Julian Avenue and Fourteenth Street, \$9,500; four lots in Block 194, Oakland, \$4,000; lot in Santa Monica, \$2,000; portion of Rancho Bocado, Santa Monica, \$70 500. The total value of the estate in this State is \$443,564 64.

The will of the late Joseph Le Conte has been filed for probate by Caroline Elizabeth Le Conte, his widow. The petition sets forth that the estate consists entirely of personal property, all of his former interests in real estate in the State having been deeded in the lifetime of the deceased to certain grantees. The value of the entire estate is fixed at \$40,000. The will is dated October 30, 1889. All personal property, manuscripts, and all profits to arise therefrom is bequeathed to his wife.

Within a few weeks it is said there will be initiated in San José an automobile system of considerable magnitude for passenger travel. It is understood that the enterprise is backed by San Francisco capital, and that it is the promoters' intention to place travelling accommodations at the service of the people in the Santa Clara Valley that is unequaled in any other section of America. The automobiles to be used will consist of seven machines, three and four seated, which will carry eight to twelve passengers. They will be the finest made, and with a high rate of speed. The rates for traveling will be comparatively small, making the service quick and cheap. San José will be the central point of the system, with routes radiating to different parts of the valley. One of the principal lines will be to Los Gatos, through the orchard belt, which will insure an immense amount of travel. Another line will extend to Alviso to connect with the steamer for San Francisco. A machine will also be run to Alum Rock, and another route will extend to Campbell. Gilroy may also be reached by automobile passenger service at an early date.

During the session of the Episcopal Triennial Council, which begins in this city on October 2d, J. Pierpont Morgan and his family will occupy the Charles Crocker mansion, on the north-west corner of California and Taylor Streets, which they have leased as a temporary residence here. Mr. Morgan is a devoted Episcopalian, and has served as a lay delegate for years at the important councils of the church. He was a delegate from New York at the council held in Washington in 1898, when the religious problems brought up by the Spanish war were up for discussion and settlement. The Crocker mansion, which he is to occupy here, is one of the most imposing of the edifices erected on Nob Hill by the California money kings. Though stripped of some of its fine paintings and statuary, which have been removed from time to time by the children of the family, the Crocker house is practically complete, and is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker whenever they are in town. It is in the control of the Crocker Estate Company.

A deed has been placed on record by the terms of which Emily B. Hopkins disposes of the Hopkins Ranch, near Redwood City, consisting of six hundred and five acres and improvements, to William E. Hebbard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for two hundred thousand dollars. The sale is subject to the lease of W. Sanger Pullman, which expires in November. The Hopkins farm is well known, being one of the best in the State. It was formerly owned by Horace Hawes.

Prince Alexander Galitzin, a member of the highest nobility of Russia, who years ago was a favorite of New York society, died in the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum at White Plains a few days ago.

— MOURNING PAPERS IN ALL THE LEADING shapes and sizes are to be found at Cooper's Art Stationery Store, 745 Market Street.

— EDWARD A. BELCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW 412-413 Call Building.

## Golf Notes.

An interesting feature of the golf tournament at Monterey next week will be the special team match that is being arranged between experts from Northern and Southern California. President J. W. Byrne, of the San Francisco Golf Club, has put up a handsome silver cup as a trophy for this event. Each team will be composed of not more than eight nor less than four men. Play will be under match rules over 18 holes, the scoring being on the new point system, wherein a victor is allowed one point for his win and half the number of points of his score. Those who will probably play on the southern team are C. E. Orr, H. M. Sears, C. E. Maud, and N. Wilshire. Those likely to secure a place on the northern team are J. Lawson, E. R. Folger, J. W. Byrne, W. P. Johnson, C. P. Hubbard, R. M. Fitzgerald, and L. Kellogg.

In the mixed foursome golf tournament on the Del Monte Links on Saturday, August 10th, Miss Whittell and Cyril Tobin won the cups presented by Mrs. J. A. Folger.

The third annual golf tournament for the Poniatowski Cup over 18 holes, medal play, took place at Burlingame on Thursday, August 15th. Mrs. R. Gilman Brown won the contest, with a total of 95, and the scores of the other players were: Miss Caro Crockett, 100; Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, 109; Miss Hager, 115; Miss Edith McBean, 117; and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, 127. A comparison of the scores with which the cup has been won shows a great improvement in the quality of the play, for, in 1899, Miss Alice Moffitt, now Mrs. George Doubleday, of New York, won with a score of 122. Miss Caro Crockett's score last year was 115, which this year was beaten by Mrs. Brown, Miss Crockett, and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, and equaled by Miss Alice Hager. Mrs. Brown's victory this year means yet another contest for the Poniatowski Cup, as it must be won twice by the same lady before it becomes her permanent property.

General George Washington Bowie, a pioneer resident of Contra Costa County and a one time leading lawyer of the State, died at Martinez on Sunday, August 11th, at the age of seventy-seven. General Bowie was a veteran of the Mexican War, and at its close decided to make a trip through California. So well did he like the country that he made it his home. In the early sixties he settled in Contra Costa County, but left there soon after the breaking out of the Civil War, in which he gained his military title. He was, in the early history of the State, quite prominent as a Republican politician, and at one time came within a vote of securing the Republican nomination for governor of the State.

Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, who with her children has been spending the past few weeks at the Hotel Del Monte, was severely injured while driving from Monterey to Pacific Grove on Tuesday. Her horse stumbled and began to kick, and fearing the animal would bolt, she jumped from the trap and fell upon one limb, breaking the ligaments between the knee and ankle so badly that she will probably be unable to walk for some time.

To behold a California sunrise in its full glory, one should stay overnight at the Tavern of Tampalpais, and witness the grand scenic capabilities developed as the red dawn and the orange and amber tints forerun the glorious sunbursts of golden yellow, as "Old Sol" rises in the morning. The colors are indescribably gorgeous.

## The Real Thing.

"Knox" celebrated New York hats. Fall styles now ready. Eugene Korn, the Hatter, 726 Market Street, near Kearny.

## Moët &amp; Chandon

Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.

WHITE SEAL (Grande Cuvee) of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—COURT JOURNAL.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,  
Pacific Coast Agents. San Francisco.

## CONGRESS SPRINGS.

The gem of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An ideal summer and winter resort. Always open. New management. Table unsurpassed. Best mineral water on the coast.

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THE ANTLERS  
LAKE CUSHMAN, WASH.

RATES, \$3.00 PER DAY.

## Pears'

Whoever wants soft hands, smooth hands, white hands, or a clear complexion, he and she can have both: that is, if the skin is naturally transparent; unless occupation prevents.

The color you want to avoid comes probably neither of nature or work, but of habit.

Use Pears' Soap, no matter how much; but a little is enough if you use it often.

Established over 100 years.

G. H. MUMM & CO  
EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importation in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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Medicated  
Complexion Powder

No face powder in the world has given the universal satisfaction of Pozzoni's; no chalk, lime or zinc—it's pure. Sample free.

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## FOR ADOPTION.

Little girl, nine years old; pretty, refined, and well brought up. Best of references given and required.  
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CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.

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The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco  
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

A hotel in the Olympic Mountains offering a table and sleeping accommodations of peculiar excellence is now open. Good fishing and elk shooting in the vicinity.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin are making a fortnight's stay at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase came down from their country-place, "Stag's Leap," last week for a few days' stay in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny were in Santa Cruz last week.

Senator J. P. Jones returned from a visit to Alaska last week, and left immediately for his home at Santa Monica.

Lieutenant Ashton H. Potter, U. S. A., returned from Manila on the transport *Sumner* on Sunday last. Lieutenant and Mrs. Potter and Miss Ruth McNutt are now at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard V. Huntington and Miss Edith Marie Huntington returned from New York last week, after an absence of four months.

Miss Alice Rutherford left New York for San Francisco on Sunday, August 11th. After a short stay at Del Monte, as the guest of Princess Poniatowski, she will sail for Japan, where she will remain until early next year.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Mr. W. H. Coleman have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Charles Holbrook and Miss Olive Holbrook visited San José last week.

Mrs. Catherine Wood has sailed from New York for Europe on a visit to Major and Mrs. John Darling. Mrs. M. A. Easton, Miss Jennie Crocker, and Mr. Templeton Crocker are spending the month of August at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills were at Los Gatos during the week.

Mr. John Dolbeer and Miss Bertha Dolbeer are sojourning at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mrs. Zelia Nuttall and Miss Nadine Nuttall have been sojourning in San José.

Dr. H. J. Stewart and Miss F. Stewart, who recently left for the East, were in New York during the week.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden are at the Hotel Del Monte.

Baron J. H. von Schröder, after an absence of three months in Europe, has returned to San Rafael.

Mr. George Robinson, who has been residing in New York for several years, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Luke Robinson, at her home on Steiner Street.

Mr. Irving M. Scott and Mr. Lawrence I. Scott were in San José last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have been making a short stay in Santa Cruz.

Mr. J. C. Kirkpatrick was in New York early in the week.

Dr. I. W. Thorne returned on Tuesday from a trip to Japan and the Orient.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool arrived at the Hotel Rafael on Wednesday.

Mrs. A. A. Watkins and Miss Mabel Watkins were visitors at Lake Tahoe last week.

Miss Bessie Cote expects to leave for the Philippine Islands next month on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Martin Crimmins.

Mrs. John F. Merrill and Mr. C. H. Merrill arrived in Washington, D. C., early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. C. Hohbs and family leave for the East soon, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Postley will return from Europe to their home in New York, 817 Fifth Avenue, in October.

Mr. George H. Fitch was a visitor at Lake Tahoe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fair were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Henshaw and family have returned from Ben Lomond, where they have been spending the summer months.

The Misses Oxnard were visitors at Lake Tahoe last week.

Mr. Louis Glass, after a short stay in New York last week, returned for Buffalo.

Mr. Louis S. Bruguère has been visiting Mr. Emile A. Bruguère at the Hawthorne Villa, at Newport, during the week.

Mr. Mortimer F. Taylor, of New York, accompanied by his daughter, the Baroness Romano Avegana, arrived from the East on Thursday, en route to China. They are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Josephine de Greayer has been spending the summer at the seaside towns in Maine, and was at Bar Harbor during the past week.

Mrs. Frank Stillman Lusk and her sister, Miss Alice Findley, are visiting Mrs. William Ash at "Ten Oaks," Glen Ellen.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ouis spent a few days at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco is spending the summer with friends at Southampton.

Mr. W. Forsythe, of Fresno, was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Baroness von Cuttner visited the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce and family were visitors at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Salzman and family, of Williams, Ariz., are staying at the Hotel Granada.

Mrs. F. W. Macfarlane, Miss Alice Macfarlane, and Mr. Guy Macfarlane, of Honolulu, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Miller, of Visalia, are at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. George H. Roos recently returned from a trip East.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. J. C. King, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Houseworth, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Stansfield, of Santa Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crocker, of San Luis Obispo, Mrs. E. M. Edwards, Miss M. Edwards, of Portland, Mrs. L. Hartman, of San José, Mrs. T. B. Chapman, Miss M. A. Chalmers, Mr. George Chalmers, Mr. George Chalmers, Jr.,

Mr. J. A. Johnson, of Honolulu, Mrs. D. Harmon, Mr. C. H. Harmon, of Nevada City, Mr. A. Hutchinson, of Manila, P. I., Dr. E. C. Bnell, of Los Angeles, Mr. M. H. Muller, of Fresno, Mr. W. W. Lyman, of St. Helena, Mr. T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, and Mr. J. H. Wood, of Boston.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Dr. D. B. L. Riordan, of Toronto, Mr. E. B. Bean, of Paterson, N. J., Mr. R. B. Burnham, of Norwich, Conn., Mr. James M. Stevenson, of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Chamberlin, Mr. and Mrs. Baerch, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Heyneman, Miss Heyneman, Miss Solita Heyneman, Mr. Walter Heyneman, Mrs. R. P. Rithet, Mr. J. A. Rithet, Miss Mahie, Mr. W. B. Hopkins, Mr. J. B. Dahney, and Mr. H. A. Clarke.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Allen, of New Haven, Conn., Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith, of Sacramento, Mrs. L. W. Stevens and Miss Stevens, of San Diego, Mrs. George E. Wilson, of Oakland, Mrs. W. Barbour, Mr. W. C. Barbour, Dr. W. Barnes, of Chicago, Miss Elizabeth W. Gill, of St. Louis, Miss Mattie F. Merritt, Mr. C. Berger, of New York, Miss Mary Redington and Mr. M. Redington, of Orange, N. J., Mr. W. C. Batcheller, of Los Angeles, Mr. W. J. Rudolph, Mr. J. Coughlan, Mr. W. Hirst, of Tacoma, Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kenners, Mrs. A. Carpenter, Miss Annie Armstrong, Mr. J. Platt Smith, and Mr. Owen Clancey.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., who has been detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard and ordered to the battle-ship *Iowa* as navigator, came down from Mare Island a few days ago. The *Iowa*, Rear-Admiral Silas Casey's flag-ship, was expected in port from Puget Sound on Friday.

Major W. L. Kneeder, surgeon, U. S. A., Mrs. Kneeder, and family have been sojourning at San Diego. They will go from there, via Panama, to New York, Major Kneeder's new station being West Point.

Lieutenant Victor Blue, U. S. N., who for nearly a year and a half past has been flag-lieutenant on the staff of Rear-Admiral Kempff, U. S. N., arrived here from the Philippines on the transport *Sumner* on Sunday, August 11th, accompanied by Mrs. Blue. They are en route to Washington, D. C., and during their stay in the city were at the Occidental Hotel. During the Spanish war, while in command of the *Sucante*, the converted yacht *Mayflower*, Lieutenant Blue landed on the Cuban coast, made a detour of seventy miles around Santiago Bay, passed through the Spanish lines, and approaching the city from the north-west, surveyed the Spanish fleet from a hill-top. His daring exploit furnished the American squadron with the first authentic information about the presence of Cervera's fleet in Santiago Bay, and the first accurate knowledge of the number and character of vessels in the harbor.

Captain C. E. MacDonald, assistant-surgeon, U. S. V., was at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Captain Joseph C. Castner, U. S. A., and Mrs. Castner (née White) were in Los Angeles during the week.

Captain George W. Pigman, U. S. N., arrived from the Orient on the *City of Peking* on Tuesday, August 13th. Captain Pigman was in command of the cruiser *Charleston* when that vessel was wrecked on an uncharted rock off the northern coast of Luzon. He has since been in command of the *Monterey*, and returned because his term of sea service has expired.

Lieutenant Howard Kipp, U. S. M. C., registered at the Occidental Hotel early in the week.

Captain Samuel D. Sturgis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who was recently in San Francisco, is spending a month's vacation with his family at White Bear Lake, Minn., prior to joining his new station at Jackson barracks, Louisiana.

Lieutenant George H. Stafford, U. S. N., Paymaster Charles Morris, U. S. N., and Surgeon Edward Blackwell, U. S. N., who have been on the United States steamer *Abarenda*, stationed at Pago Pago, returned on the Oceanic steamship *Sonoma* on Wednesday.

Lieutenant-Commander Albert F. Dixon, U. S. N., was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

The cruiser *Philadelphia*, which has been stationed at Pago Pago for some months, arrived in port on Thursday, in command of Captain William M. Meade, U. S. N.

William K. Vanderhilt, Jr., has purchased the Mason Renshaw Jones place, in Harrison and Halidon Avenues, Newport. It was rented last year by W. Butler Duncan, Jr., and Perry Tiffany, and is occupied this year by William Blanding, of Providence. The house is of wood and is to undergo considerable alteration before Mr. and Mrs. Vanderhilt take up their residence there next year. They are living this year at the A. M. Coats villa.

The Prix de Rome for sculpture has been awarded to M. Bouchard, who is twenty-six years of age, and a pupil of Barrias; and the Prix de Rome for painting, the subject for which was "Christ Healing the Sick," has been won by M. Defranc, twenty-seven years of age, a pupil of MM. Bonnat and Maignon.

## A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment

To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

—DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. Speciality, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

A New Zealand Warning Against Rabbits.

DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND, July 23, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have noticed in several recent issues of your paper a strenuous warning against the careless cultivation of rabbits in California. Never was warning more opportune and needful. Californians who value the prosperity of their beautiful country should set up a relentless war against the establishment of this most devastating species of vermin. Unless they do this they will presently find it too late for anything but unavailing regret. I have seen so much absolute ruin wrought in Australia by rabbits that the very name or sight of one gives me an attack of the blues. Our statistics and history of this pest will give an insight that would strike an outsider as incredible. No one could imagine the utter helplessness of our settlers under the oppression of the overwhelming, ever-growing, ever-feeding, ever-breeding rabbit.

I am an Australian, or, rather, an Australasian, belonging to both Australia and New Zealand, and I naturally love my own better than any other country; but I lived in California eight years, and love for my own land does not prevent my keen appreciation of the exceedingly well-favored one that lies on the other side of the Pacific. A land of sunshine and abundance and all manner of pleasantness; a very paradise in point of climate and beauty; and, oh, such a glorious land for the safe and rapid propagation of rabbits, if once they gain a footing! The gods forbid that footing! I can imagine no greater disaster for your splendid fruit-producing country.

Let any one doubting this get files of Australian newspapers and read of the wasted legislation, the wasted millions of money, the thousands of miles of wire net fencing (set six inches deep in the ground, to prevent burrowing), the incredible sums offered in prizes for any sure method of extermination—let any one only read this, without any other experience of it, and then decide whether even so rich a land as California can afford the luxury of bunny-breeding.

New Zealand has been luckier than her sister colonies. Her climate and closer settlement have saved her so far from being so badly overrun. Yet we have enough and to spare of rabbits here; though we have for some years past turned the nuisance to profit as far as possible by shipping it to distant places as canned provisions. Yet I think no one, not even the employees of the canned-rabbit industry, would hesitate against the total abolition of rabbits, were abolition possible. It never will be possible. The rabbits here will never be exterminated. Lift up your voice, dear *Argonaut*, and let your warning ring long and loud while there is any danger of your country's becoming rabbit-ridden, the land turned into one vast rabbit's warren. Yours sincerely, THORPE TALBOT.

Lucy Ware Williams, a graduate of the class of 1897 at the University of California, enjoys the distinction of being first of her sex to take first honors in the examinations at the Sorbonne, the great French centre of learning. Miss Williams, who came from National City, where her parents are now residing, has been studying in Paris for three years, holding during that time a Phebe A. Hearst scholarship, and this year carried off first honors over students from all over the world.

—THE KINDERGARTEN CONNECTED WITH Miss West's School will commence August 19, 1901. 2014 Van Ness Avenue.

—EVERY ORIGINAL PACKAGE OF JESSE MOORE Whisky is guaranteed absolutely pure by Jesse Moore Hunt Co.

## Palace Hotel

In placing these two hotels under one management and joining them with a covered passage-way, the purpose was to provide guests with comforts and conveniences not obtainable in any other hotel in the West. And the plan is a success.

American plan. European plan.

## Grand Hotel

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all ailments of the skin.

"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving.

Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 5c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample free. GENUINE MENNEN CO., NEWARK, N. J.

## A QUARTETTE OF COMFORT

LINURET—Pure Linen  
XYLORET—Pure Lisle  
BOMBYRET—Pure Silk  
VILLURET—Pure Wool

## ARE THE FOUR FABRICS USED IN MAKING OUR UNDERWEAR

Made into form-fitting garments the result is SATISFACTION and comfort to the wearer. The price is purse-fitting.

**J. J. Pfister**  
KNITTING CO.  
60 GEARY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Makers of Bathing-Suits, Sweaters, Jerseys, Leggings, Gymnasium Suits, Etc.

## MT. OLIVET CEMETERY

LAWN PLAN PERPETUAL CARE  
OFFICE  
PHONE BUSH 367 916 MARKET ST.  
J. HENDERSON, Pres. and Manager

Sunny Suites to Rent  
Sutter and Stockton Sts.

## NORTH-WEST CORNER

Bachelors' Apartments. Offices for Physicians. Handsome, well-lighted Suites of Rooms. Bath-rooms; hot and cold water; patent hot-water heaters; electric lighting; rapid hydraulic elevator; night elevator service. Apply to the agent and manager, F. G. J. Margetson, 406 Sutter Street, corner Stockton.

## Educational.

## HAMLIN SCHOOL and VAN NESS SEMINARY,

1249 Jackson Street, corner Gough, San Francisco. Boarding and day school for girls. Accredited by Vassar, Smith, Wellesley Colleges, and by the Universities of California and Leland Stanford Junior. Re-opens August 12, 1901. Send for prospectus.

SARAH D. HAMLIN, Principal.

## Portland, Oregon. SAINT HELEN'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Thirty-third year. Commodious buildings, Modern equipment. College preparatory, academic, and graduate courses. Exceptional advantages in music and art. The faculty large, and made up of specialists. Home life refined, natural, and wholesome. Gymnasium. Further particulars and the catalogue may be obtained on application to the principal, MISS ELEANOR TIBBETTS, Ph. D.

## OLGA BLOCK BARRETT, Pianist,

Graduate Teacher of the University of Music of Vienna, will resume Classes and Private Pupils next August 15th. 1662 Bush Street.

## MR. OTTO FLEISSNER (Musical Director, Blind Department, Deaf and Blind Institution, Berkeley, Cal.)

Has resumed teaching Vocal, Piano, Organ, and Harmony. Residence, 2514 Octavia St.

## HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 24 Post St. S. F. Send for Circular.

## A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL

## MISS HALL'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS In the Berkshires, Pittsfield, Mass.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies. Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

## WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

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**BYRON MAUZY PIANOS**  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.



# LOW SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

## Southern Pacific

offers those low round-trip rates:  
ON SALE ROUND TRIP  
August 20-21.....Louisville, \$77.50  
August 22-23.....  
September 5-6.....Buffalo, 87.00  
October 3-4.....  
September 5-6.....Cleveland, 82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions—

ACROSS THE CONTINENT  
Details at the nearest office

## Southern Pacific

SOUTHERN PACIFIC.  
Trains leave and are due to arrive at  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | From July 14, 1901.   | ARRIVE   |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7 00 A.  | Benicia, Susan, Elmhurst, and Sacramento.....   | 6 25 P.  |
| 7 00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....   | 7 55 P.  |
| 7 30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....  | 6 25 P.  |
| 8 03 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....   | 7 55 P.  |
| 8 00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....  | 12 25 P. |
| 8 00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....   | 7 25 P.  |
| 8 00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....  | 4 55 P.  |
| 8 30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....                                      | 7 55 P.  |
| 8 30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....                               | 4 25 P.  |
| 8 30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Snora, Carthers.....   | 4 25 P.  |
| 9 00 A.  | Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....  | 12 25 P. |
| 9 00 A.  | Vallejo.....  | 12 25 P. |
| 9 00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....                                  | 7 25 P.  |
| 9 30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 7 55 P.  |
| 10 00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 6 55 P.  |
| 11 00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers.....  | 15 00 A. |
| 3 30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 7 55 P.  |
| 4 00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 10 55 A. |
| 4 00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....  | 9 25 A.  |
| 4 00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....   | 12 25 P. |
| 4 30 P.  | Hayward, Martinez, San José, Livermore.....   | 18 55 A. |
| 4 30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles..... | 8 55 A.  |
| 5 00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....  | 12 25 P. |
| 5 00 P.  | Yosemite.....   | 12 25 P. |
| 5 30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....                    | 7 55 A.  |
| 6 00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....   | 7 55 A.  |
| 6 00 P.  | Vallejo.....  | 12 25 A. |
| 6 00 P.  | Orient Express—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 2 25 P.  |
| 7 00 P.  | Orient Express—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.....   | 1 25 P.  |
| 7 00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....                          | 8 55 A.  |
| 8 05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 12 25 A. |
| 18 05 P. | Vallejo.....  | 7 55 P.  |

| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge),<br>(Foot of Market Street.) |  |          |
|--|--|----------|
| 17 45 A.   | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18 05 P. |
| 8 15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                        | 5 50 P.  |
| 17 15 P.   | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 18 50 A. |
| 4 15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....   | 18 50 A. |
| 4 15 P.  | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.....   | 18 50 A. |

| OAKLAND HARBOUR FERRY<br>From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)<br>17 15 9 00 11 00 A. M. 1 00 3 00 5 15 P. M.<br>From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway..... |             |                  |
|--|-------------|------------------|
| 18 05 P.   | 19 00 A. M. | 19 00 4 00 P. M. |

| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge),<br>(Third and Townsend Streets.) |  |          |
|--|--|----------|
| 6 10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6 30 A.  |
| 17 00 A.   | San José and Way Stations.....   | 7 10 P.  |
| 17 00 A.   | New Almaden.....   | 7 40 P.  |
| 17 30 A.   | Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....  | 18 30 P. |
| 9 00 A.  | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.....  | 7 30 P.  |
| 10 30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6 30 P.  |
| 12 30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.....   | 5 30 P.  |
| 12 45 P.   | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 10 45 A. |
| 3 30 P.  | San José, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations.....   | 4 10 P.  |
| 14 15 P.   | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 9 45 A.  |
| 15 00 P.   | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....   | 10 03 A. |
| 5 30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 8 36 A.  |
| 6 00 P.  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....  | 10 05 A. |
| 6 30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 8 03 A.  |
| 6 15 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 7 30 P.  |

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.  
Sunday excepted. Sunday only.  
Saturday only. Monday.  
Saturday and Sunday. Tuesday and Friday.

PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.  
Free of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A bald assertion: *Barber*—"Your hair will be gray if it keeps on." *Scantylocks*—"Well, I hope it will keep on."—*Baltimore World*.

What is the difference between a catechism and a cat fight? One is categorical and the other is cat-eye-gore-ical.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

Kind: *Mrs. Kingley*—"The dressmaker says she won't make me another gown unless you pay her bill." *Kingley*—"That's good of her. God bless her."—*Life*.

Tough party (to hardware store)—"I want to buy a dog muzzle, see?" *Clerk* (affably)—"All right, sir. What size do you wear?"—*University of Chicago Weekly*.

Bought medicine himself: "I've just been drugged and robbed," said he; "I think it is a shame!" The officer just yawed, and said: "What was the druggist's name?"—*Life*.

*Van Bibber*—"When Krüger comes to this country and goes to see McKinley, do you think the old man will have a pleasant call?" *Van Kuber*—"He will if he doesn't know what jollying is."—*Chicago Public*.

"I see that the late Governor Pingree left scrap-books that contain forty five thousand columns of newspaper comment about himself." "Well, there never was a mao who liked a scrap better."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

First policeman—"Why is the street so blocked? Nobody told me about this processioo. What is it?" *Second policeman*—"It's the reporters of the city goiing to see a naval officer who won't talk."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Tell me," he sighed, "tell me, beautiful maideo, what is to your heart?" *Miss Heorietta Beao*, of Boston, gave him a look of icy disdain, and theo vouchsafed the monosyllable reply: "Blood."—*Baltimore American*.

A trifle flashy: "Something ought to be done about spectacular advertising." "I think so; half the palm-leaf fans waving in church last Sunday morning had on them: 'Go to Sapowski's for Cheap Summer Clothes.'"—*Ex*.

Some colored folks oaturally blue: *Miss Johnson*—"Melody Jackson says she has blue blood in her veins!" *Miss Snohake*—"Well, she orter hab! De female side ob her house has heeo handliog washiog-blue for teo georations!"—*Ex*.

"At last I know what it is to taste fame," said the man as he picked up a pair of scissors and cut a picture of himself from a newspaper wherein he had testified to the merits of "Dr. Purkin's Purple Pills for Pining People."—*Ohio State Journal*.

Before the hout: "Is Mickey in cooditioo?" "He's as fice as silk. Ah, Mickey's a great boy. He's got something up his sleeve that'll astonish all them other duffers." "What is it, Mister Doolan?" "It's his ar-r-m."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Maligned: PROFESSOR KOCH: *Dear Professor*—Now that you have proved the coosumptive germ doesn't necessarily coosump, would you kindly disinfect me of the yellow fever? I'm getting the worst of it. Yours at large, M. Osquiro.—*Detroit Journal*.

How he did it: *Moses*—"How did you make your fortune?" *Levi*—"By horse-racing." *Moses*—"Not bettiog?" *Levi*—"No, I started a paw-shop just outside the race-course for the people who wanted to get home wheo the races were over."—*Philadelphia Press*.

First teamster—"Well, I see, Moike, we've declared a stroike at the Selby works." *Second teamster*—"Naw! Is that so? Aod why?" *First teamster*—"Well, you see, it was this way: That fellow Wioters, who made the big haul, waso't a member of the union."

Hard to tell: "I see your names in the papers a good deal," commented the old friod; "I suppose you're really in society now." "My wife thinks we are," replied the man who had become suddely rich, "but sometimes I have my doubts." "How so?" "Well, when there's a swell charity entertainment to be given, with boxes quoted at two and three hundred dollars or more, the evidence seems to indicate that we are very much in society; but when some exclusive private function takes place there seems to be nothing but what you might call negative evideeco. I think possibly it might be correct to say that our money is in society, but we are not."—*Chicago Post*.

Teething babies and feverish childreo need Steedman's Soothing Powders. Try them.

Pertioent and impertinent: "Doctor, your tonic made a new man of me." "A new man? Well, how is he off financially?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

R. H. PEASE, President. F. M. SHEPARD, Jr., Treasurer. C. F. RUNYON, Secretary

## GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

BE SURE OUR BRAND IS ON YOUR HOSE.

### "GOLD SEAL" RUBBER HOSE

Is the Best

Rubber Belting and Packing, Clothing, Boots, and Shoes.

73-75 First St. PORTLAND, OR. 573-575-577-579 Market St. SAN FRANCISCO.

From the golden days of '49 to the booming days of 1901

## Sperdy's Flour

has maintained its supremacy.

| MOUNT TAMALPAIS RAILWAY                             |                  |
|---|------------------|
| Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.              |                  |
| LEAVE SAN FRAN.                                     | ARRIVE SAN FRAN. |
| 5:30 A. M.  | 5:55 P. M.       |
| 1:45 P. M.  | 5:55 P. M.       |
| 4:15 P. M.  | 8:45 A. M.       |
| 8:00 A. M.  | 12:15 P. M.      |
| 9:00 A. M.  | 1:15 P. M.       |
| 10:00 A. M.   | 3:30 P. M.       |
| 11:30 A. M.   | 4:50 P. M.       |
| 1:30 P. M.  | 5:50 P. M.       |
| 2:30 P. M.  | 7:10 P. M.       |
| Fare, San Francisco to Sausalito and Return, \$1.40 |                  |
| Ticket Offices, 621 Market St. & Sausalito Ferry.   |                  |

San Jose is now on the map. It has long been one of the finest residence and business points in California. The closing of the "Gap" in the Coast Line makes it the finest. San Jose is in the heart of Santa Clara County, the richest county in the State. Now is the time to invest. Choice residence lots on Tenth Street and future business property on the corner of Ninth and Santa Clara Streets for sale.

WOOSTER & WHITTON, No. 7 West Santa Clara Street, San José.

## LOW-PRICED LAND IN TEXAS.

Texas is the largest and one of the richest States in the Union. Agricultural and grazing land for sale at very low prices.

— WRITE TO —

## BALL & FULLER

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The current number of the *North American Review* contains an article by Colonel Kennan, of the United States Army, describing the workings of a powerful secret organization in the Philippines known as the "Katipunan Society." The association is said to have been organized at Manila in 1892 as the "Supreme and Venerable Association of the Sons of the People," its ostensible object being the political, social, and moral elevation of the Tagal race, the dominating tribe among the natives, and most numerous in the vicinity of Manila. The real object of the society proved to be to create organized opposition to Spanish rule, and its methods were those of the secret assassin. Its initiation of its oath-bound candidates was terrifying in the extreme, and

its literature consisted of treatises on "The Rights of Man," the French Revolution, military tactics, and the manufacture of explosives.

Aguinaldo was the leading spirit of the lodge organized at Cavite, and it was at his instance that the society took up arms against Spain when it was learned in August, 1896, that the officials of that country had obtained a list of the members. In five days the adherents of the Katipunan possessed themselves of nearly every town about Manila, by surprising the garrisons and securing their arms. The insurrection spread rapidly and was waged with relentless cruelty for fourteen months, when the Spaniards bought off the leaders by the payment of four hundred thousand dollars, on their promise to leave the country.

According to accounts, the society is "dedicated to assassination" as an organization, which, "without sanction of law or authority, exercised the power of punishing by death any person who disobeyed its mandates." To the influence of its capability for terrorizing the natives who were disposed to friendship for the Americans, is attributed the continuance of insurrectionary tactics for more than a year after the occupation by the United States troops and the practical destruction of the organized Filipino forces.

While the Katipunan has not resisted the American army, the society has murdered by hundreds natives of both sexes who aided Americans, and has forbidden any Filipino to accept office under United States rule. Its victims have been exclusively natives, and the whole Tagal race have been thoroughly terrorized into obedience by the knowledge that the vengeance of the society would be secret, swift, and sure.

In the light of these disclosures, the difficulties attending the pacification of the islands appear greater than heretofore imagined. "Not until the power of the Katipunan Society is wholly destroyed," says Colonel Kennan, "will the insurrection be at an end."

When the sympathetic strike began in San Francisco some weeks ago, the *Argonaut* warned the trades-unions that for the first time in this city they would meet with organized opposition; that it would mean a struggle of organized labor against organized capital; that in the end organized capital was almost certain to prevail; that the iron-workers' strike had then gone on for almost two months without success; that iron-workers are skilled craftsmen; that teamsters, porters, packers, and stevedores are not; that unskilled laborers would inevitably replace the strikers called out by the Labor Council; that they were selecting the wrong time to strike—the fruit season; the wrong people to injure—the fruit-growers; the wrong kind of workers to strike with—to wit, porters, teamsters, and stevedores, all easily replaced. Last of all, we warned the workingmen that striking in the fruit season would embarrass all of the fruit-growers and ruin many of them; that calling out the stevedores would tie up the grain crop of the State, embarrass all of the grain-growers, and ruin many of them. Furthermore, we warned them that the feelings of the agriculturists of the State were only lukewarm just at present concerning Chinese exclusion; that the exclusion law in force expires next May; that a sympathetic strike at this season would ruin so many farmers and fruit-growers that the trades-unions could never again look for aid from them in favor of trades-union legislation or against Chinese immigration.

All of this warning was published a month ago, when the strike was first declared. We said then that if the labor leaders carried out their ill-advised plans "there would come from all over the State a cry of anger." It is coming now. Here are the first echoes from the agriculturists of California:

*Colusa Sun, August 3d:* "The fruit-growers, whose year's work is being destroyed by the strike, had nothing to do with the original difficulty. If the steamboat company should refuse to handle the fruit along the river it would be liable in damages, but some one may order the men who handle it on the San Francisco water front to quit in a moment and leave boats loaded and wharves full of perishable products—and these men have to quit, agreeing that they have no grievance of their own. If an orchardist starts his fruit to market, and through the

fault of others it fails before reaching 'a market, somebody should respond in damages. If, then, the labor-unions cause this, they should first make themselves financially responsible to innocent people."

*Watsonville Pajaronian, August 8th:* "It is questionable if the Chinese Exclusion Act will be reenacted in its present form. In the Eastern and Southern States there is strong opposition to the act, and on this Coast the expression against the Chinese is not so manifest as it was twenty and even ten years ago. The lack of field labor in California during the harvesting season has modified the feelings of many employing farmers on the Chinese question; and the apathy of Californians as to congressional action on Chinese exclusion is apt to be as dangerous as the opposition of Eastern people. In the strike in San Francisco, and in the labor condition in that city, many see 'a serious danger to a continuance of the Chinese Exclusion Act.'"

*Sacramento Bee, August 13th:* "In 1894, during the great railroad strike, hundreds of innocent persons went to the wall, including many fruit-growers in California, who had nothing whatever to do with the original trouble. Now almost every branch of production and trade in the northern and central parts of the State is involved in the San Francisco strike. The Sacramento Transportation Company has discontinued its steamer trips to Red Bluff, as a number of its steamers and barges are tied up at Port Costa, grain-laden, through the strike of the stevedores. Thus the transportation of grain along the river is suspended, and the farmers must make the best of the situation."

*Calaveras Prospect, August 13th:* "When the question of reenacting the Chinese exclusion law comes up in the next Congress, the people of the Pacific Coast will find that they have a heavy job on their hands. During the past year there have been strong forces at work to prevent the passage of the law. To sustain this law we have heretofore had the united public sentiment of the Pacific Coast. But the question naturally arises whether the recent action of laboring men in California is not likely to weaken this sentiment. The great strike in San Francisco has injured all kinds of business throughout this part of the State. The class of labor that is causing the trouble is mainly not skilled, and the work can be done by Chinamen in a great measure. The uncertainty of white labor on the Coast has long been a source of annoyance to employers, and under the prevailing condition this annoyance is greatly increased. Fruit raising is a great industry in Central California. The crop is perishable and must be speedily handled. Owing to the strike thousands of dollars have been lost by this one interest alone. The employers are a large and influential class in California, and they are in a state of rebellion against the labor-unions. With their influence joined to the strong influences at work in the East, the efforts of our congressional delegation to secure a reenactment of the law will be paralyzed. It is going to be the greatest fight that this Coast ever undertook to secure their exclusion. The labor-unions are at this moment putting the strongest kind of a weapon into the hands of the opponents of exclusion."

*Rural Press, August 10th:* "This hateful strike is hurting our agriculturists severely. The strike interferes at every step, from box-making to train-loading, and the favoring market conditions are brought to naught. The farmer can not understand by what right he is made to suffer for quarrels among those who live by his labor and to all of whom he pays toll. Nor can he be blamed for inability to recognize 'rights' which are in his plain flagrant wrongs."

*Colusa Sun, August 13th:* "Wheat is clear down to the bottom figure. If the growers could get it off promptly they would make nothing, but look in the San Francisco *Examiner*—the very worst enemy the laboring man ever had in this State—and see how wheat is piling up! See how ships are waiting on demurrage! See how the danger of rain and destruction is impending! Then look and see how piles of fruit are perishing for want of handling, and then look in the same paper for the cause. The cause is that the Federation of Labor, that even now appeals to the farmers in stop Chinese immigration, has ordered the men engaged in loading ships to stop work. There is no quarrel with the farmers, no quarrel with the commission men handling the wheat, but there is a quarrel with certain firms in San Francisco over whom the farmers nor their commission men have no sort of control, and this federation makes the order to stop work, so as to make as much wholesale destruction as possible. They said if these firms do not come to time we will create devastation; we will burn the wheat that belongs to men who have been our friends, and on whom we are now depending to keep the Chinese away from California! The farmers have all stood in with the laboring element on the Chinese question. The farmers and the fruit-growers are interested directly in having plenty of cheap labor, but patriotism has dictated to them that it were better to give employment to our own people, and they have done it; and in the doing they have ruined the household of every vestige of help. The wives of farmers have had to go in the kitchen in the heat of summer and cook for harvest hands, because they could get no help. The farmers have not complained of this state of affairs; they have thought it best for the country. The country press, representative of these farmers, have stood in, and are standing in. How has this California State Federation of Labor repaid all this?"

It will be seen from the foregoing extracts how strong a feeling of resentment has been aroused throughout the State by the action of the trades-unions of San Francisco. It will also be observed that there is an undercurrent of menace touching the question of Chinese immigration. The farmers and fruit-growers feel that they have unselfishly voted against Chinese immigration in the interests of the labor-unions. Now they feel that the labor-unions have acted with a selfish disregard of the interest of the fruit-growers—have declared their sympathetic strike at a time when it spells ruin for the farmer. As we said at the beginning of this most unfortunate strike, it is doubtful whether the agriculturists can ever be mollified in any way. They will retaliate upon the trades-unions, and their retaliation will



take the profitable form of working and voting in favor of cheap Asiatic labor.

The *Argonaut*, as its readers know, has always labored earnestly against Chinese immigration. But we very much fear that the action of the misguided union workmen of San Francisco, led by designing and demagogic leaders, has settled the fate of California, and that she is destined to become a coolie State.

While the persistent search for anti-trust ammunition has not yet discovered anything effective, there is always something new and novel being brought up for consideration. Those who have volubly advocated laws against the over-capitalization of industrial will be pleased to know that the industrial commission shows signs of having adopted their conclusions, and cites as an example the "vast over-capitalization of the United States Steel Corporation." It will now be in order, for those who assume to know, to instruct the public how and where to draw the line between under and over-capitalization; how a legal enactment may be applied to it; whose interests it will subserve; and what will be the pains and penalties of its execution. So many trust remedies have gone glimmering that the people will want thorough explanation of any new one, and particularly one so involved as that proposed against over-capitalization.

Values are so distinctly relative that it frequently happens that what one man will pay a high price for, his neighbor would not take as a gift. The value of a plant at any time could scarcely be a safe basis on which to establish its capitalization, for the reason that values are liable to material fluctuation. The works combined in the steel corporation were undoubtedly inventoried at a price far above what they might now be replaced for; but, on the other hand, who can say what their value will be five years from now. A law regulating the question would be nugatory unless it works a benefit and protection to some one.

Instancing the steel corporation again, it would be difficult to determine who would be the beneficiaries. The general public would have little interest in it, if any, while those who purchase its stock do so with their eyes open and all the facts before them—some for investment, and some hoping to sell it to other speculators for a profit. In this case, protection for the investor is of no value. Those who deal in the stock would deal in it in any case, and no one can say that he has been misled or deceived by an organization every detail of which has been given such unexampled and widespread publicity.

The grape-growers of California are confronted by a most unpleasant situation. The wine crop in France this year is the largest that has ever been known in the history of that country. So greatly does the supply exceed the demand that a good quality of wine is sold at a cent a gallon. With a market ruling so low as this, there is no profit for the wine-growers, and they began to look around to relieve the pressure. An invasion of the field built up by the California wine-growers was the plan naturally agreed upon, and with wine selling at such a low price the tariff afforded no protection to the producers in this country. The French growers were not satisfied with this, however. Coopers and transportation charges were high, and so the French growers adopted a plan that was developed by the California growers seven or eight years ago when California wines brought such a low price. They began to ship must instead of wine. Must is the juice of the grape squeezed out but not separated from the grape skins and stems. After expressing, the mixture is passed through vacuum pans and condensed. In this form it is shipped. When it is to be made into wine subsequently water is added, and it is then fermented. One gallon of must will make four gallons of wine, so that three-quarters of the transportation charges are saved. There is sufficient sugar in the must to preserve it and no alcohol. Moreover, the must is entered at the custom-house under the "not elsewhere specified" clause, and pays only twenty per cent. *ad valorem* duty. It might properly be classed as fruit juice, which pays sixty cents a gallon, but such a ruling has not yet been made. Even this would offer but slight relief, and the wine-growers of this State, who are thoroughly aroused, have determined to appeal to Congress for aid. A bill will be prepared, and will probably be intrusted to Congressman Kahn to introduce and push through. No time should be lost, for unless a bill is introduced early in the session and energetically pushed, it is likely to be lost in the pressure of other business.

The prevalence of tuberculosis in Colorado is the subject of an article in the *Philadelphia Medical Journal*. That journal calls attention to the fact that Colorado has long been considered, and justly so, as a health resort; that at one time the people of Colorado were proud of this reputation of their

State, and welcomed all the visitors who came. They regarded the matter from a purely commercial point of view. The more invalids that came, the larger the population; the larger the population, the more business there would be. That was the way they argued, but later they found out their mistake. For several years there has been a growing protest against the influx of invalids, and particularly of those suffering from tuberculosis in its various forms. They realize especially the danger that lies in having consumptives live there and bear children. The effect upon the native population is beginning to be seen. The death rate from tuberculosis among the native-born is steadily increasing. In Denver, the deaths from this disease among the native-born increased from 49 to 99 in five years. In the entire mortality the percentage of deaths from tuberculosis during the same quinquennial period increased from 11.23 per cent. to 19.77 per cent. Nor is there the corresponding increase of business that was expected. One protestant, writing from Colorado, declares that the invalids have helped the doctors, the druggists, and the undertakers, but nobody else. The experience of Colorado is merely a repetition of that of California. Both States were published to the world as unsurpassed health resorts; both were overwhelmed by a tide of invalid immigration; both have felt the evil effects of attracting a large undesirable element in the population and of breaking down the health of the well portion of the community; and now both must find a remedy, if they are not to be crushed absolutely.

It has been supposed until lately that the fight for the Republican gubernatorial nomination lay between Governor Gage and Senator Thomas Flint, of San Benito. The governor has been active for some time in fixing his political fences and arranging to gather a sufficient number of delegates into his corral. But he has made enemies, and those enemies have tacitly agreed upon Senator Flint. He is popular, a prominent member of the order of Native Sons, who are angry at Gage, and has had considerable experience. Now, however, the situation is complicated by the announcement of Dr. Pardee that he is a candidate for the nomination. Pardee is distinctly a fighter, and the fact that he made his announcement in Gage's home county proves that he intends to carry the fight into the enemy's country, and try to win some of the southern delegates away from Gage and Flint.

Three years ago, when Gage was nominated, Pardee was his most prominent opponent, and up to the time that the convention met it was impossible to tell which would receive the nomination. When Pardee withdrew he was hailed as a greater hero than even Gage himself, and all declared that he was the logical candidate for 1902. Then he had behind him delegates from all parts of the State and the solid Alameda delegation. His prospects at the present time are not so bright. Since the convention of three years ago the Metcalfe-Dalton fight for the congressional nomination has taken place and has engendered extreme bitterness. Pardee was active on the Dalton side, and the Dalton side was beaten. Against him were Emil Nushaumer, George W. Reed, and the machine which is very strong in Alameda politics. The recent surrender to the Contra Costa Water Company will tell in Pardee's favor, but he can not hope to secure a solid delegation from his home county. Outside of this Pardee may count on some support at least from the two Republican dailies in this city. There is no love lost between De Young and Flint, and Pardee had an opportunity to show his good-will toward Spreckels last year when the latter was a candidate for delegate at large, though the danger of his own defeat prevented Pardee's good-will being very effective.

There can be no change of combinations in Alameda politics that does not affect Senator Perkins at this time. His fight is now being made by Collector Fred Stratton, who has always been close to Pardee, and could be counted upon to support him. At the same time, the machine is trying to tie Perkins up with Gage, and so the senator is between two fires. Altogether the situation is very much mixed up.

It is gratifying to learn that a study of the annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions for the year ending June 30, 1901, will tend to encourage the belief that the enormous expenditures in this branch of the government service, entailed by the Civil War and continually increasing, has at last shown signs of reaching its maximum, and that from this point it may be expected to gradually if not rapidly recede. Eight years ago the pension roll contained 966,012 names, last year 995,561, and on June 30th of this year 997,834. The Spanish war is responsible for a slight increase since 1898. Nearly 48,000 claims originating in that war have been filed, and something over 7,000 of them have been granted. The expenditure during the past year has been \$138,531,000, an increase of \$69,000 over the total of the year before. In the meantime 44,861 original pensions were granted, 4,751

names restored to the roll, and re-ratings allowed in over 60,000 cases. Much of the increase is chargeable to the work of adjusting outstanding claims during the past four years, which has reduced those on file from 635,000 to 415,000, while the cash expenditures have fallen from \$144,500,000 to \$138,500,000.

A continuance of the same conditions will soon bring the pension budget down to at least \$130,000,000. The causes which will reduce the disbursements are mainly the increasing death-roll among the now aged pensioners of the Civil War and the gradual extinction of the surplus of unadjusted claims. The losses from the roll last year amounted to 45,215 pensioners, of whom 38,000 were removed by death and the remainder for various causes. Notwithstanding the generous manner in which the government has continually extended the requirements to cover new classes of claims, the cost has not materially increased in the last three years. This, together with the clearing up of the accumulated business, is the basis of the conclusion that high-water mark has been reached in pension disbursements.

One of the effects of federation in Australia is the wider attention that is drawn to the acts of the federal parliament as compared with the acts of the individual colonies. Another effect is the necessity for the enactment of laws by the federal parliament that merely re-affirm the principles and rules that have been in force in the colonies. Australia is the great field for legislative experiments; the people are less bound by precedent and conservatism than elsewhere, and therefore what their parliaments do is generally interesting to the student of governmental methods. The proposed new immigration law is one of the latest measures that has attracted attention to England's South Pacific colonies. The proposed law in its general features follows the lines that have been laid down in the laws of the individual colonies, but in one important point it goes beyond any of these previous laws. The new law provides that no person shall be permitted to come into any of the federated colonies unless able to write from dictation fifty words in the English language. This is a more stringent provision than that contained in the Lodge bill proposed for this country, which required only an ability to read a short extract in any language the applicant might choose. The synopsis reported does not say how strict the marking is to be, but if the test includes spelling, and the marking is strict, many of the laboring class will be excluded who might prove to be skilled workmen in their particular trades. Any person who is likely to become a burden upon the public purse is excluded—a provision that is found in most of the modern immigration laws. The bill furthermore prohibits the landing of persons afflicted with contagious or infectious diseases, and also persons who within three years have been convicted of any non-political offense. These two provisions also require interpretation before their stringency can be determined. Would tuberculosis be considered an infectious disease within the meaning of the act? Would a person afflicted with a contagious disease be held in quarantine until cured, or he sent back to the country whence he came, and then permitted to land on coming back after a cure had been effected? Would minor misdemeanors, such as malicious mischief, be considered sufficient to bar an applicant? Furthermore, if conviction of an offense is considered sufficient to bar an applicant, why should the lapse of three years be considered sufficient to purge him? These, however, are questions for the officials and courts to decide; the main and most encouraging point is that the law is a stringent one. The penalty is deportation for the person attempting to land, and five hundred dollars fine for the ship-owner attempting to land him.

W. A. Bissell, assistant manager of the Santa Fé Company, has sent us some advertising matter concerning the attractions of San Francisco as a summer resort. Mr. Bissell says that he has noticed the *Argonaut's* remarks upon this subject, and that he agrees with us in thinking that San Francisco is second to no place as a winter resort and second only to herself as a summer resort. One of the Santa Fé publications is a booklet which devotes particular attention to the summer climate of San Francisco and the country immediately around the bay. It points out that during July and August, when the average Eastern summer is something unendurable, the temperature here is about sixty degrees; it closes by pointing out the many attractions to be found in and around San Francisco. To Eastern people its statements may seem incredible, but they are strictly true. During the dog-days, San Francisco is the only comfortable spot in the United States. Even on the sea-shore, along the Atlantic sea-board, it is hot. Even as far north as Bar Harbor it is hot. Even on Long Island Sound, on Narragansett Bay, at Newport, at Narragansett Pier, at Nantasket, at Coney Island, and at Long Branch it is hot. The cool ocean breezes, which blow

A MENACE  
FROM  
FRANCE.

TUBERCULOSIS  
IN  
COLORADO.



in on us from the Pacific, are unknown in summer on the Atlantic coast. Let San Francisco disseminate throughout the country the facts concerning her cool summer. Let her simply cause the Associated Press to print her daily temperatures by the side of those of the Eastern cities, and she will reap a rich harvest of haked, broiled, and fried Easterners.

But we have a warning for them. The *Chronicle*, in speaking of this matter, is indiscreet enough to boast of "the attractions of the summer watering-places of California in which the visitor does not merely exist, he enjoys life." We can not agree with the *Chronicle*. If any Eastern visitors come here in the summer let them be chary of going far from San Francisco. There are only about four watering-places in the State where one can get anything fit to eat. There were five, but Castle Crags burned down last year, and now there are only four. As for the remainder, they are awful. They have low roofs, hence heated bedrooms, clouds of mosquitoes, no mosquito-nettings, hard beds, poor food, sawdust eggs, condensed milk, firkin butter, canned fruits, canned vegetables, canned fish, canned corned beef, poor cooks, poor service, inattentive waiters, dirty table-cloths, damp napkins, or no napkins at all.

As for the country itself in California, nothing could be more beautiful. But as for the "summer watering-places" in California, nothing could be worse. The San Franciscans who have frequented them this summer are now crawling back with shattered digestions, sunken eyes, and severe cases of *saleratus bisquititis*. It will take a couple of weeks of strengthening diet before most of them will be fit for work. But they are hardened to it. No Eastern tenderfoot could stand our summer watering-places. Let them come to San Francisco. There they will find a good climate, good hotels, good restaurants, good food, good waiters, and good cooks. And that's the truth.

The sympathetic strike in San Francisco continues. The various attempts at mediation by persons outside the quarrel have failed. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler has expressed a willingness to serve as mediator if invited to do so by both sides, but has not been called upon. The mayor has failed. The Municipal League has failed. Ex-Senator Charles N. Felton had intended to offer his services as mediator; but, having found the outlook hopeless, has taken no steps in the matter. Some one hundred and sixty retail dealers held a meeting on August 18th, and passed resolutions denouncing the Employers' Association for "using the boycott—that is, refusing to deal with or furnish material to employers of union men only." The retail dealers then, after denouncing the Employers' Association for boycotting, announced that they would themselves boycott the Employers' Association, and "would refuse to deal with said members of the Employers' Association in case they refused to meet with the labor leaders by Wednesday, August 21st." For the retailers to boycott the wholesalers for boycotting seems a trifle odd. One hundred and sixty does not seem a sufficiently large number to be representative of the retailers of San Francisco. Still the Employers' Association will doubtless be affected by this move of the retailers.

The merchants are still severely hampered by the teamsters' strike. They are probably moving about fifty per cent. of their usual amount of goods. Withdrawing the regular police as protectors of the non-union teamsters has resulted in a slight decrease of teaming, as the non-union teamsters are afraid to go out under the protection of the special officers in plain clothes.

The steamship owners seem to be getting along better than the merchants. The regular transportation companies are sending their steamships away on time, but not with full cargoes. The fleet of coasters, laden with coal, lumber, etc., is still pretty largely tied up. Some colliers are being discharged, but slowly. Generally speaking, the shipping men succeed better in getting and keeping non-union men than the merchants; they feed and lodge them on shipboard, and protect them from assault and injury by keeping the strikers and their pickets off the docks.

The number of assaults and disturbances is not large, considering the many thousands of men involved in the strike. Up to the beginning of the fifth week about forty cases of assault were reported to the police, none of them fatal and many of them very slight. There has as yet been no need of anything like military protection. But there is no doubt that the police protection is inadequate. The number of special officers sworn in last week should be added to, and doubtless will be. Supervisor Reed has introduced an ordinance providing for uniforming all special police officers. This is an excellent idea. The police force should be well disciplined and equipped, and not the least element in discipline and morale is the policeman's uniform. There are just as good men, physically, among the strikers as there are among the special police officers, and doubtless the strikers

have a strong desire to try conclusions with the new guardians of the peace. For the regularly uniformed police officer they have a wholesome respect, because they know that behind him stands the law. For the newly sworn-in special officer, whether in the campaign hat and blouse of an ex-soldier, or in the shabby garb of a workman out of work, they have only a strong feeling of dislike, complicated with an ill-repressed desire to "take a fall out of him." Striking workmen do not reason very profoundly, and they look on the new specials as men out of a job like themselves, hired by the rich employer to "down the poor workingman." The specials had better be put at once into the uniform of the San Francisco police; it will have a wholesome effect upon the minds of both the specials and the strikers.

It is now tolerably certain that there will be in the approaching campaign a Union Labor Party ticket. The labor-union leaders state that no politicians will be accepted as candidates, but that every man on the ticket must be a member of a labor-union. This has naturally caused much perturbation among the bosses of the regular party machines. It is stated that the Union Labor party will hold its municipal convention on September 5th. Both the Republican and Democratic conventions will be delayed until after the labor ticket is made up. We are glad to see that the workingmen are taking this method of asserting their rights. It is the only one under a constitutional republic such as ours. If the workingmen of San Francisco are in a majority, it is their right, and they have the power to name every elective municipal officer, from mayor down. Then they can run the municipal government according to their own ideas—under the laws and the constitution. We hope that they will continue to respect the law, that they will keep the peace, and that they will seek to accomplish whatever they may desire by means of the ballot. This is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

We have received the following communication concerning the strikers and the fruit-growers:

RUIN FOR FARMERS AS WELL AS STRIKERS. SAN FRANCISCO, August 13, 1901. EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your editorial on page ninety-eight of your issue of the twelfth of August, about the strike and consequent distress caused to fruit-growers, should contain a salutory lesson to the strikers, but not to the fruit-growers. If the vendetta which you predict should result in the repeal of the Chinese exclusion law, the fruit-grower would be the greatest sufferer. These gentlemen farmers would be speedily shown how cheaply fruit can really be grown in this glorious clime, and the Chinamen would be the exponents of the art. On the islands of our rivers near San Francisco it pays much better to rent the land to Chinamen than to attempt to farm it, on the part of white owners. The fruit-grower is at present between the upper and the nether millstone; but let him beware of such vendettas, in consideration of his own interests and those of his children. SPECTATOR.

There can be no doubt that "Spectator" is right. The *Argonaut* did not touch upon that phase of the matter, merely because it is so obvious. It has been the experience of all who have employed Chinese. They were first used in the manufacture of hoots and shoes, and cigars. Now they monopolize both. So will it be with most avenues of industry which they enter. The *Argonaut* was not gloating over the punishment of the strikers by the farmers. We were forecasting with apprehension the Asiaticism which would overwhelm us all if the farmers turn from white to coolie labor.

We have already pointed out one of the significant phases of the present strike in San Francisco—to wit, the Filipino phase. All of the Filipinos that happened to be in and around San Francisco—some two hundred in number—were at once put to work on the docks to replace the striking stevedores. These Filipinos were gradually tempted away by the offer of large wages from departing ship-masters. Since then some more Filipinos have been drummed up in the interior, and brought to this port where they are now at work on the docks. Those cock-sure gentry, the California imperialistic editors, ridiculed the *Argonaut* for warning the workingmen against Asiatic annexation; they maintained that Filipinos would not work; they scornfully pooh-poohed the idea that Filipinos ever could compete with American workingmen. But in this strike the first competitors American workingmen have met since the annexation are Filipinos. And there are ten million of them. If there were a few thousand of them here, what would become of the strike?

Among the various sites suggested for the Carnegie Library, one is the Fair estate property in the block bounded by California, Sacramento, Powell, and Mason Streets. There can be no denying that this is one of the most attractive blocks in San Francisco. It is near the Art Institute and near the Stanford residence which will one day be a city annex to Stanford University. Doubtless some of the family mansions near at hand will also some day be devoted to public uses.

But admirable as the site is in some respects, we do not believe for one moment that it will be acceptable to the citizens at large. The most densely populated portion of San Francisco is the Mission; the next most densely populated portion, is that part of the Western Addition which lies south of California Street. The citizens of both these districts would have just reason to complain against placing a public library so far out of the centre of the city and near the residential portion of the richer dwellers as is Noh Hill. The best site as regards nearness to the centre of the city is the Mechanics' Pavilion lot on Larkin Street. It is near the City Hall and near the point which will be the centre of the city for at least twenty years to come.

Jack Winters, the man who got away with two hundred and eighty thousand dollars in gold bullion from the Selby Smelting Works, and afterward confessed, was on August 21st sentenced to fifteen years at Folsom. The prisoner asked that he go to San Quentin, but the request was refused. He was taken to Folsom Prison. San Quentin is a favorite place with convicts, owing to the fact that oysters there are served on ice and maple syrup is given with the hot cakes, while at Folsom the food is said to be plain and the discipline harsh. From the refusal of Winters's request, it is evident that the court did not intend to coddle the convict. Sheriff Veale was called as a witness to determine the degree of the crime. The sheriff stated that Winters told him that he accomplished the job between 9 P. M. and midnight August 5th. The court then adjudged that the crime was burglary in the first degree. The court evidently looked upon the burglar as a potential murderer, because the crime was committed in the night-time, although not in a dwelling-house. The rumors concerning "compounding a felony" settled down to this:

"Superintendent Von Der Ropp, of the Selby Company, rose in court and stated that he wished to redeem a promise he had made to Winters when he confessed. He said that he told Winters that one-third of the stock of the company was held by employees, and that they could ill afford to lose the amount taken; he thought it was on this account that Winters confessed. Ropp said the prisoner had always been a good workman, and he asked the court to extend leniency to him."

But the court said "that the evidence was so strong that Winters had no chance for escape, hence his confession. He is sentenced for fifteen years."

This is a short ending to a most sensational burglary. Even in the strange history of crime this case is most strange. That a man should, unaided, remove half a ton of gold from a steel vault, hide it, and then, with no evidence against him, should confess his guilt, point out the hidden gold, and go to prison for fifteen years, all inside of a month, is, indeed, extraordinary.

One of the curious features of the strike in San Francisco is the exchange of places by the city and country workingmen. We learn from the interior journals that the farm hands in the valleys are loudly lamenting the advent of the San Francisco strikers in their hailiwick. The San Francisco labor leaders had already published with gratification the fact that the striking machinists, teamsters, and others were "finding work in the country at hop-picking, hay-haling, and other occupations." This, of course, was pleasant to hear. It is always well that willing workers should find work, but the rural workers do not like this re-adjustment of labor. They say that last year hay-halers made from two to two and one-half dollars a day; but that this year the competition of the strikers from San Francisco has brought down the rate to about a dollar and a half a day. We notice also that the Italian journals published in San Francisco chronicle similar complaints from their compatriots—that the competition of the city workingmen is throwing them out of their jobs. The San Francisco Labor Council is advertising in these Italian papers, urging Italian laborers to keep away from San Francisco. The Italian journals also urge their compatriots to keep away. But the Italian workingmen say with much justice that if their jobs in the country are taken away from them by striking workingmen from the city, they have a perfect right to take the jobs in the city vacated by the strikers.

The Philippine commission has decided in favor of Spanish as the official court language for the next five years, and the decision has given much offense to the American lawyers who have settled in Manila. In giving his opinion, Judge Taft made use of the following language: "To make English the official language of the courts would drive out of the practice of their profession the Filipino lawyers. We ought not to alienate a class of men who do so much to initiate and formulate such public opinion as exists in these islands."

Competition of electric tramways is alluded to in many of the half yearly reports of English railways as affecting short-distance passenger movement.

Only nine per cent. of the soldiers actually engaged in war are killed on the field of battle.



## THE TRESPASS OF WIDOW GROGAN.

A Compromising Incident of the Peavine Feud.

Seven pine-trees swayed in stately grace to the zephyr that blew down from the Peavine Mountains. The pines sighed a mournful lay, the theme of which dated back a brief quarter-century when the seven pines were unnoticeable mid the forest that clothed the mountain sides. Dwarfed junipers showed vividly green at scattering intervals on the dull sage-hrush foot-hills; the haughty pines, from their eminence, howed with a distant reserve to the junipers, and the junipers coquettishly shook out their spicy fragrance upon the lowly sage-hrush. From the base of the seven-pine height a mineral spring sent forth a softly babbling rill that trickled down a wide and gently sloping cañon. Willows bordered the creek; wild cherry, manzanita, and chaparral mingled their different shades of green, and all rustled in harmony as the self-same zephyr that headed the pines played among their frailer deciduous branches.

High up on a jutting crag stood a goat; white and still, with long, curving horns and slender limbs outlined in startling contrast against the dark purple of the lofty peak. The sharp yelp of a dog awoke the echoes; the sentinel goat leaped from its vantage point, and down the steep mountain slopes trooped the flitting white herd, led by the long-horned sentinel.

The scene is pastoral; strangely beautiful even with the vast effect of far-stretching masses of crumpled sage-land and high, barren mountains, and, further in the distance, the shimmer and blinding glare of alkaline plains. The spot is Podunk, a hamlet in the Peavine Mountains. And now that the eye has taken in, at a casual glance, the natural adornments, it is somewhat disappointed in discovering tell-tale signs of man's invasion. A large, rambling, unpainted structure, surrounded by heaps of red and yellow and blue-tinted earth, occupies a site in the bed of the creek-fed cañon. This is the old Podunk smelter. Here and there, on the gently sloping sides of the cañon, are houses and clusters of rough-board shanties. They, with the mill, constitute the city of Podunk.

The seven pines whisper solemnly among themselves. There in this hamlet lie the dead and silent bodies of their erstwhile forest companions. Within the mines, which sear and mutilate the surface of the mountain sides, are thousands of timbers cut from this once proud forest. Yet the pines whisper in tones that are not wholly dirge-like: "'Tis meet, 'tis just! The city is at war, and the citizens most bitterly at variance. We are avenged, as are our fallen comrades!"

At war? This secluded and peaceful hamlet mid the Peavines engaged in warfare? Even so; the landscape that savors of pastoral scenes harbors within its hounds a village wherein peace has fled, and a feud has sprung up that gives promise of fierce longevity.

The Widow Grogan gave the feud its first impetus when she disputed Mat Derrick's right to enter the big, deserted smelter and remove therefrom an ore-car. Podunk's inhabitants immediately took sides with the different factions. The widow's upholders were Dennis and Anne Grogan—son and daughter, respectively, to the widow.

Mat Derrick's staunch ally was Daniel Dormer, Mat's partner of many years' standing. Five people, all told, were deeply interested in this particular contention. Not so very remarkable until one learns that these five individuals comprised Podunk's total population at the time the feud came into existence.

Years ago Mrs. Grogan's husband had labored long and faithfully in the big smelter; the company suddenly dissolved, and Mr. Grogan discovered, much to his disgust, that there was no possible manner in which to obtain the last six months' salary still owing to him. To make bad matters worse, Grogan met with a fatal accident soon after the company's failure. He lingered long enough to advise Julia to attach the smelter until the company saw fit to allow her the five hundred odd dollars, for which amount it was indebted to him.

Julia considered the dying request obligatory; without even seeking the advice of a "thaveing loiyer," she proceeded to seize upon the silent smelter and reduction works; and as the years slipped by, the building and its contents became her own especial property, according to Julia Grogan's version, notwithstanding the taunts of the rapidly decreasing population of Podunk. Even more: This sum of five hundred dollars increased wonderfully. To so great an extent was the company indebted to the departed Grogan that the smelter wasn't security enough, so the mines and all the real estate, barring one small tract, became as the widow's own property before the lapse of a half-dozen years. This one small tract had other claimants in the persons of Mat Derrick and Daniel Dormer. The partners had tunneled a goodly ways into this side-hill tract, and were pleased with the prospects. In order to eke out their grub-stake the men fostered a few vegetables in the fertile creek bottom.

These proceedings worried Widow Grogan. She realized that Derrick and partner were immovable fixtures, and possible rivals to the rather insecurely held mills and mines claimed by her in partial payment for what the company owed her wronged husband. The title "empress of all she surveyed" appealed to Widow Grogan, and she mightily hegged Derrick this section of a coveted domain.

Mat Derrick wanted an ore-car, and he wanted it very badly and at once. He knew that one stood in the smelter; he had examined it thoroughly and it answered his requirements perfectly. The further development of his mine seemed blocked until that especial ore-car rolled over the rails newly laid within the tunnel. Mat offered Widow Grogan a sack of potatoes for the car. The widow indignantly refused (and they were elegant potatoes, too). Then Mat, after being coached by Dormer, laid siege to the widow's heart, and in most eloquent terms hegged for her car—and the ore-car, under his breath. Mrs. Grogan had

been a coquette in her day—so she informed Derrick—and she saw into the workings of his sordid mind, and spurned him right haughtily. Derrick then and there declared he would get the car, nor did he want any termagant of a wife thrown in with it, not he!

Mrs. Julia, relict of the noble Dennis Grogan, rusbed to her only son and demanded retribution in the gore of her insulter. Dennis, Jr., although red-headed, possessed but little chivalry, and told his mother that he was a law-abiding citizen of Nevada, and in that capacity could not wantonly shed the blood of a fellow-citizen, even though he was an unworthy individual. The widow rose up in a towering wrath at this mild-eyed son, and vowed she could avenge herself, if need be. Anne, the daughter, shed a tear down her mother's neck and pledged herself as a protector and a right-hand support through peace and trouble.

The widow's goats strayed down the cañon one sunny day, and the well-trained shepherd-dogs could not, or would not, keep them out of Mat Derrick's grub-stake garden patch. Mat and the widow appeared on the scene simultaneously; she direct from her kitchen, he from out the tunnel's mouth.

"Won't I kill the last goat you ever owned! The critters 'll eat my spuds and corn once too often, I warn you now, my charmin' widdy! Hist, there, you ugly brutes!" Mat began to shy a volley of brilliant-colored quartz samples at the insolent goats.

"Spawn of a heggar! 'Tis a widdy's goats you'd stone to death, is it? Hit hut the wan crathur, now, an' ye'll repent till the death uv yer sow!"

"Keep yer goats on yer own estate, then, seein' that you own nigh onto the whole of Peavine; but don't ever you put a foot on this land of mine, Widdy Grogan, or there'll be trouble hetwixt you and me. Hear me? No more trespassin' of goats or Grogans on this claim."

"It's aisy, now, to spake wid the tongue uv a blackguard. An' whin the day comes that'll find me or mine thesrespassin' wan foot onter yer land, thin—and nary a bit till thin—can yez have me ore-car! An' that'll he niver, I say. Bedad, and it is you that hears me now? Ye'd better hunt another car, for whin the Widdy Grogan speaks, she means ivery word uv it, an' that's the truth if iver it was spoke."

"Trespass or no trespass, my sweet widdy, that car'll he mine before you know it."

"Faith, an' will it now? The Widdy Grogan ain't wan that'll set by and see the loikes of yerself walk off wid her property. It's mistook ye are intirely in dalin' wid me."

The widow had the last word, and she stalked angrily back to her kitchen, after the goats got well started toward their proper grazing-grounds.

"Anne, the pig sha'n't get me ore-car!"

"That he won't, mother, if I knows myself."

"Musha, an' he's plannin' to escape wid it afther dark, darlin'! This very night yer mother slapes in the car, and it's turn about we'll turn till the ould thafe sees what a widdy can do."

A week passed by. Glaring hot days and cool, halmy nights. Peace reigned in apparent possession of Podunk, the pastoral hamlet in the Peavines. The lull in the feud deceived neither one of the factions. Each knew the other was determined to win out in the end.

Mat Derrick and partner conceived a brilliant scheme by which they could secure the desired car. The smelter occupied a site quite a bit bigger than Derrick's claim. A huge dump extended from the mill to the very edge of the partners' southern boundary line, and upon this dump rails were laid up to the sheer verge of the mass of refuse rock and tailings.

Said Mat: "We takes a long rope, knots it onto that car, sobves the car, easy-like, down the track, lets ber over the end of the dump, and it's ours. For you know possession is law in this camp."

"The widdy will spot us, and let fly the big charges of hucksbot she's prepared for us. It's mighty risky, Mat."

"Risky? In the hlack of nigh? You ain't game if you lets this plan go by."

"Good enough; I'm with you, lad. The widdy had better say *adios* to that ore-car."

The moon experienced some difficulty in finding out this remote little cañon in the Peavines. Ere she appeared over the gray hill-tops, the seven sentinel pines whispered among themselves in lonely, murmuring tones as a solitary figure crept along in the starlight toward the great outlines of the smelter. It was Mrs. Grogan's turn to guard her prized ore-car; she basted on, shot-gun in band and quite ready to fight for her rights.

The lonely vigils were not so uncanny as they had been at first; flitting bats, hooting owls, and skurrying wood-rats had not offered to invade the car in which she and Anne had already passed several nights. Now snatches of sleep even came to the watchers; this night the widow felt tired and worn after a bird day's work. She arranged her blanket as comfortably as possible, curled herself in the car—the dimensions of which necessitated curling—and soon fell sound asleep.

A louder whispering stirred the ohservant pines, whose tops were beginning to shimmer in the rays of the moon that lighted up with a golden glory the valley and plains below. Two more figures stole rapidly up the creek bed and disappeared within the gloom of the big mill. The zephyr begins a soft, moaning melody amid the pine needles; the moon lifts a yellow rim over the eastern hills, and in an ecstasy of enjoyment the seven pines await the outcome of this night's adventure.

A large door swings slowly open on freshly oiled binges, a tall, hox-like object on wheels moves noiselessly out from the shadows of the mill. Two figures in the rear of the object apply powerful shoulders, and the Widow Grogan's ore-car slips over the rails on its way to Mat Derrick's tunnel.

At the brink of the precipitous dump a halt is called; a stout rope is firmly attached to the hind axle, one man takes a half-hitch around a convenient post, the other gives the car

a final heave, and it balances on the hare edge of the declivity—poised for its descent into Mat Derrick's territory and possession. Dormer has a steady grasp on the rope, and Mat runs back to assist in lowering the fruits of their night's raid.

"Steady, one moment!" says Mat, "till I untangles this rope."

The car teeters alarmingly on its uneven foundation. Something stirs within the tall hox; a hand grabs at the top railing, and a tousled head and two startled, staring eyes appear like a jack-in-the-hox from the depths of the ore-car.

The glorious harvest moon lights up the scene with vivid distinctness. The apparition so suddenly popping out of the car paralyzes the men; a tableau of ten seconds' duration ensues.

"Thaves! Murderers! Saints above! It's stealin' me car wid me own self right in it, ye're afther doin' it is it? Och, hut it's the Widdy Grogan that slapes wid her wan eye open. Grah loose uv that rope, an' sure now, wud ye mind lavin' this car in peace?"

Mrs. Grogan hraced herself in the wahbling car, seized her shot-gun, and covered the thoroughly astonished miners. "'Tisn't the loikes of Mat Derrick and Dan Dormer that'll swipe a car from the Widdy Grogan this foine night. Be afther doppin' that rope, will ye now?"

Still the men gazed at the wild-eyed, angry woman in the car, and not even her flourishing shot-gun hrought back their scattered senses. "Sure, an' shall I shoot yez in yer thracks, ye bloody thaves? Up wid yer hands, I say!"

There was magic in that shrill command. Mat and Dan loosened their hold on the rope, and threw up their hands, truly alarmed by now.

The result was calamitous; the perilously balanced car gave a downward lurch, Widow Grogan stumbled forward, a deafening report thundered throughout the mountain cañon; a rattle and grind of wheels over loose rocks, the rumble and thump of a car bounding swiftly down the declivity. Above all sounded shriek after shriek from the terrified widow's lungs. "Help! Murder!! Thaves!!!"

Derrick and Dormer rushed to the brink and peered over. Naught hut clouds of reddish dust could be seen; hut the din was terrific.

"What did you leave go for? There'll be the devil to pay, Dan."

"Them were the widdy's orders, and hacked by a wicked gun, what could you do hut ohey? And didn't you leave go, Mat?"

Mat vouchsafed no answer. The rattling avalanche of car, widow, and debris came to an abrupt halt; a slight cessation in the shrieking voice was noticeable.

"Great horned spoons, Dan! That woman can't he hurt; listen to her yell!"

"Hadt'n we hetter go down and see if we can help ber?"

"Whew! hut my ears are ringin' yet, so close did that charge of shot whistle by. She's apt to let fly t'other harrel."

"She's too scared to shoot, Mat. Anyway, she made us let go, it ain't our fault if she's burt. Just hear them ear-splitting shrieks!"

"Come on, Dan, we'll have it out with the wild-cat."

The two men gingerly picked their way down the sheer face of the dump. Widow Grogan beheld their approach and ceased her high-pitched wailings.

"A purty pair! Foine specimens of gentlemen are yez, so ye are! 'Tis to be murderin' a definsless widdy, yez are up to, this night, is it?" The widow railed fiercely from her ore-car throne. Excitement clogged her tongue, and she gave vent to her feelings by incoherent sputterings and emphatic gestures.

Mat and Dan were at a loss for appropriate words; they stood in helpless silence.

"Shtand there and gawk; thaves, fools! 'Tis an ilegant trick ye've played. Troth, an' ye'll die in misery—the two av yez. Och, hut if me Dinnis wuz here! He'd be afther fixin' ye, be wud!" Mrs. Grogan glared at the silent men. She peered in the direction of her own bome up the cañon; no one sallied forth to ber aid. "Cowards!" she bisseed under her breath. "Cowards!" she fairly burlled the words at her audience of two. Witbout more ado, Widow Grogan proceeded to climb out of the car.

The instant her foot touched *terra firma*, a hright idea flashed into Mat's bead. "Excuse me, Mrs. Grogan, but if you ain't trespassin' on my land, then I don't know what trespassin' is."

"Threspassin'?—Me? An it's you that shoved me down on yer land, an' that's thesrespassin', is it? Ye blackguard's thafe, what thrick is this?"

"Didn't you swear that if ever you trespassed one foot on this claim, then this car would he mine, and not till then?"

The widow's feelings were too strong for words, she merely glared at Derrick.

"Own up now, my spunky widdy. Ain't the car mine, 'cordin' to your own words?"

Mrs. Grogan turned and founced up the cañon toward bome. When she crossed over to ber domains, she wheeled about, and not being able to resist one parting shaft, cried out: "Kape the ould car, ye ugly thaves! Kape it as a reminbrance of this ilegant trick ye played the Widdy Grogan. Kape it, and had cess to the two av yez!"

The big, yellow moon smiles down on pastoral Podunk; the seven pines rustle in subdued mirth as the cooling night zephyr slowly dies away. The principal characters of this Peavine feud disappear from view; the pines toss their evergreen branches in the last breath of the dying zephyr, and a peaceful air reigns over the moonlit hamlet of Podunk.

JOHN HAROLD HAMLIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1901.

Concerning franchises for street railways, Charles T. Yerkes recently said in an interview that in England the public authorities took more time to grant a franchise, but that they did not charge anything for it, and when they had granted a franchise they did not grant an opposition one the next day.



## MR. MIDDLE WEST.

His Views on Guide-Books—"Bay Decker"—Vatican Mosaics—  
St. Peter's Toe—Too Much Chicken—The Ter-  
rible Courier Maid.

As to guide-books. There is no doubt that Baedeker is by far the best. He has that German talent of going into detail. Once in a while he will get off a German joke, as Mr. Middle West would say. He divides Italy into three volumes—Southern, Middle, Northern. The "Guide Joanne" which the French use is voluminous, but naturally not so good for Americans, as there is no English edition. The "Guide Trèves" and the separate books for each town—small enough to carry in your Arizona pistol-pocket—are serviceable. The maps in these books are generally good, and can be torn out and carried in the pocket; they are useful when one wants to get about without taking a cab, liking to wander around and find one's way.

Mr. Middle West's pronunciation of Baedeker was amusing. He would divide it into two—thus: "Bay Decker"—and raise his arm in the air and shake his clenched fist. He was very fond of the Italian ending *ini*. If he liked anything, it was "dinkaleenee" or "dandaleenee." His views of things were peculiar. His intense nervousness set him to "walking about and talking about," as he would say, everything on the earth. He would jump from El Paso to St. Petersburg, from South Africa to London. He complained of Italy because there were no American papers there—they were "all English." He had much to say about the "English brogue," as he called it. I listened to him attentively, which pleased the good-hearted man immensely. One night, in Rome, he remarked:

"Say, you have a great quality—you can listen. I had some fun to-day. I took an Italian guide. He sat with the driver on the box and I sat in the little victoria. 'Where?' he asked. 'St. Peter's,' I answered. Do you know why I went there? Well, the Courier Maid said that Ralf Sanzio's 'Transfiguration' was the greatest picture on earth, and I think she said Bay Decker thought so, too. Then she said that there was a copy in St. Peter's, made of little stones, called Mose-akers, that looked just like the original in oil. I wanted to catch that Courier Maid in a lie. Little stones put together that looked like an oil painting! 'Great Chicago,' I said, 'what a corker she's giving us.' I went to the Vatican gallery. The guide showed me the painting. I put my good Ohio eye on it, and then said: 'Now show me the Mose-akers copy in the church.' We went down hundreds of steps, then into the church, walked several blocks—it's immense. Suddenly we came on the copy. It was no lie. Think of it. She had told the truth! That Courier Maid had told the truth for a fact.

"Then I turned to the guide and said: 'Show me something else.' Now those Italian guides tell some stories I don't know whether they are true or not. Here's one he gimme. He took me to about twenty feet from a statue he called St. Peter. A seated figure with what looked like a frying-pan over his head, and a naked foot stretching out. The guide said: 'Standa here leetle time. See people kees bees toe.' We stood there some minutes. Three Italians came along; the first pulled out a handkerchief, originally white, but now nearly black with perspiration, dust, and what not. He wiped the toe with it and kissed the toe. The next Italian had no handkerchief; he wiped it with his coat sleeve—a dirty, greasy sleeve—and he kissed it. The third did the same. I turned to the guide. He smiled. 'That statue,' he said, 'no St. Peter. Anybody. History say that—early Christian days—statue Jupiter. Old Roman worship it. Christian stole it. Call it St. Peter. Don't kiss toe, all nonsense.' Now I found that the Courier Maid hadn't told a lie, and I don't know if the guide did; but if it's true, ain't it funny?"

Here Mr. Middle West suddenly jumped to another subject. "I have made a calculation," said he, "that there are thirty-five million chickens eaten in Italy every year by the foreigners. They give the plain old chicken, which my mother used to cook—and you could tell it was a chicken, by the way the drum-sticks stuck out toward heaven—they give it all sorts of different names, so that the tourists won't know they get chicken twice a day. In Italy they call it Pou-lay, Chaponi, and Vol-eye Supreme—and what's that? You think they're bringing you a new kind of corn-starch pudding in the middle of dinner. But what is it? It's chicken, with hoiled-down mush-and-milk poured over it. And the chicken you don't eat hoiled, haked, or fried, they give you next day cold for lunch. And if you don't eat it then, don't expect to be let off. It comes again on the table, and is called *Bouding blank au law Richeloo*. When you see it first on the hill of fare, you think it's made out of something else but chicken. But it ain't. What is it? It's the left-over drum-sticks, wings, and toes, chopped up fine and fried in bread-crumbs. It's only hash. I heard a man who had lived in Paris for years and knew nothing else but eating, say the real *bouding blank* was made from fresh chicken breasts, was white, and was delicious. But this ain't. Now, when I see a chicken feather, I shudder."

But whatever his perplexities might be, Mr. Middle West recurred continually to his wife's Courier Maid: "Say," said he, one night in Rome, "I'm learning more about old-fashioned religion in this d—dalini country. They talk about Mike the Angel, about Pope This and Pope That. Say, there have been about three hundred and sixty-five popes—nearly a year of popes—and I don't know, I'm so mixed up, whether Mike the Angel was a pope, a saint, had a statue factory, was a picture dealer, or what. Don't tell me, for I don't care a pig's foot. Ask that Courier Maid. She knows the name, trade, history, and profession of every statue, every picture, every monument, in the blame town—who made them, why they made them, and what for. And my wife, she opens her mouth, because her ears can't take it all in, and she listens and listens, and when this maid gets into a church, she pays no attention to the religious pro-

ceeding that's going on. If she did that in a Presbyterian church in Ohio, she'd be thrown out. And then she fills you up full of that d—dalini Bay Decker. Heavens, but she's full of Bay Decker. It's in her blood. It's her Bible. I'll bet she puts Bay Decker under her pillow at night and snores Bay Decker. Do you know they are at it now? Up in our bedroom. All the women who haven't got a Courier Maid go to our rooms, the petticoated courier takes the big arm-chair, the other women get on the bed, twine themselves together like a lot of snakes, and she fills them full of antedated Roman history, Grecian gabble-gobble, and Egyptian mythological rot that smells worse than an Egyptian cigarette flavored with feathers, and by the holy hailstones of hail Columbia, those women will all get nervous prostration worse than I have it—and I have a hunch."

JULY, 1901.

COVINGTON JOHNSON.

## "A JOLLY GOOD LESSON."

FOR RUDYARD KIPLING.

Why not admit it frankly, as a business "poet" should?  
You require no end of a "Lesson"—let us hope it will do you good.

Not in your latest outburst, or in one recent screed or twain.  
But repeatedly, comprehensively, and several times and again,  
You have thrown in the Jingoes' faces the nonsense you're pleased  
to indite?

But this last—well, it "takes the biscuit," and it serves them jolly  
well right!

For of all the bewildering, hamstrung stuff—harsh, rhythmless,  
formless, and crude—  
Commend us to your last Empire Ode—you know to what we  
allude—  
In which, with the gifts of G. W. Hunt and the "Poet" Close,  
you shine

At poor Mr. Buckle only knows what preposterous rate per line!

All kinds of "Poets," from time to time, are "hastowed us":  
The Fates present  
Assorted hard to our little Isle, and eke to the Continent;  
But though we should search from the Cape of Good Hope to  
the northern end of Sutherland,  
We have a phenomenal Bard in you—a sort "accorded no other  
land!"

'Twas the Jingoes' fault, and their very great fault, and not the  
judgment of Heaven!

They made you a Poet in their own image—plus a literary leaven.  
Who faithfully mirrored their gory ideals, equipment, and mental  
attitude—  
And now they have got their "LESSON"; and they ought to  
accept it with gratitude!

The *Times* may have to draw a check to make clear the fact  
once more,  
That you can write verses that will not scan, as you've sometimes  
done before;  
Your lines have got feet, but they will not run, and some can not  
even crawl;  
Nay, in your "Lesson" we come on some that refuse to go  
at all!

No doubt you find it "a marvelous asset," this gift (!) for string-  
ing rhymes,  
Which are printed in "leaded" long primer type in the middle  
page of the *Times*;  
But 'tis time to stop when your lines have lost their original lilt  
and swing,  
And when you develop a break-jaw style a Macdormott couldn't  
sing!

You are very full, as you let us know, of exceedingly varied  
knowledge,  
But one thing, at least, you did not learn, when at Westward Ho,  
at college,  
And that same thing you have not learned since, or you wouldn't  
vex and try us  
With attempts at verse that can only please those folks with a  
Jingo bias.

You haven't learnt Poesy's "pivotal fact," nor its meaning under-  
stood,  
And that is why we are so afraid that this "slating" won't do  
you good;  
For what can our hope for a "Poet" be who to this could put  
his hand—  
"And which, it may subsequently transpire, will be worth as much  
as the Rand."

There! our Lesson shall stand to-day at that—the line which we  
boldly quote  
As the wholly, entirely, utterly worst that a "Poet" ever wrote.  
A line so hopelessly, helplessly bad, that the grossly erring brother  
Who writes it never should anxious be to put his name to another!

'Tis the Jingoes' fault, and their very great fault, that your lays  
have been so profuse,  
But from this time forth we refuse to accept any longer that ex-  
cuse;  
So the more you write prose and the less you write verse the bet-  
ter results we shall see,  
And thanks to this "Lesson" we have taught, you may earn more  
£. s. d.—London Truth.

Mr. Hodder Williams, of the *British Weekly*, has been traveling in the United States and writing some of his impressions to his newspaper. In a recent letter he said: "I found on all sides in America a general self-satisfaction which, to speak frankly, is as offensive as the colossal conceit of the average Englishman of not many years ago. This self-complacency of the man with well-filled barns is the storm-signal I found hoisted everywhere in the United States. It predicts bad weather. It is heedless luxury and indolence everywhere. Business prosperity in America depends more largely on weather conditions than in England. A year of bad crops would cause much greater depression in general business than in England. The reason for this is obvious. Agriculture is still much the greatest of their industries." Finally, Mr. Williams says: "I think that free trade must come shortly, because it is the one solution of the trust problem. There is little enough competition in America now, and competition is unquestionably the soul of lasting business success."

Andrew Carnegie will erect a monument to James G. Blaine, a personal friendship of many years and a warm admiration for the Maine statesman inspiring the philanthropist in his latest undertaking. A site for the monument, it is believed, will be chosen in Schenley Park, near the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh.

## GOING TO HELL.

"To Hell with the Heller"; or, Improperities—A New Parlor  
and Club Game—"Blay!"—"Kame!"—"Dirty,"  
Luf!"—Tennis in the Tyrol.

MY DEAR R—: Perched upon the top of a grand old mountain, the Summer Hotel serves as a theatre for unintentional comedies played by clever amateurs. It is not all local talent. Some of the star actors come from abroad, and at present the summer play-houses of the Tyrol are served largely by Americans and English.

It is the Americanizing and Anglicizing of the picturesque Tyrol that makes most of the fun. Tennis is the popular outdoor game, and *ping-pong* bids fair to monopolize the evenings indoors. Tennis being an English game, English terms are used in the courts. It is easily recognizable. "Blay" means "play." "Aus site" is "outside" and "luf" means "love." When a player shouts "Kame!" there is no mistaking the meaning, and everybody shifts over to the opposite court. "Dirty, luf" sounds harsh, but it only stands for "Thirty, love." Sometimes the players forget themselves, and count in German, but they immediately correct themselves, so as not to score a "double fault."

There are several climaxes with us each day for the appropriate ending of acts. The arrival of the stages, filled with new guests, is moderately exciting, but the dinner and supper processions are more so. Table manners do not count, for manners are only custom-made, and if a person is skillful enough to handle a meal, including soup, on the blade of a knife, and spread a big white napkin over his whole front without getting it soiled, it must be considered as a clever thing to do, and it should pass for one of the stunts introduced into the comedy. You soon get used to the terror of it, just as you get used to some of the daring aerial feats of the circus.

We are here on our bicycles. We did not come on our "hikes," for the Hotel Penegal is over four thousand feet up hill. The top of a mountain is not a good place for bicycling. Especially here in the Tyrol, where the roads are so fine and smooth and the grades so tempting, it is almost impossible to keep from coasting down until it is awfully far to climb back home.

Here at Mendel Pass we are perched above two superb valleys, at about the same height above the two as Eagle Point is above the floor of the Yosemite Valley. The valley of the Adige around Botzen, with the loftiest of the Dolomites beyond, lies to the east. On the west side we have the great Ortler group, the highest of the Tyrolean peaks, across a valley that differs from the other as much as Italy differs from Germany, both in scenic character and in the speech of the inhabitants. The Botzen Valley is colder in appearance, and everybody speaks German. The greens are crisp, like those on the north side of the Swiss mountains, where the snow-peaks look blue-white and icy; but on the sunset side the greens are olive, just like those of Italy, and the tones of the snow-peaks tend toward the rosy, and more resemble strawberry ice-cream than lumps of raw ice. The prevailing language, also, is soft Italian.

The ridge that we are on is one solid mass of porphyry, crowned with pines and larches. Most of the Alpine wild-flowers are found in great abundance, and flowers of the lower altitudes as well.

They play a game here in Penegal that we have Americanized. It is called in German "*Hollefarht*" ("The Road to Hell"). A Viennese, who "sports" a "*salon Tyrolean*" costume, all feathers and tufts, in the daytime, and "dresses" for dinner, introduced the game. With its original German name it might "catch on" out West, but even in the naughtiest of New England clubs it would be taboo in its unexpurgated form. We therefore suggest as a Western name, "To Hell with the Heller," and as a New England name, "Improperities." It must be explained that the smallest Austrian coin is called a *heller*. In the game it is used as a marker, and the markers are surrendered to the winner. This is the "lay-out" of the game: A wooden-topped table, on which are described a number of concentric rings—say ten—the centre ring being denominated "Hell"; from the centre of "Hell" to the place of each player a chalk line is drawn to serve as a guide to the *heller* on its downward road to "Hell."

The game is played thus: You must address every person by his or her Christian name, regardless of age, sex, or dignity. In using personal pronouns you are required to apply the opposite of what the conventions prescribe. To those whom you are accustomed to addressing as "thou" you must say "you," and *vice versa*. In German this is especially awkward, as the punctilio of the personal pronoun is as rigid as a cold poker, and to say "*du*" to one of the opposite sex, outside the family, means MARRIAGE, in big letters. At the same time, accosting one's mother or father or sister as "*sie*" sounds worse than swear-words.

The tricks of the game consist in engaging persons in a spirited conversation, and causing them to slip up on the "improperities." If one is caught saying the right thing when, according to the rules of the game, he should say the wrong thing, his *heller* marker is pushed nearer to "Hell" by one ring. When a player has been pushed all the way down to "Hell," he becomes a "Devil," and can only be referred to as "It." No one is allowed to speak directly to "It," or answer any of "It's" questions. To err in this regard is a "fault," and the *heller* of the sinner is pushed down a ring. The last player to remain out of "Hell" gathers in all of the *hellers*.

Look out for this game in California. In the first game in which we participated, a California-born girl, a member of our party, did not score a single "fault." She saw all of the other players drawn into the vortex and quietly "scooped" all of the "dough." It was a linguistic feat of which we were very proud, and a test of proper balance of which California—the peerless—herself may well be flattered.

IN THE SUD TYROL, August 1, 1901. VAN FLETCH.



## QUIET DAYS IN SURREY.

Geraldine Bonner Writes of English Rural Delights—Entertainment of Guests a Feature of Country Life—Ancient Estates—Parks and Forests—Cozy Inns.

One of the charms of England in summer is that you can get from London to the heart of an ideally rustic and sequestered country in an hour. The train whisks you away from the roar and turmoil of the huge, heated city, dusty, squalid, and sweltering in its summer drouth and glare, to the still, green tranquillity of one of those beautiful southern counties—peaceful, sleepy, and verdant—of which England is so justly proud. From the carriage window one sees far across the rich, level meadows, bosomed deep in immemorial trees, with here and there a little village drowsing, or the gables and greenhouses of a country house emerging from the massed greenery of luxuriant gardens.

Nothing can surpass the richness, the fertility, and serenity of such a landscape. It is curiously interesting to an American as being so essentially different from one's own vast, primitive, and undeveloped land. This is a country that is complete, finished, has reached its meridian. Every inch of it is cultivated and has been for centuries. These deep-leaved giant trees have taken hundreds of years to attain this noble growth. The velvet lawns one sees stretching from the fronts of chimneys and gabled manors and granges, have been rolled, watered, and weeded into their present state of perfection by the care of generations. A long and laborious past has been necessary to produce this luxurious present. The very stillness and peace of the landscape suggests completion, rest after labor. It is the quietude of old age. How different from the half-reclaimed wildness, the primitive discomfort, the savage, untamed majesty of the Western American country, which suggests nothing so much as youth.

To escape from London into the heart of perhaps the most beautiful of all these counties—Surrey—in the midst of a broiling July was grateful as the shadow of a rock in a weary land. My destination was a small country place close to one of those quaint, picturesque little villages that gather round the Surrey Commons, and there appear to fall asleep and never again to wake. All through the district about are scattered the homes of gentlemen, gentlemen farmers, yeomen, and county families. Just what constitutes these different distinctions I don't know, but I do know that there are distinctions and very marked ones. Here the green and fertile summer passes through its various stages of blossoms and fruit, the little village looks sleepily out on its common, and the dwellers in the country houses lead that uneventful rural existence which the English love so much and have reduced to a science.

To an American—restless, energetic, loving the excitement of business, or society, or the great world in one or other of its phases—this existence would be impossible for long periods. For short ones it charms our countrymen, and quantities come over every summer and rent estates for from three to four months. But the English love their country life, and want to lead no other. Some of them go up to London for a month or two in the season, but many of them remain throughout the year in their manor, or grange, or cottage, only visiting the great city to shop or now and then go to the theatre. Their rural life is as free from care as it is from excitement. The turmoil and trouble of the world is shut carefully out. From their awakening cup of tea, served in bed in the morning, to the moment when their ascending candle breaks the dimness of the stairway at night, they breathe an atmosphere of tranquillity as marked as that which distinguishes the landscape.

The dreary isolation which is so often the lot of the transplanted Englishman who attempts to lead a rural life in California, is averted by the continual presence of guests. The English, in their own country houses, are delightful hosts. The reason of this is that they never try to amuse their guests. Every one does what he likes. If you are reading under an apple-tree in the garden, no kindly but ill-inspired hostess comes and drags you away to take a drive, or play tennis, or talk to a visitor. You can sit and read your book to your heart's content. Suggestions for your amusement are made to you which you can refuse, should the spirit move you to do otherwise, and nobody's feelings will be hurt and no law of politeness be split up the back. It is all delightfully easy-going and informal. Your time is your own, your days are in your own hands, you needn't even exert yourself to talk to men that don't interest you, a privilege the value of which most women will appreciate.

The presence of guests or the guest is universal. In the cottage or in the castle there will be the visitors washed out and weary from the rigors of the London season. One week in the country will restore them as no tonic ever invented can do. Nothing can be imagined more wholesomely restful than this life. When the weather permits, most of the day is spent out-of-doors. The hours pass in a dreamily desultory sort of fashion, with nothing particular to mark them. One reads, one talks, and above all things one writes letters. The English, who hardly ever use the telephone, and who keep up acquaintances once made and approved forever, write more letters than any other people in the world. Where we telephone, where we telegraph, where we pay a call, or send a message, they write a letter. Members of families who see each other weekly write letters; friends, who in the regular round of visits are perpetually meeting, write letters. Men, who are not in the least inclined to be lovers, write letters to women who have not the slightest intention of fostering flirtations. In this country-house life every one seems to spend part of the day writing letters, and the budgets that the postman leaves each morning indicate that their correspondence is faithfully answered.

The afternoon is the time for driving and taking tea. It was very hot during my first days in Surrey, so we did not sit till the fierce power of the sun was beginning to soften. Then we would tool alone the quiet, deeply hedged lanes or

the white, high roads, through the greenest and most curiously motionless landscape I have ever seen. There was not a breath of wind, the massy foliage of the oaks that once covered this part of the country in a vast and unexplored forest, did not show the quiver of a leaf. The fields of level grain, deep gold and heavy-headed with the ripening seeds, howed to no passing breezes. Here and there a film of blue smoke rose where a cottage lay embowered in clumps of trees. Yet along these sequestered roads we kept continually meeting carriages. Some were of the most elegant description, with two men on the box and a pair of noble, sleek-skinned horses at the pole. More often it was a dog-cart driven by a fresh-faced girl in white summer raiment, or a sun-burned youth in tweeds. Again it would be a pony carriage, with two women in pale-tinted, muslin dresses, and wide, flower-trimmed hats, for its occupants. Once or twice we met automobiles whizzing by in a cloud of their own dust. But the auto is not popular in England, as the Briton loves the horse too much to allow him to be superseded.

Bowling along in the still, golden afternoon, we caught glimpses of the dwellings from whence these passers-by had emerged. They were of all sorts. Sometimes, for a mile or two, we would skirt the edge of some stately estate, with its wild expanse of rolling park land, dotted with huge trees, and showing here and there groups of small deer. In the distance the gray gables and spreading front of the mansion showed up from its surrounding trees, and below a series of connecting ponds, sprinkled with water-lily pods, gleamed under arching bridges. Less pretentious places, old houses with stacked chimneys and mullioned windows, stood in the midst of their fertile acres, with the velvet patch of a tennis lawn on one side and the glass of greenhouses catching the sun. Almost the most picturesque of all were the roadside cottages, homes of the upper gardeners on the large estates. Some of these places are many centuries old, the oak beams that cross their faces being seasoned to a fire hard and durable as iron. From their slanting and sagging roofs great, wide-mouthed chimneys project, and the ivy is cut away in places to give room for the old-fashioned latticed casements of tiny windows to open freely.

I went into one of these cottages on the place of a friend, which the tradition of the surrounding country says is six hundred years old. The owner had just repaired it, replacing the old "wattle and dah" with brick, and re-tiling part of the roof. The interior was left almost as it had been, and was remarkably curious and interesting. The ceiling was crossed by heavy oak rafters, almost black and so low that one's hat brushed them. There were two groups of small-paned windows, and an enormous fire-place inside which one could sit. The woman who lived in the house had complained of this, as the chimney was simply a large hole through which the smoke issued and the rain entered. So it had been closed, and the vast fire-place fitted with a modern range. This woman, by the way, was not the least interesting feature of the cottage. She was singularly nice-looking, and lady-like in manner, and my friend told me that her husband's family had once been people of consequence in the district and lords of a small manor still standing. So here was a sort of peaceable, untragic Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

The drive usually was interrupted by dropping in somewhere for tea. Once we stopped at the inn of a tiny village grouped round a great, breezy common, where in the queer old inn parlor we were given an excellent tea. I do not believe that in Central France there is a hotel where you get a had dinner, or in England an inn or hostelry of any kind where you are given a bad tea. Generally, however, our teas were partaken of at the houses of friends of my hostess.

Tea is, as I have said before, the most attractive meal in England. Rich or poor, high or low, all the world knows how to serve it, to make it appetizing and dainty. In the placid Surrey country homes it was an out-of-door function to which visitors dropped in. It seemed to represent English outdoor life at its most gracious best. Under shelter of some great tree the tea-table was set forth by servants, and about it, on the cropped, fine turf, chairs were drawn up, and family and guests assembled. It makes one of the prettiest moments of the day. The women, in their light-colored summer muslins and brilliant parasols, come sweeping across the grass from the tennis-ground or the house. The trim maid-servant, in her black dress and shoulder-strapped apron, after the tray is arranged, leaves. Such men as happen to be present do the waiting. And not by any means least are the pets—always dogs and sometimes cats—which are part of every English household, and come troling up for tea in company with their masters.

SURREY, July 26, 1901.

GERALDINE BONNER.

When Mrs. McKinley was lying ill in San Francisco, expressions of sympathy and regret were received from all parts of the world. Not the least noticeable of these was the following, published in the Chinese newspaper of San Francisco:

"It is our custom that each householder erects within the living-room of his residence, however humble the home may be, a shrine before which he may worship after his own faith. We request that this night the elder of each and every Chinese family pray fervently and tenderly to the Creator to spare and restore to health the wife of this great man, the heart of his heart, for whom he has shown a devotion which must excite the admiration of every true-hearted man, be he Christian or pagan. We may differ materially in our religious faiths; and because of thousands of years of training it is sometimes difficult for us to agree on certain ceremonial laws; still, our love for those whom we have taken to our hearts is identical, and the same tender love for wife and family is common to all mankind. Our sympathy for the President is as sincere and as intense as it could be were it expressed by his own people."

The population of Paris has increased 177,234 in the past five years, and is now 2,714,968. Paris has always the largest transient population of any city in the world, the average being estimated at 400,000; besides, the great suburbs outside the walls aggregate another million.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

News comes from La Victoria, Venezuela, that Francisco L. Alcantara, who was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point four years ago, has been elected president of the State of Aragua. He is only twenty-seven years old.

A. J. Balfour, who has just celebrated his fifty-third birthday, is a man who "arrived" at an exceptionally early age for a British statesman. He entered Parliament at twenty-five, was a cabinet minister at thirty-eight, and led the House of Commons at forty-three.

Lieutenant Henry Watterson, son of the noted Louisville journalist, and Miss Bianca Esther Casanova, formerly of Cuba, hut now resident of Philadelphia, were married last week. The bride is the niece of General Casanova, who was killed in battle during the Cuban-Spanish War. She met Lieutenant Watterson in Cuba soon after the American forces landed on the island.

Captain Richmond P. Hobson, the Merrimac hero, has become a partner in a big cotton-huving firm, with headquarters in Atlanta, Ga., and agencies in forty Southern cities. The firm is composed of W. H. Beatty, a first cousin of Hobson, and Joseph M. Hohson, his brother. Captain Hobson will not retire from the navy, his new connection being more in the nature of an investment.

Rear-Admiral Sampson has authorized the statement that it is his intention to be present at the proceedings of the Schley court of inquiry. He will be relieved of the command of the Boston yard and station November 1st, and will go to Washington on "waiting orders" until his retirement under the age law, sixty-two years, in February. He will become a resident of Washington, occupying a house which he has purchased.

General Maximo Gomez has addressed a letter to the local committee of the National party in Havana, which had chosen him as a candidate for the presidency of Cuba, and Señor Estrada Palma as a candidate for the vice-presidency, saying that he must refuse to undertake such high office under the republic, and that he looks upon Señor Estrada Palma and Señor Maso as the best selections that could be made for the presidency and vice-presidency.

Mrs. McKee Rankin has decided to quit the stage and devote herself to photography. After the close of the fall season, for which she has been engaged to support Sadie Martinot in "The Marriage Game," Mrs. Rankin will open a studio in New York. She has the care of two grandchildren, and gives this as her main reason for retiring. Mrs. Rankin will make the third well-known professional to go in for photography. Burr McIntosh is regularly engaged in the work, while Thomas Hadaway, formerly with Augustin Daly's company, has made a success of the picture business.

Emperor William has made Camille Saint-Saëns, the French musical composer, a foreign Knight of the Order of Merit. Saint-Saëns's most noted operas are "Ascanio," "Samson et Dalila," "La Timbre d'Argent," and "Henry VIII." For some time past he has been hard at work on his new opera, "Les Barbares." As the title indicates, the story has to deal with the old Romans, and it was originally intended to give the first performance in the old Roman outdoor amphitheatre in Orange, in the South of France. But the composer abandoned this idea, and the *première* will be given at the Grand Opera House, in Paris, in November. Saint-Saëns says it will be in three acts, but refuses to give the slightest hint as to the plot.

William J. Bryan has purchased the *National Watchman*, of Washington, D. C., and announces that it will be consolidated with the *Commoner*. During the campaign of 1896, Senator Stewart, of Nevada, started a free-silver organ called the *Silver Knight*, which later on was combined with the *Watchman*, an old weekly paper of Washington, D. C., and named the *Knight-Watchman*. This was so suggestive of "night-watchman," that its name, by the second Bryan campaign, had been changed to the *National Watchman*. It is said that Bryan will remove the plant to Lincoln, but whether he will modify the name of the *Commoner* to recognize the latest accretion is not here known. Among the office effects which go with the transfer are several busts of Bryan, one oil painting, and one life-size Bryan portrait, besides various other likenesses.

Prince Henri d'Orleans, who died at Saigon, the capital of French Tonquin, China, on August 9th, was a son of the Duc de Chartres, who fought in the Civil War on the staff of General McClellan. The prince, who passed away in his thirty-fourth year, was not a believer in the reestablishment of a monarchy in France, and renounced all claim to the throne of his ancestors some years ago, on the ground that the republic was the form of government which the French people had chosen in the exercise of their right. A law passed in France in 1887 prevented him from entering the military school of St. Cyr, so he spent most of his life in journeys of exploration in India, Tibet, Central Africa, Madagascar, and Tonquin, and, in recognition of his discoveries, he received the gold medal of the French Geographical Society, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and was elected an honorary member of the geographical societies of London, Rome, Vienna, and Berne. In 1897 Prince Henri embarked on an expedition to Abyssinia, with the avowed purpose of opening up new markets for French industries. In his letters from the Abyssinian capital to Paris newspapers he described as cowards certain Italian officers and soldiers who were held there captive. This was considered an insult by the Italian people, and the Count of Turin, King Humbert's nephew, challenged the prince to a duel. The affair was fought in August, 1897, at the Bois de Marechaux, with swords, and after five rounds the prince was wounded.



## TAMMANY HALL AND ITS BOSS.

A Curious Biography of Richard Croker—How He Guards against Overthrow—Workings of the Tammany Machine.

Although Alfred Henry Lewis warns his readers in the second chapter of his biography of "Richard Croker" that they will doubtless marvel at his "erratic wanderings," and that he has taken the "bridle off his pen and turned it out to pasture," allowing it "to graze where God pleases and where the grass of that moment grows best to its taste," they will hardly be prepared to find so few of his three hundred and seventy-two pages devoted to the subject of his sketch, and so many taken up with his views on literature, athletics, prize-fighting, "church thoughts," "ballot duties," snobs, reformers, and trusts. To attempt to summarize the principal events of Croker's life, after a careful perusal of this volume, would be an impossibility, for Mr. Lewis is hardly a success as a biographer, and has evidently had little information of the Tammany chief's early career at his disposal. When he treats of the Croker of to-day, however, he is more lucid and interesting, although his attempt to "show the mental make-up as well as the methods of the man," as he puts it, would be far more successful were it not so highly flavored with praise and adulation.

One can not help smiling, for instance, when one reads that "Richard Croker might be regarded as a composite of both Fabius and Scipio; he weds caution to daring in an extreme degree of each. He can dissemble like a Talleyrand; or he can be as bluff and blunt as any Henry the Eighth. He can follow policy and intrigue like a Louis the Eleventh; or he can charge as recklessly as any Bull of Burgundy—think in the saddle, and carry decision on the point of the sword." After this fanciful flight of Mr. Lewis, the following description of Croker's personal appearance will not surprise the reader:

Richard Croker is broad and thick and strong in person; short and dark as a December day. He is fortunate in an abundance of brains, as his seven and three-eighths hat might testify. His hair has been brave; it is all at its post, guarding against baldness. Gray, almost to whiteness, it tells plainly of those fifty-eight years he has witnessed. There is naught of ferocity nor grimness to Croker. His gray eyes are kindly and sympathetic, while the lower face is framed and softened by a full beard and mustache, clipped like a garden hedge, and which, once dark, wears like his hair the frosts of time and care. Croker dresses himself well, and in the mode; he is as apt to lapse into evening-dress with the disappearance of the sun as any exquisite. All in all, he it day or evening, he presents a pleasant, handsome figure, and one marked as distinguished even to the stranger eye. His imposing virtue is courage. His lower jaw, broad, firm, strong as a bear-trap, bears plain, true testimony of this in the face reader.

Mr. Lewis says the first impression one gets of Richard Croker is that of guilelessness:

He looks as though one might with ordinary effort deceive and destroy him. This notion is error, grievous and complete; he is very wise; and a fox is as a fool to him. Still his plan primarily is to trust every man. He explains it in this way: "I make it a point to trust all men once—trust them with my eyes shut. And the scheme has its success. Nine men of ten are honest, and will loyally respond to their obligations. The tenth may be false and cheat. But at that, I am right nine times to be in error once. If a man proves false, I never trust him again."

Of the multitude to make up Tammany Hall there are hundreds who come within the close and personal radius of Croker:

And there are other hundreds, not specifically Tammany Hall, who, for office or some contract or franchise preference of the town, are found to join these. It is a court; and our applicants of favor become courtiers of Croker. Eighty per cent. of these came not for Croker, nor Tammany Hall, nor party betterment; they came for themselves. And they fawn and they flatter; and they fish for those trouts of office, or contract, or franchise, which brought them to this pool of the profitable. And in their midst is Croker; smooth, silent, blandly ignorant of design on the part of any one, and as though pliant were preposterous as an idea; believing every lie, gulping every compliment like spring-water, the most fabled and cheated creature beneath the stars—apparently. But appearances waylay the fact. There isn't one about him whose measure for better or worse is not within the archives of this thought; nor none he doesn't apprehend in his last true detail. Not a word does one utter that isn't instantly tried by the acid of what he knows; and this last is a term in cover the marvelous. In short, it's a game—the game of politics; and Croker defeats these folk, and turns them and twists them and takes them in, and moves them about, and in all things does with them what one, expert, might do with children at a hand of cards.

Croker guards himself against overthrow from within by limiting the possibility of power-growth in those about him:

He does not have a deputy-chief to represent him; he has four or five. He grants to no one subaltern his whole countenance; he divides and subdivides it among several. Among his lieutenants he splits his proxy, and arms each with a fragment of his authority. Each has his little field of domination; each his work. Add them together, and you find the boundaries of Crokerian domain. The reason given for this subdivision is a labor-saving one; the logic on which it bears runs to the effect that work is better done where by division none is overworked.

The fact occurs, however, of safety to Croker's leadership. By virtue of this system of cautious allotment of powers in small parcels, no underlying becomes over-important nor unduly tall. Also it breeds distrust and doubts and jealousies among Croker's sub-captains thus distinguished. Each watches the other; and while eager to promote himself, he is evenly solicitous to curb and cramp whatever of a personal-political tendency to hound the others may exhibit. These four or five under-captains, lacking confidence in one another, are sure to be, for self-defensive reasons, in moods of perfect confidence in Croker as the source of their importance. This system, excellent enough for Tammany Hall, is perfect for Croker. It curtails individual following, denies concentration, and avoids the threat of overgrowth by any under him.

Croker is tolerant of the young, and will forgive error or mistake where youth and inexperience plead in its excuse:

This tolerant tenderness doesn't extend itself in any wrong action of an oldling. There was an Albany crisis; the Democrats of the legislature behaved badly. One gray senator was peculiarly weighed in the balance of those events and found wanting. It was a week later when he met Croker. The latter regarded the delinquent with a frown both untoward and bleak.

"You did nicely," observed Croker, in tones none the less indurated for being musically low; "you did nicely up at Albany! The Republicans made you look like children. You would have done as well if you'd stayed at home."

"What could I do?" asked the other, appealingly, spreading his hands.

"Why, nothing, of course," replied Croker. "I didn't know that when you were sent there, but I know it now."

It was the death sentence; both understood it. That "statesman" did not go back. Yet such is the crushing force of Tammany discipline that not a thought of rebellion, none of retort, rose in the breast of the disgraced one. He now toils cheerfully in the party ranks, without office and without its hope; and he and Croker meet with no more difference than they felt before.

Mr. Lewis declares that Tammany Hall, as a "machine," is perfect:

With an enlistment of ninety thousand, it has thirty-five "leaders," one for each assembly district; these make the great layer of power. The thirty-five "leaders" select a finance committee of five; these five name their chairman; and that chairman is the general in command. Richard Croker is the present chief; John Kelly was his predecessor. Each in his turn deserved his elevation, for together they rescued Tammany, after years of conflict with the negro of the parties, from beneath the feet of Tweed. Every Tammany "leader" is a sub-chief in his district. Under him he has a "captain" in each election precinct of his district; and each of these "captains" has a little "captain" under his orders in every city block of his precinct. Thus is the pyramid of Tammany power put up. First a base of ninety thousand privates; then a "captain" for each city block; then a "captain" for each voting precinct; then a "leader" for each assembly district; then a finance committee of five; then Richard Croker. Aside from the ninety thousand enlisted men, who represent a "regular" army in politics, there are full two hundred and twenty thousand other voters held within the harness of Tammany influence. The organization has its main home in Fourteenth Street; its property there is worth a million of dollars. Then there is in Fifth Avenue, near Fifth Street, the Democratic Club—practically a Tammany club—with a membership of three thousand, with real estate to the value of three hundred thousand dollars, and of money an equal amount in bank. Each "leader" has in his district a club and a club-house; the latter often of a cost to touch one hundred thousand dollars.

To conduct a campaign, Tammany Hall expends about three hundred thousand dollars:

This money is given out the night before an election, each "leader" having his share. His wage and the number of election workers are fixed. There are to be ten men in each voting precinct to wear the badge and get the people to the polls. These receive five dollars each, or fifty dollars in a precinct, or over seventy thousand dollars for this one item alone covering the entire town. Then there are carriages to bring the lame, the halt, and the blind. There are halls to rent, and fire-works to purchase, and stands to put up, and trucks to hire for "nraturs," in the three or four weeks of a canvass. Told and counted, the over-all expense clambers in three hundred thousand dollars. This sum is not hard to get. Contributions come from every quarter; some of them secret and not caring to be known. . . . There are hundreds to whom a part of their subscriptions is returned as "no large" or "more than the organization needs." Following an election, what money is left is generally given to charity or to some cause of worth. . . . Tammany keeps no books; there's no way of discovering who gives or how much; the funds are hanked in the name of a treasurer, who acts as secretary to draw checks and aid the work of the finance committee.

That is the money and, in a sense, the military side of Tammany Hall. There is still another:

Tammany is a political organization one day in the year; it is a charitable-benevolent-fraternal organization three hundred and sixty-five. Does a bricklayer, or carpenter, or laborer, or even such as a clerk or a book-keeper find himself minus work, he goes to his "leader." One may meet from fifty to three hundred of these nut-of-work folk waiting in front of every leader's house each morning. And the "leader," and his "election captains" under him, make utmost effort to find places for these applicants. The "leaders" haunt contractors and builders, and they trade favors for places. This

exchange extends to street-railway companies, express companies, and scores of other enterprises. The man offered must be good, and capable of his duties; that is what the company or the contractor demands. Satisfaction achieved in these directions, the "leader" may send the candidate. On their parts the contractors and companies call on the "leaders" whom they have thus aided with situations for folk out of work, to gain them what of leniency, forbearance, or favor they may require from time to time of city departments, such as the street, the park, the health, and variously the other boards among which the control of the town is lodged. In positions other than ones of office, it is not an over-statement to say that Tammany Hall places and keeps thirty-five thousand souls to that work wherewith they earn their daily bread.

If one wishes to get still another view of the methods of Tammany, Mr. Lewis advises you to go into one of the numberless police courts of New York:

"Ten dollars or twenty days on the Island," mumbles the magistrate, and the poor wretch is shoved aside without two-hits in the present, and the work-house filling the future dead-ahead. Just as you feel your sympathies at work for the puny malefactor, who, for want of ten dollars, must serve in captivity for twenty days, a cool person, well-clad and business-like, pushes up to the clerk. He doesn't give the prisoner a look; often he doesn't know him, save by word of his under-captains. "Figure up that man's fine and costs," he observes to the clerk. It is done; it is then paid by the cool man, who walks away with no more notice to the liberated one than mayhap a nod of short indifference. It is all cold and commonplace as a brief piece of political business. The cool person who pays feels no glow as one who does a charity, for he performs the ceremony, on an average, full two hundred times a month. Nor does the beneficiary of his interference bawl with any turbulence of indignation. It is what he looked for. The "leader" pays the fine with the thought that our soiled and hroken gentleman, in present peril of the Island, will vote "right" next time. And the soiled one does, when the time arrives. And why should he not? It is the commonest, kindest animalism to befriend to one's friends.

There is another feature of a Tammany political education that is worth a note:

It is meant to guard the Tammany vote from purchase by its millionaire enemies. It has quiet teaching among the lower stratum—and the "precinct captains" are, commonly speaking, the teachers—that it is a brave, good deed, by any hook or crook, to get all the money from the opposition that the rich and credulous foe will part withal. Promise to vote the opposition ticket, promise anything, and get the money; that is the quiet instruction. Then break the promise and vote with Tammany Hall.

The volume contains a number of photographs of Croker at different stages of his career, his office at Tammany Hall, the main hall, fire-place in *café*, and exterior of the Democratic Club, the Tammany monument at Gettysburg, and portraits of John Kelly, John J. Scannell, Arthur Pue Gorman, Grover Cleveland, and David B. Hill.

Published by the Life Publishing Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

## The Poems of Louis A. Robertson.

A book of verse that may not well be called "Western," for its art is universal, comes from the pen of one, who, though a dweller in the city, is shut in and secluded from its tumult and toil. "The Dead Calypso, and Other Verses," contains some fourscore poems written by Louis Alexander Robertson. The poet's gifts have been made known to few, for physical disability and suffering have kept him a prisoner in his chamber for years, but from the seclusion of his room have come at intervals some finished expressions of his muse that have attracted attention. This volume of his verse will be prized by those who know the poet, or have recognized his right to be numbered among the few singers of promise of the day, and to many others it will come with the surprise and pleasure of a new discovery of worth.

The personal note is dominant in Mr. Robertson's verse, and the beauty of his lines is most often that of the polished and engraved gem, yet his thought moves freely and gives no hint of fetters. The poem that names the volume is a striking bit of rhythmical, unrhymed verse. It is one of several that are extended beyond the limits of a page, but by far the greater number of the poems are brief and in the sonnet form. It is in this difficult measure that Mr. Robertson is at his best. There are a score or more in forms that poets choose for lighter themes and the expression of gayer moods, but readers will mark for highest praise the more stately verses. Of these there are few that do not reflect a study of shadows and questionings, but none is repellent. Here is one more tender than most:

## COMPENSATION.

Yea, though these trembling limbs should cease to bear

The drooping body that they now uphold;  
Though life's faint flame should flicker many a year,  
And keep this breathing corpse above the mold;

Thy I should be of everything hereft,  
By friends forsaken, helpless and forlorn,  
Methinks as long as life itself were left  
All things but one could patiently be borne.

I would not bid the lurking Spoiler stay  
His lifted hand if I should live to see  
Thy face at last in coldness turn away,  
Thy dear familiar lips grow strange to me;

For when with tender touch my own they greet,  
Pain is not pain, and sorrow is most sweet.

In this he offers an attractive figure and a sadly appreciative tribute:

## TEARS.

Could I but crystallize these midnight tears  
And gather from their heaved bitterness  
A rosary for burning lips to press,  
Some pain-born token of these joyless years  
To teach the faith that saves, the hope that cheers;  
Then would I bid these fountains of distress  
Flow fast and free, if their sad floods could bless  
Or murmur peace in some poor sufferer's ears.  
Have I not known, O God! have I not felt  
The benediction of another's verse  
Steal o'er me in the dark and lonely hour?  
Hath it not made my stubborn heart to melt,  
And turned to prayer the deep rebellious curse,  
And soothed my soul to rest with wondrous power?

Not often does the torrent of his resentment run  
hank-full, as in this, and yet there is music in its  
murmuring:

## PAIN.

Now if this ink were blood, this pen a quill  
Torn from some fierce and fresh-fed vulture's wing,  
This sheet a shroud, and mine such matchless skill  
As his who o'er the deathless damned did fling  
A glory that the ages can not pale,—  
Yea, were these mine, it might not then be vain  
To 'prison on this page an anguished wail  
Or torture-telling threnody of pain.  
But my sore, songless heart doth only grun  
Low grief-ground curses through my gasping  
teeth.  
Familiar fiend of hell! wherein have I  
Sinned more than others, that thou dost bequeath  
To me an agony that could atone  
For half a world and its salvation buy?

In spite of darkness and pain there are breathings  
of hope and faith in many of the poems, as in this:

## THOU UNSEEN HARP.

Thou Unseen Harp, that hangest in the skies,  
Chorded with beams that stretch from star to star,  
Thy deep vibrations reach me from afar,  
For every mighty string in music sighs  
Till night's dark dome is filled with symphonies.  
O starry midnight hymns! to me ye are  
A comfort and a hope; no cloud shall bar  
Nor dawn defraud me of the faith that flies  
On climbing wing across the bridgeless night,  
To where the din and discord of the day  
Can never reach. Dear faces that I know,  
And sweet familiar words, my soul invite,  
Till all forgotten is the shackling clay  
That binds me to this troublous scene below.

This is the worship of the true poet:

## THE UNKNOWN LOVE.

As in the City of the Violet Crown  
An altar to the Unknown God was raised  
Midst shrines of beauty that a world amazed,  
And even now in crumbling grandeur frown;  
For well the fine Hellenic hand could grow  
The stone with glory; but while strangers praised  
The peerless piles, the Greek upon them gazed  
Unmoved by all their beauty and renown.  
For every sense was sated, and he yearned  
For more than soulless marble could contain,  
Then did his vague idolatry disown.  
So I on Passion's altars long have burned  
The incense of my soul; but all in vain,—  
The love I dream of I have never known.

Mr. Robertson inscribes the book to his friend,  
Sands W. Fremman.

The volume is made attractive with heavy, rough-edged paper, and a modest binding of gray stamped with gold.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

The second edition of J. K. Mumford's valuable book on Oriental rugs will be published by the Scribners next month.

## BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Zola's Prophecy of Ideal Conditions.

There is as much of the ideal as of the real in Emile Zola's latest work, "*Travail*," which has been translated from the French and published under the title "Labor." Unfortunately, the strength of the author's argument—for the book is more of a treatise than a novel—lies in its description of the ideal conditions in a manufacturing neighborhood, phrased in glowing generalities that never for a moment suggest actual accomplishments. The book is a plea for coöperation—capital, labor, and intelligent direction to join interests and share equally in the results. In the story, labor is with difficulty won to the attempt, and when at the first quarterly settlement the earnings are less than those under the old system, or even barely equal to them, many of the workmen become discouraged, and, though their surroundings have been much improved and their labor lessened, they revolt and go back to their former employment, which was nothing short of slavery. But the hero of the story continues his efforts. He builds model homes for the workmen, schools and play-grounds for the children, plans coöperative stores, and plants trees and flowers where once there was only blight and desolation, and in time his plan succeeds. He is on the brink of ruin several times, once is mobbed by injured tradesmen and their sympathizers, but dies at last in honored old age, the patriarch of an ideal community.

Never before has Zola been such a special pleader. To heighten the effect of the economic revolution whose history he writes, he pictures with impressiveness the scenes about the iron-works in a district of France that produces the ore from which guns, shells, and implements of steel are manufactured. In the grim and scorching heat of the works the laborers wear out their lives, their faces seared and drawn, growing crippled and blind, their wages pitifully small, their only pleasure a resort to alcoholic drinks. Among those who benefit from this ill-paid and hardly used labor, Zola finds nothing but poisonous prosperity. Profligacy and vice threaten every home, and in the end the most shocking calamities come to those who have enjoyed their wealth in utter selfishness.

Luc Froment, the young engineer and enthusiast, who is stirred to action by reading an epitome of Fourier's system, and who succeeds in completely changing the character of the manufacturing district and its people, is far from being a model character in his domestic life. In fact, the morals of most of the prominent figures in the book are non-existent. As a whole, the work has less of power, less of conviction than any of Zola's earlier works. It is full of dreary repetitions. Genealogical tables are numerous, and though they are worked out patiently with an eye to later developments and family connections, the labor is misapplied. The dream of the collectivist, the communist, the socialist, the anarchist—whatever his particular label—is not always unattractive. It has been set down with more regard for practical detail, with more convincing eloquence, many times.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

## The Passion of a Perstan King.

Artaxerxes Longimanus of Persia, and Themistocles, the Athenian statesman and soldier, are spectacular figures in Mrs. Reginald de Koven's new novel, "By the Waters of Babylon," but little favor is won by either. The king is shown in the hunt, in the banquet-hall, as a witness of the procession and ceremonies of the priests of Bel, and in the final scene only does he put on the majesty of a sovereign. Themistocles, then in exile, and a willing pensioner of the king, appears merely as a good friend of the hero of the novel, and commits suicide among the guests at a feast in his own house rather than take command of an invading force sent against Greece by his royal patron.

The chief interest of the story is found in Miriam, a beautiful Jewess, betrothed to Arion, cup-bearer to the king. Artaxerxes himself is affected by the charms of the girl, and plans to make her his queen, but the high-priest of the temple of Bel also covets the Jewish beauty, and sets himself up against the king, demanding that she be made high-priestess of the temple, in obedience to a command of the gods. Arion is not only powerless in this danger to his promised wife, but is in deeper trouble through his indifference to the advances of Amytis, the sister of the king. The final catastrophe takes place in the temple, where Arion kills the high-priest and wins from the king forgiveness for himself and Miriam, though both are banished from Babylon.

Many of the descriptive passages are well done, but the burden of the story, with its remote impulses and complications, is carried with some difficulty.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

## An Artistic and Impressionable Heroine.

Charles Marriott's novel, "The Column," is a distinctive piece of work, if not a thoroughly pleasing one. It introduces some people whom it is a privilege to know, even though the acquaintance is incomplete and transitory. Two of its chapters, at least, are delightfully humorous, and there is but one that is definitely instructive and tiresome. It is

something more than a cleverly written story—it suggests more than it tells, and it has a clinging flavor.

On this slender frame-work the story is built: Daphne Hastings, the heroine, is the graceful, artistic, yet thoroughly healthy and unaffected daughter of a retired man of the world with literary tendencies. Father and daughter live in a retired spot on the Cornwall coast, in a home built after the father's plans, and with grounds decorated with a Doric column in marble brought from Greece. Basil Waring, a settlement missionary in London, breaks his leg at the Hastings' door, is taken in and cared for, flatters the father and falls in love with the daughter. Daphne marries him, and this is the tragedy—what comes after is inevitable. For she is a mystic, in some ways, like her father, while Waring is really an ordinary individual, who can not be kept on a pedestal very long. Herbert Waring, the brother of the counterfeit hero, is a better man. Miss Williams, his church assistant, is a friend-maker, even if a trifle too earnest. Mrs. Bargister and Mr. Bargister, are unconscious comedians, but their son Johnnie, a chum of Daphne's, is an improvement on their plans and ingeniously loyal. Caspar Gillies, the young doctor and musical and chemical enthusiast, is a droll but winning figure. There is no villain in the story, but Mrs. Laffey, or Gertrude, as Basil knows her, is a suggestion of the author's possibilities in that line.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Cavalier," George W. Cable's new novel, will soon be brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Cable sets the scene for his story during the summer of 1863 in Copiah County, Miss. The hero of this story is Ned Ferry, the chief of Ferry's Confederate scouts, and the heroine is Charlotte Oliver, a Confederate newspaper correspondent.

Hall Caine's new romance, "The Eternal City," upon which he has been engaged for nearly three years, will be published in book-form within a few weeks by D. Appleton & Co.

Onoto Watanna, the author of "A Japanese Nightingale," which is to be brought out soon, is one of a number of children born to an English consul, who married a native of Japan and subsequently held a government position at Toronto. She is only twenty-three years of age, and her short stories have appeared in many Eastern magazines.

The Century Company will issue in October "God Save the King!" a story of the time of Charles the Second, by Ronald MacDonald, author of "The Sword of the King," in the dramatization of which Julia Marlowe is soon to appear.

The sales of General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" since its publication, twenty-one years ago, amount to seven hundred and twenty-five thousand copies.

Archibald Clavering Gunter's new novel, "The Deacon's Second Wind," is announced for early publication.

Among the books of the late Professor Joseph Le Conte which D. Appleton & Co. have issued are "Elements of Geology," "Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought," "Religion and Science," "Sight," and his "Comparative Physiology and Morphology of Animals."

An English writer, H. Whates, in the preface of his biography of King Edward the Seventh, which is soon to be given an American publication, says: "This little sketch will excite the disdain of the courtier and the surprise of the sycophant. It is written for neither class, but for those to whom loyalty is not synonymous with servility nor respect with fulsome adulation. An attempt has been made to give an estimate of his majesty's capacities which shall be free from the nauseating flattery of conventional biography of modern royalties, and to write an account of the facts of his life from which trivialities and mawkish sentimentalities are excluded."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish this fall a little book by the late Professor John Fiske, entitled "The Life Everlasting," which will form the fifth in the series on immortality delivered at Harvard University by various distinguished men.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will soon put forth a new book by Garrett P. Serviss, having for its subject "Other Worlds and Their Possibilities."

Neil Munro, author of "Doom Castle," will soon have another novel printed, "The Shoes of Fortune."

The oldest of the "Immortals," or members of the French Academy, is Legouvé, who is ninety-four. The Paris *Gaulois* thinks that the best thing he wrote is this: "It is often said that God condemned man to work. This is absurd. God condemned man to live, and gave him work as a mitigating circumstance."

Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Right of Way," the serial publication of which was concluded in the August number of an Eastern magazine, will be published early in September.

Among the books which the Century Company will publish in October are "Miss Joy," by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Annie Booth McKinney,

well-known newspaper writers in the South, who have written a romance in which Aaron Burr is a conspicuous character; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch," by Alice Caldwell Hegar; "An Oklahoma Romance," by Helen Churchill Candee; and "Tom Beauling," a romance of to-day, by Gouverneur Morris, of New York. Each of these four novels is the first its author has written.

Captain Arthur H. Clarke, of the New York Yacht Club, is writing a history of yachting, which is expected to give a more comprehensive account of the sport in all countries than any hitherto prepared.

The supplement to "The Dictionary of National Biography," which will be published by the Macmillan Company in September, is to consist of three volumes containing one thousand articles. More than two hundred of these articles represent accidental omissions from the work as it at present exists.

## RECENT VERSE.

## The Passing of Tragedy.

What form goes there,  
Across the square?

I know it without coaching,  
That doleful mien.

The Tragic Queen!

Oh, heaven! she is approaching.

That stalking tread,  
That bridled head,

Those eyes so mad, yet steady!

Hide, hide, Pierrette!

We'll fool her yet—

She knows too much already.

"She ought to be  
In custody."

(She ought to be in Hades!)

"Or far away  
In Mandalay,

In some Home for Old Ladies."

Once safe and sound  
And outward bound

Upon the wide Atlantic,  
One handkerchief

Would hold my grief.

Her presence drives me frantic.

Quick Pierrette, quick!

And let her stick

Her card beneath the door.

For, once inside—

Ah, she would hide

Her enmity no more.

O shape of fear,  
Approach not near

My unassuming doorway!

You have no right

In here to-night;

Some alleyway is your way.

Old Tragic Muse,  
I hate your views

Of love and wine and woman.

But Comedy

Shall play with me

As long as hearts are human.

Away, avast,  
Misfortune's aunt!

Seek younger loves than mine.

I have a date

To dine at eight

With Comedy and wine.

There, love, at last

The shadow's past.

Thank God, we shall escape her!

Now, never mind,

Pull down the blind,

And light the festal taper!

—Bliss Carman in the *Smart Set*.

## Frm Heine.

"Im Walde."

I stray and sob in the forest,

The throstle sits on the bough.

She springs and sings her purest—

"What ails thee, sad of brow?"

Thy sisters dear, the swallows,

Can rede thee true my child,

Who chose the lattice-hollows

Where erst my darling smiled.

—W. Sichel in the *Saturday Review*.

## Apart.

If I were dead I think that you would come

And look upon me cold and white and say,—

"Poor child—I'm sorry you have gone away."

But just because my body has to live

Through hopeless years—you do not come and

say,—

"Dear child—I'm glad that you are here to-day."

—Frances Bacon Paine in *Harper's Magazine*.

In the July *Land of Sunshine*, the editor, Charles

F. Lummis, gives a vivid picture of the sweltering

East, which he is visiting after an absence of eighteen

years. He says he "has lived in the tropics and in

the intermediate deserts and they have been warm

enough for him, but he has never found anything so

bad as summer in the land which is sardined with

the vast majority of the people who confess that they

are the smartest in the world." Mr. Lummis also

makes an eloquent appeal in behalf of the Mission

Indians of Southern California, "whose only crime,"

he says, "is that they were here first and that they

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Town-Dweller in the Country.

The genuine humor of "The Abandoned Farmer" will appeal to a large circle, for there are few of us who have not at some time tried country life under similar circumstances. It is the story of a town-dweller's first experience in living away from town. (The author, Sydney H. Preston, has the faculty of giving a ludicrous turn to the most trivial incidents of every-day life. Those who have enjoyed a good laugh over his "Green Pigs" will not be disappointed in "The Abandoned Farmer.")

A young newspaper writer and his wife are forced to consider living in the country on account of the delicate health of their only child, a boy of six. The newspaper man's ideas of farming are somewhat vague, though he is quite certain that a herd of Jerseys is one of the requisite features. However, owing to the good sense of his practical wife, they resolve to get along without the Jerseys for the first year, and to lease no more land than they can cultivate with a spade, a rake, and a hoe. After considerable searching they succeed in finding a place that suits them, and they proceed to drive a bargain with the shrewd old landlord, Peter Waydean.

He explains to them that there are fifty acres of farming land in addition to the house and garden—enough, if properly worked, to pay the rent of the whole place and something over; he will ask them only three hundred dollars a year rent, and for a mere song will sell them all the farming implements, horses, cows, and chickens that they will need. Our city man is ready to jump at this proposition:

"I had been fascinated by the frankly ingenuous assurance of his manner; in fact, I was mentally exulting in my good fortune in finding such a generous landlord, when the sound of Marion's voice aroused me.

"Fifty acres, Mr. Waydean!" she exclaimed. "That would never do. My husband is quite opposed to the idea of trying to make money by farming, and—"

"Oh, quite," I interjected, shaking my head with emphasis.

"We want to live in the country," she continued, "but we can't afford to actually farm."

"Between ourselves, Mr. Waydean," I hastened to say, "I've seen so much of city people fooling away money in farming that I've made up my mind not to work any more land than I can attend to with a spade, a rake, and a hoe."

He stared at us in turn, incredulity giving place to gloom as he realized that I was serious; then he turned to Marion in a burst of candor.

"I tell you what, ma'am," he said, with warm approval, "I ain't met many men with so much downright common sense as your husband. I'll own that I'm a bit sorry that he don't want to work the farm, for I'm getting old and I'd like a rest; but the truth is that running a farm costs a lot of money, and farmers come out at the wrong end of the horn most years. However, you've took a fancy to the place and I've took a shine to you, so I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll work the farming land myself, and you can take the house and grounds for four hundred a year."

Peter stood in the attitude of an anticleric who is forced to throw away a desirable no-reserve lot on the first bid; surely, then, my ears had deceived me into thinking that this was a larger sum than he had asked for the whole farm.

Marion was the first to speak. "I don't quite see," she began, dubiously; "isn't that more?"

Needless to say that the city couple never admit to their friends the humiliating fact that they do not work their own farm. Nor do they admit that they buy all their milk, butter, chickens, and eggs. When Marion's Aunt Sophy comes to pay them a visit, there is despair in the household, for the few chickens they have are all the special pets of little Paul, and may not be killed:

As I thought the matter over I could see that Marion was entirely to blame for this hopeless complication. If she had allowed me to get eggs from pure-bred stock for setting we would have had twenty-seven chickens of exactly similar appearance that Paul never could have individualized, never have named, never have loved with the passionate fervor that he bestowed on each one of the variegated specimens hatched from eggs at ten cents a dozen. My eggs, I computed, would have cost not more than five dollars; so, in order to save four dollars and a half, Marion had saddled us with a flock as unapproachable from a culinary standpoint as so many sacred cows.

"Marion," I said, "I don't wonder that you feel annoyed, but you may as well face the difficulty now. I'm tired of people asking me how we like living in the country, and then remarking that it must be fine to have your own chickens. Of course I'm willing to keep up appearances and to make-believe that having our own chickens is one of our many daily luxuries; but now that your Aunt Sophy is coming we've got to eat them, or she'll know the reason why. We've got to kill and cook and pick the bones of Abner, Jeremiah, and Lucy, or some other of the boy's pets; but if I had had my way about the eggs he couldn't have told one from another, and we might have had an occasional fowl without these painful personal associations."

Aunt Sophy comes and pays her visit, and goes away again. They have chickens three times a week, but—they are from the market. Exaggerated reports of the young newspaper man's successful farming venture begin to spread among his friends, and one of them proceeds to cross-question him, much to his dismay. But he is equal to the

emergency, as is shown by the following conversation:

"How many acres in your farm?"

"Fifty." (It really was my farm, for I was paying more than the rent of the whole place to Peter.)

"How many horses?"

"Five—two working teams and a fast driver." (Fortunately, I knew Peter's stable.)

"Cows? Calves?"

"Three cows; seven calves." (I was pretty sure of the cows, but I had to guess at the calves.)

"Jupiter! You never raised seven calves from three cows?"

"Oh, yes. Three pair of twins—the odd one is last year's."

"Last year's! Thought you had only been farming two months?"

"Yes, but I bought one calf with her mother."

"Three pair of twins first season! Great Caesar—what luck! What did you pay for the farm?"

"Six thousand, two hundred and fifty."

"Cash?"

"Cash."

"The devil! You must be well fixed? How many men do you keep?"

"Just one."

"What do you have to pay him?"

"Three hundred a year."

"Must be a nice place for children. How many have you?"

"Five." (This was theoretically correct. Paul had invented two sisters and two brothers, all invisible, to play with. A man's family should be screened from publicity, and this reply seemed to make Paul strictly impersonal. He did not ask me how many wives I had.)

Marion's objections to keeping any stock of their own are finally overruled, and she consents to the purchase of a cow. They consult the butcher, who advises them where to go to buy a cow, but warns them to be careful to get a fresh one and to avoid "strikers":

I went into the house to get ready for the trip, for the butcher had offered to take me part way; Marion followed me. "Henry," she inquired, in a confidential tone, "what are fresh cows—and strikers?"

It was the very problem I was wrestling with. If the butcher had not been waiting, and if Marion had not followed me so closely, I would have snatched a moment to consult my books of reference, but I had no time even to collect my thoughts properly. I was in a great hurry, but Marion was so anxious for information that I did my best to enlighten her.

"A fresh cow," said I, struggling into my coat in jerks, "is one—in the prime—of life—and—vigor; a stripper, on the contrary, is merely—a middle-aged—juvenile."

I seized my hat and hurried away.

Our friend picks out a good-looking cow, and then is so much pleased with his purchase that he buys a calf as well. They are delivered at his house that same night. But, alas, it does not take Marion long to discover, with the aid of the friendly butcher, that the cow is dry! The discussion then turns upon the calf:

"And now," said I to the butcher, "I'd like your candid opinion about the calf. If I decided to raise it, would it be likely to grow into a valuable cow?"

"Well," he answered, gulping in a peculiar, hesitating way, as if he were reluctant to answer, "you mostly can't tell what kind of a cow a calf will make when it's a week old, but if you—if you wanted to raise a cow, you—you—"

His face became suffused with a dull purple flush, as if he were struggling with a mighty spasmodic sneeze; he turned his face away, his body shaking convulsively, then with obvious difficulty he continued: "If you wanted to raise a cow you'd ought to have bought a—a ha, ha, ha!"

"Have bought a what?" I cried, in exasperation.

He stopped laughing and looked up and down the road, then leaned over the edge of the wagon-seat with his whip hand shielding one side of his mouth. I hung breathless on his words.

"A—cow—calf," he whispered.

It would appear that the neighbors are justified in their opinion of our city man—that "he ain't no reg'lar farmer." But he soon becomes one, for when the story closes he has become in reality the owner of the farm that he has worked so successfully for a year with only a rake, a spade, and a hoe.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

## New Publications.

A romance of the Scottish Highlands, with a French count as the hero, is offered in "Doom Castle," by Neil Munro. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A new volume in the Lover's Library Series is "Love Poems of Tennyson," vest-pocket size, printed in green and purple inks with lilac cloth cover, stamped in gold, and with gilt edges. Published by John Lane, New York; price, 75 cents.

The little treatise of ninety-six pages, entitled "The Science of Sociology," and written by Wallace E. Nevill, is more notable for its disfiguring lines of capitals in the text than for originality or force. Published by the author, San Francisco.

"Corporation Laws of the State of California, with Citations from, up to, and including the One Hundred and Thirtieth California Report," is a well-printed compilation made by Charles Forrest Curry, secretary of State, and published by A. J. Johnston, Sacramento.

"The Moderns," by George Trimble Davidson, is a novel of New York life, with a Parisian prologue.

A number of its characters are transplanted from the Old World, and there is mystery and adventure throughout its length. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A poetical legend in prose, "The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin, has been printed in a thin volume with artistic borders in colored inks and a cover stamped in gold and colors. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

Another colonial romance with attractive features is "When the Land Was Young," by Lafayette McLaws. It is full of action, on land and sea, and it holds as well some good pictures of life in the Carolinas in early days, and a final scene at the French court. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

Mark Ashton's novel, "She Stands Alone," purports to be the record of Pilate's wife, who has not had the honor due her, according to the dedication of his book. The story ranges from Jerusalem to Britain, and presents numerous word-pictures of events and customs of the time. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Three stories of love and remorse are included in the volume named from the first of them, "A Woman Alone." Mrs. W. K. Clifford is the author, and in spite of her predilection for creating insurmountable difficulties in the way of her heroes, her stories seldom fail in sustained interest. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Racing Rhymes and Other Verses," by Adam Lindsay Gordon, is a collection of metrical effusions selected and arranged by T. O. Guen. There is plenty of life and movement in the verses, and they will appeal more to lovers of sport than to poets. The volume is handsomely printed, with numerous illustrations. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.25.

In the Teachers' Professional Library Series the latest issue is "The New Basis of Geography," by Jacques W. Redway, and it is an interesting and valuable work. Mr. Redway is a student who keeps up with the progress of the age, and is not restrained by idle conservatism from considering the need of advanced methods, and pointing out the direction advancement should take. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Nelson Lloyd's story, "The Chronic Loafer," was original and amusing, and he has followed that success with another which has the same characteristics, yet contains a stronger thread of interest. This is an American love-story, entitled "A Drone and a Dreamer," and it may be commended to all who care to make the acquaintance of real people who are never wearisome and whose interests are above the commonplace. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Having reached a third edition in Germany, the attention given Professor Carl Bücher's work, "Industrial Evolution," is ample justification for the translation now offered through Professor S. Morley Wickett's painstaking efforts. The volume is a serious study of nearly four hundred pages, yet is written in an easy readable style. It deserves the consideration of students of political economy, and will not be neglected by any who give its table of contents a glance. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

## The Life of Stevenson.

When it was first announced that Sidney Colvin, who edited the "Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," had been obliged to relinquish the task of writing the life of his friend which he had been planning, much disappointment was expressed in this country and in England, which was not diminished when it was learned that the biographer was to be a Mr. Graham Balfour, concerning whom little was known. Apropos of Mr. Balfour's selection for the task of writing a work which is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons, a letter recently written by Mrs. Stevenson, the widow of the author, to a friend, may not be without interest. She says:

"I want to tell you why I insisted, in spite of his reluctance, that my husband's cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour, should write the biography. When Mr. Colvin, owing to continued ill-health and the peremptory claims of his official work, relinquished the task, I was at a loss for a time where to look for his successor. After much deliberation it seemed to me—and to Mr. Colvin—that Mr. Balfour, a relative, a friend, a member of the family at Vallima during the concluding and perhaps most interesting period of Mr. Stevenson's life, was better fitted than any one else to take Mr. Colvin's place. Mr. Balfour's close intimacy during those troublous years in Samoa gave him a sympathetic insight into my husband's character that no other biographer could aspire to; while his ardent admiration, intensified by the ties of kinship, made him eager to know *au fond* the man whose mind and personality thus possessed for him a double fascination. Indeed, of all Mr. Stevenson's friends, there was none so adequately equipped to write his biography. Though at first Mr. Balfour shrank from an undertaking so unforeseen and difficult, he in the end gave way to my wish, admitting the justness of my contention that the work was a duty he had no right to shirk. An added interest is that a great deal of my husband's unpublished manuscript has been incorporated in the work."

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It is generally a safe rule to cultivate a mood of moderate expectation when one is on the way toward a promised pleasure, and if you go to see "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" in this frame of mind, the gain in enjoyment is proportionately greater. Furthermore, make up your mind to swallow a violent improbability without argument or objection, and all the rest seems natural and easy. The Lady Huntworths of the world do not in times of impecuniosity seek the kitchen as a field for their industrial activities; but the creator of this especial one, having placed her there, justifies the act by making that shrine of culinary mysteries a rather entertaining spot. There are no weighty questions, no ethical problems, no intellectual intricacies in the play proper. It is merely a quickly moving, well-constructed, and always amusing if purely superficial little comedy, with a closely connected series of scenes, and crisp, if not very scintillating, dialogue. The characters, some of whom are at all profound, are nevertheless built on a foundation of truth, with, in some cases, a perceptible tendency toward well-worn caricature. There is no sentimentality, and a marked scarcity of sentiment. The entire action transpires in a prosperous English vicarage, and the lookers-on occupy the pleasantly novel position of shifting their point of outlook from the parlor to the kitchen.

The servant question, always a vital and palpitating thing, is hedged about with many pitfalls for the uowary. Especially are these plentiful in the American kitchen, in which the presence of its nominal mistress is generally confined to a ten-minute interview, during which the so-called orders are given in a gentle, deprecatory spirit, while their slavish utterer quakes in dread of a cloud on the brow of the august recipient. It was, in consequence, quite a luxurious sensation to spend a complete act in the roomy vicarage kitchen, to watch with a curious eye all that transpired there, and to listen, without feeling one's self to be an eavesdropper, to the hahle of the butler and the housemaid. Perhaps it is vulgar and underbred to feel a personal interest in cooks, butlers, and housemaids. But they are a potent fact which the wealthy, at least, have to deal with—probably as a working out of the law of compensation, poor things! And in spite of its being regarded as a social offense of the darkest dye to converse on the servant question, all women do. I remember having once heard an awe-inspiring rumor to the effect that the New York Four Hundred had suffered so much from the servant famine, some two years ago, that the high-horn society dames relaxed their dread interdiction on the subject, and decreed that ladies might freely and unashamed, even in the most exclusive circles, converse above a whisper on the subject of their household tribulations. And I will wager a good gold coin against a copper cent that the blue-blooded Manhattanites felt quite as deep an interest as the vulgar-minded plebes in watching this clever little transcript from the lives of the kitchen myrmidons. Perhaps it would not be so clever if it were not for the skill with which it is done, for the acting of the company is above the merit of the play. It is impossible, for instance, to conceive of anything better of its kind than Alison Skipworth's sketch of Keziah, the housemaid.

Mr. Owen's Gawdy was thoroughly well drawn, but numerous touches of exaggeration prevented it from being so completely a study from life as Miss Skipworth's Keziah. The frowsy little slavey was done to the life, and gave one the impression of being entirely absorbed in her chatter, which bubbled out as freely and irresponsibly as water from a tap. In many minor details, she indicated the uncouthness of the under-servant class. She pinned up her yawning collar crooked and sucked her pricked finger with a vast unconsciousness of the house in front. Appearances were entirely sacrificed, her figure was padded to shapelessness, and the hang of her skirt would serve as the nightmare dream of a ladies' tailor.

Another admirable piece of skilled stage portraiture—perhaps I should say caricature—was Mr. Graot Stewart's vicar. A clergyman would need a healthy sense of humor to forget his bruised egoism and to enter into the fun of the thing, for Mr. Stewart has shown an irreverently discerning mind in the fidelity of his copy from life, even with all its humorous emphasis. It is difficult for the idle-minded auditor to realize how many minor points have been studied and joined together to produce this skillful character sketch. But take Mr. Stewart's gait alone, with its propitiatory ioculation of the body and the gently deprecatory fall of his clerical coat; take his delivery, with the neat,

precise inflections and admonitory tone of the practiced pulpit-speaker.

Mr. Fioney gave an equally well-studied and graphic, if realistically disagreeable, picture of the exhausted *roué*, while Mrs. Whiffey was a constant delight in reordering the chaotic aspects of horror and amaze which swept over the scandalized countenance of the vicar's maiden sister. Although an able young actor, Mr. Courteay was obliged to subordinate himself considerably, while Miss Morgan's part allowed her an opportunity to display unmistakable talent, although marred by some slight artificiality. Which brings us to Miss Hilda Spoo and Mr. Arthur Forrest, who filled the two leading rôles.

Miss Spoo, as the masquerading cook, had very little opportunity to show what she is capable of histrionically. She is, while not exactly a beauty, an extremely stunning-looking woman, with a fine stage presence, a graceful, gliding gait, and great natural style. It was perfectly possible to conceive of Lady Huntworth's charms inflicting havoc on the sentimental susceptibilities of the numerous men connected with the vicar's household. Miss Spoo lent further piquancy to the handsome cook, bestowing a hounteous sense of humor upon her. Perhaps too much, for I thought at times that her smiles were too frequent. She has an admirable elegance of manner, a low but telling voice, and a natural deftness of movement that caused a sensation of pleasure while watching her perform the various little duties connected with her position as cook.

Mr. Forrest, like Miss Spoo, was, in appearance, perfectly in keeping with his part, and again, as with Miss Spoo, entirely satisfactory in a rôle that made but little call on his abilities. Fortunately, we shall see them both in "Wheels Within Wheels," another New York success, by the same author.

San Francisco, it seems, may soon timidly hold up her head, and feel that she has righted herself with the New York managers. This is the fourth New York company that we have seen this summer, and more to come. Furthermore, there is a distinct improvement in the class of plays presented by local managers. Frawley, in particular, has shown commendable enterprise in producing "The Liars" and "Brother Officers" in rapid succession, while "Lord and Lady Algy" is announced for next week.

Salassa, the all-conquering, will have to look to his laurels, for Agostini promises to be a powerful rival in the affections of the music-loving public. In "La Favorita" the young tenor delighted his audience by revealing the beauty and purity of his voice, the soundness of his musical judgment, and the superiority of his technique. Not only has his voice an unusually sweet lyric quality, but he sings with delicious expression. There is, too, a pleasing absence of theatricalism about him, and no bids for applause in the way of an encrimsoned countenance, swelling veins, high-waving arms, and wild charges to the footlights, when his voice unfurls its sky-tops' notes. If all that gentle placidity, evident during his duets with Leonora, was genuine, he must have the temper of an angel, for Collamarini, with the best of intentions and the worst of execution, ruined every number that the lovers in "La Favorita" sang in concert. Agostini, apparently unmoved, never once tried to outshout the fair shouter, but, true musician that he is, adhered to his own standard. I suspect, however, that the poor man let off volleys of Italian profanity when the duos were over, and I sincerely hope that he permitted himself the indulgence of kicking the furniture.

Poor, pretty, self-satisfied, shallow-souled Collamarini! What a dumpling of inefficiency the little woman is! And how quickly she is doing to death a voice that might have had some possibilities, if its owner had the soul of an artist inside of that well-corseted, roly-poly of a body. Too much screaming has fatally encouraged a wiry strain of shrillness; too little study has made her helplessly dependent on the prompter. I felt my soul moved to compassion when I saw the violent lapses the little contralto made from Leonora, tottering in agony through Alfonso's gilded halls (howbeit with a comparatively pleasant expression of countenance), to Collamarini fixing a prolonged gaze of business absorption on the prompter in the wings.

Ferrari's voice has markedly improved since his first appearance with the Lamhardi troupe. He has very evidently put in much study, for a certain hardness and rigidity that characterized it before has disappeared, and a few humps and edges have been smoothed out. It is now a well-rounded, full-volume, smooth, sonorous haritone, and its owner a most valuable addition to this very superior group of singers. Dado's rich and powerful bass further strengthened the male cast.

On the other hand, the appearance of Miss Krüger was but an additional element of weakness on the female side. A better arrangement, I suspect, would have been to cast as Inez the invisible singer, who, in the temple scene in "Aida," rendered so prettily the solo of the priestess. Her voice had both body and sweetness, and, unlike Miss Krüger's, held its own in that most trying of tests, the atmosphere of grand opera.

I have never seen James Neill appear to such disadvantage as in "The Royal Box." He seemed to founder, like a man in a bog. The fatal facility for copying from others, which is so characteristic of his

work, leads him into a dangerous weakness when he is thrown upon his own resources. As Clareece, he was self-conscious—noisy when he should have been fiery, pettish when he should have been sad. He was out of place, too, in the dress of Romeo, and carried himself with a forward slant that was very ungraceful. His legs refused to strike the right attitudes, and seemed to loudly and insistently exclaim: "Behold us in tights!" His delivery was unusually and calamitously poor, for he drew too heavily on his voice for his effects, and, in the great scene, gave his lines in a loud, unmodulated, unintelligible roar, which teased the listener, and was no doubt very fatiguing to the player. Facial expression, too, was lacking, and the grand climax of emotion always seemed to elude him. I would advise Mr. Neill, whose talent is purely modern, to instantly cut out the part of Clarence from his repertoire.

Miss Dean, too, was miscast, for her pretty little comedy talent had no play. She entirely failed to suggest the great lady who was the ornament of a court, and the passing fancy of that dilettante in fair woman, the First Gentleman of Europe. Miss Chapman struggled vainly to put life into a hopeless part.

In fact, the only members of the company who fitted with easy naturalness into their rôles were Mr. MacVicar and Mr. Bowles. I was struck, in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," by the cleverness of the former actor's representation of Jim Harahio, the convicted sinner. There was reality and humor in it. As the Prince of Wales, Mr. MacVicar, although lacking the beauty of that royal rake, managed to invest the character with a touch of Old-World courtliness, and with some of the princeliness that should lightly sit upon a prince.

"The Royal Box" is a dull play. Its scenes are draggy, its dialogue talky, its sentiment silly. The characters inspire the on-looker with a sense of disapproval, for Clareece accepts money from a prince of whom he is jealous, the Countess Heleo has neither heart nor head, and Celia Pryse displays an inordinate tendency to follow up young gentlemen to their private apartments. Yet these are the leading characters, whose movements we are supposed to follow with a friendly interest.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### The Bayreuth Opera Season.

It would be impossible to find a more remarkable contrast (points out a writer in the New York *Evening Post*) than that between the attitude of the German newspapers toward Wagner and his Bayreuth plans twenty-five years ago and to-day. When he gave his first Nibelung festival, nearly all the leading newspapers either ignored it or sneered at it. Although he had pointed out in many letters and pamphlets that his sole object in erecting a special theatre at Bayreuth was to secure performances of his works more correct in style and better rehearsed than one could expect at ordinary opera-houses, where the singers were distracted by overwork and a multiplicity of styles, the press called him a vain-glorious charlatan, and his festival a humbug.

To-day, on the contrary, it is impossible to pick up a German paper which does not devote columns of eulogy to Wagner and discuss the Bayreuth festivals on their merits. This year's festival has attracted an unusual amount of attention, because of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first performance of the Nibelung Tetralogy, and also because the only one of Wagner's operas not previously heard at Bayreuth, "The Flying Dutchman," was staged. The Germans bought up the tickets so rapidly that little was left for foreigners. Henschel's *Telegraph* (containing time-tables for the German Empire) devotes a whole page to the extra trains that are being run to Bayreuth during the festival. It is said that over sixty thousand dollars was expended on the scenic outfit of "The Flying Dutchman." In its performance, the ridiculous plan of giving it without an intermission was actually carried out.

Commenting on the approaching return of Ada Rehan from England after a long rest to recuperate from an attack of influenza, which compelled her to close her tour last year, a New York daily says:

"Ada Rehan may not be the richest of American actresses, but her long career has yielded her a fortune sufficient to enable her to retire whenever she is inclined to do so. She is the owner of a large interest in Daly's Theatre in London, which has for several years been one of the most prosperous play-houses in that city. It is at present involved in litigation, and the favorable decision obtained by the Daly estate has been appealed from by George Edwards, although it is regarded as a foregone conclusion that the action will again be decided against the English contestant. This property will alone give Miss Rehan a large income, and she has other considerable resources. For a time she acted almost the entire year regularly, and with engagements here and in London was satisfied with a vacation of a week or two. Nowadays she prefers to limit the time of her work, and to confine her seasons to several months a year. She keeps her home in this city, and in addition to a town house in London has a summer home on the Irish Sea."

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Matinée To-Day and To-Morrow. Last Two Nights "Brother Officers." Beginning Monday Evening Next, Farewell Week of Daniel Frawley and Company, Presenting

-- LORD AND LADY ALGY --

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## THE ART OF MAKE-UP ON THE STAGE.

In an interesting article in the August *Cosmopolitan*, Edith Davis demonstrates how difficult and yet necessary is the art of make-up on the stage. As a proof that it is a potent factor in creating the illusion of beauty, she instances the case of Anna Held, whose much-talked of "beauty" disappears when she is met in the streets, or even in her own boudoir. It is but the creation of the artistic hand, the make-up box, and the footlights. However, even real beauties have to resort to paint and powder and pencil, else, in the glare of the limelight, they would assume an aspect of ghastly pallor. When used as a decoration, it is called "straight" make-up, but when used as a disguise, as an aid to the actor's assuming this or that character, and concealing his own personal identity from the spectator, it becomes what is known as a character make-up, and forms an important element in the art of actors whose rôles are out of the ordinary. Skill in creating "character" make-up is a rare kind of genius, and among those who possess it to an unusual degree is May Robson, who was last seen here at the Columbia Theatre as Mrs. Murphy in "Chimmie Fadden."

Aside from her appearance in the East last year in "Are You a Mason?"—in which she played the part of an elderly woman—Miss Robson has scarcely shown her natural face to the public. Says Miss Davis: "In the gallery of 'slaves' which she has created, and under such semblances of grotesquery and antiquity as she created in 'Foregone Conclusions,' 'The Conquerors,' and 'Lord and Lady Algy,' her face was distorted until it became a freak, a caricature. That Miss Robson is a fresh, handsome woman, with a fair face and sparkling eyes, one would never guess from seeing her upon the stage. Her art of 'making up ugly' is consummate. Her success as Little Poulette, the antiquated Parisian ballet-dancer, in 'The Conquerors,' was duplicated last season in 'Lady Huntworth's Experiment,' in which Miss Robson's excruciatingly funny make-up excited much favorable criticism. Perhaps no other actress can get quite so much startling effect out of her nose as Miss Robson."

"Most of her parts call for a turned-up nose, and, naturally, her own turns down. Describing how she made up her nose in 'Lady Huntworth's Experiment,' she said: 'I take a long, narrow piece of sticking-plaster and slit it to two half-way up. The upper part I paste on my forehead between the eyes, and that brings the two slit parts on the sides of my nose. Each one of these I stick to the nostril so that it is caught up, and then, to prevent the skin of the nose from sticking out above the bridge, I place a strip of plaster flat over that. Of course, I can't wiggle my nose once it is made up, and as all the company know that, they do their best to make me laugh whenever they have the chance. In a play where I was cast for a negro girl, Miss Robson added, 'I wore wool in my nose to make it thick and flat. I got the property-man to make two little round disks with holes through them, and I simply stuck them in my nostrils, which distended them until they were thick and flat.' Miss Robson is an adept in assuming curious poses and in the production of strange and startling effects. It is this skill, not only in facial make-up, but in carrying imitation into those other physical details, which go to make up the artistic perfection of the whole."

"William Crane is generally conceded to be the chief exponent of the art of character make-up in this country. His different parts constitute a complete text-book in the art. His appearance in 'David Harum' is a notable example of the perfection of the art. As I sat one night in his dressing-room, watching his little Japanese valet busying himself deftly with wigs and other accouterments of make-up, and Crane himself gradually transforming his features into something wholly unlike themselves, I thought of a remark which Joseph Jefferson made to some one who was speaking of Crane's 'luck.' 'Fudge! fudge! don't talk of Crane's 'luck,' but of Crane's hard work.' The effects which Mr. Crane succeeds in producing appear the more wonderful when one learns that he is so near-sighted that he is obliged to make up in a magnifying-glass of exceedingly powerful degree."

"When I first began to act, there was no such thing as grease-paint," he said to me. "We used chalk instead, and for reddening, in place of rouge, we used Chinese vermilion. The lines of the face we emphasized with india-ink." Just then Mr. Crane screwed his face up into a mass of wrinkles, and passed a rouge-paw over it lightly and rapidly, leaving the lines where the wrinkles would naturally come white. These lines he then traced with a pencil of dark-brown grease-paint, leaving beyond each line a rim of white. Thus he gave his whole face an effect of corrugation, like that of a man who has lived much of his life out-of-doors and in all kinds of weather. "Now, the book speaks of David Harum as having a mouth drooping at the corners," said Mr. Crane. And he proceeded to lengthen the mouth at either end by a short, drooping mark of lip-rouge, and to place a tiny dab of brown grease-paint below the mark. Mr. Crane's face is, naturally, rather long and thin. The effect of shortness necessary to the face of David Harum he produces by darkening the lower part of his chin, thus throwing it into shadow; that of fullness by bringing the rouge well down over the jaw-bone. Instead of darkening his

eyes, as in a 'straight' make-up, Mr. Crane smears them over with a stick of white grease-paint, making them resemble the burned-off lashes of a man who has been much exposed to the sun and also lending the eye an appearance of being small, shrewd, and twinkling. The large mole, 'half the size of a pea,' is made of jeweler's red cotton, and is pasted on the face with spirit-gum. The last touch which Mr. Crane puts to his make-up is the *mascara*, which he applies with a sponge to his hands and lower arms to give them an aspect of tan. Not a detail of his make-up is ever neglected. The work on his face alone takes this actor just one half-hour, and that when the season is well advanced and he is thoroughly accustomed to his make-up.

"No one understands better than Mr. Crane the part that make-up plays in an actor's success or failure. 'The knowledge was borne forcefully home to me,' he said, 'on the second occasion when I essayed to play the part of Falstaff. I had played the part once before, when Robson and I were in partnership. Then I went blithely upon the stage with the scantiest of preparation, knowing so little of the part, indeed, that I did not realize the limitations of my knowledge in that behalf until I had been upon the stage for some moments. I was hale and hearty at the time, however—stout, robust, and overflowing with spirits, and my work in the part was warmly received. Years afterward, when I had grown in knowledge, it became my pet ambition to put an elaborate production of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' upon the boards, with myself in the part of Falstaff. I went to England to study for it. There I collected sketches, memoranda, *et cetera*—everything which might aid me in a proper conception of the part. The customs and scenery, also, were designed and executed on the other side under the personal direction of the man who had put on the production so successfully in England. Well, I spent three years studying for that part, and it was a failure. It failed because I was in such reduced physical condition as to make it impossible for me to 'look the part.' In the first instance, I looked the part without knowing anything about it, and it was a success. In the second instance, I knew all about the part, but did not look it, and it was a failure."

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## The Frawley Company's Farewell Week.

During the ninth and last week of the Frawley Company's engagement at the Grand Opera House, R. C. Carton's three-act comedy, "Lord and Lady Algy," will be given. It is an exceedingly entertaining, brisk, and snappy play, and its characters belong to the English smart set. The situations are cleverly planned, and the dialogue is so full of cynical sparkle that it puts the players on their mettle, and hence in their revival we may expect to see the Frawley Company at their best.

The leading characters, the sporting Lord Alger, non Chetland, whose turf career is marked by a trail of losses, and his consort, who is an equally enthusiastic, though more successful turf-follower, will be played by T. Daniel Frawley and Mary Van Buren, respectively. The remainder of the cast is as follows: Duke of Droneborough, H. S. Duffield; Marquis of Quarby, Harrington Reynolds; Hon. Crosby Jethro, Herbert Ashton; Lieutenant Standidge, Frank Mathien; Brabazon Tudway, Wallace Shaw; Richard Annesley, Reginald Travers; Montague Denton, Oscar Dearborn; Mr. Jeal, Ainar Acton; Kinch, Ernest Rivaz; Swepson, J. R. Amory; Mawley Jemmett, Clarence Chase; Wyke, Roy Stephenson; Lady Pamela Mallinson, Christine Hill; Otilene Mallinson, Minnette Barrett; Emily Cardew, Margaret Smith; Mrs. Brabazon Tudway, Blanche Douglas; and Mrs. Vokins, Phosa McAllister. New scenery is being prepared by Frank King for this production, which will be mounted and costumed in a lavish manner. The scene at the fancy-dress hall in the second act will be especially rich and brilliant.

Following the Frawley engagement, Joseph Haworth begins a short starring engagement, opening in Lester Wallace's favorite play, "Rosedale."

## The Tivoli's Double Bill.

Boito's "Mefistofele" has been so enthusiastically received at the Tivoli Opera House that the management has decided to continue it next week on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee. None of the operas staged here this season compares with this new production in point of expenditure, and the cast is an exceptional one, including, as it does, Dado in the title rôle, Agostini as Faust, Montanari as Marguerite, Pollettini as Martha, and Cortesi as Wagner. The chorus does excellent work, and Professor Steindorf has worked up the music with thorough knowledge and appreciation.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore" will be sung again on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, with Collamarini as Azucena, Barbareschi as Leonora, Salassa as the count, Napoleoni as Fernando, Castellano as the troubadour, and Sannie Krüger and Pio Facci in the lesser rôles.

## "Wheels Within Wheels."

Daniel Frohman's company will be seen in R. C. Carton's "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" for the last time this (Saturday) evening, and next week

they will present another comedy by the same author which has not yet been seen here, "Wheels Within Wheels." It deals with the aristocratic gentry of London, and is full of bright dialogue and amusing situations. Hilda Spong will appear in the rôle of Mrs. Bulmer, which will give her an opportunity to wear some striking gowns, and most of the others who will be in the cast—Beatrice Morgan, Mrs. Whiffen, Arthur Forrest, Grant Stewart, William Courtney, William F. Owen, and Jamison Lee Finney—will have the parts which they created during the run of the comedy in New York, at the Madison Square Theatre.

On Monday, September 2d, Annie Russell, supported by an excellent company, will make her *début* here as a star in "A Royal Family." The advance sale of seats for her engagement opens on Thursday, and as Miss Russell's fame has preceded her, there is sure to be a great demand for tickets.

## The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The most notable new-comer at the Orpheum next week will be Lucille Saunders, the dramatic contralto, who has not visited San Francisco for many years. Miss Saunders was a leading member of the English Grand Opera Company which appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York last fall, and has always been identified with the best comic-opera companies in the United States, notably those in which Lillian Russell and Alice Nielsen starred. She will be heard in operatic selections and songs written especially for her, and is expected to score a great success. Frederick Eugene Powell, the magician, will make his first appearance here on Monday, and promises some illusions and new experiments which both mystify and amuse.

The hold-overs include the Cragg Family, who will present a new acrobatic act, introducing eight instead of six people; the four Otts, in their amusing skit, "The Smart Set"; Richard José, the sweet-voiced tenor, in a new repertoire of popular songs; Lefebvre's brilliant Saxophone Quartet; Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault, in Augustus Thomas's charming little comedieta, "A Proper Impriety"; Remarc and Rilay, the grotesque acrobats; and new pictures on the biograph, one of which shows the tearing down of the famous New York Star Theatre, at which many noted foreign actors made their first appearance in this country.

## Downing in a Spectacular Biblical Play.

Great preparations are being made at the Central Theatre for the first production in San Francisco on Tuesday evening, September 3d, of Edward Elser's biblical drama, "A Voice from the Wilderness," with Robert Downing, the popular tragedian, in the rôle of John the Baptist. Mr. Elser is the author of a version of "Under Two Flags," "Francesca di Rimini," and several other successful dramas, and expects his new play to create a deep impression here, for it follows closely the biblical story of John the Baptist, with the exception that Herodias, the consort of Herod, becomes enamored of the first apostle of Christianity. An idea of the magnitude of the production may be gleaned from the fact that there are over sixty speaking parts, and a hundred people are necessary to give the full picture effects, which are to be highly spectacular. The most notable scenes will represent a rocky wilderness skirting the River Jordan, with Mount Olivet outlined in the distance; the court-yard of the palace of Herod; his consort's magnificent apartment in the palace; the marketplace in Jerusalem; the castle where John is imprisoned; and Herod's throne-room where Salome dances before him.

The Grand Opera House School of Acting, under the direction of Leo Cooper, begins its course on September 2d. The school will be complete in every detail, and each department will be under the supervision of a competent instructor. During the course a series of student matinee performances will be given on the stage of the Grand Opera House, in order that local and visiting theatrical managers may have an opportunity of judging the individual work of the members of the school. It is promised that students with dramatic ability will be recommended for positions to responsible managers. Among the patrons of the school will be the Grand Opera House, Columbia Theatre, Orpheum, Tivoli Opera House, and the California Theatre.

Mme. Modjeska, who arrived in New York from Europe last week, is expected in California shortly, and will rest at her home in Southern California before beginning her tour in this country. In an interview she said: "I will open in California with my own company some time in October. The play will be 'Henry VIII,' and I will be supported by a company of my own selection. My visit to my native land was most enjoyable. I was not molested in the least by the Russian authorities."

If you want to enjoy a pleasant day's outing and escape the fog and hustle of the city, take a trip to the Tavern of Tamapais on the Scenic Railway, which passes through beautiful Mill Valley. The panoramic view from the veranda of the tavern and the summit of the mountain are incomparable.

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## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 27, 1901, were as follows:

|                                  | BONDS.  |                   | Closed. |         |
|----------------------------------|---------|-------------------|---------|---------|
|                                  | Shares. |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| U. S. Coup. 3%.....              | 500     | @ 108 1/4         | 108 1/4 |         |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.....            | 1,000   | @ 106 1/4         | 106 1/4 |         |
| Los An. & Pac. Ry. 5%.....       | 3,000   | @ 102 1/4         | 102 1/4 |         |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....           | 6,000   | @ 106- 106 1/4    | 106     |         |
| Oakland Transit 6%.....          | 6,000   | @ 113 1/4         |         | 120     |
| Oakland Water 5%.....            | 1,000   | @ 102 1/4         |         | 103 1/4 |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....           | 3,000   | @ 102 1/4         |         |         |
| Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....         | 10,000  | @ 110             | 108     | 112 1/4 |
| Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....     | 2,000   | @ 95              | 95      |         |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%..... | 1,000   | @ 121 1/4         | 122     |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910.....      | 26,000  | @ 113 1/4         | 113 1/4 |         |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905.....       | 12,000  | @ 109 1/4         | 109     | 110     |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912.....       | 58,000  | @ 121 1/4         | 121 1/4 |         |
| S. P. Branch 6%.....             | 4,000   | @ 136 1/4         | 136 1/4 |         |
| S. V. Water 4%.....              | 3,000   | @ 108 1/4-102 1/4 | 102 1/4 |         |
|                                  | STOCKS. |                   | Closed. |         |
|                                  | Shares. |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra Costa Water.....          | 80      | @ 76- 76 1/4      | 76      | 76 1/4  |
| Spring Valley Water.....         | 128     | @ 84 1/4- 85      | 84 1/4  | 86      |
| Gas and Electric.                |         |                   |         |         |
| Equitable Gaslight.....          | 485     | @ 5               | 5       | 5 1/4   |
| Oakland Gas.....                 | 130     | @ 52              |         | 52 1/4  |
| Pacific Gas.....                 | 220     | @ 36- 38 1/4      | 34 1/4  |         |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....        | 1,505   | @ 37 1/4- 40 1/4  | 37 1/4  |         |
| Banks.                           |         |                   |         |         |
| Bank of Cal.....                 | 26      | @ 404- 405        | 404     | 406     |
| Street R. R.                     |         |                   |         |         |
| Market St.....                   | 195     | @ 77- 78 1/4      | 76 1/4  |         |
| California St.....               | 10      | @ 130             | 130     |         |
| Powders.                         |         |                   |         |         |
| Giant Con.....                   | 150     | @ 75 1/4- 76      | 75 1/4  | 76      |
| Sugars.                          |         |                   |         |         |
| Hana P. Co.....                  | 155     | @ 6 1/4           | 6       | 6 1/4   |
| Honokaa S. Co.....               | 1,335   | @ 14 1/4- 15      | 14 1/4  | 15      |
| Hutchinson.....                  | 2,710   | @ 13 1/4- 14      | 14      | 14 1/4  |
| Kilauea S. Co.....               | 395     | @ 12- 13 1/4      | 12 1/4  | 13 1/4  |
| Makaweli S. Co.....              | 175     | @ 27- 27 1/4      | 27 1/4  |         |
| Onomea S. Co.....                | 100     | @ 24 1/4          | 24 1/4  | 27      |
| Pauhaui S. Co.....               | 845     | @ 14 1/4- 15      | 14      | 14 1/4  |
| Miscellaneous.                   |         |                   |         |         |
| Alaska Packers.....              | 35      | @ 129             | 128 1/4 | 129 1/4 |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....              | 94      | @ 96- 96 1/4      | 95      | 100     |
| Oceanic S. Co.....               | 35      | @ 44 1/4- 45      | 44 1/4  |         |

The market has been quiet and weak, and on light transactions shaded off from one-quarter to three points, the latter in San Francisco Gas and Electric, which was sold down three points to 37 1/4, but closed at 37 1/4 bid and sales. Market Street also sold off two and one-half points to 77, closing at that price, asked and sales.

Oceanic Steamship Company's stock, on sales of 35 shares, sold off one and five-eighths points to 44 1/4, closing at 44 1/4 bid for a small lot.

About 3,000 shares of Hutchinson sold from 14 to 13 1/4, and closed at 14 bid and sales, 14 1/4 asked. Honokaa sold to the extent of 1,350 shares, at 15-14 1/4, closing at 14 1/4 bid, 14 1/4 asked and sales. Pauhaui sold off to 14 1/4 on sales of 900 shares, closing at 14 bid, 14 1/4 asked for small lots.

Concerning the movement of Australian gold in this direction, a New York dispatch of Tuesday says the sub-treasury in Wall Street paid \$1,400,000 to the banks for deposits of Australian sovereigns in the San Francisco Mint, and it was announced that \$2,500,000 more is on its way from the same source to the same destination. The prospect is for a stream of the precious metal from that quarter.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Persons desiring to make pleasure trips in Europe should read with much interest the account of the trials experienced by Mr. David L. Haas in Germany. Mr. Haas is a Californian, and is free to confess that manners and customs in Germany differ very much from those in California. He has just returned from a four months' tour in Europe, and says: "I left the town of Mannheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, on my way back to Frankfurt, and stopped at a town called Friedrichshof to take the express train for Frankfurt. I purchased my ticket, and then asked an official when the express train, which was behind time, would arrive. He straightened up and informed me that he didn't know, and further, that he didn't care. I was surprised at such an answer from a railroad official. I waited for some time, and finally found that I could take the 'D' train, a through train, and avoid waiting for the express. A ticket on this train cost me seven marks. Shortly afterward I asked the official again when the train would arrive, and he replied that it was none of my business. I did not like his reply, and felt like smashing him in the snout, but kept my temper, and finally the 'D' train arrived. The train is similar to our Pullmans, and it cost me three marks more for a seat. I asked the conductor of this train when the express would be along, and he replied that it was just behind. The more I thought of the affair, the hotter I got, and I decided to write to the railroad officials when I arrived in Frankfurt, and complain of the insulting language the official used. When I arrived in Frankfurt, I wrote the letter, and referred to the official who had insulted me as a *prellerei*. I didn't know the exact meaning of the word, but, after the letter had been sent, I learned that the word meant 'an absolute swindle.' I had been bunned out of one ticket and the word was probably right, but I meant to tell the railroad company that I had been insulted. I received a postal-card in answer to my letter, and the company said it would investigate the matter.

A month later Mr. Haas received a letter from the railroad company. It said that the official whom he accused of insulting him was unable to know where the train was or when it would arrive at the depot, and they would sue him for using the offending word *prellerei*. "Next day," he says, "I received a notice from the court, notifying me to appear before that body on the following Thursday, and, if I did not come, they would send for me. I did not know what kind of an affair I was to go against, so applied to the American consul for advice. I told him my story, and he advised me to skip out of the country, but I would not do it. The consul finally told me to go to the lawyer of the legation, and he directed me to go to the directors of the road and tell them how the difficulty occurred. I did go, and they sent me to the *geheime rath*, who is the confidential adviser of the company. He was a very dignified and pompous official, and as I entered I saluted him, and here is where I made my second blunder. Instead of calling him 'Herr Geheime Rath,' I said 'Gemeine Rath,' and this word means a 'mean, contemptible judge.' He flew off his trolley immediately and tore around. He thundered out, 'give me the title I am entitled to,' and I had to correct myself. He didn't give me much advice, but told me I had better excuse myself in court. I went to court and was told that I had better go to the company and excuse myself. I thought I was out of the affair at last, but the judge came in at this time and made me sign a whole lot of papers, the contents of which I did not know. They asked me if I intended to stay in Frankfurt. I replied in the affirmative, and after he had taken my address, they allowed me to go, but told me they would send for me shortly. It didn't take me long to pack my grip, and I left Germany in a hurry. When they want me, they can find me in America." As we said, it is quite evident that German customs differ from those of California. A number of gentlemen have climbed to high places and honor in California by abusing railroad officials. Mr. Haas for the same reason nearly got into jail. As for lack of respect for judges, the German judges are very exacting. In a certain famous case of California, a litigant's wife roundly abused a federal judge in open court, and when the judge ordered her removed, the litigant attempted to kill the marshal, and subsequently at a railway station nearly succeeded in killing the judge, and was himself killed by the court's bailiff. Other lands, other customs.

The Tuxedo Club, which was one of the hobbies of the late Pierre Lorillard, has been a most interesting experiment, and about the first of its kind attempted in this country. It is incorporated under the name of the Tuxedo Park Association (says the *New York Evening Post*), and all but a very small fraction of the capital stock was owned by Mr. Lorillard, only so much being transferred to others as to conform to the corporation laws of this State. The present directors are: Pierre Lorillard, Jr., his son; William Kent and T. Suffer Tailer, his sons-in-law; and B. F. Patterson, George Griswold, and George D. Finley, all members, of course, of the club. Mr. Lorillard himself was the seventh member of the board, so that the family interests had four out of the seven members. The club's land consists of thirty-six hundred acres, called "Tuxedo Park," in a most beautiful part of the

Ramapo country, only thirty-eight miles from New York. It was originally established "for the protection, increase, and capture of all sorts of game and fish, and for social intercourse among its members." Time and custom have somewhat changed the original purpose of the club, for there is now very little hunting and fishing, the social feature at present being uppermost. As a place of residence during the spring, fall, and summer, it is the most desirable of any of the neighboring resorts; but no matter how much one may desire to become a dweller there among the fashionables, it is impossible unless he is a member of the club, for no others are permitted to buy land and build homes. The park presents almost every conceivable surface formation in hills, mountains, valleys, and streams. Well-built roads traverse it in all directions, so that driving and riding are a great feature of its life, and all parts of the preserve are brought into view. Tuxedo Lake, a crescent-shaped body of water in the heart of the park, is fed by springs, and the water is admirably adapted to the propagation of the land-locked salmon, and fishing is one of the many delights of the place. The lake itself is two miles long and a half-mile wide. At its north-eastern end stands the handsome large club-house itself. Out of doors are golf-links, tennis-courts, bowling-alleys, a shooting-box, and a toboggan-slide. At the present time there are scattered through the park more than a hundred residences, some of them very handsome and costly homes. Here their owners live during the spring and summer—in some cases all the year round.

The experimental kindness of John Arbuckle, the Brooklyn coffee manufacturer, in taking people working in offices on moderate salaries out to sea over night, has been the means of arousing interest in similar enterprises elsewhere. Louis R. Moore, of Boston, head of the Prospect Union, a working-men's association, is the originator of a plan by which members of the union go a-summering each week for the small sum of twenty-five cents. In February a "camping club" was formed, and each member began paying dues of fifteen cents a week. By June each man had contributed three dollars. An immense old house, of the old-fashioned sort, surrounded on three sides by great rows of elms, and looking out in front on Dorchester Bay, was rented for seventy-five dollars, and beds and eating utensils were bought with the remaining capital. The dues were advanced to twenty-five cents, and new members were taken in on payment of three dollars. The house is reached from Boston by trolley or boat in an hour and a half. Men who have never before known the relief of summer holidays in the country are able to go out on Saturday afternoon and stay over Sunday. There is fishing, sailing, and swimming, together with beautiful outlooks in all directions. The management of the house and its finances are entirely in the hands of the men.

In the August *Atlantic Monthly*, Arthur Reed Kimball points out some of the benumbing effects of the thick commercial atmosphere of the large cities, and especially of the metropolis, upon even college bred men. He takes as an illustration what one would suppose to be a shining home of cultivated discourse, the sumptuous new University Club of New York, and writes: "It was at a dinner-party at the University Club of New York, to cite a personal experience, that some one passed on a good story 'good' because of the person whom it concerned) of a well-known man of letters—a constant contributor to the magazines, one who has been talked of for the presidency of more than one leading university in the East—only to have the question asked, after the acquiescently polite laugh had subsided: 'And who is Mr. Blank?' The man who had passed on the story had himself to give the answer, after a short but hopeless pause—a case of humiliation, in a way, like explaining the point of one's joke. It was on a 'Story-Tellers' Night' at the same club, when one of the best-known writers in New York itself arose to speak—a man known also for his practical services in reforming tenement-house life—that a little group of two lawyers, a doctor, and a business man leaned forward to whisper, in uncertainty: 'He's written some book, hasn't he? What is it?' So far as these incidents are typical—and they are easy to be matched by any critical observer of life in New York or our other largest cities—they illustrate the absence of just what one would with reason expect to find in a club whose members are university men, that wideness of interest which a liberal education is supposed to give. That the same spirit of absorption in one's own calling should invade and obsess such a club, no less than the ordinary club, reveals the extent of 'that narrowness of localism of thought or interest' which was once the mark of rural provincialism, but is now even more the mark of metropolitan provincialism. The evidence, on entering the club, to one who knows the members, is a visual demonstration. It is like a scene on the Stock Exchange. As brokers gather about the posts of the various stocks, so here are groups of lawyers, doctors, business men, and perhaps, in a smaller corner, men of art and letters; those of each group talking 'the shop' of their own calling." Mr. Kimball points out that, unfortunately, money-getting interests so many that few are left to appreciate the fact that literature, art, and true statesmanship have their prices. "The result

of this new provincialism," he says, "is summed up in a pregnant phrase of Matthew Arnold's, his final word on America: 'What really dissatisfies in American civilization is the want of the interesting.'"

The war against trailing skirts on the Continent is growing daily. In Saxon Switzerland, notices are posted on trees that wearers of trailing skirts will be fined. In Ischl, Upper Austria, there have been several instances of the skirts of unsuspecting ladies being torn by rabid sanitarians. At Ems, Prussia, the authorities have put up a notice that no long skirts are to be admitted within the precincts of the gardens, and the janitor refuses admission to those whose skirts are too long.

## THE AMATEUR GOLFER.

## SCENE I.—Outside the golf-house.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN [a stranger to the links]—Pretty little course you have here—very pretty.  
A BYSTANDER—Yes; it's a nice links, but not particularly little, so far as I have noticed.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN—Well, I meant little in comparison to the links I have generally played over. Now, I expect I shall find this course rather too easy for my taste.

HIS CADDIE [aside]—That's what the old gents as drives off with an iron always says; but they don't always play according-like.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN [having driven his ball into the nearest bunker]—I noticed that when one is accustomed to playing over a really sporting links the easier a course is the more it puts one off! [Proceeds to illustrate the truth of his words.]

## SCENE II.—Near the first hole.

FAIR BEGINNER [nervously, to her friend]—Now, please tell me exactly what to do. Must I keep one eye on the club and the other on the ball? And am I to stand in front or behind?

HER FRIEND [who has undertaken to coach her]—You stand like this—so—there, and hold your club so! Now, I do not want to make your style artificial by overdoing you with instructions. You must have seen the game played, and I dare say you may already have a very fair idea of how it ought to be done. Come, let me see what notion you have of what we call "addressing" the ball.

FAIR BEGINNER [obediently, to the ball]—Are you ready! Go! [She smites the air with considerable effort, but the ball ignores the hint.]

## SCENE III.—In a bunker.

FIRST PLAYER [who has successfully cleared it]—Ah, I'm sorry for you, old chap. [Cheerfully.] That is about the worst bit on the whole ground. It takes a really good drive to clear it properly!

SECOND PLAYER [chopping vigorously at his ball]—Pooh, nonsense! I don't agree with you at all. I think this is one of the easiest holes on the links. As for this little rough bit, any duffer could get over it easily with decent luck.

DISINTERESTED SPECTATOR [to a friend, audibly]—Dear me, the poor gentleman looks quite annoyed! I do call that foolish, don't you, when he has no one but himself to blame?

PHILOSOPHICAL FRIEND—Yes, it doesn't argue much sense on his part; for if he wanted to get over the bank, why didn't he hit his ball higher up?

DISINTERESTED SPECTATOR—Why not, indeed!

## SCENE IV.—Near a putting-green.

COURTEOUS FOREIGNER [looking on]—Ach, good-morning, Mees Lucy. With much interest I this much-to-be-applauded golf-play do this last half-hour watch. What for a game do you find yourself this morning to play? Hopingly good!

MISS LUCY [emphatically]—Oh, I am playing a simply rank game!

COURTEOUS FOREIGNER—Ach, so? I am delighted to hear it. And I have just now overheard two gentlemen in red coats who have your play most flatteringly discussed.

MISS LUCY [eagerly]—Really? What, those two men who have just passed us? Oh, do tell me what they said.

COURTEOUS FOREIGNER [innocently]—They have said: "Ach, but that lady's game is remarkable—remarkable—more for the quantity than the quality of her strokes!"

SCENE V.—At the last hole—a foursome finishing their round.

MISS GREEN [making a brilliant "put"]—Oh, it is going in! No. Yes. It is in!

HER OPPONENTS—What a fluke!

MR. BROWN [her partner]—Not at all! There was no fluking about it. It was simply a skillful stroke.

OPPONENTS [laughing]—Oh, of course, you must stick up for your partner!

MISS GREEN—Well, thank you for the compliment, Mr. Brown. I am afraid it was a bit of a fluke, though!

MR. BROWN [seriously]—I have not paid you a compliment! And I should have said the same thing if you had been playing against me, for I always give the de—er—I mean—give every one his—her—due!—The Golfer for August.

—ONE BEAUTY ABOUT JESSE MOORE WHISKY is you can always depend on its purity.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.00  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901.....29,886,288.11

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Reserve Fund.....226,994  
Contingent Fund.....445,617

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GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS.....150,000  
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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....2,681,497.64  
July 1, 1901.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
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BRANCHES—New York, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. Dooly, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

ASSETS.  
Loans.....\$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants 2,191,727.10  
Real Estate 1,665,430.77  
Miscellaneous Assets 12,415.93  
Due from Banks and Bankers 1,144,308.12  
Cash 3,973,676.04  
\$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up.....\$ 500,000.00  
Surplus.....5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits 3,311,290.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers 1,124,167.27  
" Individual 8,9 4,1 2.63  
\$19,589,558.17

General Banking Business in all its branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is said that the late Professor Tait, of Edinburgh University, in obedience to an oath that he would cut up the first hat he found lying on his professional desk, once destroyed his own head-gear. He had been annoyed by the students leaving their hats there, and on this historic occasion one of them placed Tait's own hat there.

During a recent thunder-storm at Paterson, N. J., Mrs. William Doohue jumped out of bed and getting what she supposed was a bottle of holy water, sprinkled the sleeping members of her family. When they awoke in the morning and saw themselves in a mirror they were startled by their streaked aces. The woman, in the dark, had picked up by mistake a bottle of bluing.

One day, before his marriage, the Rev. Sydney Smith ran into the room where his fiancée was, snog on her lap six small tea-spoons, which, "from much wear, had become the ghosts of their former selves," and said: "There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune." He gave her, however, what he did not mention, his fine character and great talent, and in every way proved himself an excellent husband.

The recent death of the Dowager Empress Frederick recalls a pretty tribute which her father, Prince Albert, paid to her when the prelate Emperor William was born. "You must bring the hopeful Wilhelm with you," he wrote in a letter, "and not hide him away with a blush, as you used to hide our drawings in the portfolio—Don't look at that, papa; it is so bad that you must not see it"—and he forth came into view something full of beauty and talent!

Recently an old Cornishwoman asked her parish priest to read her a letter from her son who had left her many years ago, and was living in New England. The writer's orthography was doubtful, but the conscientious vicar did his best to decipher the words. "I can not tell you how the muskitties ormeot me. They pursue me everywhere—even down the chimney!" he read. The food mother's eyes grew large with mingled pride and amazement. "Ezekiel must be rare handsome," she said, "for he maidens to be so after him. And I reckon the Miss Kitties is quality folks, too!"

In his recently published autobiography, "A Fragment," Professor Max Müller tells the following anecdote of the Duke of Wellington: "His servant had been sent before to order dinner for him at an out-of-the-way hotel, and in order to impress the landlord with the dignity of his coming guest he recited a number of the duke's titles, which were very numerous. The landlord, thinking that the Duke of Vittoria, the Prince of Waterloo, the Marquis of Torres Vedras, and all the rest were friends invited to dine with the Duke of Wellington, ordered accordingly a very sumptuous banquet, to the great dismay of the real duke."

In a Massachusetts town last winter, James A. Riis was asked by a gauit, funeral sort of chap what he should say by way of introducing him to an assemblage. "Oh," said Mr. Riis, in a spirit of levity, "say anything you like. Say I am the most distinguished citizen in the country. They generally do." Whereupon his fueral friend marched upon the stage and calmly announced to the audience that he did not know this man Riis, whom he was charged with introducing, never heard of him. "He tells me," he went on, with never a wink, "that he is the most distinguished citizen in the country. You can judge for yourselves when you have heard him."

Mark Twain had a peculiar experience when he attended his first great London banquet, at which there were between eight hundred and nine hundred guests. "The lord mayor, or somebody, read out a list of the chief guests before we began to eat," he says. "When he came to prominent names the other guests would applaud. I found the man next me rather a good talker. Just as we got to an interesting subject there was a tremendous clapping of hands. I had hardly ever heard such applause before. I straightened up and set to clapping with the rest, and I noticed a good many people round about me fixing their attention on me, and some of them laughing in a friedly and encouraging way. I moved about in my chair, and clapped louder than ever. 'Who is it?' I asked the gentleman on my right. 'Samuel Clemens, better known in England as Mark Twain,' he replied. I stopped clapping. The life seemed to go out of me. I never was in such a fix in all my days."

The late Edward Noyes Westcott, known only as the author of "David Harum," it seems possessed a rich baritone voice, and at one time sang in a choir at Syracuse. He was fond of telling of an occasion on which he was invited to sing at a concert in one of the smaller towns of Western New York. The musical affair passed off satisfactorily with the help of the neighborhood talent, assisted by Mr. Westcott's rare voice. As Mr. Westcott was about to

retire, his host came timidly to his room, carrying two long paper boxes. "I leave the house so early in the morning to go to my factory," the mao explained, "that I'm afraid I may not see you, but I want to give you something for your singing to-night. Now, here's two pair of the very best real whale-bood corsets that our factory turns out, and I want you to take them home with you." Westcott used to add that he was so surprised and amused that he could find no words of protest, and so accepted and took them home.

Coloel Andrew S. Burt, of the Twenty-Fifth Infantry (colored), believes that one of the best ways for his men to pass away the tedious hours of garrison duty is to play base-ball and other outdoor games. On one occasion, despite his gray locks, he consented to take the place of an injured member of a team, informing the captain that for the oooce he was "just one of the players, not the coloel." The dusky captain did not immediately reply, but as soon as the coloel batted a three-bagger, he yelled out: "Go down! Go down! Yo' skiooy, pie-faced, bow-legged little dehhil. Stir yo' foots, yo' soo oh er camp cook! Dat's right! Kick de stuff! out'n dat second basemaw! Ruu; whoop 'em up! Yo' ruos lak er cow; youse er woodeo mao. W'y doan' yo' stir yo' foots? Dat's it! Run lak er corple was terhoie yo'." The coloel paid no attention to this stream of abuse, but when the game was over, he faced the dusky base-ball captain, who gravely saluted, and said: "Private Johoson, I am oow and from heoceforth Coloel Burt."

Lord Coleridge, the famous lord chief-justice, once recounted to Sir Mount Stuart E. Grant-Duff an incident of his earlier life. He had to cross-examine an emioet professional witoess about a proposed harbor. In the course of doing so he said: "But, Mr. —, isn't there a reef of rocks that would be a great inconvenience to you?" "Oh, yes!" replied the witness; "undoubtedly there is, but we propose to get rid of it in such and such a manner." "Very good," rejoined Coleridge, "but when you have got rid of it, would there not be a very awkward sand-bank to contend with?" "Certainly," said the witness, "but against it we should provide thus and thus." "Well," answered Coleridge, "but when you have removed both these obstacles, would you not still have a great deal of trouble from the current of the river when in flood?" "Clearly," was the answer, "but we should encounter that difficulty successfully by another expedient" (which the witoess proceeded to explain). "You have seen the place, have you not?" said Coleridge. "Oh, yes," replied the other. "Well, I over did," was the rejoinder; "I have invetted alike the reef, the sand-bank, and the river!"

When "Teddy" Was Afraid of Big Game. Vice-President Roosevelt was not always the mighty hunter he is now. He has had his day of being afraid of big game. But that was many years ago, when he was a wee little boy in short trousers, and used to play tag in Madison Square in New York (says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*).

Opposite the square, on the east side, stood a Presbyterian church; and the sexton, while airing the building one Saturday, noticed a small boy peering curiously in at the half-open door, but making no move to enter.

"Come in, my little man, if you wish to," said the sexton.

"No, thank you," said the boy; "I know what you've got in there."

"I haven't anything that little boys may see. Come in."

"I'd rather not." And the juvenile Theodore cast a sweeping and somewhat apprehensive glance around the pews and galleries and bounded off to play again.

Still the lad kept returning once in a while and peeping in. When he went home that day he told his mother of the sexton's invitation and his unwillingness to accept it.

"But why didn't you go in, my dear?" she asked. "It is the house of God, but there is no harm in entering it quietly and looking about."

With some shyness the little fellow confessed that he was afraid to go in because the zeal might jump out at him from under a pew or somewhere.

"The zeal? What is the zeal?" the mother inquired.

"Why," explained Theodore, "I suppose it is some big animal like a dragon or an alligator. I went there to church last Sunday with Uncle R—, and I heard the minister read from the Bible about the zeal, and it frightened me."

Dow came the Concordance from the library shelf, and one after another of the texts containing the word "zeal" was read to the child, whose eyes suddenly grew big and his voice excited, as he exclaimed:

"That's it—the last you read!"

It was Psalm lxxix., 9: "For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

To the Modern Heroine.

There was a time when you, fair maid,  
Were languishing and gentle,  
Your heart quite ruled your head  
And you were septimetal;

You had the most enchanting way  
Of falling in a swoon  
Just as the hero ood the sceoe  
Stept—not one whit too soon!

A trifle frivolous you were,  
Perhaps a bit flirtatious,  
But gentle to the last degree,  
And fascinating—Gracious!

No more in rieglets curls your hair,  
For curls are out of fashion,  
And with them fainting, too, has gone!  
You now fly to a passion

At the mere thought of sentiment;  
The head oow rules the heart.  
Since novel writers, one and all  
Have given you the part

Of lady-hero, brave and bold,  
A leader of the fray,  
It matters not if ood the laod  
Or ood the sea you stay.

O tell the writers of to-day  
We're tired of blunderbusses,  
Of ladies fair in mao's attire,  
Of massacres and fusses;

Give us an old-time love-affair  
With maiden sweetly coy,  
We want a tender loving girl  
And not a rough tomboy;

We're tired of the dashing maid,  
We want a girl who cries;  
We want a girl with fluffy hair  
And lovely, big blue eyes,

A little sweetheart made for love,  
A man of proper size,  
A novel full of sentiment—  
Not history in disguise.

—Celia Myrover Robinson in *New York Sun*.

## To a Tortoise.

Paludal, glum, with misdirected legs,  
You hide your history as you do your eggs,  
And offer us an osseous nut to crack  
Much harder than the shell upon your hack,  
No evolutionist has ever guessed  
Why your cold shoulder is within your chest—  
Why you were discontented with a plan  
The vertebrates accept, from fish to man,  
For what environment did you provide  
By pushing your internal frame outside?  
How came your ribs in this abnormal place?  
Inside your robber neck you hide your face  
And answer not. To science you're a sphinx—  
A structural epitome of missing links;  
And when decapitated, still you swell  
And kick and claw and scramble just as well,  
But I'll not plague thee. Eved here I find  
A touch of fellowship that makes me kind.  
Sometimes a poet who has lost his head  
Will keep on scratchiog wheo he should be dead.

—Chauncey Hickox in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

## Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

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Sailing Wednesday, August 28th.  
S. S. NEW ENGLAND, 11,600 Tons, Length 575 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, September 11th.  
Portland, Me., to Liverpool  
S. S. VANCOUVER, sailing Saturday, August 21st.  
S. S. DOMINION, sailing Saturday, September 14th.

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Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, August 27  
Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, September 20  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, October 15  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu), Thursday, November 7

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Hongkong Maru..... Wednesday, September 4  
Nippon Maru..... Friday, September 27  
America Maru..... Wednesday, October 23  
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S. S. Australia, for Tahiti, September 11, 1901, at 10 A. M.

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Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
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For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1.30 P. M., every fifth day.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles); Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M. State of California—Wednesdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport ("Corona" only).

Corona—Saturdays, 9 A. M. Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M. For Mexican ports, to A. M. Seventh of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice. Ticket Office, New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

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Philadelphia.....September 11 | Philadelphia.....October 2

RED STAR LINE.  
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Vaderland..... September 11 | Friesland.....October 2

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## SOCIETY.

## The Carnival of Sports at Del Monte.

The Hotel Del Monte has been the fashionable Mecca of all Californians during the week, while the carnival of sports, under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association, has surpassed in brilliance all previous meets of the association. The hotel has been crowded with a gay throng, who watched the various sports by day and enjoyed themselves dancing and in other ways at night. The music, also, has been a prominent feature of the week, for at breakfast and dinner a string orchestra has added to the pleasure of the guests, while in the afternoon and evening Cassara's Band has rendered elaborate outdoor programmes of popular and classical music.

The first event of the week was the men's golf contest for the Del Monte Cup, which began on Monday morning, August 19th, with twenty-one contestants, who were reduced to sixteen by the qualifying round, 18 holes. The score was as follows:

Mr. F. S. Stratton, 78; Mr. E. R. Folger, 80; Mr. J. A. Folger, 80; Mr. C. E. Maud, 82; Mr. E. D. Silent, 83; Mr. H. M. Sears, 83; Mr. M. F. Wilshire, 83; Mr. Lansing Kellogg, 84; Mr. W. F. Cosby, 86; Mr. C. E. Orr, 87; Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, 88; Mr. J. F. Cravens, 88; Mr. W. S. Brown, 89; Mr. Charles Hubbard, 89; Mr. W. Holliday, 90; Mr. W. O'Connor, 90.

In the afternoon the first round at match play took place, when Mr. C. E. Maud beat Mr. J. S. Cravens, 1 up; Mr. E. D. Silent defeated Mr. E. R. Folger, 3 up and 2 to play; Mr. M. F. Wilshire defeated Mr. W. Holliday, 2 up; Mr. C. E. Orr defeated Mr. W. O'Connor, 4 up and 2 to play; Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald defeated Mr. J. A. Folger, 1 up; Mr. H. M. Sears defeated Mr. Lansing Kellogg, 2 up; Mr. Charles Hubbard defeated Mr. W. S. Brown, 1 up; and Mr. F. S. Stratton defeated Mr. W. Cosby, 1 up. In the semi-finals on Tuesday morning, Mr. C. E. Maud defeated Mr. E. D. Silent, 4 up and 3 to play; Mr. M. F. Wilshire defeated Mr. C. E. Orr, 5 up and 4 to play; Mr. Charles Hubbard defeated Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, 1 up; and Mr. H. M. Sears defeated Mr. F. S. Stratton, 5 up and 4 to play. In the afternoon, Mr. C. E. Maud defeated Mr. M. F. Wilshire, 7 up and 5 to play; and Mr. H. M. Sears defeated Mr. Charles Hubbard, 6 up and 4 to play. The final match on Wednesday morning between Mr. C. E. Maud and Mr. H. M. Sears, over 36 holes, was an exciting one, and resulted in Mr. Maud defeating his opponent by a score of 4 up and 3 to play, thus capturing the amateur coast championship and the Del Monte Cup.

At half after ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, the qualifying round of the ladies' championship tournament began. The scores of the eight ladies who qualified were as follows:

Mrs. Walter S. Martin, 102; Miss Alice Hager, 100; Miss Bertha Dolbeer, 114; Mrs. P. E. Bowles, 116; Miss Florence Ives, 110; Mrs. W. P. Johnson, 114; Miss Caro Crockett, 102; and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, 90.

In the first round of the ladies' contest on Thursday, Miss Caro Crockett, in a most exciting game, defeated Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, who won the Poniatowski Cup from her last week. At the eighteenth hole, they were tie, but at the nineteenth hole, Miss Crockett won the match by 1 up. Miss Alice Hager also defeated Mrs. Walter S. Martin, 1 up, over 19 holes; Mrs. Bertha Dolbeer defeated Mrs. P. E. Bowles, 2 up and 1 to play; and Miss Florence Ives defeated Mrs. W. P. Johnson, 3 up. On Friday Miss Alice Hager was matched against Miss Bertha Dolbeer and Miss Caro Crockett against Miss Florence Ives.

The handsome cup which President J. W. Byrne, of the San Francisco Golf Club, put up for a team match contest was won by the Southern California team, composed of Mr. H. M. Sears, Mr. C. E. Maud, Mr. F. S. Stratton, Mr. E. D. Silent, Mr. J. S. Cravens, Mr. M. F. Wilshire, and Mr. W. Cosby, by a score of 6 to 5. Their opponents were Mr. E. R. Folger, Mr. Charles Hubbard, Mr. C. E. Orr, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. Lansing Kellogg, Mr. J. A. Folger, and Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, who, while they won five out of seven matches, were defeated by the fine play of Mr. C. E. Maud, who beat his adversary 6 up. Mr. Byrne's cup must be won twice to become the permanent property of the victorious team.

On Monday afternoon, August 19th, the first of the series of polo games was played. The match was between Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Teddy Howard, and Mr. Joseph Tobin on the red team, and Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. Charles Dunphy, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, and Mr. Francis Carolan on the blue team, the former team winning in four fiercely contested periods by a score of 7 to 2.

The second polo match took place on Wednesday afternoon between Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, and Mr. Richard M. Tobin on the northern team, and Mr. Charles Dunphy, Mr. Robert Bettner, Mr. C. E. Maud, and Mr. H. Praed on the southern team. The northern players won by a score of 6 to 2.

Despite the fact that the southern polo team, composed of Mr. C. E. Maud, Mr. H. Praed, Mr. M. Flowers, and Mr. Robert Bettner, were allowed a handicap of three goals, they were again defeated in the last polo game on Thursday afternoon by the

northern team, which included Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, and Mr. Teddy Howard, the score being 10 to 6.

Polo gave way to the pony racing and steeplechase on Friday afternoon, and among those whose stables were represented were Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. Robert Bettner, Mr. Charles Dunphy, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. C. E. Maud, Mr. H. Praed, and Mr. M. E. Flowers. The programme for the races to-day (Saturday) is as follows:

**FIRST RACE.**—Five-eighths mile for polo ponies, handicap. Gentlemen riders. Lowest weight, 145 pounds; \$50 to first, \$25 to second.

**SECOND RACE.**—Three-quarter mile for ponies 14.2 or under. Gentlemen riders. Top weight 165 pounds, 4 pounds allowed for every one-quarter inch under 14.2; \$75 to first, \$25 to second.

**THIRD RACE.**—Galloway race, five-eighths mile, horses 15 hands and under, owned and ridden by members of the Pacific Coast Polo and Pony Racing Association. Gentlemen riders. Top weight, 175 pounds; four pounds allowed for every one-half inch under 15 hands; \$75 to first, \$26 to second.

**FOURTH RACE (Del Monte Cup).**—One mile for ponies, 14.2 or under. Gentlemen riders. Top weight, 165 pounds, 4 pounds allowed for every one-half inch under 14.2.

**FIFTH RACE.**—One and one-half mile hurdle race for ponies, 14.2 or under. Top weight, 165 pounds; four pounds for every one-half inch under 14.2. Professionals penalized seven pounds; \$75 to first, \$25 to second.

**SIXTH RACE.**—Steeplechase open handicap, two and one-half miles; \$100 to first, \$50 to second. Professionals penalized 7 pounds.

A pleasant innovation on Tuesday afternoon was a cross-country run. Mr. Francis Carolan was the master of the hunt, and when the hounds who followed an anise-seed trail lost the scent and fell back, Mr. Carolan led the way along the seventeen-mile drive to a wooded spot, where tea was served, and then the riders returned along the beach. Among others who followed the hounds were:

Mrs. Walter Magee, Miss Therèse Morgan, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Ethel Dean, Miss Whittell, Miss Rowena Burns, the Misses Marie and Daisy Parrott, the Misses Harvey, Prince Poniatowski, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. R. M. Tobin, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Joe Tobin, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Teddie Howard, Mr. Robert Bettner, Mr. Charles Dunphy, Mr. Parker Whitney, Mr. W. M. O'Connor, Mr. H. Praed, Mr. W. M. Flowers, Mr. Templeton Crocker, and Mr. Everett N. Bee.

Another cross-country run, covering a circuit of about six miles, was made on Thursday morning, and was largely attended.

A movement has been set on foot to organize a Stanford club in New York, with a membership of the alumni of the university at Palo Alto, of whom there are some twenty there who were prominent in their undergraduate days, and have achieved success in the metropolis. Among the most prominent are W. H. Reeves, of the pioneer class of '95, a very successful broker at 46 Broadway; Jackson Ely Reynolds, '96, who is a successful corporation attorney in the office of the New Jersey Central Railway; H. B. Reynolds, '96, an interne at St. Luke's Hospital; G. H. Cochran, '96, formerly captain of the cardinal eleven, now a doctor at Bellevue; Dr. John A. Collier, '96; J. M. Oskison, '98, who has done some good work for the *Century Magazine*; Dr. Joseph Hilton, '99; C. L. Thomas, '99, son of Congressman Thomas, of Iowa; F. F. Rogers, '99, and Paschal Smith, '99, Wall Street brokers; Chris Mason Bradley, '01, who is to take a special course in mining law at Columbia; Louis Stewart, ex-'00; and W. J. Powell, ex-'99. The club will be organized before the opening of the fall semester at Columbia University, in order to take in some ten Stanford graduates who are to enter upon post-graduate courses.

The steamer *Islander*, the flag-ship of the Canadian Pacific Navigation fleet, and the largest and fastest passenger steamer on the Victoria-Skagway route, collided with an iceberg off Douglas Island, Alaska, on August 18th, while on her way south with the largest number of passengers that she has carried since she was replaced on the run a few months ago, and sank within fifteen minutes after striking. Captain Foote, her master, and about sixty-five persons, including passengers and members of the crew were drowned. To add to the horror of the terrible disaster her boilers exploded as she went down, causing the death of many of those who were struggling in the water.

The lottery that Constant Coquelin devised and directed for the benefit of the French Dramatic Artists' Association had two prizes of twenty thousand dollars each. One was won by the hair-dresser employed at a Bordeaux theatre, but for awhile the ticket calling for the other was missing. Fraudulent claimants turned up, but at length the lucky slip was found among ten thousand that the banking-house of the Rothschilds had purchased.

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## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Mary Hooper Jouett, daughter of Major W. B. Hooper, of the Occidental Hotel, and Lieutenant Frederick Lewis Perry, Artillery Corps, U. S. A. Lieutenant Perry is at present on temporary duty at the Presidio, where he will remain until he receives orders to join his company, which is stationed at Havana. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor E. Gallagher to Mr. Edmund P. Dole. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Gallagher, of this city. Mr. Dole is attorney-general of the Territory of Hawaii, and a cousin of Governor Dole. He is the author of "Hiwa," "The Stand By," and other books relating to the Hawaiian Islands. The legislature has granted him a two months' leave of absence, and he is expected here on the next steamer. The wedding will take place early in September, and will be followed by an Eastern trip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Christine Williams Lincoln, of Brookline, Mass., and Mr. William T. Reid, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Reid, of Belmont.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Washburn announce the engagement of their niece, Miss Frances Bruce, to Lieutenant Joseph I. McMullen, U. S. A.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Edna Biddle, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Biddle, of Healdsburg, and Assistant Surgeon Mack V. Stone, U. S. N., son of Dr. J. S. Stone, of this city. The wedding will take place at noon on September 11th in the Episcopal Church at Healdsburg.

The marriage of Miss Julia Sharp, daughter of Major Alexander Sharp, U. S. A., retired, to Captain Dennis No'an, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday morning, August 22nd. Rev. Father Prendergast officiated. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, at which only relatives and intimate friends were present, after which Captain Nolan and his bride left for New York, where he will soon take his position at West Point Military Academy as instructor of international law.

The wedding of Miss Laura Mordecai, youngest daughter of Colonel Alfred Mordecai, U. S. A., and Captain Charles Pelot Summerall, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., took place at the residence of the bride's father at Benicia Arsenal on Wednesday, August 14th. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. D. O. Kelly, for many years chaplain at the Presidio. The Misses Helen and Miriam Clark were the bridesmaids and Captain Burgess, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., acted as best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony, a reception was held. The guests included many San Franciscans, who went to Benicia on the steamer *McDowell* which made a special trip for the occasion. Captain and Mrs. Summerall, after a short stay in this city, will depart for their new home at Fort Lawton, near Seattle, Wash.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway gave a dinner at the Hotel del Monte on Sunday night, August 18th, at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Walter Magee, Miss Therèse Morgan, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Whittell, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Marie Parrott, Miss Daisy Parrott, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. E. N. Howard, Mr. M. E. Flowers, Mr. Parker Whitney, and Mr. Charles Hubbard.

Mr. Truxtun Beale gave a dinner at the Hotel Rafael last week in honor of Mayor James D. Phelan. Covers were laid for eight.

Mrs. Peter C. Allen recently gave a luncheon at the Sharon home in Piedmont in honor of Miss Pauline Lohse. Others at table were Miss Enid Williams, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Blanche Sharon, Miss Elsa von Mandeschied, and Miss Sarah Whitney, who has recently returned from Paris.

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MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee  
San Francisco, Cal.

A hotel in the Olympic Mountains offering a table and sleeping accommodations of peculiar excellence is now open. Good fishing and elk shooting in the vicinity.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and Miss Bessie will leave Paris for San Francisco in a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood (née Dimond), who are at present visiting relatives in Scotland, expect to return to San Francisco early in September. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blanchard Chase have secured the residence of Dr. Foute for the winter, but do not occupy it until November.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutchen have returned from their Eastern trip, and are at their city residence, 2016 Pacific Avenue. Miss Sophie Colein, who went East with Mrs. McCutchen and who is her guest in New York, will remain there until the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Churchill at their country place in Napa County.

Mr. Thomas McCaleb departed on Tuesday for New York.

Mr. Fred A. Greenwood has been sojourning at Catalina Island.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs are sojourning in San José.

Miss Georgia Hopkins was the guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin at their country place, "El Cerrito," in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Butters will arrive in New York from England this week after an extended stay on the Continent. They will spend the autumn in their country place, "Constantia," in Lassen county, and contemplate opening their house, "Alta Vista," at Piedmont, during the coming winter.

Miss Kate Clement was the guest of Mrs. Joseph Tobin in San Mateo last week.

Mrs. John McMullin, after a fortnight's stay at Hotel Del Monte, will leave for her ranch near Jackson, while Mrs. McMullin Belvin will visit Mrs. John Jarboe at her home near Santa Cruz. Lieutenant Ashton Potter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Potter, after a short stay at the Hotel Del Monte, have departed for San Antonio, Tex., where Lieutenant Potter is now stationed.

Mr. Harry R. Macfarlane returned from Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Sonoma* last week, and is guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. J. W. Byrne and his mother, Mrs. Margaret Byrne, will leave late in September for New York, and may proceed to Europe.

Mr. William H. Stinson is passing the summer in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Follis have been the guests of Miss Daisy Van Ness at Calistoga.

The Misses Hurley and Mr. Thomas Hurley came up from Southern California last week, and are at the Palace Hotel for a few days prior to their departure for Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bergevin are here from Chicago on a visit, and are staying at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Bergevin will be remembered as Miss Alice Wickersham, of Petaluma.

Colonel William David Sanborn left last Wednesday to attend the Knights Templar conclave at Louisville, Ky. He will also visit Chicago, and will away several weeks.

General John H. Dickinson and Mr. Charles H. Ocker left last Monday on a week's hunting trip at Point Reyes.

Mr. Werner Stauff left early in the week for a fishing and fishing trip in the vicinity of Catalina Island, and will be away a couple of weeks.

Captain and Mrs. Robert Howe Fletcher have returned from the East after an absence of several months.

Mr. Walter B. Cooke has returned to the city after an absence of more than two years at St. Michael, Alaska. He is residing at 822 Sutter street.

Miss Genevieve King was the guest of Miss Olive Olbrook at Menlo Park last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henley Smith when last heard from were in Switzerland.

Mrs. Avery McCarthy and Miss Helen Wagner were returned from a visit to Napa Soda Springs. Dr. H. J. Stewart and his daughter, Miss F. Stewart, after a short stay in New York, departed for Boston, which will be their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield Sanborn (née Baldwin) have returned from Los Gatos, and are the guests of Mrs. A. R. Baldwin at her home on Union Street. Mr. R. Emerson Warfield has returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley, where he spent several months in company with Dr. J. W. Hudson, of the Chicago Field Museum.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Wilson are expected to return from Dawson, Yukon Territory, next week. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Field left last Monday to visit a health resort near Santa Rosa.

Mr. Marion De Vries, one of the board of general appraisers of the port of New York and former congressman of California, arrived from the East early this week, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Peasley, of Portland, Ore., were at the California Hotel during the week. Mrs. Alice Havens has returned to San Francisco after an extended European tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin are making a tour of Lower Canada and the St. Lawrence River.

Dr. J. W. Ward was in New York last week. Mr. Theodore Kearney sailed last week from Liverpool for New York en route home.

Mrs. S. Hart and Mrs. Charles Heymann have returned from Monterey, and are at the Hotel Richelieu, where they will be at home to their friends on the 25th and last Mondays.

Miss Grace McKinley, a niece of the President, will join her brother, Lieutenant James McKinley, on Major-General Young's staff, in this city in a few days. She will reside temporarily with her cousin, Mrs. George Morse, at 1578 Fell Street. Mrs. R. Gilman Brown expects to leave for the

East in October to compete for the women's golf championship of the United States on the links of the Baltusrol Club in New Jersey.

Professor David Starr Jordan left for Denver, Colo., last week to attend the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which is being held there this week.

Dr. and Mrs. Simon Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Barnes, and Mr. Henry C. Davis, of New York, arrived from New York last week in their private car on a pleasure tour of California. During their stay in San Francisco they were at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. A. M. Hotelling spent a few days in Los Gatos last week.

Miss Frances Lammé, who has spent the last few years in California, has departed for an extended visit with her mother in Bozeman, Mont., prior to her departure for Paris.

Among the week's arrivals at Congress Springs were Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hunt, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Aldermann, of Santa Clara, Mrs. C. Kunic, Mr. C. R. Kunic, Miss B. Heidt, Mr. E. J. Friend, and Mr. E. S. Moulton, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mozart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Athearn, Mr. and Mrs. George Dow, Mr. E. Schrader, Mr. James Lawrence, and Mr. Levitt.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. C. E. E. Quick, of Newton, Kas., Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Buell and Mrs. William Garland, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ewell, of San Mateo, Miss E. G. Casseres, Mr. A. B. G. Casseres, of Jamaica, British West Indies, Mr. H. A. Held, of London, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Cogswell, Miss A. Doe, Mr. H. L. Cook, and Mr. J. L. O'Neil.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Baum, of Stanford University, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Morrison, of Bakersfield, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Doherty, of Jamestown, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Barnard, of Mill Valley, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Peaslee, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. McGuckin, of New York, Miss M. H. Austin and Mr. H. H. Austin, of Stockton, Mr. F. C. Hartman, of Los Angeles, Mr. J. T. Harms, of Sausalito, Mr. J. Crocker, of San Luis Obispo, Mr. J. H. Wood, of Boston, Mr. C. Carpy, of St. Helena, Mr. J. J. Purcell, Mr. H. E. Hutchinson, and Mr. J. G. Dawson, of Chicago.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., will soon leave Washington, D. C., on a month's tour of army posts and stations, which will bring him to California. He will probably be accompanied on his trip by Lieutenant-Colonel Marion P. Maus, U. S. A.

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., late military governor of the Philippines, arrived from the Orient on Sunday on the transport *Sheridan*. During his short stay in San Francisco, prior to his departure for Washington, D. C., General MacArthur was a guest at the California Hotel.

Captain Charles H. Rockwell, U. S. N., has assumed command of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

General William Ludlow, U. S. A., who recently returned from the Philippines, is at Convent, N. J., where he will remain for a time in the hope that his health may improve sufficiently for him to resume his official duties.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent, wife of Captain Bent, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Meade* last week for Manila.

Brigadier-General James F. Smith, U. S. V., formerly colonel of the First California Volunteers, and now associate justice of the supreme court of the Philippines, will soon return to San Francisco on a three months' leave of absence.

Captain Harry W. Newton, U. S. V., retired, who was a member of the party that captured Aguinaldo, arrived here on the transport *Sheridan* on Sunday. Captain Newton was mustered out of the Thirty-Fourth Infantry regiment on June 30th, and is on his way to his home in Superior, Wis.

Captain Howard R. Hickok, U. S. A., formerly aid-de-camp to General George M. Randall, U. S. A., has returned from Fort St. Michael, Alaska, after passing a year there, and is now stationed at Benicia Barracks. Mrs. Hickok came out from the East and is with him.

Lieutenant Commander S. Cook, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence*, and on September 10th will enter on his new duties as senior inspector of equipment and ordnance at the Union Iron Works.

Mrs. Payson, wife of Major F. L. Payson, pay department, U. S. A., who recently returned from the Philippines, has been visiting her uncle, Mr. W. W. Foote, in Oakland.

Surgeon George D. Costigan, U. S. N., returned from the Orient on Wednesday on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Gaelic*.

Captain Alfred Mordecai, U. S. A., and Mrs. Mordecai came down from Benicia last week, and were at the California Hotel.

The great trotting race on Thursday, August 15th, at Brighton Beach, N. Y., attracted nearly all the resident and visiting Californians. Among others present were Harbor Commissioner J. C. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Orrin A. Hickok, Mr. James R. Keene, Mr. C. August Spreckels, Mr. Adolph Spreckels, Mr. Callaghan Byrne, Mr. J. R. Follansbee, Major Frank McLaughlin, Mr. R. G. Brown, Mr. J. F. Tichenor, and Mr. James B. Haggin.

Does your dealer keep  
Jesse Moore Whisky?  
If not, insist on his  
Getting it for you.  
The finest in the world.

## The Convalescent Car and Its Service.

When the weather is favorable, convalescent patients of the Southern Pacific's General Hospital, on Monday of each week, are taken for a trolley ride on one of the special cars of the Market Street electric system. The car comfortably seats about thirty of the convalescents, and starts on its course about one o'clock, with no fixed destination, but journeying here and there about the city, up hills and down grades from the ocean to the water front, and from North Beach to Ingleside and the Potrero, pleasing the inclinations and desires of the majority of the invalid passengers, and returning to the hospital between four and five o'clock, in order to escape the cold winds and penetrating fogs that hover over the city toward nightfall.

This innovation was brought about by Dr. Matthew Gardner, chief surgeon of the Atlantic and Pacific system, and it has won him marked popularity among the patients. His idea had no sooner taken root than he communicated with Manager Vining, of the Market Street system, asking him to allow a car once a week for the use of the hospital. The street-car manager rapidly fell into the idea, gave orders that a car manned by two of the best employees should take the patients out for their airing, and granted the car right of way on all lines of the system. When the patients learned of their good fortune they sent Manager Vining a letter of thanks, signed by all the invalids in the hospital who were well enough to affix their signatures to it. From early Monday morning until after the noonday meal, when Resident Physician Harry E. Alderson makes his examinations and selections as to who are to go on the day's excursion, there is an undertone of excitement among the convalescents, and as the fortunate ones are picked out their faces assume a most cheerful air.

As the patients treated at the hospital come from the various divisions of the company as far south as El Paso and as far north as the Shasta route, many have never been in the city before they are carried to the hospital, and the scenes along the numerous routes traveled by the convalescent car, as it has become generally known, are interesting and diverting. The hospital officials believe that the rides have done much to hasten the discharge of many of the invalids, and the innovation is one of the most successful of the hospital.

The report of the finance committee for the reception to President McKinley has been submitted to the subscribers to the fund. The report gives the names of every subscriber, and the disbursements are itemized: Advertising, \$17; badges for committees, \$197.70; cartage, \$145.95; carriage and horse hire, \$3,043.85; clerical help, \$1,887.36; construction work, grand stands, etc., \$440.09; decorations and illumination of streets, \$9,010.10; entertainment, \$2,695.27; halls and head-quarters, \$205.21; hotel accommodations, \$7,434.65; interior decorations, \$1,378.35; music, \$1,068.50; postage, \$253.60; printing and stationery, \$1,127.71; souvenir badges of Ohio Society and Native Sons, \$952; souvenirs of San Francisco, \$64.65; transportation, local, \$81.45; miscellaneous, \$183.96. A balance of \$1,562.85 was expended toward the illumination of the City Hall dome and Ferry Building tower during the Epworth League meeting.

Bessie Blitz Paxton made her vaudeville debut at the Cherry Blossom Grove, a roof-garden in New York, on Monday night, and scored a great success.

The women of Sanea, in Crete, have formed a society to oppose the luxuriousness of dress.

## The Real Thing.

"Knox" celebrated New York hats. Fall styles now ready. Eugene Korn, the Hatter, 726 Market Street, near Kearny.

## A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment.

To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

## Palace Hotel

In placing these two hotels under one management and joining them with a covered passage-way, the purpose was to provide guests with comforts and conveniences not obtainable in any other hotel in the West. And the plan is a success.

American plan. European plan.

## Grand Hotel

SOHMER  
PIANO  
AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

W.A.S. SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS

Highly recommended by the whole medical faculty in all ordinary cases of obstruction in the kidneys, bladder, and urinary organs; in dyspepsia whether acute or chronic; in general debility and exhausted vital energy.

For sale by all the leading druggists and grocers.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.  
Pacific Coast Agents  
SAN FRANCISCO

## CONGRESS SPRINGS.

The gem of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An ideal summer and winter resort. Always open. New management. Table unsurpassed. Best mineral water on the coast.

A. S. OLNEY, Manager.

P. O. Saratoga, Cal.

## FOR ADOPTION.

Little girl, nine years old; pretty, refined, and well brought up. Best of references given and required.

F. G. J., 406 Sutter Street.

Sunny Suites to Rent  
Sutter and Stockton Sts.

## NORTH-WEST CORNER

Bachelors' Apartments. Offices for Physicians. Handsome, well-lighted Suites of Rooms. Bath-rooms; hot and cold water; patent hot-water heaters; electric lighting; rapid hydraulic elevator; night elevator service. Apply to the agent and manager, F. G. J. Margetson, 406 Sutter Street, corner Stockton.

A New York clothing merchant advertised extensively and regularly in the newspapers during the first year of his business career, and then, having succeeded in winning a satisfactory trade, adopted the plan of advertising only occasionally.

Business did not continue to satisfy the merchant, and after eighteen months he found it was necessary to do all his first work over again.

"It cost more to reestablish myself," he said to an advertising agent, "than it would if I had continued to take a reasonable amount of space in the newspapers every day the year round; but the lesson has been worth its cost."—Fourth Estate.

## Educational.

## OLGA BLOCK BARRETT,

Pianist,

Graduate Teacher of the University of Music of Vienna, will resume Classes and Private Pupils upon August 15th. 1902 Bush Street.

## MR. OTTO FLEISSNER

(Musical Director, Blind Department, Deaf and Blind Institution, Berkeley, Cal.)

Has resumed teaching Vocal, Piano, Organ, and Harmony. Residence, 2514 Octavia St.

## A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL

MISS HALL'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
In the Berkshires, Pittsfield, Mass.

## Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.



# LOW SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

## Southern Pacific

offers those low round-trip rates:

| ON SALE            | ROUND TRIP          |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| August 20-21.....  | Louisville, \$77.50 |
| August 22-23.....  | Buffalo, 87.00      |
| September 5-6..... | Cleveland, 82.50    |

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions—

### ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at the nearest office

## Southern Pacific

### SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | From July 14, 1901.   | ARRIVE   |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.....  | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....  | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....   | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....  | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Sbasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....                                      | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....                               | 4:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.....  | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....                                  | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....                                   | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | Sacramento River Steamers.....  | 5:00 A.  |
| 11:00 P. | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....  | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.....  | 18:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles..... | 10:25 A. |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....  | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Yosemite.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....                    | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....   | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo.....  | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.....  | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....                          | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 11:25 A. |
| 18:05 P. | Vallejo.....  | 7:55 P.  |

### COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 17:45 A. | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18:05 P. |
| 8:15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Redwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                       | 5:50 P.  |
| 12:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 10:30 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Redwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.....   | 28:50 A. |

### OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)  
17:15 9:00 11:00 A. M., 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M.  
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway— 16:00 18:00  
18:05 10:00 A. M., 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

### COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 6:10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6:30 A.  |
| 7:00 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 1:30 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | New Almaden.....   | 4:10 P.  |
| 17:30 A. | Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....                                    | 18:30 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pineda, Los Gatos, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations..... | 7:30 P.  |
| 10:30 A. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6:30 P.  |
| 11:30 A. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 5:30 P.  |
| 12:45 P. | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, and Pacific Grove.....                          | 10:45 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations.....   | 9:40 P.  |
| 14:15 P. | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 4:15 P.  |
| 15:00 P. | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....   | 10:00 A. |
| 5:30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 8:36 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....   | 10:05 A. |
| 6:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 8:00 A.  |
| 11:45 P. | San José and Way Stations.....   | 7:30 P.  |

A for Morning, P for Afternoon.  
† Sunday excepted. † Sunday only.  
‡ Saturday only. ‡ Monday.  
§ Saturday and Sunday. § Tuesdays and Fridays.  
THE PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Where there's a will, there's a way for lawyers to break it.—*Boston Transcript.*

'Tis better to have loved and received alimony than never to have loved at all.—*Life.*

Inexpensive flight: "I think I shall go to Europe." "How can you afford to go to Europe?" "I can't, but I can afford to think."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"That's good counsel the new preacher gave us," said the deacon. "Which is?" "Love yer neighbor while he sleeps, but watch him while he wakes."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A cool reception: "Did you notice? I have a new electric fan in my office." "Oh, yes; I got wind of it the minute I opened the door."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"That mob scene was handled with splendid effect," said the critic. "Oh, yes," replied the manager; "you see, we hire the villain's creditors to go on in that scene."—*Ex.*

"I had a good job on hand last night," said the first burglar, "but I was stopped by an open-faced watch." "Get out!" "Fact; it was a bulldog in the yard."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Spoiled his boast: *Stout gent*—"Well, sir, I'm a self-made man. I began life as a barefooted boy." *Thin gent*—"Well, as far as I can make out, I wasn't born with shoes on, either."—*Moonshine.*

Mrs. Bloggs—"Wot's candles gone up for, Mr. Binns?" Mr. Binns—"The war, Mrs. Bloggs." Mrs. Bloggs—"Oh! I didn't know them poor soldiers had to fight by candle-light."—*Moonshine.*

A building proposition: *Cholly*—"Why so quiet, Miss Grace?" Grace (lightly)—"Oh, I was building castles in the air." Cholly—"What did you use for a corner stone?" Grace—"A solitaire."—*Town Topics.*

Characteristic: "I wonder how Admiral Dewey will start that court of inquiry?" "I suppose he'll look around and say: 'You may begin firing, gentlemen, when you are ready.'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Those professors: *First college professor*—"What are you going to do next to get your name in the papers?" *Second college professor*—"I was thinking of declaring that the dictionary is too wordy to be considered good literature."—*Baltimore American.*

A kingly trade: "Nowadays all monarchs learn a trade," remarked Mr. Darley. "What is the King of England's trade?" Mrs. Darley asked. "Judging from the large number of orders he has conferred, I should say he is a decorator."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A hopeless reformer: "It is sad to see this mercenary spirit so flagrantly manifested in politics," said the earnest citizen. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "I have fought against it all I could, but it's no use. I can't get people to vote my way without payin' 'em."—*Washington Star.*

The literary editor—"That fellow Scribbler sent in a poem this morning entitled 'Why Do I Live?'" The editor—"What did you do with it?" The literary editor—"Returned it with an inclosed slip, saying: 'Because you mailed this instead of bringing it personally.'"—*Indianapolis News.*

"If I stand on my head, the blood all rushes to my head, doesn't it?" No one ventured to contradict him. "Now," he continued, triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood all rush to my feet?" "Because," replied Hostetter McGinnis, "your feet are not empty."—*Tit-Bits.*

"I was put out of the theatre," asserted the indignant man. "And you want damages?" asked the lawyer. "That's exactly it," answered the indignant man. "What was the play?" "Henrietta Squeeler in her new emotional drama." "You have no claim for damages if they put you out," asserted the lawyer; "but you'd have a fine case if they'd made you stay. I've seen her."—*Chicago Post.*

A rural man of letters: *Josh*—"Ahner's the greatest reader here at the Corners. An' that hain't all: he acts on what he reads." *Life*—"Yew bet he does! Now, last week, ter my certain knowledge, he answered two advertisements of matrimonial bureaus, sent for three packages of love powder an' a hook on hypnotism, an' he also sent a dollar ter a feller in New York for seventeen ways ter git rich in three months!"—*Puck.*

Teething babies and feverish children need Steedman's Soothing Powders. Try them.

Sure enough: *Little Elmer*—"Papa, what is the hand of providence?" *Professor Broadhead*—"The hand of providence, my son, is what we usually see in the misfortunes of others."—*Puck.*

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

R. H. PEASE, President. F. M. SHEPARD, Jr., Treasurer. C. F. RUNYON, Secretary.

## GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

BE SURE OUR BRAND IS ON YOUR HOSE.

"GOLD SEAL"



RUBBER  
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Within the last ten years the savage interference of mobs in Southern States with the processes of the law in dealing with the crimes of negroes seems to have reached its utmost height. It seems so because nothing more can be added by the imagination to the scenes of savagery which have accompanied the frequent outbursts of mob fury against colored offenders. Once a hanging was sufficient to appease the thirst for revenge upon the criminal, but now the popular idea of cruelty is burning at the stake. Seven years ago a negro was burned at Paris, Tex. The deed sent a thrill of horror through the

whole civilized world. Since then, so common has become the revolting occurrence, and so blunted the sensibilities of both participators and on-lookers, that repetitions have become frequent, and excite comparatively little comment. Three of the most recent affairs have been the burning of a negro near Enterprise, Ala.; that of a colored preacher in Georgia; and only last week six thousand people witnessed the burning, near Winchester, Tenn., of a negro who was so easily taken from the custody of the sheriff as to excite suspicion of cowardice, if not of collusion. Formerly, it was only assaults upon white women which excited mob desire for a lynching, but now a mere larceny is liable to send a negro to the stake. It is humiliating to confess that the example of the South has spread to other States, and that the North and West have been guilty of permitting negro-burnings. They have recently occurred in Colorado, in Kansas, and in Indiana.

The hopeful sign of the time is that the very extreme of mob license is bringing about a reaction. Men in the South are now found with courage to tell their neighbors that "mob lynchings are dehauching communities, brutalizing children, and undermining civilization and all noble ideals of duty and manhood." These men are telling the people that instead of commending a sheriff for meekly surrendering a negro to a mob, it is his duty to defend his prisoner with his life, and he should be applauded for doing it. It is encouraging to note events which indicate that the new idea is taking root, and that some Southern sheriffs are realizing that they are officers of the law, and not mere tools to make lawlessness easy. Only recently, Joseph Merrill, a Georgia sheriff, fought a mob of would-be lynchers and successfully defended a negro prisoner, and Sheriff Kyles, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., stood off a mob without other assistance than a double-barreled shot-gun. Governor Candler, of Georgia, ordered out three companies of militia, the other day, to protect a negro prisoner from mobs. But the most serious lesson was taught last week at Asheville, Ala. Jim Brown, a negro, was tried for criminal assault upon a woman. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. A mob tried to take him from the sheriff, but was met with a fusillade of bullets which killed one lyncher and fatally wounded another. More such governors and sheriffs scattered through the South would make negro lynching dangerous for the lynchers and enhance respect for the law.

It is also encouraging to observe that Senator Tillman's late speech in advocacy of mob violence and shot-gun justice meets with rebuke in his own State. "How can we," asks the Columbia State, "expect to be regarded as other than uncivilized and barbarous when a South Carolina senator boastingly defends mob murders?" The pertinent question is another evidence of a wholesome reaction, which good citizens everywhere will welcome if it proceeds far enough to wipe out the reproach put upon many parts of the country by the lynching of offenders, he they white or black.

With the clearing away of the smoke of hattle at the recent primary elections, it becomes evident that the struggle was but a preliminary skirmish and that the fight is to be carried into the convention. The Primary League faction, though it secured a little more than one-third of the delegates—125 out of a total of 351—is as yet undismayed, and proposes to try and force candidates of its liking upon the convention. On both sides candidates are being discussed. The mayor will not have as much power as Mayor Phelan has had during the first administration under the charter, for he will have the appointment of a minority of the various commissions only. Nevertheless, the position not only heads the ticket, but is the most important one in the city government, and it is strange that there seems to be a disinclination to accept the nomination among the prominent business men who have been suggested. Judge Slack, formerly on the superior bench, has been talked of, as he was two years ago, but he positively declines to give up his law practice for any political position. Henry J. Crocker declines on account of the pressure of his private affairs. Laumeister, who was de-

feated in a triangular fight for the position several years ago, prefers to retain his present position as railroad commissioner rather than to accept the uncertainty of being elected mayor. Reginald H. Webster, superintendent of schools, is also talked of, but has not yet announced whether he would accept. On the Democratic side, Mayor Phelan yet has the field to himself, but the rumor now is to the effect that he will not take the nomination. Major Hooper, of the Occidental Hotel, is being mentioned as a likely candidate, in case Phelan should decline. The nomination for sheriff will probably go to John Lackmann again, although Aigeltinger, the former supervisor, would like to get it. The Democrats are considering Richard Whelan, who held the office once before. Colonel Geary, formerly of the California hattery in the Philippines, and who was defeated for county clerk last year, is also an aspirant. For treasurer on the Democratic side the fight lies between ex-Shipping Commissioner Gwin and Brooks, the present incumbent. City and County Attorney Franklin K. Lane is conceded a renomination. For public administrator, John Farnham, who was defeated for the position two years ago, and Undertaker Godeau, are the two leading candidates. Deputy Tax Collector Ben Salomon would like to succeed Scott. Supervisor Dwyer is most prominently mentioned for the position by the Democrats. Recorder Godchaux is another incumbent who will probably be renominated, as will Coroner Leland, who is now serving Cole's unfinished term. Colonel Thomas O'Neil and William J. Kennedy, both of the county clerk's office, are aspirants for the Republican nomination for recorder. For district attorney, Arthur Fisk, assemblyman from the thirty-seventh district, is the most prominent Republican candidate, and John J. Barrett and Steve Costello are the Democrats. William A. Deane will probably be renominated for county clerk. Nearly all of the incumbents are candidates for renomination as supervisors.

There has been not a little adverse comment on the control of Egyptian affairs by the British Government, which amounts to little short of the control exercised over a colony; but this opposition comes mainly from other countries that would like to exercise a similar control. The basis of Great Britain's claim is the necessity for securing the payment of money loaned the Egyptian Government by English capitalists, but an almost equally valid excuse might be found in the beneficent results that flow from British direction of affairs.

One of the latest illustrations of this is to be found in the plan, lately developed, for utilizing the waters of the Nile for irrigation purposes. The floods of the Nile are historically famous, but during the dry season the flow of water reaches a low point, and the land in the Nile valley becomes arid. To store the excessive supply and regulate its flow was the problem that presented itself—a problem similar to that presented in certain parts of this State. The plan decided upon is to build an immense dam across the Nile at Assouan, thereby storing the water, and to distribute it by means of canals and other subsidiary works. The dam is estimated to cost \$10,000,000, and the canals will increase this amount by \$6,000,000. The total cost of the enterprise, it is estimated, will reach \$20,000,000. This is a large sum for a small and impoverished country like Egypt to spend, but the results will justify the expenditure. Low estimates of the income from the investment show the following results: As a result of irrigation the country will be benefited to the extent of \$12,000,000 annually, and of this amount \$1,800,000 will come to the government in the form of increased taxes and payment for the use of the water. Thus the money paid out will be returned within a little more than eleven years. Nor is this the sole benefit. Lands belonging to the government will be reclaimed, and their sale will bring in \$3,000,000 more. Thus the enterprise recommends itself as a business investment.

Somewhat similar plans have been proposed to irrigate the arid lands in the Western States of this country, and the government is now conducting investigations as to the supply of water and the amount of work to be done.



Progress is being made very slowly, however, and the delay is caused largely by a feeling that the project involves an immense expenditure without any resulting income for the government. There is no reason why the Egyptian plan of charging for the use of the water should not be adopted, and it would transform the entire scheme into a business proposition. It is right that the money or the credit of the entire people should be used to develop an enterprise of such magnitude; it is right that the individuals benefited should pay through increased taxation for the improvement in the end.

The sixth week of the strike in San Francisco has opened with no signs of compromise. The labor leaders say that the number of federation men on strike is 12,000; the number of men at work on city front is 800; the number of teamsters at work is 300; the percentage of business being done is 35; the number of vessels tied up is 200.

The employers state that business is in better shape than at any time since the beginning of the strike. They give these figures: Number of federation men on strike, 6,000; number of men at work on city front, 1,700; number of teamsters at work, 600; percentage of business being done, 65; number of vessels tied up, 146.

In response to the frequent reports that students from the University of California were taking the places of striking stevedores, the Labor Council addressed a letter of protest to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the university.

On August 24th, the striking workmen marched through the streets of San Francisco in an orderly manner. The number of men in line was about four thousand. The leaders had expected that ten thousand or twelve thousand men would participate. There were no banners or placards.

The iron-works seem to be slowly gaining recruits. Some forty-six iron-molders and other strikers returned to work at the Union works during the week. Every day there are arrivals from the East of machinists for the Union and the Risdon works.

The grain-shippers are daily securing men both from city and country. Already one grain-laden vessel has cleared, and others are to follow.

Assaults upon the non-union workmen continue from day to day. The disappearance of numbers of non-union workmen is accounted for by the police on the ground that they are kidnaped by the strikers. They found four non-union men locked up at the teamsters' head-quarters, freed them, and arrested their jailers. The police say that the strikers have been kidnaping non-union men, and locking them up in box-cars at the railroad station, whence they are taken to the country through the connivance of the brakemen.

At Oakland, on Tuesday, strikers attacked a car containing non-union machinists from the East, and beat them savagely.

On Wednesday, on Sixth Street, something like a small riot took place as the result of an attack on a non-union teamster. Some hundreds of rioters were dispersed by mounted police.

Attempts at mediation still continue. Mayor Phelan has appointed five supervisors to endeavor to bring about a conference between employers and workmen.

Several police officers have been arrested on charges of battery preferred by strikers whom they have clubbed. The police judges show a disposition to side with the strikers.

Men from the country still continue to seek work in San Francisco. They say their jobs have been taken away from them by strikers who are leaving the city in search of work.

The sequel to the strange hullion robbery—by which the Selhy Smelting Works lost over a quarter of a million in gold bars, to recover them subsequently by the conviction of the hurglar—is as curious as is the robbery itself. The company offered "twenty-five thousand dollars' reward for information leading to the recovery of the hullion and the arrest and conviction of the thieves." So large was the reward that the detectives fell out and quarreled over it before the plunder was recovered. At one time it looked as if the dissensions of the detectives would imperil the recovery of the booty, but the superintendent of the works succeeded in "jolly-ing" them and the criminal so neatly, that Winters confessed the crime and pointed out the hiding-place. He has been tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years. Ever since, the detectives have been wrangling over the division of the reward. Now it has suddenly developed that the Selhy Company is not going to pay the reward. The officials say that when they offered this reward they had the criminal already in custody; that they believed he was not alone in his work; that they feared the other thieves would carry away the plunder; that the reward was for the purpose of either tempting or catching them; that, therefore, the smelting company will not pay this large reward to the detectives who got Winters. As a solace

to the distomfited sleuth-hounds of the law, however, the smelting company states that it will pay "a fair amount" to each man connected in any way with the recovery of the gold. It is very different paying what the company considers "a fair amount" and what the detectives expected to get. We are probably within bounds in hazarding the assertion that the detectives will not get twenty-five thousand dollars.

The Republican convention of Pennsylvania met Wednesday, August 21st, in Harrisburg, and nominated Judge William Potter, of Pittsburgh, for supreme court judge, and State Representative Frank G. Harris, of Clearfield, for State treasurer. Judge Potter was formerly Governor Stone's law partner, and was appointed to the supreme bench last year to succeed the late Judge Green. Mr. Harris is serving his third term in the House of Representatives, and has always been a follower of Senators Quay and Penrose. The platform on which they were nominated indorses the national and State administrations and the official acts of Pennsylvania's United States senators, commends the last legislature, concedes the rights of labor and capital to organize, and denounces "yellow journalism."

Concerning the labor question—a difficult one in Pennsylvania—the platform says:

"We regret that under such prosperous conditions contests should arise between capital and labor, but we hope and believe that these disputes will be finally settled on an equitable basis. The right of capital to make proper and legal combinations carries with it the right of labor to organize in proper and legal ways; but neither capital nor labor has the right to resort to violence or illegal methods."

The plank concerning "yellow journalism" reads as follows:

"We believe in surrounding the press with every constitutional guarantee vouchsafed to it since the foundation of our government, but it is a menace that these constitutional guarantees should be so misused as to have permitted many of our newspapers to have degenerated into a yellow journalism such as is detrimental to any State or country."

In addition to indorsing the national administration the platform closes with the following vigorous approval of Senator Quay:

"We are deeply sensible of the great debt which the commonwealth of Pennsylvania owes to its representatives in the Senate and Hon. M. S. Quay and Hon. Boies Penrose for the watchful care which they have ever given in the interests of the State, its material enterprises, and the welfare of its credit."

A protracted fight to save a murderer's neck from the hangman has just come to an end in the State of Washington. On August 23d, Charles W. Nordstrom was executed for the murder of William Mason. The murder was committed nine years ago; Nordstrom was in the employ of Mason as a ranch hand, and had a dispute with him over the sum of three dollars and eighty-five cents, said to be due as wages. That night, while Mason was at supper with his family, a shot was fired from outside through the window, and Mason fell forward, dead. Nordstrom was arrested. The footprints of the murderer fitted his boots; the print of a rifle-butt in the mud by Mason's fence fitted his rifle; and the hall found in Mason's body fitted his rifle-barrel. The murderer's attorney was ex-Congressman James Hamilton Lewis. On his first trial Nordstrom was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. His attorney appealed on the ground that during the trial he had been compelled to incriminate himself, because the court had compelled the prisoner to fit on a pair of boots found near the scene of the murder. The State supreme court did not agree with the attorney, and ordered the sentence of the lower court carried out, but nearly a year's delay had been secured through the proceedings. The prisoner was again sentenced to be hanged.

On a second appeal, Attorney Lewis made application for a writ of *habeas corpus*, on the ground that the verdict of the jury was "guilty, as proved," and as the presentment was murder in the first, second, third, and fourth degrees, Nordstrom could not be held for more than the lowest degree. The supreme court did not agree, but Nordstrom got another year of life. The county court again sentenced Nordstrom to death.

On a third appeal to the supreme court, Attorney Lewis maintained that Nordstrom was a Swedish citizen, and therefore entitled to a trial before a grand jury. Not having had this, Lewis moved to dismiss all the proceedings. The court gave him a stay of execution, and finally concluded that this appeal might be made by the Swedish Government, but could not be made by the prisoner's counsel. Another year had elapsed. A new sentence of hanging came from the county court.

On the fourth appeal, Attorney Lewis contended that Nordstrom had been driven insane by his long imprisonment, and therefore could not be legally hanged. The court thereupon sent five physicians to examine Nordstrom, and they pronounced him sane. The angered county judge now immediately ordered that Nordstrom should be hanged in ten days. Lewis had only a few days leeway, but he

took the first train, crossed the continent, and found Justice McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court. To him he said that the prisoner's sanity or insanity had not been determined by a jury. Justice McKenna at once issued a stay of execution, which gave Nordstrom a year and a half more of life. Again he was ordered to be hanged, but his attorney again appealed to the United States Supreme Court, claiming that the prisoner should be discharged because a review of the case had been denied him by the State supreme court. This point the United States Supreme Court decided against Nordstrom, and he was finally hanged, although Lewis's long fight made necessary a special session of the Washington State legislature to remedy defects in the capital punishment law.

Even those who do not dwell in the State of Washington will feel gratified that Murderer Nordstrom is at last hanged. This man, who possessed just enough determination to shoot from hiding a fellow-human in the back, was such a pitiful coward when he came to face death himself that his flaccid body had to be strapped to a board before he could be hanged. Doubtless Attorney James Hamilton Lewis will for his achievement win much honor among lawyers and murderers. The rest of the community will look at him askance. If our criminal law is so fearful and wonderful a thing that a smart attorney can twist it for ten years to save a murderer's neck, it is a very great pity that it can not be simplified. Nordstrom must have cost the State of Washington many thousands of dollars before he was hanged. If there are any other murder cases up there, perhaps the people of Washington had better send the Hon. James Hamilton Lewis back to Congress. It will be much cheaper for them to keep him there than at home.

There is, as a rule, little that is humorous in a strike, and the strike in San Francisco is grim enough. But a recent strike in Columbus, O., is so humorous and at the same time so extraordinary that it seems almost incredible. It sounds as if it took place in Topsy-turvydom instead of in the United States of America. It would make a good libretto for one of Gilbert and Sullivan's crazy operettas.

This is the story of the Columbus strike: C. M. Jones is editor and proprietor of the Columbus *Press-Post*—that is, he was. The paper is now apparently being edited by almost everybody but the editor. It seems that Editor Jones got into trouble with his city editor. The city editor is a member of the Newspaper Writers' Union. Now it has long been a grievance among newspaper reporters that they are not so well treated as the printers, because they have no union. On the other hand, the printers have a union which is the most powerful and prosperous trade-union in the country, with the possible exception of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The reporters have attempted to form unions. But they are like ropes of sand. Unions of unskilled laborers will not stick. That is what is the matter with the striking unions in San Francisco. After all this fight is over, the iron-workers will still be linked in unions when the sand-teamsters, the stevedores, and the longshoremen are again working each man for his own hand. There is an "art and mystery" to a craft. And there are traditions that make the skilled craftsman stand by his brother craftsman in a union. It is not so with the unskilled laborer. Hence the impossibility of making a reporters' union. The reporters were afraid of one another—and with reason. So they finally decided to organize under the wing of the printers.

In every union printing-office there is a star-chamber body called "the chapel," presided over by a "father." The foreman represents the employer, the father of the chapel represents the printers. Whenever there is a question at issue, the printers invariably take their orders from the father of the chapel instead of the foreman. So in the office of the *Press-Post*, the reporters organized as a newspaper writers' union under the protection of the printers' chapel.

Editor Jones found City Editor Marshall unsatisfactory for various reasons. First, he had criticized some courthouse officials who were friends of Editor Jones; and second, he had been "scooped" by the other Columbus papers on a railroad wreck; they had run the wreck with "scare-heads," and City Editor Marshall had not run it at all. Therefore Editor Jones requested Marshall to resign. Marshall refused. Editor Jones then informed him that he was discharged. Marshall at once ordered a strike, and Newspaper Writers' Union, No. 2, walked out. Editor Jones attempted to parley with them, and offered to secure another editor. They refused to return unless Marshall was replaced. Thereupon Editor Jones broke off negotiations, got ten young men from the State University as reporters, edited their copy himself, and it was sent to the composing-room. The father of the chapel walked to the imposing-stone, rapped thereon with a mallet, a chapel meeting was held, and the printers stopped their work. The father of



the chapel informed Editor Jones that if the non-union copy was not removed from the book the printers would strike. Editor Jones took back his non-union copy. That day the *Press-Post* did not come out. The next day Editor Jones sent the paper to press without any local news, filling it up with narratives of the low-necked gowns at Newport, snake stories, accounts of the shocking attire worn by the young women at Long Branch, and other refined and pleasing miscellany of the kind usually found in the Sunday supplements of great daily newspapers. Unfortunately Editor Jones, feeling somewhat embittered over the situation, wrote with his red right hand a savage editorial on the labor question and sent it in to the printers. Not being local news, and being written by the editor and proprietor, it might be supposed that they would print it. Not so. Again the unfortunate editor was informed that he must withdraw his non-union copy, or the printers would strike. Editor Jones withdrew his editorial.

At last accounts the *Press-Post* is still running without the local news, and Editor Jones is beseeching President Lynch, of the International Typographical Union, to devise some means by which he may be allowed to get his paper out.

So the question may be asked, Who is editing the *Columbus Press-Post*? Is it the proprietor, Editor Jones? or is it the discharged employee, City Editor Marshall? or is it the Newspaper Writers' Union, No. 2? or is it the father of the Columbus printers' chapel? or is it the president of the International Typographical Union of North America?

The Democrats of Iowa in State convention nominated for governor Thomas J. Phillips, of Ottumwa. The platform re-affirms the national platform adopted in 1900 at Kansas City, and contains a plank on State issues demanding reform in taxation laws, repeal of the mulct liquor law, and enforcement of local-option law. The only contest in the convention was on the adoption of the platform. A minority report re-affirming the Kansas City platform was adopted on the call of the roll by counties amid much confusion by 669½ to 550½. The minority plank of the silver members reads as follows: "We, the Democrats of Iowa, in convention assembled, hereby re-affirm the principles of the Democratic National platform adopted at Kansas City, July 5, 1900." The resolution offered by the gold men and voted down when presented is this: "The Democracy of Iowa recognizes the fact that events have at least temporarily settled the money question so far as the free coinage of silver is concerned." It looked some weeks ago as if the Ohio Democratic convention had definitely settled Mr. Bryan's fate as a leader. Since then, most of the leading Democratic journals in the country have spoken of him as a "has-been." With him seemed to go his single plank, free silver. Even the Denver and Salt Lake papers gave up that plank after the Ohio convention. But this action of the Iowa convention would seem to indicate that there is still life in free silver, and still loyalty to the principles of Bryan.

There is scarcely a day that we do not see in some journal the New Zealand scheme of "compulsory arbitration" prescribed as a panacea for all industrial ills. We can not comprehend what these empiric physicians mean. No law in a free republic can force a man to work for an employer against his will; no law can force an employer to hire him. If the law could force the employer to hire a certain man or men—which is absurd—could it force him to go on doing business if he should conclude to stop? These questions, to our mind, settle the compulsory arbitration scheme. We have been curious to see how the colonial papers regard the matter. The latest number of the Australian *Mining Standard* to hand says that throughout the colonies the exactions of the unions are driving employers out of business, particularly in New Zealand, where the compulsory arbitration law prevails. As to its workings, the *Standard* says: "Employers can be fined and imprisoned for contumacy, but unions can not. The machinery has therefore run with seeming smoothness in New Zealand, as judgment has invariably gone against the employer. But once let a decree go against the unions, and the law will at once be broken down." This does not seem to be the industrial Eden which the advocates of compulsory arbitration have painted New Zealand to be.

The supreme court, on August 26th, decided that section 13 of the County Government Act, which attempts to give town or city governments the right to adopt local legislation by popular vote, is unconstitutional. The question came before the court from Ventura County, where a saloon-keeper was arrested for violating an ordinance intended to regulate the selling of liquor within the county. The ordinance in dis-

pute was voted upon by the people at an election held last November, and was adopted in strict conformity with the terms of the County Government Act. Judge Henshaw, who wrote the decision of the court, declares in unqualified language that the ordinance is invalid. He finds that under the law of this State, legislation can not be passed directly by the people, but must originate with its regular representatives—in the State with the senate and assembly, and in the counties with the boards of supervisors. Judges McFarland, Harrison, and Temple concurred in Judge Henshaw's decision. Judge Van Dyke wrote a separate concurring opinion, in which he was joined by Judge Garoutte. Chief Justice Beatty dissented from the decision of his fellow-jurists. The decision is of great importance to San Francisco, as it will affect the initiative and referendum clauses in the new charter.

An era of prosperity in this country has had the usual result of encouraging immigration. Not that there has been an influx comparable with that of 1882, when high tide was reached by the arrival of 788,992 in a single year, but that the present increase is the largest we have experienced in a decade. The arrivals in 1892 were 623,084, and in 1893, 502,917. From that point they dwindle to 229,299 in 1898—the smallest annual immigration in twenty-two years. In the past fiscal year the arrivals numbered 487,918, and in the previous year, 448,772.

The following table shows how radically the character of immigration has been changed by the shifting of the sources from which its preponderance has been drawn:

| Immigrants from—     | 1882.   | 1901.   | Per Cent. of Total. |       |
|----------------------|---------|---------|---------------------|-------|
|                      |         |         | 1882.               | 1901. |
| All countries.....   | 788,992 | 487,918 |                     |       |
| Austria-Hungary..... | 29,150  | 113,390 | 3.7                 | 23.2  |
| Germany.....         | 230,630 | 21,651  | 31.7                | 4.4   |
| Denmark.....         | 11,618  | 3,655   | 1.4                 | 0.7   |
| France.....          | 6,004   | 3,150   | 0.7                 | 0.6   |
| Italy.....           | 32,159  | 135,996 | 4.0                 | 27.9  |
| Netherlands.....     | 9,517   | 2,349   | 1.2                 | 0.5   |
| Norway.....          | 29,101  | 12,248  | 3.7                 | 2.5   |
| Russia.....          | 21,590  | 85,257  | 2.7                 | 17.4  |
| Sweden.....          | 64,607  | 23,331  | 8.2                 | 4.7   |
| Switzerland.....     | 10,844  | 2,201   | 1.3                 | 0.4   |
| England.....         | 82,394  | 12,214  | 10.4                | 2.5   |
| Ireland.....         | 76,432  | 30,561  | 9.7                 | 6.2   |
| Scotland.....        | 18,937  | 2,070   | 2.4                 | 0.4   |

Formerly Ireland furnished the largest number; but it will be seen that twenty years ago Germany contributed nearly one-third, while England, Ireland, and Sweden followed in order. In the latest figures all of these countries have fallen far behind, and their places have been taken by Italy in the first place, Austria-Hungary in the second, and Russia in the third. All of the United Kingdom together now furnishes about the proportion which Ireland alone sent in 1882, while the percentage from Germany is only a little more than one-tenth what it was in the latter year.

Another pertinent feature is a change in the character of the immigrants. Twenty years ago immigration consisted generally of families seeking permanent homes, but now of detached members of families, who add to our floating element and temporarily swell the ranks of unskilled labor in America. It therefore adds less to national growth and stability than formerly.

On the peninsula of San Francisco there are several cemeteries, and the city has already prohibited the burial of bodies within certain limits. Three times already have bodies been taken up and removed from the peninsula. But a new increment of bodies has begun. Since the Spanish war the interments at the Presidio National Cemetery have been very numerous. This cemetery was laid out in 1855, and eight and one-half acres were then considered sufficient. But when the large shipments of bodies from the Philippines began some seven acres were added, and even now the cemetery is nearly full. Last month there were thirty-two hundred bodies in the cemetery. Every transport from the Philippines brings additional bodies, and the quartermaster's department is now searching for a site for a new burying-ground. The residents on the border of the Presidio reservation are following the matter with keen interest, although they can have over it no control. The matter is in the hands of the War Department. We would advise them to appeal to the congressmen from this district, and see if it is not possible to stop further burials upon the peninsula. Even if the War Department cares nothing for the civilian dwellers in San Francisco, it should care for the military dwellers at the Presidio post. There are several islands in the Bay of San Francisco under the control of the War Department which are admirably suited for cemetery sites. They will be used for military purposes in perpetuity, and will be cut off from the city dwellers as long as the government endures. The Presidio reservation is none too large now for the living soldiers. Why not place a permanent national cemetery either on Angel or Yerba Buena Islands

in the bay? The property-owners near the Presidio had better look to this matter before new cemetery sites on the reservation are selected, when it will be too late.

The interior press continues to comment unfavorably on the action of the San Francisco labor-unions in tying up the movement of fruit and grain by their sympathetic strike. Although there are some adherents of the unions among the interior journals, all condemn that phase of the matter:

*Sacramento Bee, August 21st:* "The editor of the *Coast Seamen's Journal* says: 'Friend as well as foe must suffer. But the trades-unions are encouraged by the attitude of the public to believe that the general inconvenience will be cheerfully borne.' The 'general inconvenience' will not be cheerfully borne by the general public. Why should it be, when the 'general inconvenience' means disaster to farmer and to fruit-grower, and to producers generally? Do the labor-unions expect the Sacramento River ranchers and orchardists to sit complacently by while their produce is rotting on the wharves in San Francisco and they are being thrust back into the clutches of the banks? And all for what? For 'the great principle at stake'? What great principle? The principle as to whether employers shall run their own business, or whether employees shall virtually dictate how it shall be run?"

*Orland Register, August 17th:* "There is one ludicrous side to the laborer's position in the present labor troubles. Labor has the wages asked for and the hours, yet it will not work nor let its fellow-countrymen work, and at the same time it prays Congress to exclude from this country hordes of people who are more than willing to work at less wages and greater hours."

*Pomona Progress, August 12th:* "The innocent suffer most.—The usual disregard, unintentional though it be, of the striking labor-unions for the interests of the general public is shown, though they are always by far the largest interests affected by any strike. So vast are these interests that they should render a strike the last resort for the remedy of most serious grievances, and not to be resorted to on slight provocation and the whim of often irresponsible leaders. The trades-unions of San Francisco would not haul cans to the depot that the canneries throughout the State might operate, nor would they allow any one else to haul them, but dumped the cans in the street when they attempted to do so, and left the fruit to rot in the orchards. Verily, has labor so great an enemy in all the world as its leaders!"

*San Luis Obispo Tribune, August 16th:* "Wharves are piled high with merchandise in San Francisco and other seaports of the coast, vessels are tied up, and merchants are standing idle in their stores. Throughout the country, farmers are gazing ruefully at their rotting fruit and the sacked grain, thinking despairingly of the indebtedness coming due."

*Santa Cruz Surf, August 14th:* "The *Sacramento Bee*, one of the staunchest supporters of the rights of the people in the State, has the following on this important question: 'The folly of the sympathetic strike is being realized by a large part of the membership of the Amalgamated Association. Evidently a strong reaction is taking place in labor circles against the sentiment that has led to sympathetic strikes.'"

*Davisville Enterprise, August 22d:* "The very worst enemy organized labor to-day can have are the demagogues, whether wearing priestly, clerical, or editorial robes; the men who tell the laboring man that he is right and to go on with a fight when they know they are advising against common sense. At a meeting Thursday evening, at San Francisco, two preachers, one Protestant and one Catholic, gave them advice they both knew was wrong."

*Colusa Sun, August 24th:* "A dispatch from Woodland informs us that one J. F. Gairette, of that place, who has been engaged in trying to get men to unload the wheat from cars and barges at Port Costa, was beaten into insensibility at the latter place by some strikers on Wednesday evening. Again we tell these strikers that they are getting the ill-will of the farming community just as fast as possible. It is hard to make a farmer, whose wheat is likely to get caught in the rain, believe that it is right to beat up a man engaged in getting that wheat unloaded from a car! All the editorials in the *Examiner* from now to eternity could not make him see it. And the Labor Council's address does not seem to think it is asking anything of a farmer to let one crop rot! It may be that it is the accumulation of years; his home may depend upon it, but that is nothing compared to hauling a trunk belonging to a non-union man! Nor do they consult with the farmers about letting the wheat rot! They say: 'We have got it tied up, and all we have to ask of you is to be in a good humor about it!'"

*Dixon Tribune, August 23d:* "The San Francisco strikers have issued an appeal to the farmers of California in which they claim no responsibility for the lie-up of grain and other products. The strikers solicit the sympathy of the farmers. It might be well for the strikers to understand that our California farmers are a reading and a thinking people. The strikers will have to look elsewhere for the sympathy that indorses the kind of sympathy they are at present extending to the producers throughout the country."

*Orland Register, August 24th:* "The *Examiner* does not like the things the *Colusa Sun* published, but that does not affect their falseness or truthfulness. It is heard on the streets in this section that farmers do not feel toward this labor strike as they have in the past."

*Vacaville Reporter, August 24th:* "There are a hundred and seventy thousand sacks of grain lying on the bank of the slough at Barnhart's Landing. There is a very large amount at Maine Prairie. It can not be shipped and warehoused at Port Costa, and is in a situation to be injured by an early rain. The growers of this grain are not parties to the quarrel which is going on in San Francisco. Yet they find that the laborers and stevedores will not do a hand's turn of work. Laboring men have a right to organize and quit work. But they have no right to prevent the employment of others by the warehouse men. That grain must be warehoused and shipped to prevent an incalculable loss."

Drinking-places on the Strand, in London, were filled one day recently with members of the Imperial Yeomanry, who astonished their friends by throwing their war medals upon the floor and stamping upon them. These medals were given by King Edward to the yeomanry the day before. In explanation of their anger the yeomen alleged that the government was in arrears with their pay, and referred to the blunders of officials. The yeomen said their names were misspelled and their rank and command wrong in six cases out of ten.

English is the language of the Japanese foreign office—in its intercourse with foreign diplomats, and even in its telegraphic correspondence with its own representatives abroad. All telegrams from Tokio to the foreign agents of Japan are written and ciphered in English, and replied to in the same manner, though, if the foreign minister has occasion to send a written dispatch, this, as a rule, is in Japanese.



## THE EXIT OF ANNUNCIATA.

When the Lights Were Out and the Play Was Done.

Annunciata's stage had been very small and comparatively empty all her short life, but she had been happy with her father, his few old friends, and the heauty of the world about her, until she began to realize that she was no longer a child and that her childish delights had ceased to fill her life. The blue heavens that bent above her began to suggest the vastness of the world that lay beyond her tiny orbit. The dancing waves that had been wont to fill her soul with glee now lost their power of companionship, and spoke only of the continents on the other shores and the people swarming in the centres of civilization.

Her father—his soul sunk in trying to make an unproductive farm yield enough to provide for himself in his old age and his daughter when he should be taken away—could not understand her discontent; in fact, she didn't more than half understand it herself. "Tut, tut, child," was his only counsel, "you need a little change; I'll take you to town with me the next time I go."

And into town she had gone a few days after every outburst of rebellion. The old horses were taken out of the plow and hitched to the spring-wagon, while Annunciata, looking like a tragedy-queen trying to adjust herself to her hurlerque surroundings, sat up in the high seat with her feet dangling in space, "seeing something of the world," as the poor old father thought.

After a time Annunciata rebelled at this. The open ogling of the country youth and the giggling stares of the town girls decided her she would never leave the ranch again, hoisted on the high seat of a farm-wagon. The father listened to these outbreaks in helpless perplexity, but meditated in his simple soul that "women-folks was finicky anyway," and cast about for something more diverting for the child; and therein lay the root of the whole trouble. He did not know that the only thing the matter with her was that she was now a woman and had ceased to be a child. So he did everything but the right thing, for the one passion of his life was the idolatrous love for his daughter, the one ray of sunshine in his lonely life. His farm had never been productive enough to pay off the first mortgage, and his experience had been only that of ninety-nine cases out of every hundred in the State. For every good year that had brought him a full harvest there had been succeeding years of drought, or rust, or at the critical moment a blighting north wind that had threshed the crop too soon and scattered the precious golden grains over the ground.

And now his daughter, his little Annunciata, became a sunbeam in his life with a vengeance; for, as we all know, it is these same delightful rays that make things so intolerably hot for us sometimes. He must sell the ranch, she began to urge, sell it so they might take the money and travel and see something of the world in good earnest. The old man's heart was bound up in his acres. The cattle, the waving grain, the sheep-fold, were a vital part of himself. But his little sunbeam grew hotter and hotter in her importunity, and there were occasional cloudbursts of tears, which, however, did not always clear the atmosphere. She was tired of everything, she complained. She hated the dull monotony of the life they lived. If he would not sell the whole ranch why would he not sell a part of it, she coaxed. And, as is often the way with fathers, he weakly yielded his point, although he knew it to be against his own best judgment.

To the old man a part of his life seemed gone when he sold the best quarter-section of his land; but Annunciata seemed happy, so he tried to be satisfied. She became bright and cheerful, as she had not been for months, and heamed upon her willing slave till all the past storm-clouds were transformed into rainbows by her smiles. Travel to the old father had always been synonymous with discomfort and hardship, because his only experience had been in crossing the plains with an ox-team. But the misery of a stuffy sleeping-car was beyond the worst he had imagined. And after his own fireside was left behind him, there seemed not a spot in all the world where he might sit quietly at the close of day, tilt his chair back to his hind-legs, and smoke his pipe, with his heels on the mantel-piece, as he had done the past fifty years. But he bore it all bravely, even cheerfully, for Annunciata's sake.

And Annunciata was happy. Her stage was now full. She had never even pictured the heauty and glitter of the setting in which she found herself. There were now the hall-room scenes which she had so longed for on that lonely Western ranch; and conservatory and balcony scenes galore, and, while the money lasted, the "Western heiress" played a star part with vim and finish. Still she was impatiently waiting for the entrance of the real hero, and expected to meet him at every turn.

The old father went trailing dutifully after his handsome daughter into places and among people where he felt out of place and lonesome. He knew there were curious glances and covert smiles behind his back at his manner and speech, and felt—ah, sharper than a serpent's tooth, the sting!—that his daughter was ashamed of him, but bore it silently.

At last the eternally shifting scenes bored even the capricious Annunciata, and she was willing to go home, for a while at least. The father hailed the prospect as the first glint of happiness that had come into his life in all these terrible months—all unconscious of the sunstroke in store for him through his cherished little beam.

Upon their return to the restful home beside the sparkling sea, Annunciata found, just as it should be, her hero awaiting her. But in her inexperience she had not learned that no melodrama, such as she was cast for, ever escaped without a villain, too. Ramon Costello was neither good-looking nor fine-looking, because he was neither good nor fine, but he was handsome, because he was a Costello, and played the role of the lover with the skill that comes with much practice. So far everything was highly satisfactory, and the poor

little marionette mistook for the real satisfaction of life the flattery and finery that were hers. But the lights were strong in her eyes and she could not see that her hero and the villain were worked by the same string. She looked forward with high hopes to the next act—the veil, the priest, and the orchestra playing softly "The Voice That Breathed o'er Eden." Then the triumphal exit amid showers of roses, over which she and the handsome hero should dance for ever and ever.

But here the strings seemed to get mixed or were worked wrong, for the indulgent old father unexpectedly threw off his habit, to become the stern, inexorable parent. He had learned of the double rôle the hero was playing in time to step in and forbid the progress of his suit.

This scene always adds a zest to the plot; but, strange to say, however determined the parents may be on their course, it does not often retard the action of the play. In this case it merely hastened matters. There was a flight without veil, or priest, or orchestra. But the scene from an artistic standpoint was a pretty one—perhaps the most thrilling of all. There was the setting of a moonless sky and a vine-clad home rising in the background, with a single light streaming from a window. Then the fleeing figures of the happy lovers stealing noiselessly from the sweet old childhood's home; instead of the orchestra, the mournful murmur of the waves and the sobbing of the night wind. Then, too late to stay them, the piteous cry of a heart-broken old father.

This really should have been the climax. If the curtain had dropped here, the supposition would have been that the fleeing lovers were dancing over their rose-strewn pathway through an eternity of happiness. But the Fates that pulled their strings were not yet through with them.

The years that followed dragged themselves out wearily for the old father. Travel lost its terror for him, and he wandered up and down the world wherever he thought he might find a clew of his lost daughter. He left his farm, which had once seemed a part of his life, in the hands of hirelings, and remained away years at a time. Then, when the report of the boom that struck the lower part of the State reverberated throughout the continent and reached his ears, he came back to find himself besieged with eager hiders for his ranch. Section after section was sold at fabulous prices, until the old man found himself, after years of unavailing toil, his health gone and his reason beginning to totter under the weight of grief it bore, rich beyond his most ambitious dreams. But all it meant to him was the means to further the search for his daughter. Again he started out on a long journey that covered many months, and when he returned everything was changed—nothing could ever be the same again. Where his broad acres had rolled into the sea were town-lots staked off. A town-hall site and school-house block laid out where his corn-crib and pig-sty had stood, and Ambrosia avenues and Mariposa terraces where had been his Berkshire trail and Holstein alley.

People said the old man's mind was "touched" when he began to build on the home-site, which he had reserved from the speculators, a veritable castle by the sea; but his answer was: "This is for Annunciata. She always wanted to live in a fine house, and now, when she comes home, she shall have it." And here he lived year after year, waiting for his lost daughter in splendid misery.

One evening a tall woman, closely veiled, walked out to the massive pile of brick and stone, and asked to see the master. The little old man took his feet off the mantel-piece and asked her if she had come in response to his advertisement for a cook.

The woman looked at him sharply. She was thin and bent, for the rose-strewn path had proved thorny, and had torn her tender flesh and pierced her heart. "Had you a daughter?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes, I have a daughter," he answered. "She is not here now, but she will come—she will come!"—looking over the woman's head across the moon-lit sea and muttering to himself.

"Father, father, don't you know me?" cried Annunciata, throwing off her veil and starting toward him.

But the old man pushed her back. "I know Annunciata; I don't know you. Annunciata is beautiful and young. Your skin is yellow, and your hair is gray; you are not my little daughter. Go away, old woman; I don't want you for my cook."

He called the servants to put her out and shut the door upon her. The woman slipped out into the shadow and heard the mournful murmur of the waves as she had done once before. They spoke no more of the wonders of other shores. She had wandered far and wide among strange continents and hidden herself in the centres of civilization. She had drunk to the dregs the pleasures they had offered her and found them bitter. To-night the lapping waves spoke only of rest and oblivion. Their depths offered her a quiet exit with the requiem of the eternal anthem of the tides—the thick green curtain that falls when the lights are out and the play is done. So, in the gray morning twilight, when the tide turned and the rippling waves danced out to sea, Annunciata went with them.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1901.

The old Hofburg brewery, in West Berkeley, Cal., has been leased by a Japanese firm, for the purpose of manufacturing Japanese liquors. The duty on liquors from Japan is so high as to be practically prohibitive, and the new company intends manufacturing native drinks for the consumption of Japanese in this country and Hawaii. It will be the first manufactory of its kind in the United States. The lease was made for ten years. It is proposed to employ about one hundred men when the place is in running order.

The people of Amesbury, Mass., have started a movement for the erection of a monument to the memory of the poet Whittier, who lived in their town for fifty years and did much of his best work there.

## POEMS BY LONGFELLOW.

## Twilight.

Slowly, slowly up the wall  
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;  
Evening damps begin to fall,  
Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,  
All the sky is grand with clouds,  
And athwart the evening air  
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west  
Paint the dusky windows red;  
Darker shadows, deeper rest  
Underneath, and overhead.

Darker, darker, and more wan  
In my breast the shadows fall;  
Upward steals the life of man  
As the sunshine from the wall.

From the wall into the sky,  
From the roof along the spire;  
Ah, the souls of those that die  
Are hut sunbeams lifted higher.

## The Beleaguered City.

I have read, in some old, marvelous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
No drum, nor sentry's pace;  
The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far  
The troubled army fled;  
Up rose the glorious morning star—  
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvelous heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,  
In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there  
In the army of the grave;  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

## The Reaper and the Flowers.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen  
He reaps the hearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;  
"Have naught but the hearded grain?"  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."  
He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He hound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.  
They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care;  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.  
Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

## Weariness.

O little feet! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;  
I, nearer to the Wayside Inn  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands! that weak or strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask;  
I, who so much with hook and pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that thro' and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires;  
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,  
With passions into ashes turned  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source divine;  
Refracted through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



## MODERN RHINE LEGENDS.

Castle Walls in Ruins Bear American Advertisements—The Stars and Stripes at Oberwesel—Beer-Gardens at Wiesbaden—A Duel at Heidelberg.

DEAR ARGONAUT: The ancient, the mediæval, and the modern architecture are inextricably interwoven or strangely contrasted on the banks of the Rhine. Walls and towers of Roman construction have often been preserved and utilized for the foundation of later superstructures, and thus intermingled they stand as majestic ruins. The feudal lords who constructed these mediæval walls were to turn followed by those who restored them, or erected in close proximity the modern palace or *château*, and thus we behold the several different strata of civilization along the Rhine as manifested in architectural periods. The voyager passing along the tranquil river to-day, and looking out upon the vine-clad hills, the golden sheaves scattered upon the ground, the valleys smiling in beauty, the towns and villages bustling with busy life, and the spires of churches and cathedrals, vainly essays to picture this land once dark with primeval forests, and inhabited by rambling tribes clad in skins and subsisting upon flesh. In no country are the different strata of civilization, like geological formations, so clearly legible. These shaded banks, where the Roman legions struggled for supremacy with the Germanic tribes, where each vantage point bristled with wall and battlement, now echo to the hum of industry. The fertile valleys teem with the products of the soil, and frowning walls and towers look down upon the fruitful vine. This placid stream, where floated the rude boats of the armed hosts of Rome, and which later was the scene of robbery and murder under the dominion of the feudal barons, is now the avenue and highway of a commerce with nations, and its waters are dotted with innumerable craft, being the wealth of many peoples.

From the highest turret of a mediæval ruin, perched on a lofty pinnacle of the Rhine, there floats to-day the American flag, its stars and stripes illumined and glorified by the summer's sun. Is there a soul so dead that does not kindle with enthusiasm at the sight of his country's flag in a foreign land? If there he, it was conspicuously absent the other day when a party of American tourists beheld their national emblem floating from the top of an old tower at Oberwesel. They lined up along the rail, and, uncovering, they gave three rousing cheers for the "red, white, and blue," to the astonishment of the German contingent, who cried "*was bedeutet das lärm?*" An American resident of New York, having purchased the ancient ruin of the Schönberg at Oberwesel, has somewhat restored it, and at a little distance from its venerable walls he has erected a modern *château*, where he now resides. *Voilà la petite histoire*. Shades of departed nobles, warlike captains, and mailed knights, whose spirits are said to haunt in ghostly array these ancient towers, behold the desecration of your sacred precincts—"Eat Quaker oats, take Carter's liver pills, give Mellin's food to babies." For such is the writing on the walls, and of such are the modern "legends of the Rhine."

Two days up the river, with a break of one night at the town of Coblenz, are full of interest. The *Kaiserin Augusta* carried about one hundred passengers, two-thirds of whom were either American or English tourists. The upper-deck is provided with chairs and tables, and meals are served to order on deck or in the cabin, where beer and the vintages of the Rhine are discussed in many tongues. The weather was fine, with just enough cloud effect to give the needed shade and shadow to the charming landscape. For the first few hours, after leaving Cologne, the Valley of the Rhine is low, devoted to agriculture, and of no especial interest. But as you ascend, the country grows higher, and finally rises into lofty ridges. Every commanding pinnacle and bluff is crowned with the remains of a fortress or a castle, whose crumbling walls stand like grim sentinels watching about the sleeping camp of nature. The river winds like a thing of life between high bluffs, pretty villages, and quiet hamlets basking in the noon-tide sun.

At Andernach and Leutesdorf you enter the celebrated vineyard region of the Rhine, whose delicate vintages are unrivaled. Many of these plantations have been formed with infinite labor—that of terracing the steep mountainsides for miles. The value of some of these holdings may be gathered from the fact that the annual product of a thirty-five-acre tract will reach fifty thousand dollars.

Wiesbaden is dull at this season, but the fact by no means detracts from an enjoyable sojourn of a few days. The town is situated in a basin surrounded by orchards and vineyards. It is well built, and is clean and orderly. The shade-trees along the streets, the umbrageous boulevards, and the beautiful parks, especially the so-called "cure-park" added to the delightful climate, render Wiesbaden a charming resort. At the cure-house every night an orchestra of eight members discourse the best operatic selections to thousands of appreciative listeners, who silently sip their beer, Rhein wine, or coffee at the neighboring tables. Extra entertainment is furnished Saturday evenings, of which elaborate fireworks constitute a part. Thus is a phase of the German's life exemplified—music, the park, the beer-garden. He is as sincerely devoted to the one as to the other. The *frau* and the younger members of the family are in evidence. They are quiet, orderly, and attentively interested. They jointly partake of beer and other refreshment. They converse in low tones, and they are polite, well clad, and intelligent. The German beer-garden is a place of refined enjoyment—the attractions are good music and social intercourse. The beer-garden in America is generally quite the reverse. Why?

Heidelberg, with its time-honored university, and its ancient *schloss*, lies nestled on a narrow plain on the banks of the Neckar. Behind, and to the east and west, the hills rise in successive ranges to a height of two thousand feet. Its shaded walks lead over hill and dale, and across rushing streams, spanned by arched bridges of masonry, and through

sequestered glades and beautiful groves of ornamental trees. It is an ideal resting-place, and to the pensive and serious it is one to think and dream in; to invoke the spirits of the past; to conjure weird fancies of the innumerable generations that have figured upon these scenes, whose feet have trodden this soil, and whose hands reared these fallen ruins; to recall the names and histories of the illustrious dead, who had here been educated and had gone forth to shape or guide the destinies of nations, or to write their names bright and clear on the scroll of fame, in the walks of science, literature, and art. The castle, a fine old ruin, situated on a jutting promontory, several hundred feet above the river, supplies in varied phases a history of political events and architectural styles covering a period of a thousand years. Spectre of the Past! What pomp of heraldry and circumstance of glorious war, what pageantry of fair dames and mailed knights, and what bloody scenes have thy scarred walls not witnessed! Speak, ye disembodied spirits, if yet ye haunt the glimpses of the moon, and tell us the secrets of this dungeon, these dismal cells, these spacious halls, this lofty banquet-chamber that echoed and reechoed to the tread of princes and nobles and their retainers, that rang with loud wassail and with festive song. The rays of a full moon throw ghostly shadows on pavement, wall, and fallen tower, and the restless voices of the night wind sigh mournfully through the ivy-mantled towers, and answer not.

I was much interested in a students' duel here. The fights take place in an old house dedicated to student dueling for a hundred years. The chamber is a long, low room sufficiently large to contain seventy-five or a hundred people. The fight is under the auspices of the college corps which claims the opponents. It is most punctiliously conducted by the seconds, who how to each other and touch their hats when they speak. The weapon is the broadsword, and all cuts are from above. The eyes, nose, and ears are protected. The tall fellow had the advantage from the first, and cut his shorter opponent cruelly. At the conclusion of the combat the plucky little chap had three long cuts in his scalp, while the tall gladiator came off unscathed.

Baden-Baden is a very beautiful resort, if not the most beautiful in Germany. The season has hardly begun here yet, but the hotels are moderately full. Homburg is just now claiming the season, and I note many titled people already there, anticipating the arrival of the emperor later in the month. The American contingent is here in force. Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, and New York are numerously represented. The luxurious baths, the palatial hotels, the ancient ruins, the forest drives, delightful parks, fine music, and good beer, render Baden-Baden a veritable paradise to the godly who would be clean, to the sick who would be healed, and to the pleasure-seeker who must be amused.

WALTER S. THORNE.

CHUR, SWITZERLAND, August 5, 1901.

Francesco Crispi, commonly known as the "Bismarck of Italy," who died in Naples August 11th, was born in Sicily on October 4, 1819, and was educated at Palermo, his father having decided that he should enter the profession of the magistracy, which, under the Sicilian system, required a different training from that for the bar. A dispute as to the legality of a tax imposed by the king led Crispi to renounce the bench and demand admission to the bar at Naples. Although he met with considerable opposition, he finally succeeded in gaining admission to practice. His genius found relief in working with those who, in 1848, succeeded in effecting the overthrow of the kingdom of the Sicilies. When the royal troops re-occupied Palermo in 1849, Crispi escaped to Turin, and remained there in exile for several years. He supported himself by writing. In 1853 he again became an exile. His revolutionary activity, however, caused the authorities to expel him from Malta in 1854, and he took refuge in England. After struggling for existence as a clerk for a year he left England for Paris. In 1858, he was ordered to leave France for reasons not given, and he returned to London. Soon afterward he organized the expedition of the thousand, and induced Garibaldi to take command. After a series of desperate battles, the revolutionists reached and occupied Palermo. A government was organized, Garibaldi being dictator, and Crispi secretary of state, and from that time until the kingdom of the two Sicilies was merged into that of Italy, Crispi was the organizer and director of affairs. In 1861 Crispi was elected to represent Palermo in the first parliament of United Italy, and he soon became the acknowledged leader of the constitutional opposition. In 1867 Crispi became president of the council of ministers. He remained prime minister for three years, but in the crisis of 1869 he was overthrown. For three years he took little interest in politics, but in 1894 he was returned to office. Two years later he resigned his portfolio, after the defeat of his ministry on account of the failure of an Italian expedition into Abyssinia, and from that time until his death, while maintaining his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, he had taken no prominent part in public life. His wife and daughter are left without resources except such as may come from the sale of the statesman's memoirs.

Some American towns have discussed the idea of refusing the offer of a library by Mr. Carnegie, but the attitude of the *Toronto Globe* toward mooted Carnegie gifts in Canada is exceptional. Canada is a very rich country, it asserts, where the average wealth is greater than that of the United States. If libraries are desired, there is abundant money to build and support them. Towns that do not need libraries should provide them. Towns that do not need libraries should certainly be above spending Mr. Carnegie's money. The position is a manly one.

In 1896-97 the sweet wine production in California was 3,740,060 gallons. For 1900-01, the production was 6,266,894 gallons, an increase of sixty-seven per cent.

## TAMMANY'S TIME OF TROUBLE.

Corruption in the Manhattan Police Force—Commissioner Devery's Right-Hand Man Entangled—Three Arrests Made—An Anti-Tammany Campaign Precipitated.

More than a month earlier than usual, active preparations for New York's municipal campaign are begun. The Greater Democracy has opened head-quarters, and conferences of significance have already been held. All this bodes so good for Tammany, and the arrival of Mr. Croker next week, fresh from studies of golf at Letcomb, England, is anxiously awaited by his chiefs. The trouble has been precipitated by that disturbing element called the Parkhurst Society, more intelligently designated though not so generally known as the Society for the Prevention of Crime. First in the order of unpleasant developments was the arrest and conviction of George Bissert, a "plain-clothes" policeman, for accepting a five-hundred-dollar bribe from the keeper of a disorderly house in Stuyvesant Street; this, in spite of the favorable testimony of the detective's superior officer, Captain Diamond. It was a slight mishap, after all, for a stay of proceedings was easily secured, and the sentence may not be carried out. But the next exposure included more important officials than a police captain and his "wardman," for it came uncomfortably close to one of Tammany's conspicuous leaders, no less a person than Deputy Police Commissioner and ex-Chief of Police William S. Devery.

The investigation now under way promises to identify the members of an inner circle who profit by the corrupt methods—for corruption does exist. Charles F. Dillon, one of the agents of the Parkhurst Society, was approached four months ago by one Edgar A. Whitney, who had formerly been connected with the society, and offered substantial pay if he would give out information of intended raids on disorderly houses and gambling-rooms. Dillon allowed Whitney to believe that he entered the scheme in good faith, and when he had sufficient evidence against him, had the bribe-offerer arrested. Whitney then made a confession, declaring that Wardman Glennon, of the Tenderloin district, was the police officer who had furnished the funds to pay for the information, and who had passed along the tips of the threatened raids to the pool-room keepers. With the evidence already in Dillon's hands, a good case was made out against Wardman Glennon, Wardman Dwyer, and Police Sergeant Shiels, and the three men were arrested. Police Commissioner Murphy at once suspended the three police officers, and the sensation was well under way.

The part of Whitney's confession that is most disconcerting to the police powers is that which seems to show that Devery was fully informed of Glennon's plan and methods, as it is charged that the deputy commissioner accepted Whitney's statements over the telephone wire without question, and immediately smoothed away some difficulties connected with the transmission of information to the wardman. No action has been taken against Devery as yet, but when the trial of the three policemen for neglect of duty—the comparatively weak charge brought against them—comes on, the developments are likely to make it necessary for the acting head of the department to defend himself. Glennon has been Devery's right-hand man for a long time. Both were dismissed from the police force in 1894 on charges of extortion, but they were re-instated a year later, and have been close companions since. Dwyer and Shiels are smaller figures, but both have been active in the same district with Glennon. Sergeant Shiels is acting captain of the precinct when Captain Flood is away. Dwyer is a detective in plain clothes, and supposed to be under Captain Flood's orders. At the preliminary investigation the police captain testified that Dwyer made reports regularly to him, but that Glennon made no reports and that his duties were not known to his superior officer.

When the Stranahan bill, ousting the bi-partisan police board and providing for a single-headed commission, was signed by Governor Odell last February, within twelve hours Mayor Van Wyck had appointed as police commissioner Colonel M. C. Murphy, president of the health board. This appointment was not particularly offensive, even to the enemies of Tammany, as Colonel Murphy had a fairly good record. He was a member of the Tammany anti-vice committee, and that committee had reported to the police a list of gambling-houses and other objectionable resorts. At all events, he was the choice of Richard Croker for the place, and nothing more need be said. But when Chief of Police Devery was as promptly selected by Commissioner Murphy as his first deputy, there was some commotion. Brooklyn had a strong candidate in Bernard J. York, former president of the police board, and until he was given the second deputyship there were indications of a storm. Since Devery has been deputy commissioner he has been no less the chief than before. Under the police system of the city all officers charged with offenses are brought before him for discipline. Nothing less than a trial in due form can deprive a police officer of his position. Devery knows his men and he handles them with skill.

Tammany bosses have other troubles besides these charges of corruption in its police system. John J. Scannell, president of the fire department, is at present under indictment for alleged crooked practices in purchasing public supplies. Mr. Croker will have his hands full as soon as he is on the ground. It is said that he has already issued orders that all factional disputes in Tammany must cease, and an unbroken front be presented to the enemy. And an unbroken front is probable on the part of Tammany's opposition, for it is recognized that only by a combination of forces can New York's great incubus be thrown off. Senator Platt and Governor Odell have agreed to lend their support to any independent Democratic candidate for the mayoralty who will oppose Tammany, and ask in return some favors for their Republican nominations for the assembly. The campaign is already on.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 22, 1901.



## NAKED GREEKS AND ROMANS.

Mr. Middle West Does Not Like Them—Says They Make Him Tired—English "Brogue"—The American Voice—European Creosote Whisky.

On the steamer from New York to Naples was an Italian whose father had sent him to the United States to learn the American way of doing business. Here is an instance of how his wits had been sharpened by contact with New York. I had overheard a man ask the smoking-room steward how much he ought to give the head-steward. The steward replied: "Ten dollars." The question was a foolish one and the answer absurd. On the deck, shortly afterward, I met the young Italian, and to get some amusement out of him I told him, without any comment, what I had heard.

"What-a! Ten dollars! *Cristo! Madonna!* I show you." He rapidly took a piece of paper out of his pocket and a pencil. "Dis-a steamer have two hundred and twenty passenger. Make one-a round-a treep New York-a Napoli ever-a mont'. Suppos-a take back eighty passenger. Dat-a mak-a three hundred passenger every mont'. Three thousand dollars every mont'. *Corpo di Baccho!* Thirty-six thousand dollars every year. Nonsense. I do not geeve heem one dam-a cent!"

Tourists in Venice believe that the singers in the boats who sing and tinkly-tank at night opposite the main hotels, such as the Britannia, Danieli, and Bauer Greenwald, on the Grand Canal, are employed by the hotel association as part of the game to attract tourists. This may well be so, as one rarely sees Venetians in gondolas. While I was there I saw but one private gondola, with most of the curtains drawn; I caught a glimpse of an old Italian lady seated therein. The Venetians walk and cross the little bridges, or take the little steamboats that ply up and down the main canals.

Florence, I was told, is rapidly losing her former popularity as a winter resort for the English and Americans. These now spend their winter months at Algiers or Cairo. There were not many English wandering over Italy this year. That "tuppence" extra income tax keeps them at home.

I met Mr. Middle West one day in the Louvre, where I was wandering on a rainy day. He was seated, looking across the room at that beautiful picture, "La Gioconda."

"Sit down, I've got something to say," said he. I sat next to him. "I've had a relapse, I'm not feeling well to-day. I've just come up from the museum down stairs and I've seen the same nakedness there that I saw in Italy. I don't know whether it is on account of my nervous prostration that I can not see straight, or have not mental veracity, as you say a great Englishman named Carlyle called the great quality of seeing things correctly; but, however that may be, I am sick and tired and utterly disgusted with the exposure of the naked human figure in Italy and France. In Italy you see these naked old Greeks and Romans everywhere—in the shops, museums, picture galleries. They are unfit for anything but the bath-tub. Do you suppose that I will let my two young daughters see these things? Not for all the riches of the great State of Ohio would I do it. I gave a groan whenever I saw young American girls going through those museums and galleries. I never saw Italian, French, German, or English girls—only American girls—looking at Jupiter as the swan and Leda, for instance.

"Now I am sitting here looking at that lovely Joconde, dressed nearly up to the neck, with her charming smile and interesting face. That's all I want to see of a woman, or a man—the face. Ralf Stanzio painted one picture of a woman, not a Madonna, dressed up to the neck; La Fornarina, she was a baker's wife the guide told me. He loved her; think of loving a woman who stood all day in front of a roaring furnace, baking bread, in hot summery Italy. He painted another one of her showing her—well, not dressed up to the neck. But my wife says I must not talk of such things. I have seen five thousand such naked ladies in Italy—of course I mean in pictures and statues—and I'm tired of them. I prefer looking at cow or horse pictures. It rests me.

"But isn't that Joconde picture a beauty! That's the way to paint men and women, dressed up to the neck. When I see naked pictures in a man's house, I think there's a coarse streak running through him. When I see them in a woman's house—it disgusts me. When I get back to Chicago, I am going to send five thousand night-shirts to the Italian Government as a present, to cover the naked statues, and I am going to give them my pyjamas, too—that new-fangled scheme my wife makes me wear. She says they are fashionable. What's the use of being fashionable when you are in bed?—nobody sees you. My father slept in his jeans, and he lived till he was eighty, too. That's a copy of a German joke.

"I like the Germans, but I don't like the English. The English say they don't like the American voice. I am sick and tired of bearing so much talk about the American voice. In Chicago we meet people from every part of the United States. We can understand them all. They speak clearly, distinctly, each word pronounced so one knows what they are talking about. With the English you can't. They have a 'brogue.' What is the matter with them? Have they tonsillitis of the throat? No, it's the Yorkshire pudding they are so fond of. They talk as if they had their mouths filled with it. And ain't their jokes stupid. England would be a pleasant place to visit if there were not so many Englishmen there. The English are afraid to let the French build a tunnel from Calais to Dover, for fear that the French will come over some night and kick them off the island."

Mr. Middle West's talk about the English reminded me of a story told by an old sailor man before the mast speaking of Tommy Atkins. His cruiser went into a South African port where there was an English garrison. At the landing he noticed a crowd of Atkinses looking out at the ship and brushing the flies off their faces and necks with a whisk made out of a wooden handle and a horse's tail. One

of the sailor men asked: "What's that Tommy Atkins has in his 'ands?" The answer came back from one of the jacksies: "That's hall the bloody fools 'as left of their bloomin' 'orses."

Mr. Middle West has a very high opinion of Colonel Slocum, the American army officer who watched the fight from the British side.

"I'm dead gone," he said, "on Colonel Slocum. Hasn't be a pleasant way of saying disagreeable things? I saw something like this in one of the English papers. 'If ever,' Slocum says, 'a people or a nation exemplified the phrase, "brave to a fault," it is the British. If they had been less brave, there would have been many less faults and more victories in the war.' McKinley ought to promote that man. Hasn't he a pleasant way of telling the truth? Read between the lines. He means that the British officers were so stupid that they got a great many of their soldiers killed and lost many battles. I'll bet old Mac and his Cabinet had quite a chuckle when they gave that to the papers. The English are so hungry for American praise that they swallowed this taffy. We always send taffy-givers to the English court, and they swallow it all—every bit.' Then that daisy, Slocum, says that the little fellow, General Roberts, 'was generally deceived by the general professions of submission by the Boers.' Isn't that a diplomatic way of saying that Lord Bobs had his leg pulled?"

"Say, ain't those cradles that a man who has been married for twenty-eight years has to sleep in, in the French and Italian hotels, with his wife in the other, a crazy idea? I kick around when I'm asleep, and fall out three times a week. I'm accustomed to the big Ohio beds.

"Say, I'm taking the usual creosote whisky made of wood spirits, Scotch lake water, and flavored with dentist medicine. They call it Scotch whisky. I call it creosote. Well, oh riverer."

COVINGTON JOHNSON.

AUGUST, 1901.

## INTAGLIOS.

## Our Dwelling-Place.

I hold to the invulnerable creeds,  
And what is writ in many a learned tome  
Concerning God; but for my simple needs  
I ask no more than this,—that God is Home.  
—S. T. Livingston in September Harper's Magazine.

## The Happy Isles.

Where are the Happy Isles we dream about,  
Bright with the beauty of unfading flowers,  
And lulled in peace through the long summer hours,  
Where no one knows a sorrow or a doubt?  
Sometimes, when winds of fancy blow away  
The mists that gather on the gray world's rim,  
I catch brief glimpses, mystically dim,  
Of lovely shores, fair with perpetual May,  
And hills that bask in sunshine all day long.  
And hear, across the leagues that lie between,—  
The long, long leagues that always intervene,—  
Strange singing, with no minor in the song.

And then—the vision fades—the music dies,—  
But I have had my glimpse of Paradise!  
—Eden E. Rexford in September Lippincott's Magazine.

## Forbearance.

He said—oft questioned why his wit's keen lance,  
Strikes right and left, his bosom-friend perchance,  
While traitor and deserter scathless go—  
"We speak no evil of the dead, you know!"  
—Edith M. Thomas in September Scribner's Magazine.

## The End of Summer.

Pods are the poppies, and slim spires of pods  
The hollyhocks; the balsam's pearly breeds  
Of rose-stained snow are little sacs of seeds  
Collapsing at a touch; the lotus, that sods  
The pond with green, has changed its flowers to rods  
That balance cello-pierced disks; and all the weeds,  
Around the sleepy water and its reeds,  
Are one white smoke of seeded silk that nods.  
Summer is dead, ay me! sweet summer's dead!  
The sunset clouds have built her funeral pyre,  
Through which, e'en now, runs subterranean fire;  
While from the east, as from a garden bed,  
Mist-vined, the dusk lifts her broad moon, like some  
Great golden melon, saying: "Fall has come."  
—Madison Carwein in September Century Magazine.

The floating-hotel company organized by John Arbuckle, the Brooklyn coffee manufacturer, has gone out of business, after a brief existence of not quite four weeks. The failure of the scheme is directly due, so it is said, to the unappreciative and conservative spirit of the people of New York and Brooklyn, who preferred the comfort of their homes, even on a hot night, to the promise of a cool night on a sailing vessel on the bay. From the first the scheme encountered many difficulties. Often there was not enough wind to enable the ship to proceed under her own sail. Then a tug had to tow the vessel out, a tame sort of substitute for a trip under full sail, which the patrons always expected to get. There were also mosquitoes galore, which boarded the ship in swarms while she was lying off Liberty Island, and who took the trip right down to Sandy Hook, much to the annoyance of the passengers, who found it difficult to get sleep under such circumstances. Then the port-holes were rather small, and consequently the cabins were very hot. Mr. Arbuckle is wealthy, so, although his efforts were not appreciated, he can easily afford to lose the amount he put up to get his floating hotel under way.

A news dispatch from Havana says that one of the men who was bitten by a germ-laden mosquito in the course of experiments that are being conducted by Dr. Caldas to test the efficacy of his yellow fever serum has died from fever. He was a Spaniard, and offered himself to the yellow fever board as a subject for experiment, as he wanted to become immune. He was healthy before the mosquito bit him, but developed fever four days afterward. Dr. Harward says this will stop further experiments in which mosquitoes are used, as they are more dangerous than was expected.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

According to English society gossip, the Duke of Connaught's household is the Mecca of marriageable princes. In addition to the report that the Crown Prince of Germany is there to court one of the daughters of the duke, it is said that the betrothal of Princess Margaret of Connaught to the Czarowitz (the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Czar) will shortly be announced.

John Barrett has been appointed commissioner-general for Asia and Australia for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to be held in St. Louis in 1903. Two other commissioners are to be named—one for Europe and one for South America. These commissioners, while receiving their appointments from the expositions, are to have the advantage of every facility which the State Department can afford.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Arctic explorer, is a litigant in a Chicago court. Dr. Nansen was in a fair way to receive the fortune left by Mathias Blessing, a wealthy Scandinavian, who died in Chicago two years ago, as the other heirs, it is said, had waived their claims in his favor. The petition, however, is filed by Mrs. Cunningham, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who says she is the daughter of the decedent's brother, David.

Mary Anderson-Navarro emerged from her rural retirement last week and attended a bazar given by Lady Elcho at Wickhamford Manor to raise funds to restore Wickhamford Church, one of the oldest and most interesting churches in England. Arthur Balfour was the guest of honor, but Mrs. Navarro, though shunning publicity, attracted more attention than the leader of the House of Commons. One means of raising money was the selling of autographs written by notables present. Mrs. Navarro's autographs brought the highest prices.

General Frederick D. Grant, upon his arrival in New York last week after a trip through Russia and Eastern Germany, said that in all the time he had been away, the custom-house in the metropolis was the only place where his baggage had been subjected to an examination. "After making me declare everything which I brought and swear to the truth of my statement," he says, "they immediately searched my trunks and turned them upside down to see whether I was the liar and smuggler which the government presupposes all its citizens to be. I am a high-tariff man myself, but I do not think the Republican party has done itself any good by these new regulations. I had only sixty-three dollars' worth of articles, and they made me pay thirty-three dollars duty. That seems a trifle excessive."

Paymaster Robert Burion Rodney, U. S. A., retired, of Washington, D. C., has filed a cross petition to his wife's petition for divorce. He says that his wife does not wish a divorce unless it carries alimony. "She has alimony on the brain," he contends, "and she says were she ever to bear a girl infant she will have it christened Alimonia, to commemorate the triumphs of her beauty and magnetism." He describes her as "a beautiful devil, possessed of an ungovernable and satanic temper, and losing control of it at the least chance, and without any provocation whatsoever," and expresses contempt for a "wife, the supreme custodian of a husband's honor," who "wantonly runs to lawyers and the court and the public with that husband's confidential love-letters, relating to nothing else than his ardent love for her." Concluding, he states, "as a fact terribly pertinent hereto, that alimony is simply a standing premium the law offers for wifely weakness, treachery, and worthlessness. But for its seductions, my wife would not have deserted me."

Liane de Pougy, the noted Parisian beauty, has just made an interesting appearance in the French courts, owing to difficulties she has been having with one of her former dress-makers. It appears that a magnificent dress, described as the robe of a mediæval queen, all white, with silver embroidery, and garnished with moon-stone work, was supplied some time ago to Mme. de Pougy. The bill amounted to three hundred and twenty dollars, the lace embroidery and garnishing being estimated at one hundred and twenty dollars. Mme. de Pougy took the dress and used it, but neglected to pay the bill. Weeks and months rolled by, and the fashionable tradesman who supplied the queenly robe finally took the case to court. Liane declared that she was not responsible for ordering the dress. She had not even gone to the dressmaker's about it. The article was ordered for her by one of her admirers, at a house where her measure was known, and then sent to her as a gift. The president of the sixth chamber of the civil tribunal evidently had little faith in Liane's testimony, for he gave judgment in favor of the dressmaker, but ordered twenty dollars deducted from the bill, as it contained an arithmetical error.

Sir Thomas Lipton, K. C. V. O., rear-commander of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, and owner of the cup challenger, *Shamrock II.*, had an enthusiastic reception on his arrival in New York last week. "I have come after the cup again," he said in an interview, "and this time I think the races will be much closer than they were the last time. The *Shamrock II.* is a much faster boat than the last challenger, and we are all well pleased with the way she has sailed in her trials. When she began her tuning up there were times when it looked as though she was not any faster than the old *Shamrock*, but Mr. Watson, who has worked constantly for eighteen months on the new yacht, was not at all discouraged, and the boat has been gradually worked into shape so that in her last few races with *Shamrock I.* she showed herself to be much faster than the old boat. I am satisfied that the new *Shamrock* will give a good account of herself. No expense has been spared to get the very best that could be had. However, no matter how the race turns out, I hope we will retain the good-will of the American people. I would not be a sportsman if I did not want my yacht to win, and want that very badly, but there is going to be just as much good feeling this year as there was two years ago."



## "BOB" EVANS'S SEA YARN.

Forty Years of Naval Life—A Cadet at Annapolis—The Assault on Fort Fisher—Chilean Hostility at Valparaiso—The Kiel Celebration—The German Emperor.

To those who enjoy a good story well told, to those interested in the growth and transformation of our navy, and to those who are fond of travel and adventure, Rear-Admiral Rohley D. Evans's autobiography, "A Sailor's Log," will appeal forcibly, for during his forty years of naval life he has cruised in many seas, met many people of note and interest, and figured prominently in several important events in the history of our country. The admiral writes in a simple and agreeable style, and his narrative huddles over with natural humor. He dedicates his work to "my wife, without whose inspiration and assistance it would not have been written."

Admiral Evans was born in Floyd County, Va., August 14, 1847, and on the death of his father, when he was ten years old, made his home with an uncle in Washington. There he became acquainted with William H. Hooper, congressional delegate from Utah Territory. Hooper offered him an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, but in order to qualify for the appointment a year's residence in the Territory was necessary. Young Evans journeyed across the plains to Salt Lake City, and at the expiration of a year entered the Naval Academy in September, 1860, and reported on the training-ship *Constitution*. At the outbreak of the Civil War, his mother demanded that he should resign, come South, and fight for his State, but it did not seem to him that this course was imperative. His next younger brother enlisted at the age of fourteen in the Washington Artillery, and went to the front under Pelham, so that there was one member of the family on each side, "which was a fair division if he saw his duty in that way." Evans concluded to stick by "the old flag" and let his family ties look after themselves, and so informed his mother, who was much grieved and shamed by his determination. She finally wrote his resignation, sent it to the Navy Department, where it was accepted, and without previous warning he found himself out of the service, despite his determination to stay in. Captain C. R. P. Rodgers, however, telegraphed to Washington, explaining matters, and he was re-instated.

Later, during a leave of absence, in Washington, D. C., Admiral Evans had a curious meeting with his rebel brother, whose command was operating on the Virginia side of the Potomac a few miles away. He writes:

I went one evening to an oyster house with a friend to eat some raw oysters. The place was one that all of us had known and frequented for years. As I entered the door I observed a tall, handsome young fellow who was foisting what he had ordered, and at the same moment I saw him give me a quick glance of recognition. He drank up his glass of beer, and then walked briskly out of the place, while I called for oysters on the half shell, and ate them very slowly. My brother knew what I would do, and he did not hesitate the least bit in his movements; but I had some very serious thinking to do while the man opened oysters for me, and I must admit that I ate more oysters than I wanted. I could have gone to the exact spot where my brother's thief was hauled out, but I was giving him all the time I could to get there ahead of the provost guard. Finally, my friend asked me if I were going to eat all night, when I paid my shot, and we went out together. I asked if he had recognized my man; he replied that he had not, and then asked me to turn what I was going to do about it. Before I had time to reply a squad of the provost guard came by, and to the officer in charge I reported that there was a rebel officer in the city—that I had seen and recognized him, and knew him as such. At first he seemed disposed to arrest me, but at last concluded to go after the real offender. After the war, my brother told me that he just managed to escape, and that he had concealed his boat at the spot where I imagined it was. As a result of this incident I was twice arrested and taken before the provost marshal on suspicion of holding intercourse with rebels. The last time I told the officer confidentially who the man was I had reported, and after that I was not annoyed.

My brother fought gallantly, was twice wounded, and served to the end of the war. As soon as he could make his way North he came, and never showed any bitterness over my course. The other members of my family did not behave in quite the same way, but after some years my mother changed her views, and fully forgave me before she died.

Evans was commissioned acting ensign in October, 1863, and reported on board the United States steamer *Powhatan*, which was ordered to service in the West Indies. He tells a weird story of an accident which occurred one morning while they were exercising at sail-drill:

A promising young sailor missed his footing in the foretopmast rigging, and fell to the deck and died in a few hours. We were quarantined at the time, and could not bury his body on shore; neither could we bury his coffin when we found that there were none on board. The coffin had to be nailed up, which was anything but a pleasant performance, as the carpenter, a little nervous, I suppose, hit the coffin-lid much oftener than he did the heads of the nails. I never understood why the captain insisted on burying the body in a coffin, but he probably had a reason of his own which he did not confide in us. Just before sundown two boats were called away and dropped to the gangway—one for the body, and the other to tow it out to sea, where it was to be buried. All hands were called to bury the dead, and I was ordered to take charge of the boats when everything was ready. The coffin was placed on the quarter-deck, the officers and men paraded, and the captain had pronounced a few words of the burial service, when a loud, prolonged squeak was heard, and the lid of the coffin slowly raised several inches. It was the most terrifying sound I ever heard in my life, and the effect was startling; most of the men bolted forward, and the officers were very pale. I was standing near the head of the coffin, and my legs were only prevented from carrying me away by the fact that my hands were firmly gripping the spokes of the wheel. The trouble was soon manifest; the gases formed in the body had caused it to swell and lift the lid of the coffin, and the nails in drawing out made the awful noise that had so startled over three hundred men.

When Evans finally left the ship with a crew of petty officers, towing the boat with the body in it, the moon had risen:

Out over the bar we went, pitching into rather a rough sea, until I thought we had reached the right spot, when the boat was hauled up alongside, and the body coigned to the deep. Then we started back to the ship. We had gone only a few hundred yards when the men fell into a perfect panic; some of them even dropped their oars overboard, and all hands stopped pulling, their faces white and terror-stricken. The stroke-oar, a splendid specimen of manhood, fairly shook as he said to me: "He's coming, sir!" I turned, and, looking out to sea, was not surprised at the condition of the men, for I was horrified myself at what I saw. The coffin was standing upright in the water, and as it rose on the seas it seemed, in the moonlight, to be making great jumps after us. It certainly was a most nerve-shattering sight, especially after the unpleasant scene on board ship. There was

only one thing to do, and, after quite a struggle with the men, we pulled back, knocked the head of the coffin in, and allowed it to sink. It was the most uncanny job I ever did in my life, I think, and I was glad when we were back on board and the boats hoisted up.

The *Powhatan* was in due season attached to the fleet, under Admiral Porter, that assisted in the attack on Fort Fisher, on January 15, 1865. Early in the engagement Evans was wounded in the left leg, just below the knee, and after effecting temporary repairs he resumed fighting, but he was soon completely disabled:

When I received the wound on my right knee, I began to ooze to try to stop the flow of blood. I used for the purpose one of the half-dozen silk handkerchiefs with which I had provided myself; but I was so tired and weak from loss of blood that I was some time doing the trick. In the meantime my sharpshooter friend, about thirty-five yards away, continued to shoot at me, at the same time addressing me in very forcible but uncomplimentary language. At the fifth shot, I think it was, he hit me again, taking off the end of one of my toes, and tearing off the sole of my shoe, and wrenching my ankle dreadfully. I thought the bullet had gone through my ankle, the pain was so intense. For some reason, I don't know why, this shot made me unreasonably angry, and, rolling over to the sand so as to face my antagonist, I addressed a few brief remarks to him; and then, just as some one handed him a freshly loaded musket, I fired, aiming at his breast. I knew all the time that I should kill him if I shot at him, but had not intended to do so until he shot me in the toe. My bullet went a little high, striking the poor chap in the throat and passing out at the back of his neck. He staggered around, after dropping his gun, and finally pitched over the parapet and rolled down near me, where he lay dead. I could see his feet as they projected over a pile of sand, and from their position knew that he had fought his last fight. Near me was lying the cockswain of my boat, Campbell by name, who had a canister hall through his lungs, and was evidently bleeding to death. When he saw the result of my shot, he said: "Mr. Evans, let me crawl over and give that another shot." He was dead almost before I could tell him that the poor fellow did not require any further attention from us.

It was not until after the victory had been won that Evans was rescued from the dead who surrounded him on the beach. So badly was he wounded that, when removed to the hospital at Norfolk, the surgeons decided it would be necessary to amputate both of his legs. Evans overheard their conversation, and informed the assistant surgeon that he would not submit to an operation. He says:

I told him that I preferred to die with my legs on; that I was only eighteen years old, and the thought of living my life without my legs was more than I cared to face; that as the legs belonged to me, I thought I had a right to say what was to become of them; and that I asked the doctors to do what they could for me with my legs on, and if I died it was my matter. He heard me very quietly, and, I thought, with sympathy; but when I had finished, he said: "You know, Evans, orders have to be obeyed." . . . Reaching over, I pulled the gun from under my pillow. I told him there were six loads in it, and that, if he or any one else entered my door with anything that looked like a case of instruments, I meant to begin shooting, and that he might rest perfectly assured that I would kill six before they cut my legs off. This brought matters to a crisis at once, and, in a few minutes, the surgeon in charge came in very angry and full of threats. But the result was that they left my legs on and paid very little attention to me in any way for two weeks, when they found I had fever and must be looked after.

In 1882 he was appointed inspector of the fifth light-house district, which extended from Havre de Grace, Md., to Beaufort, N. C. The condition of the light-house service at that time was far from satisfactory, as the appointment of the keepers was in political hands, and though the inspector had the examination of the men, it was practically impossible to prevent the appointment of those who rendered political service. Here is the extract for which the admiral has recently been censured by the department, ex-Secretary Chandler having taken offense at the statements:

A certain fellow, who had been elected a delegate to a political convention, was nominated to be light-keeper as a reward, but was found so disreputable on examination that I refused to pass him. I would not submit to dictation in my duties by a set of men quite as disreputable as the suggested keeper, and on this issue I was detached and placed on waiting orders. Report was made to the Secretary of the Navy that I was interfering with political conditions in the fifth district, and, without asking a word of explanation from me, I was punished by being relieved and placed on reduced pay. It was, of course, a gross injustice, and caused no end of comment in the newspapers; but I took it quietly as possible, and have always felt contented that I was not personally known to the man who could so far degrade the high office he held. The navy had in some ways degenerated into a job lot, at least in the eyes of those who used it for their own purposes, and was sometimes let to a very low bidder. Finding myself on the beach, as it were, because I would not take a haod in politics, rather than because I had done so, and knowing that I would not have employment again during the time of the administration then in power, I asked for leave for a year, with permission to leave the United States. In the absence of the Secretary of the Navy the request was granted, and I was busy making preparations to enjoy it, when a telegram came from the Secretary revoking my leave and again placing me on waiting orders. I was really of more importance than I had considered myself, and I must be made to feel my punishment. However, I had felt the sting of insects before in my life, and did not consider them of much importance.

Admiral Evans first won national fame through his visit to Valparaiso, Chile, in 1891, when he was in command of the gunboat *Yorktown*. Several of the sailors of the *Baltimore* had been killed in a street brawl a short time before; and the United States minister, Patrick Egan, had been charged with breach of neutrality by favoring Balmaceda's party during the revolution then raging. The Americans were consequently very unpopular. But Admiral Evans was equal to the emergency, and maintained the rights and dignity of the United States in no hesitating manner against the malignant hostility of the Chileans, though his little vessel was surrounded by their fleet, and lay under the guns of their forts. After much negotiation the Chilean authorities allowed the political refugees, who had fled to the American and Spanish legations at Santiago after Balmaceda's downfall, to go on board the *Yorktown*, but they were angry because the Spanish minister was saluted when he visited the gunboat.

During the first few hours after the arrival of the refugees, Evans noticed that none of them would show themselves above the rail of the ship, notwithstanding he had chairs on the poop for them:

Señor Thanos, formerly minister to the United States, was among the last lot that arrived, and when I asked him what the trouble was he showed me a letter from a friend on shore warning him and his friends that if they lifted their heads above the rail they would be shot, and that boats were lurking about my ship for the purpose of shooting them. Up to this time I had allowed the fishing-boats to fish close alongside the *Yorktown*, but now I gave orders to keep them away and to double oar sentries. The orders to show anything that looked like a gun anywhere near us. I had my boat manned, and with the

letter spoken of and several others of the same tenor, called on Captain Vial, of the *Cochrane*, and gave him tersely my view of the situation. I pointed out to him that I did not command a prison ship, but that his countrymen who had taken refuge on board of me were the guests of the United States, and that they were there with the knowledge and consent of the Chilean Government. I assured him that I would protect them to the last extremity, and warned him to keep all boats away from the immediate vicinity or they might come to grief. At the same time I notified him that I would allow only boats from men-of-war showing the Chilean flag to come alongside the *Yorktown*, so that in case anything unpleasant happened I should know whom to hold responsible. After this there was no more trouble, but I was constantly on the lookout, and prepared for it.

About January 20th, Evans received telegraphic orders permitting him to land his passengers at Callao, Peru, at his discretion, and he at once notified the Chilean authorities that he would leave Valparaiso in six hours:

During the early part of the first night out, while running at a very high rate of speed, a suspicious ooze was heard in the high-pressure cylinder of one of the engines. When the cylinder head was taken off, I found two hardened steel wedges, which had been placed in the valve-chest—no doubt when we first arrived at Valparaiso—by some evilly disposed person, with the intention of sending us all to the bottom. It could easily have been done when we first arrived and before we knew what kind of people we had to deal with. It was simply a miracle that I escaped a serious disaster, for if the cylinder head had been knocked out with the high pressure of steam I was carrying, the side of the ship would have gone with it.

One of the performances which most tried the patience and temper of the admiral at Valparaiso was the way they ran their torpedo-boats about his ship:

At first I considered it only as an exhibition of bad manners, but, in view of the various warnings I had had, I concluded that there might be something more serious in it. It was plain to all hands that an effort was being made to impress the officers of the foreign ships in port, who watched closely with their glasses. I was unwilling to play the part assigned me. When they ran at me a second time one of the boats missed my stern by less than six feet. I went to quarters at once and gave orders if one of them scratched the paint of the *Yorktown* to blow the boat out of water, and kill every man in her, so that there could be no question of an accidental collision. I then saw the officer in charge of the drills, and told him that he certainly had great confidence in the steering gear of his torpedo-boats; that if anything jammed so that one of them struck me I would blow her bottom out. He replied that the water of the harbor belonged to his government, and that he proposed to use it for the purpose of drilling his boats. I answered that I was fully aware of the ownership of which he had spoken, but that the *Yorktown* and the paint on her belonged to the United States, and that neither must be defaced by his torpedo-boats. After this incident they did not run at us so much, though the papers encouraged them to do so.

In command of the battle-ship *New York*, Evans was present at the ceremonies attendant upon the opening of the Kiel Canal, Germany, in June, 1895, and, as the representative of the United States, was selected for special honors by Emperor William. On the evening of June 26th, the emperor, his brother, Prince Henry, and ten admirals accepted an invitation to dine on the *New York*. Here is the admiral's account of what took place:

The dinner was one of the most delightful I have ever seen, a perfect success, and George, my steward, who bossed the entire affair, is as proud as a peacock. At 1 A. M. the emperor expressed a desire to visit and inspect the engine-room. And we did so. He looked into every hole and corner, and even had us discontinue one of the engines, marking time on us himself. Then we went through the gun-deck and out on to the forecastle, where he asked how long it would take to close all the water-tight compartment doors. I replied that in the daytime we could do it in thirty seconds, but at night it might require two minutes. Much to my surprise he asked if I would mind doing it for him. Of course, I had to say yes, and when I tried to blow the siren, the signal to close the water-tight doors, there was not steam enough, and the blessed thing would not blow. The emperor thought he had me, and said: "Now, you see, captain, that you can't close your bulkheads." But he did not know everything. I said: "You will see in a minute, sir," and touched one of the general-alarm buttons which calls all hands to quarters, and in a few seconds the men were swarming up like rats. The emperor took time himself, and in one minute and a half the entire ship was ready for action with all water-tight doors closed. It was 2 A. M., the royal standard at our main and the searchlight of the *Columbia* turned upon it, the ship ready for action and the emperor complimenting the captain on the forecastle. I find myself in some funny positions. When we went aft, where every one could hear him, he said: "Captain Evans, I can not imagine that a ship could be in better condition"—very nice for all of us. He left the ship at 2 A. M., and all Germany has been reading of it since.

Captain Evans relates how surprised he was when, at five o'clock the same morning, his orderly called him out of a sound sleep to report that the officer of the deck said that the emperor was just then passing the ship, steering his own yacht. His only reply was: "For heaven's sake, don't stop him!" He managed to get one eye open, and, looking out of an air-port in his cabin, discovered the emperor, dressed in white flannels, steering the *Meteor*, hound for an ocean race, and looking as if he had never taken a drink or smoked a cigar in his life.

Admiral Evans says the German emperor impressed him as one of the most magnetic and companionable of men—with one or two exceptions, the most magnetic:

He knows more about more different things than any man I have ever met. When I was in Kiel my band was playing music composed by him, and on my cabin table was a book of poems written by him. He was the head and front of the finest army in the world, and at the same time giving his personal attention to what must some day be reckoned one of the leading navies. The Kiel Canal was of his creation, and his engineers told me that he was familiar with all its details, as well as with those of bridge-building to a large degree. The farmers informed me that he could instruct them in their business, and I personally saw him manœuvre a fleet at sea in the most creditable way. After luncheon at the palace one day, during a very interesting conversation, he described to me our first battle-ship, the *Indiana*, which I afterward commanded, and his knowledge of her construction and details of armor and guns was perfect. He seemed to have the same knowledge of all foreign ships. When I gave him a Smithfield ham for dinner he even knew where Smithfield was. . . . I had many opportunities to see him among his people, and if he was not their idol, then they were certainly well up in the art of deception, for they seemed to worship him. To us, as representatives of our country, he was most cordial and considerate, and took no pains to conceal from others his strong friendship for the United States.

His closing chapters deal with the part the *Iowa* played in the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and his narrative abounds in thrilling and picturesque incidents, the touching surrender of Captain Eulate, of the *Vizcaya*, who was brought wounded to the *Iowa* when his vessel had been beached, being especially well handled. The volume is supplemented with an index and many well-chosen illustrations. The frontispiece shows the gallant rear-admiral standing on the bridge of the battle-ship *Iowa*.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.







LITERARY NOTES.

A Novel of Corsica.

One of the new novels which is worth reading is "The Isle of Unrest," by Henry Seton Merriman. The time is that of the Franco-Prussian War; the scene principally in Corsica. Appropriately enough, the book begins with a dead man lying on his face on the dusty square of a Corsican village, a victim of a vendetta. He is one Pietro Andrei, an Italian from the mainland, who had been hired by the Peruccas to act as bailiff on their estates, collect their rents, and protect their cattle. So the Corsicans shot him. A vendetta has existed for thirty years between the families of Perucca and Vasselot ever since a Vasselot shot a Perucca for making love to his wife. The Vasselot of that day disappeared mysteriously, and was supposed to have been slain by the Perucca of that day. The contemporaneous Perucca receives a threatening letter on the heels of the death of his murdered agent and dies of cholera (and apoplexy) in the presence of Colonel Gilbert, a French engineer officer. Perucca's estate is left to Denise Lange, a young woman who teaches in a convent school in Paris. To her surprise she receives by letter from Colonel Gilbert an offer to purchase her Corsican estate. She declines the offer, and determines to take up her residence in Corsica. She has met Lory de Vasselot, a young officer in the French army, and who is the head of the Corsican family with which her family has been so long at feud. He has been warned not to return to Corsica lest the Peruccas should kill him. He stays away—not for that reason, but because he does not care for Corsica. Denise consults him as to whether she shall sell, and he advises her not to do so. Thereupon he sails at once for Corsica. The author does not make Vasselot's motive clear, but it would seem to be with the intention of watching over Denise. He goes at once to the Château de Vasselot, and there, much to his surprise, he finds, in the company of an aged retainer, his own father who has been hidden there for thirty years. He remains in hiding with the elder Vasselot for some time, and, one day, finds on their estate the engineer colonel apparently making surveyor's notes. To his surprise Colonel Gilbert offers to buy his land from him. He declines to sell. Denise in the meantime has taken possession of her inherited estate, but finds that the Corsicans will not tolerate a stranger in the house of the Peruccas. Her servants abandon her, and the peasants treat her with cold dislike. In the midst of this complication war breaks out and the empire is soon tottering toward its fall. It is feared that if Napoleon is dethroned Corsica will at once burst into a blaze of anarchy. So the young lady and her companion flee to the mainland. They have been preceded by the two French officers, Vasselot and Gilbert, who have gone to rejoin their regiments. Both men love Denise, and they discover the fact. Colonel Gilbert is made a general of division, and orders De Vasselot to command a nocturnal cavalry expedition—a forlorn hope, meaning almost certain death. Vasselot gloomily concludes that his rival wishes to be thus rid of him. But as the troopers are taking up their march, the ring of hoofs is heard upon the frozen ground, and another troop joins them. It is commanded by General Gilbert. They carry out their expedition. The general is killed, and the young captain is found, desperately wounded, lying across his rival's body. He is picked up and his wounds dressed by a good-humored German surgeon. It is evident to the meanest comprehension that when the war is over he returns and marries Denise, and that they work the gold mine on their land which Gilbert found.

The book is interesting and full of clever touches. The author at times tries to be too clever, but the effect is not irritating as it sometimes is. He has the old-fashioned custom of prefixing quotations to his chapters. One of them, in French, would seem to be the source of the clever saying in the "Antocrat of the Breakfast Table." It runs: "Chaque homme a trois caractères: celui qu'il a, celui qu'il montre, et celui qu'il croit avoir." This is almost identical with Dr. Holmes's, "There are three Johns: John as he is, John as he thinks he is, and John as his friends think he is."

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Jewish Encyclopedia.

The first volume of a work that is nobly excellent in design and that promises to fulfill the highest expectations of its projectors and the public, has come from the press. It is "The Jewish Encyclopedia: A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," and in the seven hundred pages of this first volume there is ample justification for the claim that such a contribution to the literature of the world was needed. Four hundred scholars and specialists have collaborated in the work so far, under the direction of an editorial board of twelve members, and in consultation with American and foreign boards. Isidore Singer, Ph. D., was the projector of the work and is the managing editor, and professors of languages and history in universities and colleges, and eminent rabbis and authors are his coadjutors. Among the consulting editors of the American board is Jacob Voorsanger, D. D., rabbi of the Congregation Emanu-El, San Francisco. Not only

Jewish scholars and divines, but several learned professors from Christian institutions as well have joined in the labor, and the result will be as nearly perfect as knowledge and method can make it.

The subject-matter of the encyclopedia falls into three main divisions: History, biography, sociology, and folk-lore; literature, with departments treating biblical, Hellenistic, Talmudical, rabbinical, medieval, and Neo-Hebraic themes; theology and philosophy. Conciseness of statement, without sacrifice of essential details, has been the aim of the contributors, and many of the articles are models of expression. Illustrations have been used with good judgment, and only where they give value to the text. The volume extends well through A, the closing article being a ten-page essay on "Apocalyptic Literature," by Professor Moses Bittenswieser, of Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati. Every article in the volume is signed.

A pleasing appendix is a list of about seven thousand advance subscribers for the work in America and the Old World. Though this is evidence that the work is widely appreciated, it is but a beginning, and must be multiplied, as the cost of this first volume is over one hundred thousand dollars. The total cost of the work will not fall short of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It will be completed in twelve volumes.

Published by subscription by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

New Publications.

"Four-Leaved Clover," by Maxwell Gray, is the latest issue in the Town and Country Library Series. Published in paper covers by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"The World of Graft," by Josiah Flynt, is alleged to be a serious study of thieves, bribe givers, and bribe takers, from an intimate and confidential view. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Julia Magruder's story, "A Sunny Southerner," which was successful in its serial publication, is now brought out in a handsome volume with the original illustrations, which were notable. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Life and How to Live It," by Aurette Roys Aldrich, is an essay that lays particular stress on the value of rhythmical gymnastic exercises, though it gives other practical suggestions. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

A pleasing, life-like story of New England people in a seahoard village is told in "Geoffrey Strong," by Laura E. Richards. It has humor and pathos, and its character-drawing is well done. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

Two novels that will appeal to readers who demand stirring adventures, improbable or otherwise, are "The Crystal Scepter," by Philip Verrill Mighels, and "When a Witch Is Young," by J. R. Fenno. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 each.

Frank B. Sanborn's "Ralph Waldo Emerson," which is the latest issue in the Beacon Biographies Series, is a notable work. In spite of its brevity the study presents many new thoughts about the poet-philosopher, and quotes some illustrative poems and paragraphs. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

"The Story of King Alfred," which was among the latest works that Sir Walter Besant gave his attention, makes the twentieth issue in Appleton's Library of Useful Stories Series. It is an enchanting volume of biography and history, suited to readers of all ages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 35 cents.

In the Mediaeval Towns Series the latest volume is "The Story of Bruges," by Ernest Gilliat-Smith, illustrated by Edith Calvert and Herbert Railton. It is as notable as its predecessors for its wealth of legend and historical and biographical reminiscences, its artistic drawings, its complete index, and its attractive printing and binding. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

The twelfth volume of "The Larger Temple Shakespeare," edited by Israel Gollanz, contains a life of the poet, "Venus and Adonis," "The Rape of Lucrece," and the sonnets, with many illustrations, antiquarian and topographical, and a glossary. Earlier volumes of this edition have been noticed at length in these columns, and always with praise for the combined efforts of editor and publishers, and this is fully up to the highest standard adopted in the beginning. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Among new text-books for schools, "Winslow's Natural Arithmetic," by Isaac O. Winslow, deserves the attention of educators. There are three books in the series, and in each one there are features worthy of note. To make the work easy, to invest the subject with variety and interest, to develop genuine mathematical thought, to give prominence to the idea of magnitude, and to present the subjects in spiral order, are the distinctive objects of the author. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price—Book I., 30 cents; Book II., 40 cents; Book III., 50 cents.

The Parisian Press.

The August number of the *Literary Era* contains a paper by H. F. Keenan on the *feuilletonistes* of the Parisian press, in which he says:

"Within the last seven years disputes among heirs in France have brought out the fact that Xavier de Montépin, Emile Reichberg, and several others of the same lack of literary rank died leaving estates running up into the millions. They wrote the *feuilleton* for daily journals. Now no matter how high the standing of the journal in France, and in continental Europe, for that matter, the *feuilleton* is quite the most important contribution to the daily issue. It is only very rarely that even the high-class journals venture to print the romances or novels of the standard authors. Once the *Petit Journal*, of Paris, which has a circulation of over a million copies daily, determined to raise the standard of its *feuilletons*. It had been publishing the inventions of Reichberg, and, dropping him, secured a story from Jules Verne. Within ten days the circulation fell off eighty thousand copies. Then a study was made of the matter. It was found that even the hardest-worked, poorest-paid folk of the cities and country could be depended on to take a daily paper if there were a story running in its columns. But they demanded a tale of poor heroes, sons of toil, turning out to be aristocrats, or any of the romantic situations once thought essential to a story of what was called 'adventure.'"

"The Bookworm," in the *London Academy*, takes the *North American Review* to task for describing Alfred Austin as "poet laureate of England," saying: "It is a pity that our transatlantic brethren should be thus misled. We over here know that such a functionary as 'poet laureate of England' does not exist. In this country the poet laureate is a salaried member of the royal household—that, and nothing more or less. His name and emoluments figure in the official lists of that household. The appointment is a court appointment; it has no national hearing or significance whatever. It so happens that the post was filled in succession by three notable men—two of them men of genius—Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and that fact has given to the office an altogether factitious interest and importance. England makes her own poets laureate; they are not appointed by government."

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When the original edition of Jerome Hart's "Argonaut Letters" was all sold out, the publishers succeeded in preparing a limited number of supplemental copies. A few extra sheets had been run off before the type-forms were distributed. Taking these unbound sheets, the half-tone plates were reprinted on extra-heavy coated paper, thus making up a small number of specially fine copies, which were bound with extra care. The binders experimented with stamping the cover design on leather, both morocco and calf, with excellent results. The effect on morocco is particularly rich, and the book bound in full ooze calf, red or green, full gilt, with side stamp in gold and color, makes a superb volume.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS





I remember having once been present at a small social gathering at which one of the guests was an Englishwoman of title. She was, if I remember correctly, only the widow of a knight, but the handle to her name, comparatively humble though it was, had a benumbing effect on the usually high spirits of the group around her. A young journalist in the party, whose characteristics could best be indicated by his nickname—he was usually dubbed Colonel Brassey Gall, after Hoyt's character in "A Texas Steer"—sought to dispel the atmosphere of English gloom by engaging in light chit-chat concerning the weather with the august lady, and in the effort contributed a beautiful, burning blush of diffidence, the first, last, and only offense of the kind he was ever known to be guilty of. The circumstance, slight though it was, has left an ineffaceable impression on my mind, and, in fancy, I always see the flippant, self-assertive, Brassey Galls of America blushing with a new-born timidity in the presence of titled Britons.

It is, on the whole, less terrifying to be on the other side of the foot-lights and comfortably observe the diversions of Mr. Carton's lords and honorables through the medium of stage representation. For, with Frohman's company, the illusion is perfect. It is quite impossible to imagine the "real thing" to be more real than Mr. Arthur Forrest as Lord Eric. In fact, it is easily conceivable that Mr. Forrest's stage lord has more ease, polish, breeding—is more, in fact, the man of the world than his prototype. Mr. Forrest further illumines the part with a genial glow of innate gentlemanhood which wins for Lord Eric the cordial regard of the remote on-looker.

Miss Hilda Spong paints the fitting mate to this portrait. Tall, elegant, exquisitely attractive in her smiling ease, equipped to the finger-tips with the alluring graces of the queen of society, full of a fascinating suggestion of unsounded depths, with a play of feature and a trained grace of pose and gesture that holds the eye enchained, with a charm of voice, and variety and expressiveness of tone that make the ear hunger for more, she richly fulfills the dramatist's idea of the woman who, in a half-hour's chat, charms the heart out of the hitherto contained breast of the middle-aged bachelor.

The first act is, of its kind, simple perfection. A hint of the necessary seriousness of motive is given by Mrs. Bulmer's rifling a letter from Egerton Vartrey's cabinet. She is discovered in the act by Lord Eric. The ensuing dialogue between the two is full of spirit, and derives an added piquancy from Lord Eric's ignorance of the fair unknown's identity, which the audience is allowed to discover by inference. An intruder interrupts the tête-à-tête, and the lady, always cool and smiling, is hidden in an adjoining room.

Somebody is always hidden in an adjoining room in Carton's plays; but, old as the situation is, he never fails to handle it with fresh and spontaneous humor. This, by far, is the best scene of the kind he has given us, for the new-comer, Jim Blagden, begins to tell Lord Eric of his desire to win the hand of a lady whom we guess to be the fascinating unknown, and incidentally unloads himself of a superfluity of high spirits in the shape of much cheerful profanity and numerous doubtful allusions, supplemented with loud gusts of appreciative laughter. Mr. Finney is one of the few players whose high spirits and laughter have reality and infectiousness, and he carried the scene with an hilarious gusto that I have rarely seen equaled. Jim Blagden is a vulgar creature, built on a lower scale of creation than Lord Eric, but high spirits and laughter are a valuable social sesame, for the blast and the disillusioned feel the need of surrounding themselves with a cheerful, empty clatter that banishes thought.

But Lord Eric, conscious of a pair of rosy, listening ears on the other side of the door, sustains a series of galvanic shocks at each new and doubtful topic started by Blagden, and stupefies that merry personage by his unresponsive and unusual prudishness. The scene, written and acted with extreme cleverness, is excruciatingly funny, but is not matched in merit by any of the later ones. In fact, Carton's dramatic talent is apparently too episodic to hold out through an entire play.

There is a falling off, not so much of interest as of merit, in the remaining two acts. The play, which promised to be a comedy, almost ends in a farce. Again the probabilities are violently assailed. The characters, although far from profound, are clearly outlined, and have considerable reality in the first act, but they do startlingly inconsistent things in the second and third. Carton is extremely ingenious in trying to account for his inconsistencies, but never

quite succeeds. It is inconceivable that a cool-blooded woman of Lady Curtoys's type should throw away husband, home, and social prestige, all of which she valued, for a man whom she did not love. It is inconceivable that a man stuffed with pride and conventions, like Sir Philip Curtoys, should gratuitously and needlessly expose his sister's apparent indiscretion to a blatant vulgarian like Jim Blagden. It is overpoweringly and disastrously inconceivable that a cool, sophisticated woman of the world, like Mrs. Bulmer, should sacrifice her own good name and her brother's esteem to save from disgrace his wife, for whom she felt merely a mild toleration. And worse tax still on one's powers of credulity, that she should gamble with the deep regard for herself which she clearly saw had been kindled in Lord Eric's breast. All these improbabilities, however, are handled so cleverly and amusingly that even while condemning we admire the brilliantly superficial talent of the playwright.

More and more must we realize what unusual abilities it takes to write a play which shall be interesting, consistent, with the necessary flow of action and lightness of dialogue, and which shall vary sufficiently from every-day life to be entertaining, and, at the same time, approach it with enough fidelity to be plausible. Carton has only a portion of the necessary abilities, but his knowledge of stagecraft serves him enormously. His characters are generally frivolous, and frivolity, with a basis of reality, is entertaining. His heroines are generally married—in the present epoch, married women are more interesting than single. He generally has in his plays a run-away wife or a separated couple, whose affairs prove to be more engrossing than the stage-quarrels of youths and maids. His outlook on life is cynical, and cynicism is a bad but growing habit to stage literature.

In fact, his plays are neither morally edifying nor intellectually satisfying; but, backed with the solid and striking abilities of the company from Daly's Theatre, they are brilliantly entertaining. Each character was represented in a style that leaves no necessity for criticism. The surly and ungracious Vartrey, the young wife playing cynically with a half-fledged passion, the priggish brother, the conventional maiden aunt, the waiter at the inn, even Vartrey's servant, mouthing unctuously his "my lords" and "your lordships," all were filled in with a minuteness of artistic realism which should make the witnessing of a performance by this company the most fruitful of lessons for young dramatic aspirants.

"Lord and Lady Algy" has been unanimously pronounced to be the best of Carton's plays. The reason is not far to seek. Carton, who manifestly studies his types from a phase of life with which he is familiar, is not so scrupulous about his plots and situations, and it needs all his skilled knowledge of stagecraft to carry off improbabilities. In "Lord and Lady Algy," however, the entire comedy, devoid of the usual Carton inconsistencies, moves before us like a transcript from life. It is, to be sure, a kind of life with which we in America are unfamiliar, but we instinctively feel its truth, and recognize the fidelity of the copy.

The play is Lord Algy himself, for Lady Algy occupies a secondary part. Lord Algy is of that type which we occasionally run across in English fiction. He is not a good man, but he is a "good sort." He was unlucky enough to be the younger son of a duke, and that ruined him. The English aristocracy, in the minutiae of study which they have devoted to making themselves ideally comfortable, have but few crumpled rose-leaves to complain of; but the younger sons, without means, but trained to affluence, are the ever-pricking thorns in their flowery beds of ease. Lord Algy gambles, bets, drinks, runs into debt, throws a little cloud of disrepute over his family name, but, somehow, somewhere, under all the surface vices, there is the right stuff in him, although he ingenuously disclaims all knowledge of morality.

Frawley took the part, and, as usual, succeeded better than any one around him in giving the illusion, in spite of the fact that there were a number of vague English accents—some genuine, some bastard—floating in the air. Lord Algy is a purely English product. Frawley is as American as they make them, but he gave the illusion. He brought out the likeable side of Algy, and even a slightly pathetic side, for there is a touch of pathos in the spectacle of this good fellow, having all his vices carefully developed in the hot-house atmosphere of the London sporting set, and trained to cover and hide his integral manliness. He gave the humor, for Algy, at the ball, in the amiable imbecility of his befuddled wits, was immeasurably, yet inoffensively funny.

Mary Van Buren, as Lady Algy, looked the part; she was handsome, stylish, smart. She made a bad entrance, however, for she was excited, over-hurried, indistinct, and stumbled in her attempt to rattle through Lady Algy's lines. But she quieted down as the play proceeded, and in several of the scenes held the stage as the leading figure with the requisite air. In the closing scene with Lord Algy, too, she managed to infuse a more than usual amount of charm and sincerity in her manner.

As a whole, the performance was extremely interesting, for the spirit and vivacity of the play made it possible to overlook the weaknesses and limitations of the players.

Boito's "Mefistofele," although ambitiously following in the path marked out by Wagner, is successful only from the musical point of view. Its dramatic side is too disjointed to form a coherent and well-knit story that tells itself. The spectator who had not previously acquainted himself with the drama (assuming, of course, that he was unfamiliar with Goethe's poem), would be puzzled and misled by the over-numerous and ill-connected scenes. The mingling of the two schools of music also adds to the impression that it is more a series of striking musical and dramatic fragments than the true music drama. It was, however, very successfully rendered. The dominating rôle, that of Mefistofele, was strikingly sustained by Signor Dado, and Agostini's pure and limpid tenor was heard at its best in the part of Faust. Montanari, although many beautiful numbers fell to her share, was vaguely disappointing. She sang with conscientiousness, with musical feeling, but she has lost in vocal charm, and lacks dramatic abandon. A slight tremolo was occasionally evident in her singing, and her lower and middle notes have a certain flatness, not of key but of tone, which lessens their sweetness and power.

The orchestration of "Mefistofele" is rich and striking; full of distinction, color, and glow. The composer has noticeably a Wagnerian conception of the adaptability of music to dramatic needs, and, like his great leader, indicates the presence of certain emotions and personages by the repetition of the musical motive. Boito is his own librettist, and in the fourth act intrepidly draws for his inspiration on the pedantic abstractions of the second part of Goethe's poem. This act is called "The night of the classical Sabbath," and reveals to us the extent of Faust's wanderings in his rejuvenated shape. In spite of the sensuous beauty of the music, the introduction of so diverse an element is a dramatic blunder, and Helen and Pantalea are too remote from the agonized figure of Marguerite.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Pacific Coast Shoe Factories.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 28, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a recent issue you stated that the boot and shoe manufacturing industry of the Pacific Coast was monopolized by the Chinese. I desire to state that there are about twelve boot and shoe factories on the Pacific Coast operated by Chinese, and their annual output is valued at about \$700,000. There are the same number of factories operated with white labor and their annual output is valued at \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000. The introduction of modern machinery and the intelligent use of it by American operators has more than offset the low-cost labor of the Asiatic.

Very truly yours, ELI H. WIEL.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" will be sung during October in New York, with a cast including Mme. Calvé and Mr. E. Gihert, who created the leading rôles at the first performance of this opera in Paris. The tenor, Gihert, will also sing in "Aida," in Italian, and in "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Carmen," "Romeo," and "Faust," in French. Mr. Louis Crepau, one of our local teachers, was the discoverer and teacher of the tenor Gihert, who made his Parisian debut at the Opéra Comique, with Sybil Sanderson, in Massenet's "Esclarmonde."

Willie Collier will soon be seen at the Columbia Theatre in Augustus Thomas's successful comedy, "On the Quiet."

#### "Knox" and "Korn."

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## \*TIVOLI\*

Evenings at 8 Sharp. Matinée Saturday at 2 Sharp.  
To-Night, "Trovatore." Sunday Night, "Mefistofele." Week of September 2d—Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, Bellini's "Norma." Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday Nights, and Saturday Matinée, "Mignon."  
Popular Prices—25c, 50c, and 75c. Telephone Bush 9.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, September 2d. Charles Frohman will present Annie Russell in a Comedy of Romance, in Three Acts, Entitled

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Matinée To-Day and To-Morrow. Farewell Two Nights of Daniel Frawley and Company, in "Lord and Lady Algy." Week Commencing Monday Evening Next, Joseph Haworth, America's Foremost Romantic Actor, in Lester Wallack's Great Play,

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Week Commencing Sunday, September 1st. Special Matinée Labor Day, Monday, September 2d. J. Alldrich Libby; Katharine Traylor and John D. Gilbert; the Five Sunbeams; La Vallee Trio; Mlle. Lott; the Talkative Miss Norton; Lucille Saunders; Powell and Company; the Biograph; and Last Week of the Cragg Family.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Annie Russell in a "A Royal Family."

A great treat is in store for San Francisco theatre-goers on Monday night, when Annie Russell makes her stellar debut in this city in Captain Robert Marshall's three-act romantic comedy, "A Royal Family," which ran for many months at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, last year, and was praised everywhere during Miss Russell's tour in the East this spring. The scene of the play is laid in the imaginary country of Arcadia, which is on the verge of war with its mythical neighbor, Kurland. The people of each country are clamoring for the fray, and to their sovereigns the only way to avert hostilities seems an alliance, to be brought about by the marriage of the Princess Angela, daughter of King Louis the Seventh of Arcadia, and Prince Victor, Crown Prince of Kurland. The stumbling-block to this marriage is presented in the Princess Angela. When the subject is broached, she refuses to consider it. She has never seen Prince Victor, and emphatically declines to wed him, stoutly avowing that she will give herself only to the man she has learned to love. Neither coaxing nor command is of avail, but a ruse devised by the wily Cardinal Casano, Archbishop of Caron, escapes the dilemma to the satisfaction of all. It so happens that Prince Victor was formerly a pupil of the cardinal, and is visiting his old tutor incognito, under the alias of Count Bernadine. The cardinal contrives to bring the two together, and before ten days have elapsed they are in love with one another. Then comes the parting, for "Count Bernadine" has unselfishly pleaded Prince Victor's cause, and the princess has consented to the marriage. Not until the betrothal ceremony, before the whole court, does she learn that Count Bernadine and Prince Victor are one and the same, and that she is wedded to the man she loves.

Miss Russell will be seen in the rôle of the Princess Angela, in which she has scored the greatest success of her stellar career, and dear old Mrs. Gilbert, who has not appeared here since the last visit of the Daly Company, will impersonate Queen Ferdinand. The remainder of the cast includes Lawrence d'Orsay as Louis the Seventh, King of Arcadia; Donald Gallagher as Prince Charles Ferdinand; Orrin Johnson as Prince Victor Constantine; Robert Hickman as Duke of Barascon; Harry Rose as Count Varena; Charles W. Butler as Baron Holdensen; W. H. Thompson as Cardinal Casano; Richard Bennett as Friar Anselm; George Forbes, Allan Murnane, and H. L. Forbes as the three aids-de-camp; Edwin St. George as Adolf; Horace Pell as Lord Herbert Wyndham Stapleton; Harris L. Forbes as Mr. Vanderyke Q. Cobb; John Randolph as lord chamberlain; Eleanor Sanford as Queen Margaret; and Mabel Morrison as Countess Carina.

Joseph Haworth in "Rosendale."

The popular Frawley Company will close their season at the Grand Opera House on Sunday night in "Lord and Lady Algy," and on Monday evening Joseph Haworth will begin a starring engagement in Lester Wallack's favorite play, "Rosendale," which has not been given here for some time. The supporting company will be composed of Herschel Mayall, Charles Waldron, Harry J. Plimmer, Gilbert Gardner, H. D. Byers, William Bernard, F. J. Butler, Elmer Narro, Franklin Ford, Laura Nelson Hall, Lillian Buckingham, Agnes Maynard, Josephine Thynne, Roselle Kenyon, and Maude Hollis.

"Rosendale" has always been popular with noted actors, and Mr. Haworth's interpretation of Elliot Gray is considered one of his most finished portrayals. The play contains several strong dramatic situations, especially the climax of the picturesque gypsy encampment scene, where the missing child is rescued with the assistance of a detachment of soldiers, whose hand-to-hand fight with the treacherous gypsies generally stirs the audience to great applause.

The same popular prices will prevail as during the Frawley Company's engagement, and there will be the usual Saturday and Sunday matinees.

A Biblical Spectacle at the Central.

The first production on any stage of Edward Elser's much-heralded play, "A Voice from the Wilderness," will take place at the Central Theatre on Tuesday evening, with Robert Downing in the leading rôle of John the Baptist. Belasco and Thall, under whose management the spectacle is to be produced, have spared no expense in mounting the drama lavishly, and an excellent company will support the popular tragedian. Mr. Elser has followed closely the biblical story of John the Baptist, with the exception that Herodias, the consort of Herod, becomes enamored of the first apostle of Christianity. The closing scene gives a view of the interior of the palace where Salome has just completed the historic dance which so delighted Herod that as a reward he promised her anything that she might ask, even were it one-half his kingdom. Herodias, impelled by vengeance, and filled with anger at the indifference of the imprisoned John, prompts her daughter to ask for his head. Herod at first refuses, as he admits being strangely fascinated by John; but upon being reproached for breaking his promise, orders the execution of the imprisoned exhorter.

It is promised that the scenery will be of unusual splendor, and that the stage-furniture and costumes will give an accurate idea of how the people of Judea lived and dressed at the time of the Romans.

"Norma" and "Mignon" at the Tivoli.

On Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights Bellini's "Norma," which has not been heard here for some years, will be sung with Barbaresco in the title rôle; Polletini as Adalgisa; Sannie Krüger as Clotilde; Castellano as the Roman, Pollio; Dado as Oroveso, the father of Norma; and Cortesi as Flavio.

In "Mignon," which will be produced on alternate nights and at the Saturday matinee, Collamarini will doubtless duplicate the success which she scored in the title-rôle last year. Repetto will be the Filina, Polletini the Federico, Nicolini the Lotario, Cortesi the Laerte, and Napoleoni the Gianni.

The following week will be devoted to Bizet's ever-popular "Carmen," in which Collamarini has her best opportunities, and Verdi's "Faust," for which the patrons of the Tivoli Opera House have anxiously been waiting.

At the Orpheum.

J. Aldrich Libby, who won fame through his songs, will begin his first vaudeville engagement at the Orpheum on Monday night, when, in conjunction with Kathrine Trayer and John D. Gilbert, eminent musical comedians, he will present a clever sketch, "The Débutante." He will be the stage-manager and "Buffalo Bill," Miss Trayer will appear as the *débutante*, and Mr. Gilbert, as the actor and broken-down tenor, will sing a number of new songs, among others, "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," "In the Cathedral," "The Tie That Binds," "Marie Louise," and "Mr. Volunteer." The other new-comers are the Five Sunbeams, in songs and dances; the La Vallee Trio, composed of two lady harpists and a violinist; Mlle. Lotty, who created a sensation here last year with her artistic poses; and "The Talkative Miss Norton," whose patter talk has made her a great favorite.

Those retained from this week's bill are Lucille Saunders, the dramatic contralto, who will include among her selections "I Can Not Love You," by Robert Keiser, and "Because I Love You," from "The Maid of Plymouth"; Powell, the magician; the Cragg Family of acrobats; and the biograph.

The Racing Season.

Thomas H. Williams, Jr., president of the New California Jockey Club, arrived from the East and Europe early in the week, and is enthusiastic over the prospects of high-class racing at Emeryville and Tanforan this season. "We are going to have representatives from nearly every one of the big Eastern stables here this winter," he said in an interview. "William C. Whitney's colors will fly here; Featherstone, of Chicago, is going to send some horses; so is Andrew Miller, one of the stewards of the New York Jockey Club. James R. Keene and J. B. Follanshee will be represented, and August Belmont has pledged me he would ship some of his fine stock out to our tracks. These people are the best exponents of this sport in this United States, and I am glad they are at last going to 'break into' California."

"With both tracks under control of the New California Jockey Club, we shall be able to give better racing and better sport this year than ever before in the history of California. There will be about 150 days' racing next season, beginning November 4th, as against from 175 to 180 days when both tracks were running. We shall 'hang up' more money this year in stakes and purses than ever before, and already we have announced \$56,000 in stakes. The Futurity advertised for next spring has \$3,500 added money, as much as the big Eastern Futurity event, with entrance fees half as much as that classic."

Entries for the stakes for the fall and winter season to January 1st will close on September 16th.

Death of a Once Noted Actress.

Mrs. Louise Sheridan, better known on the stage as Louise Davenport, died in poverty in this city on Monday. She was once an actress of prominence, and, as the wife of W. E. Sheridan, the tragedian, won great popularity throughout the West in the early eighties. Her real name was Waters. She came of a family well known in Toronto. After she left school, she ran away from home and joined Robert McWade's company, playing Minna in "Rip Van Winkle." In 1881, a company in which the young woman was playing went to Mexico, that being the first American theatrical company to go into that country. Thence they went to Denver, and there Miss Davenport was seen by W. E. Sheridan, who was then in the zenith of his fame. At that time Mrs. Sheridan was playing with her husband, but it was not long before she had withdrawn from the company and her husband had found some means of divorcing her. He then married Miss Davenport, and, as his leading woman, she made her first appearance in this city at the old Baldwin Theatre in the early 'eighties. They traveled all through the West until 1886, when they went to Australia. There, on May 18, 1887, Sheridan was seized with an apoplectic stroke and died. For some years after her husband's death Mrs. Sheridan re-

mained in Australia. In 1894 she returned to this country, in order to find her sister, Etta Waters, who was known to be a morphine fiend. After a long search she found her in the gutter at Bakersfield and brought her to this city. Three years later the sister died from the effects of morphine poisoning. Then the once beautiful actress began to taste the bitter dregs of life. She had only a small pension allowed her by the government, for her husband had been an officer in the Northern army during the Civil War. For the past eight years she disappeared entirely from the public eye, living a life of dissipation, which finally ended in her death in a squalid abode.

— "TOLD BY TWO," THE NEW BOOK BY Marie St. Felix, now ready at Cooper's.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 28, 1901, were as follows:

|                                  | BONDS.            |                   | CLOSED. |         |
|----------------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|---------|---------|
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| U. S. Coup. 3%.....              | 40                | @ 103 1/2         | 103 1/2 |         |
| Hay Co. Power 5%.....            | 5,000             | @ 106 1/2         | 107     |         |
| Contra C. Water 5%.....          | 1,000             | @ 107 1/2         | 107 1/2 |         |
| Los An. Ry 5%.....               | 10,000            | @ 116 1/2         | 116 1/2 |         |
| Market St. Ry. 6%.....           | 11,000            | @ 128 - 128 1/2   | 128     | 128 1/2 |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.....           | 8,000             | @ 124 1/2         | 128     | 128 1/2 |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%.....            | 13,000            | @ 121             | 120     | 121 1/2 |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....           | 12,000            | @ 106 1/2         | 106     | 106 1/2 |
| Oakland Water 5%.....            | 1,000             | @ 102 1/2         |         | 103     |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%..... | 8,000             | @ 123             | 122     |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910           | 24,000            | @ 113 1/2         | 113 1/2 |         |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1906            | 13,000            | @ 112 1/2-112 3/4 | 112 3/4 |         |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912            | 22,000            | @ 121 1/2-121 3/4 | 121 3/4 |         |
| S. P. Branch 6%.....             | 5,000             | @ 136 1/2         | 136     |         |
| S. V. Water 4%.....              | 1,000             | @ 103             | 103     |         |
|                                  | STOCKS.           |                   | CLOSED. |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra Costa Water.....          | 160               | @ 76 1/2- 78      | 77      | 78      |
| Spring Valley Water.....         | 223               | @ 84 1/2- 86 1/2  | 85 1/2  | 86 1/2  |
|                                  | Gas and Electric. |                   |         |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Equitable Gaslight.....          | 175               | @ 5 - 5 1/2       | 5       | 5 1/2   |
| Mutual Electric.....             | 150               | @ 5 1/2           | 5 1/2   |         |
| Oakland Gas.....                 | 110               | @ 52              | 51 1/2  | 52      |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....        | 375               | @ 38 - 40         | 39 1/2  | 40      |
|                                  | Banks.            |                   |         |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....          | 25                | @ 108             | 108     |         |
| S. F. National.....              | 20                | @ 128             | 127 1/2 | 129     |
|                                  | Street R. R.      |                   |         |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| California St.....               | 10                | @ 130             | 130     |         |
| Market St.....                   | 280               | @ 76 1/2- 77      | 76 1/2  | 76 3/4  |
|                                  | Powders.          |                   |         |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Giant Con.....                   | 85                | @ 75 1/2- 76      | 75 1/2  | 76 1/2  |
| Vigorit.....                     | 390               | @ 3 1/2- 3 3/4    | 3 1/2   | 4       |
|                                  | Sugars.           |                   |         |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Hana P. Co.....                  | 5                 | @ 6 1/2           | 6       | 6 1/2   |
| Honokaa S. Co.....               | 575               | @ 11 1/2- 12      | 12      | 12 1/2  |
| Hutchinson.....                  | 565               | @ 13 1/2- 14      | 13 1/2  | 14 1/2  |
| Kilauea S. Co.....               | 365               | @ 11 1/2- 12      | 11 1/2  | 12      |
| Makaweli S. Co.....              | 120               | @ 25 1/2          | 25 1/2  | 26      |
| Paaahu S. Co.....                | 880               | @ 12 - 13 1/2     | 12 1/2  | 13 1/2  |

| Miscellaneous.      | Shares.              | Bid. | Asked.  |
|---------------------|----------------------|------|---------|
| Alaska Packers..... | 140 @ 129 - 129 1/2  | 130  | 131 1/2 |
| Oceanic S. Co.....  | 155 @ 37 1/2- 42 1/2 | 38   | 41 1/2  |
| Pac. C. Borax.....  | 30 @ 165             | 165  |         |

The business for the week was small, with the exception of the sugar stocks, which were traded in to the amount of 2,500 shares. They were in good demand at the close, and prices were a shade better. San Francisco Gas and Electric was in fairly good demand, and closed at 39 1/2 bid and 40 asked, with little stock offered. The water stocks improved from one and one-quarter to two points, the latter in Spring Valley Water, closing at 85 1/2 bid, 86 1/2 asked. Contra Costa Water closed at 77 bid and 78 1/2 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.

Money Wanted.

We have investments seeking investors—a hundred chances for profit in safe legitimate enterprises.

We have gilt edge securities paying 5 to 8 per cent. net.

We have stocks and bonds for speculation.

We have something to interest any one who has money to invest.

WEST COAST INVESTMENT CO.

PHILAN BUILDING

Tel. Main 656

JAMES H. SWIFT, Pres.  
MAURICE B. MAYNARD, Secy.  
NORTON C. WELLS, Treas.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

— OF THE —

Continental Building and Loan Association

FOR THE TWELFTH FISCAL YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1901.

| ASSETS.  |                |  |
|--|----------------|--|
| Loans on Mortgages.....                                      | \$1,429,581.43 |  |
| Loans on Stocks.....   | 65,414.43      |  |
| Real Estate.....   | 201,071.57     |  |
| Members' Accounts in Arrears.....                            | 19,996.82      |  |
| Furniture and Fixtures.....                                  | 1,600.00       |  |
| Sundry Advances Secured by Mortgages.....                    | 23,220.33      |  |
| Real Estate Sold Under Contract.....                         | 39,589.95      |  |
| Sundry Debtors.....  | 47,589.79      |  |
| Cash in Bank.....  | 80,799.03      |  |
| Cash in Office.....  | 6,223.35       |  |
|  | \$1,915,786.70 |  |
| LIABILITIES.   |                |  |
| Dues on Shares.....  | \$ 942,670.85  |  |
| "A," "E," and "B".....                                       | \$395,663.90   |  |
| "F".....   | 435,420.50     |  |
| "I".....   | 111,586.45     |  |
| Apportioned Profits.....                                     | \$ 215,018.98  |  |
| Insurance Reserve.....                                       | 26,846.80      |  |
| Saved from Life Insurance.....                               | 8,878.36       |  |
| Death Loss Accumulation.....                                 | 1,201.83       |  |
| Dues, Paid Up and Prepaid Stock.....                         | 449,383.98     |  |
| "D," Old.....  | \$ 7,500.00    |  |
| "C," Old.....  | 1,239.00       |  |
| "B".....   | 65,478.00      |  |
| "C".....   | 319,248.00     |  |
| "D," Deposit.....  | 55,283.08      |  |
| "H".....   | 625.00         |  |
| Advanced Payments, "A," "E," "G," "I".....                   | \$ 12,341.76   |  |
| "F".....   | 38,821.38      |  |
| Loans Due and Incomplete.....                                | 166,119.94     |  |
| All Other Liabilities—Interest Due Paid Up Stockholders..... | 10,135.94      |  |
| Repayments Account Mortgage Loans.....                       | 39,656.26      |  |
| Real Estate Sold Under Contract.....                         | 3,506.16       |  |
| Sundry Accounts Payable.....                                 | 1,205.06       |  |
|  | \$1,915,786.70 |  |

Earnings for the year have been as follows:

|                              |                       |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Class "A" and "I" Stock..... | 9 per cent. per annum |
| Class "F" Stock.....         | 8 " " "               |
| Class "C" Stock.....         | 6 " " "               |
| Class "D" Stock.....         | 5 " " "               |

Homes built for Members during year..... 156  
Homes built for Members in past seven years..... 850

HOME OFFICE, - - 222 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary.



## VANITY FAIR.

Contrasting the England of to-day with the England of forty years ago, E. L. Godkin says in the *New York Evening Post*: "The poor man in England who had never left his home theos was somewhat of a prodigy; now nearly half of his substance goes to excursion fares. A dissenting minister used to be ao object of abhorrence and contempt; oow he is quoted in Parliament by politicians. A lord used to be an object of dread and reverence; now he is hardly better than a foreign count. In the England that I remember, third-class passengers on the theos newly built railroads stood in boxes like cattle; oow they sit on cushioned seats, the third-class cars being so like the first-class that the geotry have largely taken to using them. The loveliest parts of the country at this summer seaso are thronged with excursionists, and it is fair to say that there are oo longer secluded spots in England. The famous seat of the lake poets, Cumberland and Westmorland, is so overruo with tourists that the road through the mountains seems to be leading to a fair; the small steamers on the lakes are thronged to their utmost capacity. Unhappy is the place which has some touch of 'Americanism' in its history. The railroads dump oo thousands of our countrymeo, who poke their ooses everywhere, cut chips off every woodoe memorial, and apply the hammer to every stone one, and almost compel the inhabitants to move out. The American in England used too often to be regarded as a low-class foreigner; to-day he is a welcome guest who has a right to have his curiosity gratified, and whose weaknesses and desires are referred to in almost every paper read before a learned society, so that oow hardly anybody achieves fame so readily as ao Americao traveler. The old cahioed, cribbed, confined English hotel, consisting of a private house cooverted into ao ion, and kept by ao ex-butler or housekeeper, has almost disappeared. New hotels, 'on the Americao plao', are springing up everywhere, and the English railroads are copying them at their statioos, to their great advantage. Io fact, it would be difficult to imagine a greater transformatioo thao the Eogloand of my youth has undergone."

But the greatest change, Mr. Godkin thinks, is that wrought by the multitude of visiting Americans. "They are oow everywhere in England, bothering the hotel-keepers for ice, hiring all the cooveyances, and crowding the theatres and churches. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, to those who have seen them on Sunday afternoons, have lost their conoection with the British oation. It is well knowo what small force titles have io Americo, how little account Americans make of judges, archdeacons, and bishops. In Eogloand these are all great persooages, and I have heard ao American bishop give a most impressive account of a sensation he made at Westminster Hall by driving up io ao English bishop's carriage. So, io like manoe, the millionaire, who receives but small honor io the Uoited States, if, io-deed, he is oot looked on with suspicioo, becomes a stupeoous character wheo he laods in Liverpool or Southampton. The American who io aooy professioo enjoys ever so slight a distinction at home, has little idea what a great man he is until he comes to Eogloand. It is, however, just as well for him io this respect that he comes oow instead of too years earlier."

A writer io the *Loodoo Daily Mail* thus pictures the domestic life of the average Englishmao: "He rises io the mornioo from his New England folding-bed, shaves with American soap and a Yookee safety razor, pulls on his Boston hoots over his socks from North Carolioa, fastens his Connecticut braces, slips his Waltham or Waterbury watch io his pocket, and sits down to breakfast. There he coogratulates his wife on the way her Illinois straight-front corset sets off her Massachusetts blouse, and he tackles his breakfast, where he eats bread made from prairie flour, tinoed oysters from the Pacific Coast, and a slice of Kansas City hooeo, while his wife plays with a slice of Chicago ox tongue. The childreo are givoo Americao oats. At the same time he reads his mornioo paper printed by American machioes, and possibly ao American paper. He rushes out, catches the electric tram (New York) to Shepherd's Bush, where he gets io a Yookee elevator to take him oo to the Americao-fitted electric railway to the city. At luooch-time he hastily swallows some cold roast beef that comes from a cow io Iowa, and flavors it with the latest New England pickles, and theos soothes his mind with a couple of Virginia cigarettes. To follow his course all day would be wearisome. But wheo eveoing comes he seeks relaxation at the latest Americao musical comedy, and finishes up with a couple of 'little liver pills' made io Americo."

News comes from Honolulu that the traosport *Thomas*, which reached there oo August 1st, having oo board three huodred male and one huodred female teachers, oo route for the Philipioes to eoage io educational service under the Taft Commissioo, developed a veritable matrimooial epidemio. The young meo and womeo oo board represented almost every State of the Unioo. After the traosport left Sao Francisco friendships were formed, which sooored io love, and the day prior to the arrival at Honolulu captioo Buford found that thirty couples desired the optioal knot tied. He re-

fused to permit the ceremony oo board the vessel, and the oext day a clergyman at Honolulu made the thirty pairs happy by uniting them in matrimony. Prior to the sailing of the traosport from Honolulu several other cases were reported. The departure from New York last week of the fifty-four Cubao girls and twenty-four meo, who have been students at the summer school of Harvard University, developed the fact that they, too, had been victims of Cupid's darts, although their courtships have only reached the engagement stage. Most of the Cuban meo are returning engaged and several Harvard students and professors are said to have lost their hearts to the girls from the south. Five of the ladies took home with them diamond eoagement rings.

Dr. Casagrandi, io reading a paper before a medical association in Rome, stated that he had employed a number of womeo wearing long skirts to walk for ooe hour through the streets of the city, and, after the promenade was over, he had taken these skirts and had them submitted to a very careful bacteriologic examination. There were found oo every skirt large colonies of ooxious germs, including those of typhoid fever, coosumptioo, influenza, and tetanus (or lock-jaw). Numerous other bacilli were likewise well represented oo each skirt. Dr. Casagrandi maintained that, io view of these facts, women, and especially mothers, should at once discontinue wearing trailing skirts, and other members of the Medical Congress unhesitatingly expressed the same opinion, and passed resolutioos to that effect. That womeo should subject themselves to the filth, to say oothioo of the possible dangers of trailing gowos, has long been a wonder to those acquainted with bacteriology. Nevertheless, so long as fashion calls for loog skirts, oo reform can be expected, for the great majority of womeo are bound to be io the fashion regardless of aooy ordinary considerations. There is some encouragement, however, io the fact that many of the younger women of the present wear their golf and bicycle skirts throughout the day, and merely dress for diooer and the eveoing.

William E. Curtis, who is traveling io Norway, says that the servaot-girl problem has been solved there, although he doubts whether a similar solutioo would be accepted by domestic servants in Americo. "Io large cities like Bergeo and Christiania," he writes, "there is a ceotral employment bureau under the directioo of the muoicipal government, and twice a year—one week before New Year's Day, and one week before St. John's Day, the twenty-fourth of June—there is a general change of servants by those who are dissatisfied with existing cooditioos, and eoagemente are made for the ensuing six months of the year. Families who want servants fill out blaoks setting forth what is required, and the wages they are willing to pay. These are filed at the employment office, and are ooted io a coospicuous manoeer upoo a blackboard. Women or meo io search of employment go to this bureau durioo the weeks named, examine the blackboard, and apply to the clerk io charge for further ioformatioo. If they desire to apply for a particular positioo they submit their recommendations to the clerk, and if he is satisfied he gives them a card to the lady of the house. That card is good for the day ooly, and must be returned by the lady of the house before the close of office hours. If the girl is eoaged, the blaoks upoo the card are filled out with a general statement as to her duties, the term of service and the wages agreed upoo, and the card is filed away for reference, if necessary. If the lady of the house is oot satisfied with the applicaot she sends her away, and returns the card marked 'oot satisfactory' to head-quarters, with a request that other applicaots be sent to her. If the applicaot is satisfactory the lady of the house pays her a bonus of ooe krooe or two krooner, called 'haod money'—that is, she crosses her haod with silver as ao evidence of good faith—and the girl agrees to report for duty within ooe week after New Year's or Midsummer's Day, as the case may be. This is to allow her preoet employer an opportunity to fill her place. Io some of the smaller towos the dates for chaogioo servants are April 14th and October 14th."

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs gave a uoique circus at Newport last week io honor of her little soo, Master Herman Oelrichs, Jr. The guests, who included grown folks as well as childreo, upon arrival were taken through "Roseliff," the Oelrichs villa, to the terrace io the rear of the house, where the maio tent, deep red io color and oblong io shape, was placed. The sides were decorated with cat-tail and swamp-grasses and all sorts of signs, such as "Be ware of Pickpockets," "Baby-Carriages Checked Here," "Red (fast color) Lemooade." Comic programmes, in the form of large haod-bills prioted oo yellow paper, were passed about. The performance coosisted of acts by traioed dogs and horses, hare-back ridioo, juggling, tumbling, acrobatic feats, and paotomime sketches. Uoioe the every-day circus, there was no meoagerie attached to the show, although it was aouooced that "the animals would be fed at the cooclusioo of the performance." Io the side-show teots were wheels-of-fortue, colored singers, dolls to kooek down with hails, and ao aggregation of freaks who called themselves the "Human Sledge-Hammer," the "Leopard Boy," "Tom Thumh," the "Giao Man and Woman,"

the "Human Fire Eater," the "Human Sword Swallower," the "Humao Glass Eater," the "Rubber-Skin Man," the "Snake Charmer," the "Tattooed Mao," and others. After the guests wearied of these attractions, they repaired to the villa, where Mrs. Oelrichs held ao informal reception.

According to the *Chicago Tribune*, Montreal, Canada, has selected a social arbiter upoo whom devolves the duty of deciding who constitute the Eight Hundred of Montreal society. Io this fact there exist all the elements for the liveliest kind of a row, and already there are heart-burnings and bickering. The selectioo of a Ward McAllister is necessary because of the civic reception to be given to their royal highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, io September. The joint civic ad citioes' committee had decided on making the reception a big event and inviting two thousand persons, when a polite intioatioo was received from the governor-general's secretary that it was necessary to limit the number of invitatioos so that there might be oo uoeseemly crush, as otherwise their royal highnesses would decline to attend. This was sufficient to arouse antagonism, and brought forth sharp criticisms. The committee decided to limit the number of invitatioos to eight huodred, and theos came the question of who was to name the eight huodred. The members of both the civic and citizens' committees, at the head of which is the Hoo. George A. Drummond, senator and vice-president of the Bank of Montreal, declined the responsibility. They decided to apportion the task to Assistant City Clerk René Bauset, and he is thus made the social censor of the city, with the duty of drawing up a social directory, the first of its kind in Montreal. He is deluged with letters from those who coosider they should be included. Mr. Bauset has decided to keep the list a secret until the day before the reception.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

An Echo from Harvard.

Said Aristotle unto Plato,

"Have another sweet potato?"

Said Plato unto Aristotle,

"Thank you, I prefer the bottle."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

## A Welcome to Sir Thomas Lipton.

O welcome, gallao Irish knight,  
Though you come o'er the foam  
To win the old America's Cup  
And bear the trophy home.  
Here's the freedom of our choicest clubs,  
The best of our cigars,  
And nothing is too good for you  
Beneath the stripes and stars.

We like your fraok and hearty way,  
Your courage and your pride,  
The doors of all America  
To you are opeed wide.  
Come io and make yourself at home,  
Though you will have to sup  
Your fragrant tea from something else  
Besides the silver cup.

—Minna Irving in *Leslie's Weekly*.

## William Tell Up to Date.

He wouldn't bow down to the tyraot's hat  
At the top of the market pole,  
And Gessler was more thoo enraged thereat  
To the depths of his very soul.

And so he decreed—with a grioo elate:  
"I will make Tell suffer for this;  
I will give him a taste of the fruit of fate  
That will make him cavort, I wis!"

And the tyraot he gnashed his teeth and said:  
"Bring forward his offspring small,  
And place oo the top of his golden head  
A oice little white golf ball."

"Blodfolded, the father his driver free  
Shall swing with all power and force  
At his fair soo's head, which shall he thee,  
All the way round the oine-hole course."

Oh, the little fellow was brought forth theos,  
And his courage oe'er fell or failed,  
Though a chill weot over the strongest meo  
And the womeo all wept and wailed.

'Twas theos at the hall on the head so fair  
That the blodfolded Tell fell fly,  
And with aim most rare did he hit it square,  
And it flew to the cloudless sky.

He did it agao at the second tee,  
And the third, and his little soo  
Dooed wholly uoborn io his perfect glee  
At the oioth, wheo that hole was dooe.

As the hall io each hole lit oo the fly,  
Said William, with merrimeo fioe:  
"You all will kiooly take ootioe that I  
Did the blooming oioe holes io g!"

And Gessler's rage, that had blossomed red-hot,  
Simmered down till it ceased to flame,  
While W. T. he engaged oo the spot  
To teach him the tricks of the game.

—R. K. Munkittrick in the *Smart Set*.

—MERCHANTS, MINERS, MECHANICS, AND  
Farmers all drink Jesse Moore Whisky io preference  
to aooy other brand.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL HAS NO  
superior. Most economical.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11  
OFFICERS—President, E. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL W. WALKER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWNY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Robte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. OS FREMERV, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFELDO S. JONES.....President  
WILLIAM BABCOCK.....Vice-President  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary  
S. L. ASSORT, Jr.....Assistant Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,681,497.64  
July 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank  
Boston.....The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
Philadelphia.....First National Bank  
The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis.....The Bank of St. Louis  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India,  
Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of  
Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK.

President, JOHN J. VALENTINE. Manager, HOMER S. KING. Cashier, H. WADSWORTH. Asst. Cashier, F. L. LIPMAN. 2d Asst. Cashier, H. L. MILLER.

BRANCHES—New York, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. Dooly, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

ASSETS.  
Loans.....\$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants 2,191,727.10  
Real Estate..... 1,665,030.77  
Miscellaneous Assets..... 12,415.53  
Due from Banks and Bankers 1,104,308.12  
Cash..... 3,973,676.04  
\$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up.....\$ 500,000.00  
Surplus..... 5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits..... 3,311,290.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers 1,124,165.27  
Individual..... 8,904,102.82  
\$19,589,558.17

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

## Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:  
F. KRONENBERG.....President  
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President  
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.  
411 California Street.

TYPEWRITERS.  
GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand. THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Not loog ago a prominent country lawyer, becoming nettled at the ruiog of a judge, picked up his hat and started to walk out of the court-room. He was halted by the court with the inquiry: "Are you trying to express your contempt for the court?" "No, your honor," was the reply; "I am trying to cooecal it."

An American ooce went to Windsor Castle and insisted upon seeing Queen Victoria. He was told that it was quite impossible, as an audience with the queen could be had only by appointment. Still he persisted, and then they told him flat-footed that, before seeing the queeo, he must state the object of his visit. He said he wanted to show her a oew piece of furniture—a throne-bed—a perfect throoe by day and a perfect bed by night.

The spielers at the Midway at the Pan-American Exposition are a quick-witted lot of men, and take advantage of every remark, good, bad, or indifferent, made by the spectators who listen incredulously to their harangues. One of them, however, waxed so eloquent a few nights ago, in depicting the attractions of the entertaioement which he represented, that a hawny tiller of the soil, who stood open-mouthed before him, ejaculated: "By gum!" "No, huy tickets!" shouted the spielers, quick as a flash, and he had the farmer's half-dollar before the latter realized what he was about.

A few seasons ago, Deoman Thompson put on a piece called "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," in which Richard José, the sweet-voiced tenor who has been appearing at the Orpheum, was to sing with a quartet. Thompson wrote a small stuttering part for him, and, although he mastered the lioes, on the first night, instead of stammering, the words dropped from his lips like liquid pearls. "You never saw a more disgusted man in all your life," says José, "than Bob Eberle, the stage-manager. Since then I have stuck to my singing, have given up min-strelsly, and intend to stay in vaudeville."

Ooe day, just as Père Monsahre, the celehrated Dominican preacher of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, was preparing to ascend the pulpit, a message came to him that a lady wanted to see him who was worried about an affair of conscience. After much waste of time she came to the point. She was given up to vanity. That very morning, she confessed, she had looked in her looking-glass and yielded to the temptation of thinking herself pretty. Père Monsahre looked at her and said, quietly: "Is that all?" "That's all," "Well, my child," he replied, "you can go away in peace, for a mistake is not a sin."

The other day, while traveling in Norway, a Chicago girl lost her diary during a drive through one of the pretty little interior valleys, and was much concerned. She asked the hotel-keeper to post a notice and offer a reward; but he declined to do so on the ground that such a method of advertising lost property was not customary in Norway, and would be considered very bad form. He promised, however, that he would have an announcement made from the pulpit of the church on the next Sunday, which would be very much better, because everybody would be there, while comparatively few people would see a notice in the hotel.

The story is told of three Protestant ladies who walked into a Catholic church in Ireland during high mass. It was raining, and they had gone in for shelter. The priest, one of nature's gentlemen, recognized the ladies, and, stooping down, said to an attendant: "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies." It was a kindly thought, but the priest must have wished he had never thought it when the man stood up in the church and shouted: "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" It was over in a minute—the cheers were cheered and could not be called back; but it was one of the most uncomfortable moments in the good priest's life.

Herbert Spencer, the great English sociologist and philosopher, is very fond of a game of billiards, and the other day at the Reform Club in London he met an acquaintance whom he invited to play with him. The young member accepted, and Spencer said, joyfully, as he chalked his cue: "Young man, good billiard-playing is the proof of a well-balanced mind." "I believe it is," replied the young man. They played and the great writer was beaten fearfully. He had only scored thirty-eight when his young antagonist finished his one hundred. Herbert Spencer put the cue away in disgust. "Young man," he said, "such fine billiard-playing as yours is the proof of an ill-spent youth."

As a youngster, Admiral George Dewey was completely carried away by tales of valor on bloody fields, and by stories of great campaigns won by famous commanders. Once his father read to him the story of Hannibal crossing the Alps. The recital made a great impression on the boy. It was in the dead of winter, and on the following day he told

the story to his little sister Mary, and asked her to be his army, proposing to cross the only "Alps" in the neighborhood, a large hill which flanked Montpelier to the north. She readily consented, and young George and his army set out oo their undertaking. It was keen and cold, the snow lying deep on the ground, and piled into huge drifts in ravines and along fences. With wooden sword in baod, George conducted his army to the crest of the "Alps," from which he looked down on that part of "Italy" encompassed by Washington County. The "army" froze the tip of its nose and one ear, while Hannibal had two of his toes frost-bitten. A farmer took the expedition into his bob-sled, and carried it back to Montpelier.

Since the mention of his name in conoectioo with the Schley court, an old ward-room story has been revived about Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce. It seems that as a young man he was a great beau and highly popular among the gay set surrounding the naval statioo at Newport. Oo the same ship was a rather grim and severe senior officer, who did not approve of social dissipations in the service, and was on the constant lookout for any dereliction on the part of the youngsters. One evening, after a round of pleasures, Luce came back to the ship to find this martinet on the deck as he stepped off the gangway. The elder man looked the younger over with the eye of disapprobation, and remarked, sharply: "Mr. Luce, you're tight." "Pardon me," was the quick retort; "if Stephen B. Luce, how can he be tight, sir?"

Some years ago, a vessel loaded with guano worth several thousand dollars caught fire in the South Pacific, and was abandoned by the captain and crew, who came ashore in the small boats and reported the disaster. One of the consignees thought the cargo could be saved, as he knew that guano would not burn, and it was his idea that the bulk of the ship might be found floating somewhere at sea. He chartered a small English tramp that happened to be at Callao, Peru, and started out to search for the derelict. After cruising for two or three weeks he found her, the wood-work harned to the water's edge, but the hull sound as a dollar, and the cargo all right. They started to tow her in to Callao, but the day before reaching that harbor the tramp they had chartered began to fill very rapidly, and the pumps could scarcely keep her afloat. They narrowly escaped sinking with all on board. The leak was a mystery. They managed to get her to Callao only by the greatest exertion, and many a time it was feared that they could not keep her afloat so long. When the ship went into the dock and was examined, it was found that one of the plates about the centre had worn through. Further investigation demonstrated that the damage had been done by a little copper rivet, which had been accidentally left in the bottom, and had rolled back and forth over the same spot so often and so long that the iron plate had been worn thin, and the pressure of the water had broken through. The mischievous rivet was there, and was taken out and preserved as a curiosity.

The Commerciat Drummer Scored.

DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER [to COMMERCIAL TRAVELER, sitting by open window]—Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER [pleasantly]—I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it.

DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER—I wish you would close it, sir.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER—Would like to accommodate you, but I can't.

DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER—Do you refuse to close that window, sir?

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER—I certainly do.

DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER—If you don't close it, I will.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER—I'll bet you won't.

DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER—If I go over there I will.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER—I'll give you odds you won't.

DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER—I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER—No, sir; I will not.

DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER [getting on his feet]—Then I will, sir.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER—I would like to see you do it.

DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER [placing his hands on the objectionable window]—I'll show you whether I will or not, sir.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER [as DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER tugs at window]—Why don't you close it?

DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER [getting red in the face]—It appears—to be stuck.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER—Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in.

[And then the DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER felt foolish, and the other passengers chuckled audibly.]—Tit-Bits.

A Mother's Milk

may not fit the requirements of her own offspring. A failing milk is usually a poor milk. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has been the standard for more than forty years. Send for "Baby's Diary," 71 Hudson St., N. Y.

DOOLEY ON MACLAY'S HISTORY.

F. Peter Duooe's Mr. Dooley has arrived at the conclusion that his chief claim to renown is the fact that he "oiver took a haod io th' war in Cuba." Those who did take part in the war, whether io Cuha or the Philippines, he finds, have missed fame by a wide margin.

"First they was Hobsoo," he remarks; "he kissed a girl, an' ivrybody says: 'Hang him. Kill th' coal-scuttler.' Thin they was Dewey. He got married, an' th' people was fr makin' mathrimony a penal offense.

"An' now it's Schley's turn. I knew it was comin' to Schley, an' heer it comes. Ye used to think he was a gran' man that, whin ol' Cerveera come oot iv th' harbor at Saotiga, called out: 'Come oo, boys,' an' plugged into th' Spaoish fleet an' rayjoiced it to scrap-iroo. That's what ye thought, an' that's what I thought, an' we were wrong. We were wroog. Hinnissy. I've been r-readin' a thrue histhry iv th' campaign be wan iv th' gr-greatest historyians now employed as a clerk in th' supply stores iv th' Brooklyn navy yard. Like mesif, he's a fireside veteran.

"Says th' historyiao: 'Th' cooduck iv Schley durin' th' campaign was such as to hriog th' bnight blush iv shame to ivry man on th' pay roll iv our beloved country. 'Tis well known that whin ordered be th' gallant Jawn D. Long to lave Hamptoo Roads, he thried to jump overhoord an' swim ashore. He was chloryformed an' kep' under hatches till th' ship was off th' coast iv Floridy. Whin he come to, he fainted at th' sight iv a Spanish ditchory, an' whin a midshipman wint by with a box iv Castile soap, he fell on the deck with'in in fear an' exclaimed: 'Th' war is over. I'm shot.' Whin th' catiff wretch an' cow'rd see hrave Cerveera comin' oot iv th' harbor he r-run up th' signal: 'Cease firin'. I'm a prisoner.' Owin' to th' profanity iv dauntless Boh Ivins, which was arisin' in a dark purple column at th' time, Cerveera cud not see this recrent message an' attempted to r-run away. Th' American admiral followed him like th' cow'rd that he was, descrihin' a loop an' rammin' the Ionay, th' Massachusetts, an' th' Oregon. His face was r-red with fear an' he cried in a voice that cud be heard th' length iv th' ship: 'He don't see the signal. I've surrendered, Cerveera. I'm done. I quit. I'm all in. Come an' take me soord an' cut off me buttons. Boys, fire a few iv them eight-inch shells an' attracht his attention. Perhaps he'll take notice. Great hivins, we're lost! He's sioikin' befure we can surrinder.' 'Tis a good thioig fr th' United States that me frind Sampson come back at th' r-right moment, an' with a few well-directed wurruds to a tillygraft operator secured th' victhry."

"So they've arrested Schley. As soon as th' book come out th' Sicrety iv th' Navy issued a warrant again' him, chargin' him with victhry—an' he's goin' to have to stand thrile fr it. I don't know what th' punishment is, but 'tis somethin' hard, fr th' offense is onus'I. They're sure to bounce him, an' maybe they'll give his job to Cerveera."

"I shud think Schley'd thry an' prove an allyhi," Mr. Hennessy suggested, pleasantly.

"He can't," said Mr. Dooley. "His frind Sampson's got that."—Copyright, 1901, by R. H. Russell.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

VVO  
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

TOURS

FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE

ROUND THE WORLD

(Via Japan, China, India, Egypt, etc.)

From San Francisco, Sept. 4th.

Oct. 15th, Oct. 31st.

From Vancouver, Sept. 9th.

EGYPT AND PALESTINE

(Via Athens and Constantinople)

From New York, Sept 21st.

Illustrated descriptive programmes on application. Sailing lists of line steamers for ensuing season now ready.

THOS. COOK & SON,  
621 Market St., San Francisco.

DOMINION LINE

Fastest Twin-Screw Passenger Service.

Boston to Liverpool via Queenstown

S. S. NEW ENGLAND, 11,600 Tons, Length 575 ft.

Sailing Wednesday, September 11th.

S. S. COMMONWEALTH, 13,000 Tons, Length 600 ft.

Sailing Wednesday, September 25th.

Portland, Me., to Liverpool

S. S. DOMINION, sailing Saturday, September 14th.

S. S. CAMBROMAN, sailing Saturday, September 21st.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast,  
621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

A QUARTETTE  
OF COMFORT

LINURET—Pure Linen  
XYLORET—Pure Lisle  
BOMBYRET—Pure Silk  
VILLURET—Pure Wool

ARE THE FOUR FABRICS  
USED IN MAKING OUR  
UNDERWEAR

Made into form-fitting garments the result is SATISFACTION and comfort to the wearer. The price is purse-fitting.

J.S. Pfister  
KNITTING CO.

60 GEARY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

Makers of Bathing-Suits, Sweaters, Jerseys  
Leggins, Gymnasium Suits, Etc.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,  
at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,

Calling at Kobe (Yogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and  
connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer: From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1901

Doric. (Via Honolulu). . . . . Friday, September 20

Coptic. (Via Honolulu). . . . . Tuesday, October 15

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). . . . . Thursday, November 7

Doric. (Via Honolulu). . . . . Tuesday, December 3

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha  
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan  
Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
calling at Kobe (Yogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and  
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.

Hongkong Maru. . . . . Wednesday, September 4

Nippon Maru. . . . . Friday, September 27

America Maru. . . . . Wednesday, October 23

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6300 Tons  
Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons

S. S. Mariposa, for Honolulu only, August 31, 1901,  
at 12 P. M.

S. S. Australia, for Tahiti, September 11, 1901, at  
10 A. M.

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Anckland  
and Sydney, Thursday, September 12, 1901, at 10  
P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market  
Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., every  
fifth day, change to company's steamers  
at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11  
A. M., every fifth day.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1.30  
P. M., every fifth day.

For San Diego, stopping only at  
Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los  
Angeles): Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M. State of Cali-  
fornia—Wednesdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San  
Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo),  
Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hansen, East San  
Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport ("Corona" only).

Corona—Saturdays, 9 A. M. Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers,  
sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,  
10 Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.  
New York and Southampton (London, Paris  
from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping a  
Cherbourg Westbound.

St. Louis. . . . . September 4 | St. Louis. . . . . September 25

Philadelphia. . . . . September 11 | Philadelphia. . . . . October 2

St. Paul. . . . . September 18 | St. Paul. . . . . October 9

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every  
Wednesday, 12 noon.

Southwark. . . . . September 4 | Zealand. . . . . September 25

Vaderland. . . . . September 11 | Friesland. . . . . October 2

Kenington. . . . . September 18 | Southwark. . . . . October 9

\* Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. M.  
TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery  
Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Wurtzbaugh-Foster Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton H. Foster, and Lieutenant Daniel W. Wurtzbaugh, U. S. N., took place at the home of the bride's parents, 209 Walnut Street, on Wednesday evening, August 28th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Weeden, of St. Luke's Episcopal Church. Miss Ruth Foster, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Miss Jessie Ewing, and Miss Eleanor Warner were the bridesmaids. Lieutenant Thomas A. Kearney, U. S. N., was the best man, and Lieutenant Palmer, U. S. N., Lieutenant Morton, U. S. N., Lieutenant David W. Todd, U. S. N., and Surgeon Stone, U. S. N., served as ribbon-bearers.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Wurtzbaugh, after a short wedding journey on this Coast, will leave for Annapolis, where the lieutenant has recently been assigned to duty as instructor.

## The Taylor-Lohse Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Pauline Lohse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lohse, and Mr. Montell Taylor took place at the home of the bride's parents, 1385 Webster Street, Oakland, on Wednesday afternoon, August 21st. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by the Rev. Father C. A. Ramm, of St. Mary's Cathedral, assisted by the Rev. Father King. Miss Anita Lohse, the bride's sister, acted as maid of honor, and Mr. Felton Taylor supported his brother as best man.

A reception and a wedding breakfast followed, after which Mr. and Mrs. Taylor departed for the East on their wedding journey. They will spend several weeks in New York and other Eastern cities, and upon their return will take up their residence in San Francisco.

## Finish of the Del Monte Sports.

In the finals of the ladies' amateur golf tournament for the Del Monte Cup, on Friday morning, August 23d, Miss Caro Crockett defeated Miss Alice Hager by the close score of 1 up, thereby winning the amateur golf championship of the Pacific Coast.

At noon on Friday, a swimming contest for a silver cup trophy was won by Miss Alice Rutherford. Mrs. Henry T. Scott acted as starter, and among others who entered the contest were Miss Collier, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Marie Wells, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Ella Morgan, Mrs. Walter Martio, Miss Parrott, Mrs. Walter Magee, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Moffitt, and the Misses Harvey.

During Friday forenoon the open competition for the Pacific Coast golf championship, at 36 holes, was played, Mr. Robert Johnstone, of the Presidio links, winning the \$200 prize, Mr. C. E. Maud receiving the silver medal of the association, and Mr. James Melville and Mr. George Smith dividing third money. The complete score was as follows:

Robert Johnstone, 36, 37, 37, 38—148.  
C. E. Maud, 37, 40, 37, 36—150.  
James Melville, 38, 39, 39, 37—153.  
George Smith, 39, 37, 40, 37—153.  
F. J. Reilly, 42, 38, 38, 38—156.  
H. M. Sears, 39, 42, 38, 39—158.  
Harry Rawlins, 40, 42, 41, 37—160.  
E. R. Folger, 40, 39, 40, 42—161.  
W. J. Bradley, 40, 42, 40, 40—162.  
F. S. Stratton, 38, 45, 44, 40—167.  
J. W. Byrne, 42, 38, 44, 44—168.  
Dr. Walter, 43, 44, 40, 42—169.  
C. E. Orr, 42, 38, 47, 42—169.  
C. P. Hubbard, 39, 41, 44, 46—170.  
John Lawson, 48, 44, 43, 41—176.  
A. Bell, 48, 41, 46, 43—178.  
R. M. Fitzgerald, 45, 42, 47, 47—181.

Two excellent programmes of races on Friday and Saturday, and a ball at the hotel on Saturday night, brought the carnival of sports to a close.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Remi Chahot has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Josephine Chahot, to Mr. John Henry Dieckmann, Jr. No date has yet been named for the marriage.

The engagement is announced of Miss Julia Winston, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Winston, of Los Angeles, to Mr. Marcus Edwin Flowers, of Riverside. Mr. Flowers is a wealthy Englishman, who for several years has resided at Riverside, where he has property interests. He figured prominently in the polo games at Del Monte last week, and his stable was also represented in the pony racing and steeplechase events.

Major-General Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., has sent out invitations for the marriage of his daughter, Miss Marjorie Young, to Dr. John H. Gibbon, of Philadelphia, which will take place at his residence at Black Point at noon on Monday, September 2d. Miss Elizabeth Young, the bride's sister, will attend her as maid of honor, and Dr. Robert Gibbon, who accompanied his brother from Philadelphia, will act as best man. The Rev. Dr. Campert, of Trinity Church, will officiate. The ceremony will be followed by a wedding breakfast, after which Dr. Gibbon and his bride will depart for Philadelphia, where they will reside in the future.

The wedding of Mrs. Anne Grant Fry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Grant, and Mr. William A. Rodgers, of New York, took place at the home

of the bride's parents at Napa on Saturday, August 24th. After a short stay in San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers will leave for Santa Barbara, where they will make their future home.

The wedding of Miss Harriet Inge Andrews, daughter of Mrs. L. M. MacLouth, and Lieutenant Alpha T. Easton, Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., took place at the home of the bride's mother, "Pine Knoll," St. Helena, on Wednesday, August 28th. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Dr. Clarke, assisted by Rev. Dr. Powell, of St. Helena. Lieutenant Easton went to the Philippines with the Twenty-Eighth Volunteer Regiment, and on his return was given a commission in the regular army and assigned to the Twenty-Ninth Regiment, now stationed at Fort Sheridan.

The final paper chase of the San Rafael Hunt Club for this season will be held this (Saturday) afternoon. The meet will take place at the Hotel Rafael at half-after three o'clock, and the course will be over the hills to Fairfax. It is expected that there will be a large attendance, as the tennis tournament closes on the afternoon of the chase and a number of Burlingame riders have promised to be present. The trophy is a handsome silver cup offered by Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young.

Miss Ethel Gage was the guest of honor at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Saturday afternoon, August 24th, given by Mrs. Henry Rosenfeld. After the luncheon, the guests attended the matinee at the Columbia Theatre. Those in the party were Miss Mabel Gage, Mrs. William H. Richardson, Jr. (née Gage), Mrs. Schwerin, Mrs. James Tyson, Mrs. John G. Hampton, Mrs. George E. de Golia, Mrs. Lou Allender, Mrs. Roy Mauvais, Mrs. Churchill Taylor, Miss Anita Lohse, Mrs. Albert A. Long, the Misses Carrie and Belle Nicholson, Miss Kate Chahot, Mrs. Edward Engs, and Mrs. Wickham Havens.

Mrs. Girard, wife of Colonel Girard, U. S. A., gave a reception on Friday evening in the new Social Hall of the General Hospital at the Presidio in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Kerwin.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Redmond W. Payne was brightened on August 20th by the advent of a son.

## Recent Wills and Successions.

A statement has been filed in Judge Coffey's court by Winfield Scott Jones and James Otis, trustees under A. C. Whitcomb's will, to the effect that Charlotte Andrée Whitcomb, daughter of the deceased, reached the age of eighteen years on December 4, 1900; that Adolphe Whitcomb, the son, reached the age of twenty-one years on February 23, 1901; and that then each child received \$5,876 in cash, \$190,000 in Chesapeake and Ohio Railway bonds, \$75,000 in Southern Pacific Company bonds, and \$190,000 in Richmond and Danville Railway bonds. The Whitcomb children are with their mother in Paris.

The following fees have been allowed to executors of the will of James G. Fair and their attorneys by an order signed by Judge Troutt. To the three living executors, James S. Angus, T. G. Crothers, and W. S. Goodfellow, commissions allowed by law on an estimated value of the estate (in round numbers \$15,070,000), \$152,517.36 in all, or \$50,839.12 each; to the attorneys for Executors Angus and Crothers, Messrs. Pierson and Mitchell and George E. Crothers, \$150,000; to Garret W. McEnerny, attorney for Executor W. S. Goodfellow, \$75,000; to Robert Y. Hayne, special counsel for the executors in recent proceedings, \$25,000. The fee of ex-Judge Van R. Paterson, representing absent minor heirs, principally Hermann Oelrichs, Jr., was kept in abeyance. The account presented by the executors and settled by the court showed the condition of the Fair estate during two months, from June 24 to August 24, 1901. The following figures were given: Money in bank June 24, 1901, \$766,882.18; receipts from June 24 to August 24, 1901, \$555,309.38; total receipts, \$1,322,191.56; disbursements during same period, \$118,134.94; balance on hand, \$1,304,056.62.

Mrs. Sue Virginia Field, widow of the late Chief Justice Stephen J. Field, died on Saturday August 24th, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. George E. Whitoe, Oakland. Judge Field was a bachelor considerably over forty years when, in 1859, he married Miss Sue V. Swearingen, a native of Kentucky, then residing in California. Although Mrs. Field has made her home in Washington since her husband was appointed to the Supreme Bench of the United States, in 1863, by President Abraham Lincoln, she has always considered herself a Californian, and with Judge Field paid periodical visits to California. It was during one of these visits, eight years ago, that Judge David S. Terry was killed by Judge Field's body-guard, Dave Neagle, at Lathrop.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond delivered a lecture on the "Cliff-Dwellers of Colorado" on August 26th, before the Association for the Advancement of Science in America, which was in session in Denver last week.

"GEOFFREY STRONG," THE NEW BOOK BY Laura Richards, can be had at Cooper's.

"MOST EVERY ONE WHO HAS WHISKY FOR sale compares its virtues to Jesse Moore 'AA' Whisky.

## The Huntington-Hatzfeldt Compromise.

Many people look with such justifiable doubt on the wild statements of the news-mongering dailies that they are uncertain as to the status of the Huntington-Hatzfeldt affair. Briefly, it is as follows:

The demand of the Princess Hatzfeldt for a larger share in the estate of the late Collis P. Huntington than that allowed by the will (\$1,000,000) has been settled without coming to trial and on a basis satisfactory to the chief parties interested. The exact figures of the settlement have not been made public by the parties, but it may be stated authoritatively that the princess is to have her fortune augmented by several millions. What promised to be the *cause célèbre* of this generation has been quietly buried, and harmony reigns in all branches of the Huntington family. The prince and princess have returned to their country home in Wiltshire, England.

The princess's case was conducted by Joseph D. Redding, formerly of San Francisco, and now of New York. The attorney's fees alone must have amounted to a handsome fortune. What that sum is as yet is known only to the attorney and his client. The New York papers put it at a high figure. The *World* says:

"Joseph D. Redding, the attorney who represented Princess von Hatzfeldt in the negotiations that have ended in a compromise of her claim against the estate of the late C. P. Huntington on the payment of \$6,000,000 by Mrs. C. P. Huntington and H. E. Huntington, will receive \$300,000 for his services. An intimate friend of those interested made the positive statement to-day that a check for this sum will be handed to Redding immediately upon the payment of the \$6,000,000 to the Hatzfeldts. Redding has crossed the continent a number of times while promoting the claim, and it was mainly due to his diplomacy that a compromise was effected. The size of his fee is the subject of much comment in club circles."

## The Hopkins Institute of Art.

The interior of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art has been undergoing a most thorough renovation during the summer, and now the inlaid wood-work, which is one of its unequalled characteristics, shines forth in all its original beauty. The attendance of visitors throughout the vacation season has been unusually large, mounting well up into the thousands. Mr. Fletcher, the curator of the institute, has returned from an extended visit to the East, where he has been making a study of the art conditions in the various institutes of the principal cities.

The School of Design opened on August 12th, and has already an enrollment of more than one hundred scholars. The faculty remains the same as last year, with the exception of the change caused by the resignation of Professor Tildeo, of the modeling department, and the appointment of his successor, Professor Aitken.

The Mercantile Library Association has applied to the superior court for leave to raise \$82,000 by mortgaging its property on the north-east corner of Van Ness and Golden Gate Avenues. In the petition, which was signed by George A. Newhall, president of the association, it was stated that \$67,500, with interest from July 1, 1898, was due on a mortgage, originally for \$75,000, which was given to the Hibernia Bank in 1896. In addition to this debt the association owes sums which must be paid without delay, and its current receipts are only sufficient to meet the running expenses and to pay interest at 6 per cent. on the proposed mortgage.

The engagement is announced of Miss Adelaide Roddy, daughter of Mr. John Roddy, of Vallejo, and Captain R. W. Maxwell Trayner, formerly an officer in a British Royal Dragoon Regiment. He is the second son of Lord Trayner, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

A LADY OF REFINEMENT, WIDOW OF PHYSICIAN—middle-aged, musical, good reader and amanuensis, traveled—desires position of trust. Highest references to the clergy, military, and citizens of standing. Address Box 21, *Argonaut* office.

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RATES, \$3.00 PER DAY.

A hotel in the Olympic Mountains offering a table and sleeping accommodations of peculiar excellence is now open. Good fishing and elk shooting in the vicinity.



MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, accompanied by Miss Jennie Blair, will leave for the East next week to be present at the wedding of her son, Mr. Peter D. Martin, and Miss Lily Oelrichs, which takes place at Newport in a few weeks. During her stay in Newport she will be the guest of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford sailed from Liverpool for New York on Wednesday, August 28th. She will make but a short stay in New York, and is expected in San Francisco within a fortnight.

Miss Alice Rutherford, after a week's sojourn at the Hotel Del Monte, sailed for Hong Kong on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Gaelic* on Wednesday, August 28th. She was accompanied by Mrs. M. B. Buford, wife of Captain Buford, of the transport *Thomas*.

Miss Elizabeth Center has been the guest of Miss Elena Robinson in San José.

Mrs. E. F. Preston and the Misses Preston, after an extended European trip, have arrived in New York en route home.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has returned after a month's sojourn at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wells (*né* Hush) when last heard from were in Italy.

Miss Emelie Hinshelwood has arrived in Paris.

Mr. Everett N. Bee departed for Portland, Or., on Monday.

Mr. Harry Parker, whose engagement to Miss Edith Stuhls has been announced, is expected in San Francisco in a few weeks.

Miss Frances Jolliffe was in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna are sojourning at York Harbor, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. William Giselman have departed for Europe on a visit to their son, Mr. Marshall Giselman, who is studying music in London.

Mr. Knox Maddox expects to leave for the East next week.

Mrs. Edwin Barron and family, who have been traveling in Ireland, are now making a trip through Scotland.

Mr. Lawrence E. Van Winkle has been sojourning in Lake County.

Mrs. Robert Sherwood was in Los Gatos last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Vining, Miss Vining, and Mrs. Thomas B. Griggs visited the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Miss Anita Polhemus has been the guest of Mrs. De Santo Marino at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. Truxtun Beale, after a short stay at the Hotel Rafael, has gone to Bakersfield.

Mr. Henry Heymann has been stopping in San José during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. George C. Pardee, of Oakland, were in San Diego last week.

Mr. Sumner Crosby, whose marriage to Miss Idolene S. Hooper, the daughter of Mr. Charles A. Hooper, of Alameda, was recently announced, will return East in September to attend the Harvard Law School. His home is in Brookline, Mass.

Mr. T. H. Goodwin was in San José during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Keith and Mr. Charles F. O'Callaghan have returned from a month's visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. A. J. Bowie returned from the Philippine Islands on Monday.

Mr. James C. Dunphy was in San José last week.

Mr. H. Morgan Hill arrived from Del Monte early in the week and was at the California Hotel.

Mrs. John Deane and Miss Deane, who have just returned from Alaska, expect to leave Oakland for the East in a few weeks.

Professor R. E. Allardice and Mr. H. C. Nash, of Stanford University, were at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Miss Grace McKinley arrived from the East last week, and is residing with her cousin, Mrs. George Morse.

Mrs. J. C. Moore and family, who have just returned from Europe, are at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis, editor of the *Land of Sunshine*, was in Washington, D. C., early in the week.

Mr. William Kaufman will sail from Europe on September 6th for New York, and expects to arrive in San Francisco the latter part of September.

Mrs. W. P. Coleman, of Sacramento, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. McClure, of Syracuse, N. Y., are guests at the Hotel Granada.

Congressman J. A. T. Hull, of Iowa, chairman of the Military Committee of the House, who has been on a trip of inspection in the Philippines, returned on the transport *Thomas* on Wednesday.

Among the week's arrivals at Congress Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Loyd Lyndon, of Los Gatos, Mrs. M. A. Southworth, Mrs. H. M. Tenney, and Mr. G. M. Morrison, of Saratoga, Dr. H. G. Bayless, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Sanderson, Mrs. Charles J. Durbrow, Miss C. Durbrow, Mr. C. Fitzpatrick, and Mr. M. E. Herring.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stearling, Mr. and Mrs. F. Marriott, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, Miss Ruby Boardman, Mrs. W. J. Pettigrew, Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Mrs. W. G. Fulford, Mrs. J. S. Ballard, Mrs. Fred H. Chenoweth, and Mr. Fred Chenoweth of San Francisco.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Kincaid, Miss S. Kincaid,

and Miss Kincaid, of Alameda, Mr. F. S. Brown, of Oakland, Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Seymour, Mrs. F. H. Seymour, Miss Seymour, and the Misses Sutton, of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. B. Ridley, Mr. and Mrs. David Martin, Mr. and Mrs. I. Hornmer, Mrs. E. J. Paddock, Mr. G. B. C. Anderson, Mr. B. L. Paddock, and Mr. B. A. Haymes.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Doulton, of Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lubke, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Davis Richardson, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. MacKinder, of St. Helena, Mr. and Mrs. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, Mrs. K. C. Phelps, Mrs. E. R. Horton, Mrs. S. A. Floyd, Mr. H. S. Wilson, and Mr. W. A. Twombly, of Boston, Mr. W. A. Fortescue, Mr. Fred. Dickinson, and Mrs. B. Dickinson, of Ben Lomond, Mr. T. B. McGovern, of New York, Mr. J. C. Barclay, of Chicago, Mr. M. B. Spaulding, of San Mateo, Mr. W. S. Hoyt, of Fresno, Mr. E. Johnson, of Cincinnati, Mr. M. Mathews, of South Bend, Ind., and Mr. C. J. Phillips, of Detroit.

A Story of San Francisco.

In a recent magazine there is a story written by Harry Dam, a well-known Bohemian Club man, newspaper writer, and man about town in this city some lustres ago. Those who were familiar with society at that time will be somewhat startled at some of the characters Mr. Dam introduces in his story. The principal characters are "Dan and Joe Pinney," two mining millionaires, of whom Dan "was a man of forty-two, of middle height, of slender frame, with a curling black beard, black hair, and intensely black eyes." He falls in love with a daughter of "Mrs. Van Ness, the unquestioned leader of local society." She lives in a "magnificent mansion with a mortgage of one hundred thousand dollars," the late Mr. Van Ness having left his wife in financial straits. She has a beautiful daughter Mabel, "a graceful girl of twenty with a figure perfect in its symmetry, with hair said by her friends to be of slightly artificial tint, but which was like a cloud of silken gold." The story is taken up with the matrimonial experiences of the beautiful Mabel and her millionaire miner until to them a baby is born "with intensely black eyes like its father." Altogether the story is fertile in allusions to men and women well known to San Francisco some fifteen or sixteen years ago.

A remarkable spectacle—one worth many a trip to find—is seen from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais, when one looks down upon the upper surface of one of the fog-banks which frequently enmantle the lower levels, including San Francisco. It is a strange and weird sight. Standing in brilliant sunshine, you observe far below a vast, white sea of fog, which blots out the hay and all the cities and towns, its surface rolling in long undulations.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles James Welch at their country place at Davenport's Neck, New Rochelle, last week.

A New Sutter Street Building.

What is undoubtedly the most perfectly appointed and attractive establishment on Sutter Street will be completed this week by Mr. A. L. Bowhay. It is a handsome, four-story building just above Powell, Nos. 505, 508, and 510, which was built and arranged especially for Mr. Bowhay's use. To the left of the hall, on the ground floor, is a large reception and stock-room, made distinctive by its full plate-glass front, lofty ceiling, numerous electric lights, massive mirrors, and plain yet tasteful and costly fittings. In the rear are the cutting-room and the work-room, the latter surrounded by a gallery, which gives ample space for a large working force. On the first floor above is Mr. Bowhay's special reception-room, which is a triumph of the builder's and decorator's arts. The floor is of polished oak, the walls of shining mahogany. Handsome leather chairs and *fête-a-tête*, Turkish rugs, and electric-light fittings in artistic forms, add to the attractiveness of the apartment. Separated from this reception room by folding-doors is a stock-room, whose shelves will carry only the choicest selections from the reigning styles. Fitting and cutting-rooms are adjoining in the rear, and on the upper floors as well. The arrangement of the building could hardly be improved, for every desirable feature is there, and nothing has been neglected. Plenty of light, thorough ventilation, ease of access, and convenience of arrangement have been secured, but not without careful planning by the noted architect, Mr. Albert Pissis.

Mr. Bowhay closed his establishment, which was formerly one door above, last June for the summer vacation, but has been giving his attention to the fitting up of the new place since his return from the country, some weeks since. The last details are now being completed, and with the beginning of the week he will receive his former patrons, and new ones as well, in an establishment as perfect as thorough knowledge of its needs and the best of taste could produce. All the novelties of the season in goods for ladies' costumes, Mr. Bowhay has ready for inspection, and the judgment and skill which have commended him to all his patrons in the past will be again at their service. Mr. Bowhay's out-of-town customers, in Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Portland, and elsewhere, will note the opening with pleasure, for some have been disappointed during the two months' vacation. From Monday, September 2, 1901, Mr. Bowhay's establishment promises to be one of the most favored by ladies who desire fashionable and distinctive novelties and costume cloths in tailor gowns.

The Real Thing.

"Knox" celebrated New York hats. Fall styles now ready. Eugene Korn, the Hatter, 726 Market Street, near Kearny.

— EDWARD A. BELCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW 412-413 Call Building.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Beardslee returned from the Orient on Monday on the Japanese steamship *Hongkong Maru*, and, after a short stay here, will proceed to Washington, D. C. Admiral Beardslee was present at the unveiling of the Perry monument in Japan, acting as the representative of the United States.

Mrs. F. M. Russell, wife of Lieutenant Russell, U. S. N., of the battle-ship *Kentucky*, sailed for Yokohama on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Gaelic* on Wednesday.

Captain Forsyth, U. S. N., departed from Mare Island Navy Yard last week for his home in Philadelphia.

Captain B. P. Lamberton, U. S. N., Mrs. Lamberton, and Miss May Lamberton are at Ocean City, on the Massachusetts Coast.

Colonel A. S. Burt, U. S. A., who participated in the Cuban campaign as a brigadier-general, and now commands the Twenty-Fifth Infantry, returned from the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* on Wednesday.

Mrs. Elvin R. Heiherg and her sister, Miss Dodge, who are en route to Manila to join Lieutenant Heiherg, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., were at the Hotel Granada during the week.

Captain Roger F. Gardner, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gardner leave for Washington, D. C., today (Saturday).

Colonel E. D. Godfrey, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Godfrey and daughter are spending a few weeks at Ottawa, O., visiting relatives. Colonel Godfrey will start for San Francisco, en route to the Philippines to join his regiment, at the expiration of his leave in September.

Captain Harry F. Rethers, Third Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rethers, who have been living at the Presidio for some months past, are now at Benicia Barracks.

Naval Constructor Thomas F. Ruhm, U. S. N., is in San Francisco on leave of absence.

Lieutenant George L. P. Stone, U. S. N., was at the California Hotel during the week.

Lieutenant-Commander R. M. Doyle, U. S. N., will be detached from Bethlehem Iron Works, South Bethlehem, Pa., on September 15th, and ordered to the *Wisconsin* as executive officer, relieving Lieutenant-Commander Milton, U. S. N., who has taken charge of the branch hydrographic office here.

Mrs. C. W. Mead, wife of Captain Mead, U. S. A., recently appointed engineer of the city of Manila, returned from a sojourn in the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* on Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Collins, the aunt of Supervisor McCarthy, died at her residence, 2431 Larkin Street, early in the week, at the age of 102 years, 3 months, and 24 days. She was a native of Ireland, but had resided in California for 45 years.

Miss Helen Hyde, the artist, is expected home in October from Japan, where she has been for the past two years. Next month an exhibition of her colored etchings will be given at Vickery's.

— "SISTER TERESA," by GEORGE MOORE, for sale at Cooper's, 745 Market Street.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment  
To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

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Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.

WHITE SEAL (Grande Cuvee) is unsurpassed in quality, dryness, and flavor.—NEW YORK TIMES.

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Pacific Coast Agents. 216 Mission Street, S. F.



Brunette Complexion Powder is the color of brown skin; it removes freckles and keeps the skin soft. Sample free.  
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American plan. European plan.

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**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**  
A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all affections of the skin.  
"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthier substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving.  
Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 5c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample free. GEORGE MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

CONGRESS SPRINGS.

The gem of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An ideal summer and winter resort. Always open. New management. Table unsurpassed. Best mineral water on the coast.

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FOR ADOPTION.

Little girl, nine years old; pretty, refined, and well brought up. Best of references given and required.

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Bachelors' Apartments. Offices for Physicians. Handsome, well-lighted Suites of Rooms. Bath-rooms; hot and cold water; patent hot-water heaters; electric lighting; rapid hydraulic elevator; night elevator service. Apply to the agent and manager, F. G. J. Margetson, 406 Sutter Street, corner Stockton.

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**MR. OTTO FLEISSNER**  
(Musical Director, Blind Department, Deaf and Blind Institution, Berkeley, Cal.)  
Has resumed teaching Vocal, Piano, Organ, and Harmony. Residence, 2514 Octavia St.

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RATES EAST

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|--------------------|---------------------|
| August 20-21.....  | Louisville, \$77.50 |
| August 22-23.....  |                     |
| September 5-6..... | Buffalo, 87.00      |
| October 3-4.....   |                     |
| September 5-6..... | Cleveland, 82.50    |

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ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at the nearest office

Southern Pacific

SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | From July 14, 1901.  | ARRIVE   |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.....   | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....  | 7:55 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....   | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....  | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....   | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....                   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....            | 4:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma, Carsters.....   | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....  | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....               | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 6:55 P.  |
| 11:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....  | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....                         | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....   | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.....   | 11:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....  | 10:25 A. |
| 5:00 P.  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....                    | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 5:00 P.  | Yosemite.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....  | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo.....   | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.....   | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregonian—California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....        | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....   | 11:25 A. |
| 18:05 P. | Vallejo.....   | 7:55 P.  |

| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).<br>(Foot of Market Street.) |  |          |
|--|--|----------|
| 17:45 A.   | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18:05 P. |
| 8:15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                        | 5:50 P.  |
| 12:15 P.   | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 12:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....   | 11:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.....   | 11:50 A. |

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

17:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

18:05 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).<br>(Third and Townsend Streets.) |  |          |
|--|--|----------|
| 6:10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6:30 A.  |
| 7:00 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 7:10 A.  |
| 7:00 A.  | New Almaden.....   | 7:40 A.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Sunday Excursion from San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....   | 18:30 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.....  | 7:30 P.  |
| 10:30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6:30 P.  |
| 11:30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.....   | 5:30 P.  |
| 12:45 P.   | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 11:45 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations.....   | 4:10 P.  |
| 14:15 P.   | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 9:45 A.  |
| 15:00 P.   | Way Stations.....  | 19:00 A. |
| 5:30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....   | 8:30 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....  | 10:05 A. |
| 6:10 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 8:00 A.  |
| 6:15 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 7:30 P.  |

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Hewitt—"How much does it cost per mile to run your auto?" Jewett—"I don't know; it never ran a mile."—Town Topics.

"What is the difference between a good duck-shooter and a man that steals a painting?" "One brings the canvas back and the other doesn't."—Chicago Tribune.

Jackson—"I hear your baby was kidnaped?" Currie—"Yes. The kidnapers have offered us five thousand dollars if we will take him back, but we are holding out for more."—Life.

"Why is the Isle of Wight a fraud?" "Because it has Needles you can not thread, Freshwater you can not drink, Cowes you can not milk, and Newport you can not bottle."—Tit-Bits.

Stupendous problems: Smith—"What makes so many people crazy to get into society?" Brown—"Well, what makes so many other people crazy to keep them out?"—Detroit Free Press.

Hocus—"What happened when you told your mother-in-law to mind her own business?" Pocus—"I don't exactly know. When I recovered consciousness I was in the hospital."—Tit-Bits.

Misplaced faith: She—"Yes, she is a woman who has suffered a great deal because of her belief." He—"Indeed! And what is her belief?" She—"That she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 4 foot."—Tit-Bits.

Recognized: St. Peter—"Well, sir, what have you to say about yourself?" The new comer—"I regret to report—" St. Peter—"Why, it's Kitchener! Come right in, general."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"She is pretty," said the young woman, "but she is so obviously made up." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "I can't help wondering how she got back from Europe without having duty collected on her as a work of art."—Ex.

"Johnnie, your hair is wet. You've been swimming again." "I fell in, ma." "Nonsense. Your clothes are perfectly dry." "Yes'm. I knowed you didn't want me to wet 'em, so I took 'em off before I fell in."—Tit-Bits.

In the undertow: Rescuer—"Miss Properleigh, give me your hand." Drowning maiden (preparing to sink for the third time)—"Oh, Mr. Manley, this is so sudden; so unexpected! You will have to ask mamma!"—Harlem Life.

Misunderstood: Sarah Prymm (virtuously)—"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!" Hiram Knipper (in an injured tone)—"Wall, nobody asked ye to treat! I didn't even know that ye kept liquor in the house!"—Puck.

Too much: Mistress—"Now, Bridget, there is one thing I must insist upon. If you break anything, I want you to come and tell me at once." Bridget—"Sure, ma'am, I can't be runnin' to ye every minute of the day."—Brooklyn Life.

The egotist: "He thinks he's popular, eh?" "Does he? Why, whenever his name appears in the paper, he fancies the public reads it this way 'John [cheers], Henry [applause], Muggin [loud and continuous cheering]'"—Philadelphia Press.

The court-room was hotter than the Soudan in a sand-storm. The judge was a wreck, the jury had wilted. "Your honor and gentlemen," said the attorney for the defense, "I will indulge in no heated argument, but proceed at once to marshal the cold facts." And he won his case.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Applied knowledge: "Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the teacher. "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, to work," responded a diminutive maiden. "Now place it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher. "In the summer I would rather play out-of-doors than ferment in the school-house," returned the small scholar.—Wisconsin Journal of Education.

First Filipino—"What was the trouble between you and the Englishman?" Second Filipino—"Why, after me applying myself with earnestness to learn the English language from the Americans, that bewhiskered subject of King Edward pretended he didn't know what I meant when I told him that I lost my left lamp and right wing at Bamban, and that I was near locoed with joy because the little plug from Kansas had copped the main-spring of the guggus, and thereby made no more mixin'-in a cinch."—Judge.

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# The Argonaut.

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When this disastrous strike threatened to begin, the *Argonaut* earnestly urged the workmen of San Francisco to pause. We pointed out to them the disasters which would attend the strike, and its inevitable failure. We showed them that to strike at a time when the town was filled with thousands of able-bodied young men just discharged from the army was the height of folly; that to strike at a time when it would cripple or ruin their friends, the farmers, was madness. But no heed was paid to our well-meant warnings. The strikers are now beginning to realize their truth. Not only are the discharged soldiers filling the places of the strikers, but they are also being hired as police officers to protect their comrades and other workmen. As for the outraged farmers, the bitterness of their anger far exceeds anything that the *Argonaut* predicted. From all over the State nothing is heard

from them but denunciation of the labor-unions. We receive many letters from farmers, who say that the San Francisco daily papers refuse to print their communications. Here is an unusually vigorous one from a Watsonville farmer, who may be taken as the spokesman of them all:

A CALIFORNIA FARMER TO THE SAN FRANCISCO LABOR COUNCIL.

SIRS: In the San Francisco daily papers of August 24th you made "an appeal to your brothers, the farmers of California." No name was signed to it, but I am willing to accept it as authentic. I want to say to you that I am one of many indignant farmers, and that your appeal to us does not touch a responsive chord.

This is not the first time that the farmers of California have experienced grave losses through sympathetic strikes. Like the sympathetic railroad strike of 1894, this one is leveled at us farmers in the midst of our harvest, just when we are straining all our energies to handle that which puts bread into your mouths as well as ours. This is the time when all the energy of the entire State is necessary to handle the product of the State. And yet this is the time that you choose to strike, when it will injure us most. Is it to repay us for the fight we made for you against coolie labor? Is it to repay us for casting a solid vote against Chinese immigration? Or is it only a wanton desire to ruin and destroy?

Your appeal smacks of the old sand-lot of 1877. It does not have the ring of truth. It is an indictment without specific charges. There are no data from which to draw conclusions. You say that you are "not allowed to organize," yet you are organized. Not only is there no law to prevent you from organizing, but, on the contrary, statutory and moral laws are in favor of that right. You are not only organized, but you shirk being held to the responsibility which attaches to all organizations. There is no incorporation which is not amenable to the law for its acts. But your organization claims the rights of an incorporation and yet shirks these responsibilities.

By such evasion you discredit all labor-unions. You are the slaves of labor leaders. You are responsible only to them. You disregard your contracts with other men, and you despise the interests of the farmers of this State. Yet you prate to me, a farmer, of liberty—a thing you deny to others—the liberty to earn their bread. I believe there has not been a day since this infamous strike began that your unlawful acts, if committed by a farmer's organization, in the country instead of in the city, would not be crushed by the strong hand of the State. It is only the time-serving and demagogic officials of a great city that protect you.

You can not expect sympathy from the farmers for crimes against liberty and against conscience. If you persist in these periodic sympathetic strikes at the season when they will do us the most harm, I believe that the time is not far distant when this "brother" farmer of yours, as well as the country merchant, will be forced for self-protection to refuse to buy anything made by union labor. I believe that if these strikes continue, the time will come when your "brother" farmer will demand that our gates shall be open to all labor that desires to come, and from whatever country. God forbid that such a time should come. But the farmer could not be blamed if he should take these measures to protect himself, for he has no part nor share in causing the strikes. He is not to be blamed for them. He has no voice in settling them. And yet he bears the greatest loss.

You ask for sympathy. We farmers can have no sympathy with men who sympathize with criminals. Your opposition to the appeal for police protection shows that you do not desire to control the criminal element now disgracing San Francisco. You have no sympathizers among the farmers, and few sympathizers outside of your own ranks. Your only friend is the sand-lot yellow sheet. It does not love you, but it hopes to use you to seize your city government, which it does not now control.

You ask us farmers for sympathy. First come to us with clean hands. Show us by controlling the

criminal element in your unions that they are not unions of criminals. A union card is no passport to my respect if stained with the blood of a fellow-workingman.

A. N. JUDD.

WATSONVILLE, August 26, 1901.

The writer of the foregoing sends it with the request that we "make any necessary corrections, as he is not a polished writer." There is no need. Such writing may not be polished, but it is strong. If any American, whether farmer, striker, editor, politician, lawyer, or time-serving municipal official, can read these burning words without a blush for the social order which permits honest toilers to be hludgeoned and garroted because they are "non-union," then such a man is more despicable than the thugs, because he is more cowardly.

The union or non-union question is crystallized in the words of Farmer Judd: "*A union card is no passport to my respect if stained with the blood of a fellow-workingman.*"

There appears to be ample ground for the expectation that a river and harbor bill will be passed by Congress in the coming session. It will be not only as necessary as usual to recognize the demands for appropriations for improvements, which will be as widely dispersed and probably more than usually clamorous, but it will be imperative that a bill should be passed if improvements are to be extended or the work already commenced is to go forward. Work on many important projects throughout the country has been reported closed down on account of the exhaustion of funds. Even if a bill passes next winter, these works could not be started up again before July of next year, when the appropriations made would become available. A failure to pass a bill at the next session would put off all improvements for still another year, harring an extra session, which no one expects or desires.

Government engineers in Washington have made their estimates, which is another indication that a bill will be passed. These estimates show that the amount required for improvements already agreed upon or begun will be a little more than \$33,000,000 for rivers and harbors alone. New projects will, of course, be presented, requiring new appropriations, and officials believe that the new propositions will be larger and more numerous than those of last year. The estimates this year are about \$3,000,000 in excess of last, but this is offset by a reduction of the estimates for continuing contracts for the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. On the whole, the sums asked for from the regular River and Harbor Bill and the Sundry Civil Bill, are expected to aggregate about \$44,348,000, as compared with \$44,292,770 a year ago.

The Far West is particularly interested as to what share it will have in the bill, which it has been supposed would be materially influenced by the tour of inspection made by members of the River and Harbor Committee on this Coast last spring. Chairman Burton is credited with a recent statement that the tourists "discovered many so-called improvements that have been provided for in past bills which really had no place there," and a member whose identity is not disclosed is made to say that "it often happens that the personal inspection of a thing will show what does not need to be done quite as much as what does deserve attention." This is ominous, to say the least.

This latter quotation is taken from a recently published interview, had in Washington with the anonymous committeeman who was also one of the party of inspection on this Coast. While we can not vouch for the report, it must be said that the interview contains sufficient internal evidence to warrant the belief that the statements in it did come from the source claimed for them. The interview in question contains a number of other statements from which the inference may be drawn that the committee of inspection was influenced unfavorably rather than favorably regarding



improvements demanded on this side of the Rockies. Heretofore, it is said, the committee has been compelled to accept engineering and other reports as a basis on which to divide the appropriation for rivers and harbors—making it go round as best they could. The trip on this Coast was for the purpose of seeing for themselves what was here. "It was a most remarkable and interesting trip," and impressed the travelers with "the magnitude and diversity of the demands upon their committee for appropriations." It also discovered to them that "the boundless regions west of the Rocky Mountains are, to a lamentably large part of the American people, an unknown land"—a condition which "may be corrected by the experiment of expansion to the islands of the Pacific." It disclosed to them that while there are beautiful and fertile valleys and thriving towns in California, "the State as a whole has a very small percentage of arable land." They wondered at the slight population compared with the tremendous area, until they uncovered the fact that "the secret of it comes in the really small part of California which is capable of cultivation." They became partly converted to the conviction of Daniel Webster, that this part of the country is good for little except prairies, dogs, and wholly convinced that for utility it can never be comparable to a like area on the Eastern coast. They found the people of San Francisco cordial, and "many of the projects presented meritorious, while others were wholly chimerical."

The interview recounts the experiences of the committee in traversing the inland water-ways, and in connection with the trouble of navigating their boat up to Sacramento it is said: "Of course we promised them, in the spirit of levity which prevailed, that we would give them all the appropriations they might ask for." In conclusion, the main result seems to be that the committee "do not expect to do more or less for those States than before," but will be able to "apply greater discrimination to the projects that are urged from that distant coast."

The seventh week of the sympathetic strike opens with all attempts at conciliation apparently ended. The so-called Municipal League has abandoned its attempt at compromise. The employing draymen met the teamsters, and for a time it looked as if a mutual basis might be reached. But sinister newspaper influences were interposed, which brought on misunderstandings. The employing draymen and the teamsters now seem further apart than ever.

Repeated assaults on the laborers at the United States transport dock compelled Captain Lyman, U. S. A., the superintendent, to demand of Mayor Phelan "police protection, or a refusal to grant said protection." The mayor would make no definite answer, but soon after the police department sent three police officers to the dock. In case of refusal on the part of the mayor, it was the intention of Captain Lyman to apply for United States troops from the Presidio. It is understood that the sudden cessation of the murderous assaults on the transport dock laborers was due to the strikers' fear that United States troops would be placed on guard there.

Several coasting vessels have been attacked by strikers, their sailors kidnaped, beaten, hound, and taken ashore. In several cases, the sailors were not again heard of; it is believed that they were shanghaied to the country. Seven seamen were thus taken from the *South Coast*. A similar attack was made on the *Sequoia*, lying at Sausalito; but the captain served out loaded rifles to his crew, and the strikers were driven off.

The nearest to a riot which has occurred since the strike began took place during the week on Brannan Street, where a mob of several hundred resisted the police officers for something like two hours. A number of shots were fired, and it is believed that some of the strikers were hurt. None of the officers received shot-wounds, although some of them were bruised and stoned.

The barns of the Overland Transfer Company, on Bryant Street, have twice been attacked by armed strikers, who have been beaten off by the special officers in charge. In one of these attacks several hundred shots were fired.

President Wheeler, of the State University, received a letter from the Labor Council protesting against the students taking the place of strikers in unloading vessels. President Wheeler replied in a propitiatory tone, but stated with much firmness that many students were obliged to work to assist them through their course, and that he would not do anything to prevent so praiseworthy an effort.

On Labor Day a procession of the workingmen of San Francisco took place, to the number of about twelve thousand. The procession was an orderly one, and carried no incendiary banners. The day was quiet, and fewer assaults than usual were reported, as the employers stopped draying. Numerous assaults continue to be made upon non-union workingmen on their way to and from their work. Many

strangers from the country, when they presented the appearance of workingmen, have been assaulted and brutally beaten.

The police claim that there is much difficulty in securing the convictions of striking workingmen whom they arrest for assault. They claim that the police judges impose merely nominal fines or dismiss the cases. The grand jury has appointed a committee to inquire into this alleged conduct of the police judges.

Supervisor Reed introduced in the board of supervisors a resolution censuring the Chamber of Commerce for demanding additional protection; it was defeated by 17 to 1, the only person in favor of it being its author, Supervisor Reed.

As to general conditions, the employers claim that they are taking on new men every day, and that the force of the strike is broken. Their assertions seem to be borne out by the facts. All of the steamship companies are getting out their steamers on time, and the last Oceanic liner was even painted from stem to stern, in addition to unloading and loading. The coasting vessels are not doing so well, but they are moving. The coal-ships are slowly discharging. The only vessels seriously handicapped are the lumber-vessels. The grain-handlers at Port Costa have replaced all the strikers with men from the country, and the grain-ships are again being loaded. The iron-works are running, and claim to be taking on daily forty or fifty workingmen at each large shop.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company has brought suit in the United States Circuit Court against the Firemen's and Sailors' Trades Unions for violating a contract to provide the companies with crews for a year. This contract stipulated wages, hours of labor, etc. The steamship company asks for twenty-five thousand dollars damages, and as the suit is brought under the Interstate Commerce Act, damages, if recovered, will be treble the amount asked for. This suit will determine the legal responsibility of trades-unions.

The new German tariff law, which is understood to have been designed under the emperor's guidance as a means of combating American competition, has been completed, with the exception of a few minor details, and a synopsis of the measure is in the hands of the State Department at Washington. Information so far given out shows that the most important advance in rates of duty are applied to food products, particularly cereals, meats, and live animals. This table, permitting a comparison of the new duties with the present rates, and with the minimum rates obtained under special treaties, gives the situation at a glance:

| Articles.                    | Present Duties. | Treaty Rates. | New Duties. |
|------------------------------|-----------------|---------------|-------------|
| Wheat.....                   | \$1.19          | .83           | \$1.54      |
| Rye.....                     | 1.19            | .83           | 1.42        |
| Oats.....                    | .95             | .67           | 1.42        |
| Barley.....                  | .53             | .47           | .95         |
| Corn.....                    | .47             | .38           | .95         |
| Flour.....                   | 2.50            | 1.74          | 3.80        |
| Oatmeal.....                 | 2.50            | 1.74          | 3.80        |
| Dried Fruits.....            | .95             | .95           | 1.90        |
| Sausage.....                 | 4.76            | 4.04          | 9.52        |
| Pork.....                    | 4.76            | 3.57          | 7.14        |
| Butter.....                  | 4.76            | 3.80          | 7.14        |
| Eggs.....                    | .53             | .47           | 1.42        |
| Margarin.....                | 4.76            | 3.80          | 7.14        |
| Cows and Oxen, per head..... | 2.14            | 2.14          | 5.95        |
| Young Cattle, per head.....  | 1.19            | 1.19          | 3.57        |

In manufactures, the most notable advances have been made on bicycles and shoes, the former being advanced from \$1.25 per ten kilograms to \$3.57, and the latter from 10 and 15 cents per pair to 25 cents.

The new tariff is by no means unanimously popular at home. The agrarians and the manufacturers have already fallen out over it, many chambers of commerce are resolving against it, and the newspapers are pointing out that Germany can not alone contend with the United States in a tariff war; that to give generally reduced rates to other countries by treaty and deny them to us would be impossible; that the new bill is a desertion of the commercial treaty policy, and opens up serious dangers of retaliation.

The bank commission has just published a statement that shows a most encouraging condition of affairs in the banks of the State. Briefly summed up, the report shows increased business in all directions. When the banks are loaning money, people are borrowing it to invest in extensions of their business, and this means better times for everybody. The report covers the banks of this city only, and shows their condition on August 17th. As compared with one year ago, the bank premises have increased in value \$63,390.25, and other real-estate holdings have increased \$313,315. The deposits have been increased \$8,383,380, but this amount has not been kept idle in the vaults of the bank. The loans on real estate have been decreased nearly one million dollars (\$991,490), but other loans have been increased. On stocks, bonds, and warrants the increase of loans is \$3,110,108; on grain

and similar securities, \$617,368; and on personal securities, \$3,250,054. The amount loaned to banks and bankers, principally in the interior of the State, is increased \$4,197,897. The time covered by the report is too early to show the effects of the labor troubles, but these will not affect the result to any considerable extent. If the strike is continued much longer, the deposits in the savings-banks will be diminished, for twenty thousand men can not remain out of employment for any length of time without drawing on their savings; but this report only shows that so far as general prosperity is concerned, the strike was without cause. The deposits in savings-banks on August 17th amounted to \$127,938,469, and this sum will stand a considerable drain before it is sensibly affected.

The war in South Africa seems to be degenerating into a savage struggle which is a shame upon civilization. Lord Kitchener has proclaimed that all Boers in arms after September 15th will be exiled for life, if captured. Kitchener has been directed by the British War Office that "the members of any commando by which such an outrage is committed will be held guilty, whether they actually committed the deed or not." The outrage referred to is the alleged shooting of the wounded British by the Boers, which the latter deny. In retaliation, the Boer generals have announced that they will shoot all colonials found after September 15th with arms in their possession. Even the British journals scarcely approve of the British War Office's bloody methods. Americans can scarcely conceive how bitter is Continental European feeling toward Great Britain. All of the news comes to us from British sources. The perusal of the Continental journals shows such statements as these: That Great Britain has determined to exterminate the Boer people, therefore she is shooting the men when they are entitled to the treatment of prisoners of war; that she has berded the women and children into reconcentration camps, where the children are dying like flies, and the women are not slow to follow them; that by shooting the men taken in the field as prisoners, and by killing the women and children in camps by starvation, exposure, and disease, the British people will soon exterminate the Boer people. In proof of their belief, the Continental journals allege that ladies of high position, both in Great Britain and Holland, have failed to move the British War Office to greater leniency toward at least the Boer women and children.

It is an evil war. It is a bloody business. It makes the heart sick. And yet this is the first year of the twentieth century.

On another page of this number will be found a striking sketch entitled "A Midnight Balloon Ascension." It reads like a romance, and as the *Argonaut* has printed many strange stories of adventure in circumscribing Saturn's rings, of voyages on the Sea of Serenity, and of trips to the moons of Mars, we basteen to explain that this is a genuine experience. The ascension was made by Consul George Hall, of San Francisco, in company with M. Giraud, a young French gentleman who has lately taken to aeronautics. Balloon ascensions are not uncommon, but this midnight flight over a vast city like Paris is most unusual. It recalls Asmodeus in his flight, although to these aeronauts Paris was not roofless, and they looked upon lights instead of interiors.

As they gazed down upon the myriad lights of the Champs-Élysées, Mr. Hall remarked ingeniously to his companion: "Regardez tous ces cafés-chantants. Ça scintille comme un firmament!" To which M. Giraud dryly replied: "Dont toute les étoiles sont en bas de soi." At this awful pun, made there betwixt heaven and earth and in defiance of all laws, human and divine, Mr. Hall says that he expected the very halloon to collapse. But it was not so. This joke being thrown overboard, the halloon immediately rose.

This description of a gigantic city by night, seen looking as it were from zenith to nadir, is a most remarkable one. There is somewhere in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" a striking passage describing a view of the earth seen from above by night. We have not the hook at hand as we write, and quote from memory. Philosopher Teufelsdröckh is ruminating on what is happening on the lighted earth beneath them, "where men are dying, men are being born." Around them flash the lights of shooting stars—which, as Beranger says, may be the whirling ghosts of men who are dying on the earth beneath. "What"—cries the philosopher in his impassioned prose—"what thinks Boötes of them as he leads his hunting dogs over the zenith in their leas of sidereal fire?" What, indeed! And we would very much like to know what he thinks of the fairies of the Café des Embassadeurs, the Eldorado, the Moulin Rouge, and of the Parisian outfit generally.

But returning from the stars, let us say that while Mr. Hall does not rise to such heights of celestial eloquence as



does Philosophor Teufelsdröckh, even the most unimpassioned will feel a thrill as he reads this vivid description of an aerial flight by night.

When sensational daily newspapers stir up troubles calculated to injure business, they are so short-sighted as to think that they can make more out of their sensationalism than they can out of their legitimate business. They are like the dog in the fable who drops his bone for its reflection in the water. Ever since this strike began, the advertising of the dailies has been dwindling. Not only is this the case with the dailies, but with all the newspapers. Our own columns, for example, show the effects of the strike. But while the *Argonaut* did its best to prevent the strike, and warned the strikers of their inevitable failure, it is not now squealing over the damage resulting to it as well as to the other journals. Not so with the dailies. The dropping out of ads was at first individual and not concerted. But at last there was a general move on the part of the real-estate agents. These dealers found that the strike had absolutely paralyzed their business, so they very naturally concluded to discontinue their expensive advertising. By agreement it was made general. As a result the dailies lost many columns of profitable advertising. On Sundays, in particular, their ads from the San Francisco real-estate dealers averaged many thousand square lines in length. Last week one of them had, by actual count, seventeen lines of "city real estate."

All of the dailies have been largely to blame for the strike. It is true that the *Examiner* is the only one which has actively instigated it, and tried to stir up strife. But the others have been so cowardly that they did not dare to try to prevent it, have not dared to condemn the acts of violence which have accompanied it, and have not even dared to print the news regarding it. It is true that the *Call*—honorable exception—has tried to stem the torrent in a feeble way, but it has been silent most of the time. The *Chronicle* has been silent all of the time. On the other hand, the *Examiner*, as we have said, has been engaged in incessantly making trouble.

Will it be believed that two of these journals have resented the action of the real-estate dealers in discontinuing their advertising? Yet both of them were accessories to the strike, which took away the real-estate dealers' business. The *Chronicle* was accessory by its silence and its cowardice. The *Examiner* was accessory by its activity and its malice. Yet here is what the *Chronicle* says at the head of its real-estate article last week: "No large transactions have taken place this week in reality. Only the few enterprising brokers who are keeping themselves before the public are doing anything, and they in a restricted manner."

And the *Examiner* also cannot refrain from a dig at the dealers who will not pay more money into its coffers to use in ruining their business. Here is its wail: "Some of the real-estate men have retired from public view altogether; others, more enterprising and more wide-awake, appreciate the fact that when business is quiet is the time to attract attention to themselves and their trade."

The shrill squawks of these two sheets over a business paralysis for which they are largely instrumental, must bring a smile of contempt to the lips of every observant citizen. They will get their real-estate ads back again in time, no doubt, as the dealers will forget these incidents when the strike is a thing of the past. But let us hope that it may be a lesson to them. They live by business, they do not live by ruin. Even that vile sheet, the *Examiner*, must see that destroying the city's business is killing the goose that lays its golden eggs.

When the British troops took possession of the Island of Cyprus, some years ago, the first ship from the mainland to the island carried a cargo of *bona-robas*. Another great Anglo-Saxon nation has recently gone into the island business, and it looks now as if a leading feature of island trade would be a similar exportation of human flesh. The Manila papers say that in the chief city of the islands there is a large trade done in young Filipino girls; that their parents sell them to rich Chinese and others for three or four hundred dollars, Mexican; that the authorities wink at the matter; that the traffic is worse than the slave trade in the Sulu group of the Philippines, for there the slaves are sold for work, but in Manila for immoral purposes; that the worst feature of the matter is the entire willingness of the girls to be sold, as they thus leave poverty-stricken homes and enter upon lives of luxury; that some freehanded Chinese traders are already discussing the export of Filipino girls to San Francisco. This last is not at all unlikely. The Chinese find it almost impossible to import, under exclusion laws, their own countrywomen, therefore they will doubtless import ours. There is no law forbidding the importation of Filipino girls, all of whom are now citizens of the United States. Even if

they are imported for immoral purposes, there is no law forbidding it, if they have reached the age of consent. Inside of five years it is probable that the thrifty Chinese will do a large business selling Filipino girls in San Francisco. The Chinese girls now sell for from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. If they can purchase Filipino women for from four hundred to five hundred dollars, Mexican, their profit will be enormous.

State politics, from the Republican point of view, still continue to centre around Governor Gage, though there have been no recent developments in his case. For the other offices, however, the aspirants are already beginning to lay their lines. It is generally accepted that Charles F. Curry will be reappointed for secretary of state. He is in close touch with the machine, and has the favor of Governor Gage. Controller Colgan would like the gubernatorial nomination, but he will make no fight for it, and, unless it comes to him as a compromise candidate, will be satisfied with his present position. Lieutenant-Governor Neff has had enough of public office, and Charles Snook, former district attorney of Alameda County, is prominently spoken of as his successor. For treasurer, Truman Reeves, the present incumbent, will probably be renominated. Attorney-General Ford is not in favor with Governor Gage, and the force of the administration will be thrown to prevent his reappointment. Ford is popular, however, and may win in spite of this opposition. Should he fail, Assemblyman Ed. L. Webber, of Napa, is a probable candidate. If Surveyor-General Wright's health does not permit him to accept a reappointment, Alex. C. Irwin, of Yuba County, will probably be nominated. He is a member of the board of supervisors of that county and secretary of the Marysville Chamber of Commerce. Superintendent of Public Instruction Kirk will receive another nomination. Assemblyman F. M. Rutherford, of Truckee, is his principal opponent. Al Johnston, State printer, has announced that he is ready to retire, and Assemblyman Frank Leavitt, of Oakland, who was chairman of the printing committee, is ready to succeed him. James Tucker, formerly route agent for Wells, Fargo & Co., Frank Brandon, clerk of the senate, and William Reynolds, are the candidates for clerk of the supreme court.

With the Pan-American Electrical Exposition still attracting crowds of visitors, and the preparatory work of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to be held at St. Louis next year well under way, this might well be called the age of world's fairs. It is difficult to see where this exposition habit will lead to if it develops on the present lines. In 1893 Chicago eclipsed anything that the world had hitherto known in that line with its Columbian Exposition. The buildings cost \$18,000,000. Of this amount and for the other expenses the city of Chicago contributed \$5,000,000, an equal amount was secured by the sale of stock, and nearly \$2,500,000 from the sale of the Columbian souvenir coins. Before the gates were opened Chicago had secured \$13,000,000. St. Louis proposes to eclipse this showing, large as it is. The city has appropriated \$5,000,000 and Congress has given a like sum. The State of Missouri has donated \$1,000,000, and stock subscriptions already aggregate \$5,000,000. Thus the St. Louis exposition starts out with an assured fund \$3,000,000 greater than that of Chicago. The buildings are estimated to cost \$30,000,000, and therefore but little more than one-half of the necessary amount has been raised. The work of raising the remainder will undoubtedly be more difficult, for practically all the large sources of income have been exhausted. There is little chance of failure, however, for with so large an amount already secured the general public will come to the help of the exposition. The experience of Chicago will probably be repeated, and the subscribers will not receive any of their money back, but they look for indirect reward in the benefits and increased business that will come to the city. It is also probable that the disappointing experience of Chicago in transitory benefits will be repeated.

The much-discussed route of the Southern Pacific Company between this city and San Bruno was brought to the front again last week by a committee of Mission residents, who called on President Hays as representatives of the Mission Improvement Clubs. The trains through the Mission have long been a grievance to the residents of that part of the city. Their protest against the railroad, however, was somewhat weakened in force by their assurance that while they wanted the steam trains removed they would not object to trolley-cars being run over the line. President Hays assured them that the bay shore route was near to the hearts of the Southern Pacific authorities, and would be built shortly. How soon he was not prepared to say; in fact, he would not even venture an opinion as to when work would be commenced, but he added

that the railroad wanted the assistance of the Mission residents in securing the right of way over the proposed route, and was willing to conciliate them to secure this assistance. Moreover, he explained that the grade to Ocean View is so heavy that there is a large additional expense for hauling which would be saved by the new route. The regular trains will all be run over the new route as soon as it is completed, but the Mission tracks will have to be maintained to facilitate the handling of freight to and from the Harrison Street warehouses and elsewhere.

Careful readers of the daily papers must have been at times mystified at their paragraphs concerning President Hays, of the Southern Pacific Company. We have therefore taken the trouble to prepare a brief table giving the "news" as taken from the San Francisco dailies:

President Hays is going to resign his position next month.—*Call*.

President Hays has already resigned his position, as exclusively published in this paper.—*Examiner*.

President Charles M. Hays has resigned his position.—*Chronicle*.

President Hays, who resigned his position some months ago, as exclusively mentioned in the *Call*, is about to be succeeded by Horace Bert, of the Union Pacific.—*Call*.

As long ago foreshadowed in these columns, and as was exclusively printed in the *Examiner*, President Hays is to be succeeded by President Bert, of the Union Pacific.—*Examiner*.

President Hays, who secretly resigned last January, is about to be succeeded by J. T. Hanrahan, ninth vice-president of the Illinois Central. This was exclusively reported in the *Chronicle* last December.—*Chronicle*.

[By special Hearst wire over longest leased Hearst line in the Hearst world.]

President C. M. Hays, who resigned his position as president of the Southern Pacific Company, shortly before he was appointed to that position, as EXCLUSIVELY REPORTED IN THE EXAMINER, is about to be succeeded by Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central. This was EXCLUSIVELY PRINTED in Hearst's New York Journal, W. R. Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner*, and William R. Hearst's Chicago *American*.—*Examiner*.

President Bert denies that he is to succeed President C. M. Hays.—*Call*.

President Hanrahan denies that he is to succeed President Hays, of the Southern Pacific.—*Chronicle*.

President Depew denies that he is to take the presidency of the Southern Pacific Company.—*Examiner*.

A St. Louis dispatch says: A telegram from Charles M. Hays, president of the Southern Pacific Railway, to a St. Louis friend, announces that he has not yet resigned his position as president of the road, and that at present he has no idea of doing so.—*Chronicle*.

President Hays denies the denial of the *Chronicle*.—*Call*.

President Hays denies the denial of the denial of the *Call*.—*Examiner*.

President Hays arrived from the East yesterday, and when interviewed as to when he would take up his new position as railway expert to Harriman in New York, said that it was. It will be remembered that the *Call* said so.—*Call*.

President Charles M. Hays, when interrogated as to the date of his resignation, said that he would assert in the most unqualified manner. This corroborates the statement exclusively reported in this journal.—*Examiner*.

President Hays was interviewed yesterday concerning his resignation, and said he thought so. When asked as to the date of his departure, he replied that he believed it would. It will be remembered that this corroborates the statements exclusively printed in this journal many months ago.—*Chronicle*.

An Associated Press dispatch from Honolulu says: "A plan is under discussion here to bring a number of Chinese to the islands as laborers. It is thought that a plan similar to that which the Republic of Hawaii adopted might meet with the approval of Congress." The plan referred to was this: Under the Hawaiian monarchical government, Chinese "were allowed to come in, on making a deposit to pay their way home, signing a contract to engage in no other pursuits than the laboring, and agreeing to return in not more than five years." It is now proposed at Honolulu "to try and get permission to bring twenty-five hundred as an experiment, the period of stay here being three years." This is another of the many attempts to bring in Asiatic coolies which annexation has brought in its train. There will be a strong effort made for its success. Even if it fails the Hawaiian annexationists are going to import thousands of "Chinese-Hawaiian citizens born in the islands, and temporarily domiciled in China." After they get to the Hawaiian half-way house they will come to California. There will be no stopping them.



## A MIDNIGHT BALLOON ASCENSION.

By George E. Hall.

AEROSTATION.—M. Etienne Giraud, l'intrépide aéroplane, et M. Georges Hall de San-Francisco, partis de Paris dans le *Rolla*, ont atterri à Cézay, situé à 5 kilomètres de Joigny, après une traversée de dix heures assez mouvementée, quoique sans accident. —*Le Figaro*.

We had agreed, my companion and I, that I should call for him at his house, after dinner, not later than eleven o'clock.

This athletic young Frenchman belongs to a small set of Parisian sportsmen, who have taken up "hallooning" as a pastime.

After having exhausted all the sensations that are to be found in ordinary sports, even those of "automobiling" at a breakneck speed, the members of the "Aero Club" now seek in the air, where they indulge in all kinds of daring feats, the nerve-racking excitement that they have ceased to find on earth.

I might add that these facts were but vaguely known to me before I had been introduced, by a mutual friend, to this *nouveau siècle* young sportsman, and had accepted his invitation to accompany him in his next aerial voyage.

When we reached the vacant lot at the huge gas-works of Saint Denis, where our balloon was being inflated, I could not help feeling a bit alarmed at the sight of that little hubble—only a few hundred cubic metres—and the very small basket which were soon to take us up in the air.

All the *clat*, the ceremonial, and the emotional "good-hys" that usually accompany the "let her go!" of a balloon, were totally lacking when the "Rolla" left the earth. The start was effected in a quiet and business-like manner, and the act seemed so natural to the people who were helping us off, that their demeanor on this occasion had a beneficial and soothing effect on my excited nerves.

A few minutes after midnight, when the last little sacks of sand hallast had been hung out over the edge of our wicker-basket, when a final glance had been given to the ropes, the net, the valve, etc.—with a careless *au revoir* from the foreman of the gas-works, and a parting joke from the *cocher* who had driven us there—the dark forms, whose hands were holding us down, silently stepped back, and with a gentle and graceful swing the "Rolla" started off on its sixth ascension.

Had we taken with us another small sack of hallast, our balloon could not have left the earth. In other words, its ascensional force was almost balanced by the weight it was expected to carry. After rising about a hundred yards, and finding a trifle cooler current, which slightly condensed the gas, the "Rolla" ceased to ascend. We were met by a gentle breeze from the north-west, and began to cross Paris, a couple of hundred feet above the city.

It would take the pen of a Carlyle to describe our mysterious flight over Paris at midnight. The impression was so startling that for an hour we never spoke above a whisper.

Owing to the increasing coolness of the atmosphere, our balloon had a slight, though constant, tendency to descend. But we easily kept our altitude by occasionally throwing overboard a spoonful or two of hallast.

After ascertaining that we would not come in contact with the towers of Notre Dame or the sharp edges of the Eiffel Tower, we decided to keep the same distance, and let the breeze do the rest.

At our feet Paris is breathing, like a monster with a million eyes.

On the right, at the very top of Montmartre, and looming up in the glow that surrounds it, stands the white *basilica* of the Sacred Heart, with its colossal marble statue of the Redeemer watching over the city.

The great boulevards roll out in every direction like ribbons of fire; we can hear, as we sail over them, the muffled rumbling of a thousand carriages, and we watch them as they dodge each other in their complicated course.

A cry, a call, from time to time, reaches our ears; but the others are lost in the mighty silence above us.

"There is the Opéra," whispers the owner, as he points to a square silhouette, hatched in a lake of electric light.

I seem to have no fear, merely the sensation of relief that follows an irrevocable decision; with the feeling that we are tasting a forbidden fruit, breaking some divine and primeval law. All our faculties are concentrated in our eyes, and they feast on this wonderful sight.

"Those dark pits that dot the surface of Paris are gardens," explains the owner, "innumerable private parks; and most Parisians live and die without ever suspecting their existence."

We cross the Place de la Bastille, soaring above the bronze column, with its proud little Victory, whose useless wings of metal seem childish and a bit ridiculous as we pass on.

A long and purple fissure that cuts the city in twain marks the Seine, long before we reach it. The "Rolla" feels the cool current that rises above the waters. A few handfuls of sand thrown overboard, and we resume our former position.

Our eyes are now accustomed to these weird and unusual effects, and few details of the picture escape us. In the distance another bright spot, Bullier, the students' hall, in the heart of the Latin quarter. That obscure mass beyond it must be the Luxembourg and its gardens.

Here we leave the dome of the Panthéon on our right. Below us the lights are gradually thinning out; we are passing over the crowded *faubourgs*, where thousands of poor and tired human beings are resting in their sleep.

An ocean of darkness and silence opens up before us; we sail into it. The breeze freshens, and the glowing haze of Paris soon fades away in the distance.

From now on the minutes drag, in the mysterious night that surrounds us, and every moment is heavy with anxiety; not a sound but the awful voice of everlasting silence.

Those hours are endless, really hard to live, until at last the gray dawn steps out of the horizon.

Nature begins to awaken, and, with the first gleam of daylight, slowly the world comes back to life.

The first cry of a quail or the cackle of a pheasant is a delight to our ears. A dog harks and another howls. Lazy and sleepy peasants, leading huge oxen, drag themselves out of their farms, on their way to a hard day's work in the fields. The cocks crow lustily, and, in the distance, from the little town of Nemours, comes the melodious call of a hugh, arousing "Pitou," the French "Tommy Atkins," from his sleep.

The sun drives away the soft gray mist that lingers on the meadows; a few shadows here and there still mark the wooded valleys; but they soon melt away, and a glorious summer morning, in the beautiful land of Burgundy, hursts upon us from every side.

We are now close to the little hamlet of Uri, and the voice of a cuckoo-clock tells us the hour, as it pipes up in the breeze its five double notes.

"The temperature is very even," remarks the captain, "and there is no danger of it rising or falling unexpectedly, at least for an hour or more. We might as well travel with the guide-rope, and skip along close to the earth."

He slips the line overboard and lowers it carefully to the ground.

The guide-rope, though a mere cable, about two hundred feet in length, is a very delicate instrument, and, after the anchor, the most important accessory to a balloon. When in operation, one end of the rope is attached to the basket, and a quarter or a fifth of its length is allowed to drag on the surface of the earth, where it regulates automatically the air-ship's aerostatic equilibrium.

If the balloon has a tendency to fall, an additional portion of the guide-rope drops on the ground. Instantly the "Rolla" is relieved of that much weight, and soon resumes its former altitude.

On the other hand, should the tendency be to rise, the extra amount of rope that it hauls up with it means for the "Rolla" a few pounds more to carry, and it gradually falls back to its original position.

It has also the serious advantage of saving gas, and sand hallast as well.

"That modest young fellow you met at dinner the other night," remarks the captain, "uses the guide-rope with great success as part of the steering-gear of his new 'aeronef,' the 'Santos-Dumont V.' We all expect to hear within a few weeks that Santos-Dumont has solved the great problem of aerial navigation."

The farmers, who can not understand this new method of locomotion, are all eager to tug at the guide-rope, thinking we have decided to land.

"Mais, non! Laissez donc!" shouts the owner; "nous nous promonons tout simplement!"

The children, who are playing scare-crow with the ravenous birds in the orchards, scream with astonishment and delight. An old woman folds her hands over her mouth like a megaphone and asks:

"Où diable allez-vous comme ça?"

"A la lune!"

"Ha! ha! Bon voyage!"

A flock of sheep stampedes at the sight of our shadow moving upon the earth, and disappears in a cloud of dust.

We glide peacefully over meadows and swamps, clearing hedges and trees, dragging the guide-rope behind us. As we pass over a lake in the park of an ideal country seat, we see the "Rolla" reflected in the clear waters below.

Even at this moderate height, the farms look like children's play-houses, with their curly little lambs, their wooden horses, and painted cows; and as we approach a curve in the railroad track, a train of cars puffs by like a mechanical toy, and whistles a friendly salute.

Here the captain calls my attention to a dark line of clouds in the west.

Yesterday's *Herald* predicted a depression within the next twenty-four hours—evidently a storm is creeping up behind us. But the same wind is driving us on, and we hope to keep out of its reach, even if we have to rise up in the heavens above it.

"If our balloon obeys as it should, we will soon have some fun," says the captain, as we reach the first trees of a thick forest.

The "Rolla" is so sensitive that by merely hauling in a few yards of the guide-rope, we gently descend on the tops of the trees, lightly skipping from one to the other; we rush by an elm, a poplar, or an ash, and pick as we pass their fresh green leaves.

This weird performance is fascinating beyond words. I have never heard of a "promenade" on the crest of a forest, and I wonder now and then if I am dreaming.

Such accuracy of movement is only possible with a very small balloon, in the early hours of the day, and with a perfectly even temperature. Of course, it is always dangerous, as the slightest mistake would lead to a hopeless disaster.

Suddenly, while crossing a deep ravine, the coolness of the air drags us down. The rocky banks of the torrent are upon us.

I open my mouth to offer a mild objection, when a hatful of hallast goes overboard; we instantly shoot up in the air, and, before I can realize what has occurred, the barometer marks six and seven thousand feet.

"C'est d'en haut qu'on apprécie bien les choses humaines et il faut avoir passé sur les points élevés pour connaître la petitesse de celles que nous voyons grandes."—*Alf. de Vigny*.

I shall never forget this first and sudden leap to such terrifying altitudes. I thought we would never stop rising, and stood breathless as I saw the earth leave us, sink in at the centre, and swell out at the horizon like a howl.

Which of us has not often followed with delighted eyes the majestic flight of the clouds, and longed for their liberty and the freedom of their voyages in the skies?

Rolled in heavy masses by the winds that drive them on, they move peacefully in the sunlight like a fleet of sombre ships with prows of solid gold. Now hunched together in small and graceful groups, thin and sleek like birds of passage, they fly swiftly with the breeze—iridescent and translucent, like huge opals picked from the treasures of heaven, or sparkling with immaculate candor, like the snow the winds harvest on the crest of inaccessible *sierras*, and carry off on their invisible wings.

They have seen, perhaps in a single day, the countries and the homes we love, and cherish in remembrance or in hope. They have passed over spots that have heated time to our happiest hours; they have looked down upon places that have witnessed our deepest sorrows.

Up to their glittering realm we rise, and, cutting through the impalpable vapor, we reach the upper spheres of everlasting starlight and sunshine where begin the limits of the empyrean, that mysterious zone, visited only by the queen bee, once in her lifetime, on the day of her "nuptial flight."

The varied emotions of our trip above the clouds are simply superhuman, but the owner does not seem to enjoy them:

"On ne s'amuse pas ici—descendons."

I know he is longing to play with the trees again; but before I can answer, the valve-rope is jerked, and we drop two or three thousand feet.

Looking up through the open appendix, I can see the interior of the balloon, the valve-rope hanging in the centre, and watch the valve open and close at the top.

We are now traveling with the wind at a speed of forty miles an hour, but we feel no motion whatever. The hills, the meadows, the hamlets, rush toward us in a mad race, as if driven by the mighty hand of God.

The world looks like a painted atlas, with every little detail carefully marked. As I compare it with the military map in my hands, I can not tell which is the better of the two; and, moreover, at this altitude, they seem both the same size.

The captain is throwing out hallast—quite a lot, it seems to me. But the barometer is still falling. Down we go, and in a moment we are close to earth again. Half a dozen peasants are harvesting in the grain-fields.

"Captain! we are dead birds this time!"

"Pas encore," replies the owner, "but he sure before we touch ground to swing up on the hoop above you, or the shock might break your legs."

The advice is worth following. No sooner said than done, and the basket, after kicking off the top of a haystack, drops in the midst of the dumfounded farmers.

Relieved for a second of its weight, the "Rolla" bounds ahead. More hallast flies out, and we are off on another trip to the clouds.

Exposed, as it is, alternately to the burning rays of the sun and the numerous cool currents that we meet on our way, the "Rolla" soon becomes flighty and hard to control. A few minutes later we are not two hundred feet over the meadow.

Another rise, without apparently any cause for it, and soon we are falling again; this time over the ancient city of Sens, with its beautiful cathedral in the centre, around which the quaint old houses are huddled, and held close together by a belt of green boulevards.

As I wonder how we would look impaled on that sharp Gothic steeple, a dozen pounds of hallast sends us skyward like a rocket.

It was now ten o'clock. We had traveled, by actual measurement on the map, two hundred and eighty kilometers. The heat was increasing rapidly and the sensitive hubble over our heads had become more erratic than ever. Down it would drop a few thousand feet, if a cloud happened to darken the sun, and then up three or four thousand, as soon as the cloud had passed on.

This constant "hobbling" up and down at a terrific pace, added to the heat and the lack of sleep, was gradually telling on our nerves. Ten hours in a basket, under such circumstances, is about as much as any ordinary man can stand. Without wasting any time in idle discussion, we decided to *atterrir*—in other words, to land, as soon as the necessary arrangements for this important operation had been completed.

The "Rolla" was then at nine thousand feet; we had lost the wind on our way up, and below, in the west, the storm was rapidly gaining on us.

We had still four sacks of sand hallast of the nine we had taken up with us. Every knot that held them to the basket was carefully examined—a precaution of vital importance, as we would soon be above the clouds again if any of them escaped us in the varied incidents that might attend our descent. The lunch-basket and our coats were also securely fastened, and the anchor partly unlashed and made ready to be dropped.

I held the barometer, with eyes glued upon its face, ready to call out our future altitudes. My companion, with the valve-rope in his right and the hallast-spoon within reach, was still gazing earnestly at the fields in the distance, where we hoped we might stand alive a few minutes later.

Not a word had been spoken for some time, when the captain said:

"Our landing, I think, will be a hard one—I dislike the way those trees are scattered beyond that narrow valley. We never should have allowed the storm to reach our heels—but it has to go now—" and his hand gives the valve-rope a long and heavy pull.

We can hear the gas sputter as it leaves the creaking silk. Instantly the barometer drops. We have started on our final descent.

The captain's fondness for "valving" had set us falling again at an awful speed, and the sand he was throwing out



was rising around the "Rolla" in little thin clouds, and dropping like hail on the silk above us.

I looked down. The earth was rising!—rising to meet us, like a fabulous mother eager to receive her children in her outstretched arms.

I stood hypnotized and cold, until called back to my barometer. I saw that the captain's teeth were set, but his eye was clear and serene.

We now realize to its full extent the gravity of the situation. The needle is jumping in my hands. "Twenty-two hundred metres—twenty-one-fifty—twenty-one—" The storm is not a mile behind us, and the heavy wind that precedes it rolls in graceful waves over the wheat and barley fields.

"Seventeen hundred and fifty metres—seventeen hundred—sixteen hundred—"

We are falling at an angle of thirty or forty degrees. Everything below us is moving at lightning speed.

"Twelve hundred and fifty—twelve hundred—eleven hundred metres—"

My voice is slightly hoarse, but I call out the numbers as fast as I see them; and they follow each other in rapid succession.

"Nine hundred—eight hundred and fifty—eight hundred metres—"

The sudden change of altitude makes us both very deaf; but I can still hear the captain say:

"Haul in the other sack of sand. We must keep up long enough to clear that forest and land in the field beyond, this side of the large clump of trees."

The ballast is doing better work, and we are not falling quite so rapidly; but only half of the treacherous forest has been cleared. There is more and enough of it, that stands threatening below us.

"We shall never sail over it," mutters the owner.

At this moment we swing into a violent gale—fore-runner of the storm behind us—the "Rolla" quivers in its net, seems to hesitate for a mere second, and bravely leaps ahead.

"Too much of a good thing—" and above us the valve is roaring furiously.

"Whatever happens, don't jump!" cries the captain.

Of course, had I done so at any time, he would have shot up in the air ten or fifteen thousand feet.

"Attention! Voici le moment psychologique—"

Like a hawk swooping down on its prey, and with the same graceful curve, the "Rolla" clears, with ten feet to spare, the crest of the last trees.

We hear the guide-rope dragging in the branches.

As quick as a flash the captain has the anchor overboard. But the gale is driving us on, and the iron teeth fail to bite the sod.

We clutch at the hoop and the rigging above—and, with a crash, the basket strikes the earth.

The shock throws us back into it.

The balloon bounds on several hundred feet, rolling like a huge football. We are dragged, tossed, humped, and bruised. Everything in the basket is smashed to pieces, and the claret on the captain's face looks like blood.

I barely have time to disengage my neck from a couple of slender and wiry net-ropes that are doing their best to strangle me.

A peasant, mowing near by, hears our cries; he drops his scythe, and, kicking off his wooden shoes, tugs at the guide-rope lustily.

The anchor has found a soft spot, suddenly the cable tightens, and our aerial trip is ended.

By this time a few excited villagers have come to the rescue from the neighboring fields.

As we crawl from under the tangled mass of net-work and rigging, a terrorized child falls in a fit at the sight of this unusual performance, rolling in the grass and screaming with fright.

We are both rather pale and a bit weak in the knees; but, oh, the exquisite sensation to feel the good old earth under our feet again!

A few steps away, "Rolla" lies panting in the sunshine. With every gust of wind he seems to exhale his life.

His quivering form is sinking rapidly; we hear his heavy sighs and watch his quivering skin.

The plucky little fellow makes another desperate effort to rise up to the spheres he has conquered; but his strength at last betrays him, and he falls back on the green—empty, motionless, dead.

PARIS, June, 1901.

For the first time in our government printing, machines are to be used to do the work of men. The innovation is to be made in the Philippine Islands. The War Office will begin at Manila with three linotypes, and increase the number as the business of the office increases. Some ten or fifteen competent union printers have been selected to go to Manila, and a curious feature of their contract is that they will agree to act as instructors upon machines. It will be something of a novelty for union printers to work side by side with unorganized help, and actually assist in training the new employees to become capable workmen. The government printing office at Washington employs over two thousand printers and bookbinders. It is one of the few institutions of the kind in the country where type is, without exception, set by hand. This is one of the few printing offices in which the labor organizations have been powerful enough to prevent the introduction of type-setting machines. Of course it is only a question of time when the old-time compositor will have to go. Each linotype does the work of four men, and consequently of each dozen compositors employed at present in the Washington office nine will be thrown out.

Captain K. A. Jansen, of Chicago, has won the distinction of being the first mariner to guide a steamship from Lake Michigan to San Francisco by way of the Straits of Magellan. The craft in which he made the voyage in ninety-eight days is the steamer *Tamlico*, which was built at Toledo in 1900 for the Great Lakes carrying trade.

## COSTLY SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL.

Reception of Ocean Voyagers in New York—Examinations by Inspected Customs Officers—Personal Belongings Strewed on the Docks—A Stolen Purse.

We had been eleven days rocked in the cradle of the deep in what even the captain was forced to call "an exceptionally bad crossing," when we at last rose in a gray, foggy dawn to find ourselves lying off the health offices on Staten Island. In the oily waters round us lay half a dozen great and little liners, the flag of the country they had reached and the flags of the countries they had left hanging idly in the tepid atmosphere. The haze of the morning fog hid the city beyond, and there was little sound or movement in the quiet water where the great ships seemed to be resting after their tussle with the seas.

Leaving over the rail, we watched the health officers' tug darting from steamer to steamer. Below us, in the steerage, the emigrants were standing and sitting in a solid mass. The night before, the prospect of landing had made them merry, and as I lay stifling with heat in a cabin, the temperature of which must have been a hundred degrees, I could hear them singing and dancing on their own deck. Now, however, they were silent, oppressed, as they might well be, by the hazard of new fortunes before them. Beside the steamer's doctor, each one has to pass the examination of three physicians to be proved perfectly sound before he is permitted to enter the promised land. Each one has to have thirty dollars, and no emigrant is allowed to land who has already engaged or contracted his services to an employer. Where the emigrant fails to meet these requirements, the ship's company which brought him out is obliged to take him back.

The health officer had left us, and we were slowly steaming up the bay, when the tug of the United States customs bore down on us. My friend, who had left her heart behind her among the arts and elegancies of Paris, looked with a lack-lustre eye upon the slow development of the city's profile through the fog, and then upon the group of men on the deck of the tug. As they drew up alongside us, one of these—a thin, shrewd-faced, gray-haired man, whose lean countenance was like that of Uncle Sam's in a comic paper—leaned from the ladder and hailed the captain with slow-drawling easiness of address: "Say, Cap."

I fully expected our dignified captain, who had kept us all very much in our places on the trip, would have him put in irons, but he shouted out an answering hail from the distant places where captains perch on such occasions, and the customs representative climbed on board. My disillusioned friend cast a look of tragedy upon me, but was struck suddenly by the delightful Americanness of the greeting, and broke into irrepressible laughter. There was no mistake about our being in our native land after that cheerful, "Say, Cap."

The preliminary *séance* with the customs officer is a mild and deceptive experience. In my case, the only thing they seemed to be concerned about was as to where my husband was. I modestly disclaimed the possession of such an expensive luxury, and then they turned upon my friend and asked her if she was the wife of an adjacent gentleman, who, with much embarrassment, owned to having a wife, though not the lady indicated. When they had finally got us straightened out as two spinster citizens of the United States, they let us go. The queries as to the contents of our trunks were slight. Had we anything to declare? In a moment of ill-inspired honesty I declared a new tea-basket given me by an English relative; also, truth forces me to confess that it was too large to hide, and I was afraid I would be put in the penitentiary if it was found among my possessions when I got on the dock. I heard an unsophisticated Englishman who was before me declaring fifteen dollars worth of "souvenirs," as the officer calls them. I noticed that the queries were much more searching and minute where the victim was a man. This may be a lingering remnant of American gallantry, or it may rise from a cynical knowledge that upon these matters women will lie where men will not.

Things were very different upon the wharf. Let not those who have not crossed the ocean lately imagine it is like what it was in the past. A searching and thorough examination was given to every trunk, hat-box, and bag. The two large packing-cases that my friend as an artist and four years' resident of Paris brought with her, were broken open and their contents investigated. I drew with my ticket quite a young and amiable inspector, who, though he went to the bottom of every trunk, treated me and my possessions with consideration. I will state, for the benefit of those who may be coming across soon, that the things which engage the inspector's attention are packages or boxes. Anything that is done up in paper and tied they pounce on. If the man is civil he will ask you what is in the package, and trust to your answer as being truthful. If he is not he will open it, let it contain the most sacred of souvenirs or the most intimate details of your wardrobe.

Of clothes they seem to take much less notice than one was led to expect. I was asked no questions as to the variety or extent of my wardrobe, and none of the articles of wearing apparel in my trunks were looked at. The search was entirely for "presents" and "souvenirs." These, though they ranged from five-cent post-cards to handsome jewelry, were brought to light, or, if declared, collected together and valued by an appraiser. On my tea-basket, which was of the simplest kind, as I had wanted one that was to be entirely practical and serviceable, I was forced to pay four dollars' duty. My pleadings had no effect upon a trio of exceedingly exhausted and discouraged-looking men. They had the appearance of having been so browbeaten by enraged travelers that they had no more spirit to resent any form of attack. That attacks must have been numerous and violent seemed proved by their manner of appraising. The enamel-ware of my tea-basket went down on the list as "decorated china." When I drew

their attention to this, they said it was just the same so far as duty went, so I paid and retired, sadder if not much wiser.

My fellow-travelers were "getting through" with varying degrees of struggle and discomfort. The unfortunate Englishman who had declared the fifteen dollars' worth of souvenirs, had had to empty all his trunks in his efforts to find them. His wife stood beside him, directing his endeavors and holding a large card-board box, while skirts, coats, hats, and dozens of collars lay strewn around them. Though the lady was an American, they had evidently had no idea of the thoroughness of the inspection, and were enraged and bewildered by the turmoil created by their fifteen dollars' worth of European purchases. Close beside them, the young man who had been traveling through Holland for a month's vacation was standing beside the scattered contents of his cabin trunk and valise. A group of inspectors, gathered round, surveyed the few trifles he had purchased. He had been mainly engaged in taking photographs, and had all his dry plates with him. Upon these, he afterward told me, he had been forced to pay duty to the extent of several dollars. An extraordinary-looking old Jew, who could speak no English, had attempted to bring through a small case of diamonds, which was seized.

My troubles reached their climax when somebody stole my purse. Fortunately it did not contain much, but it was painful to be greeted on one's entrance into one's native land by a four-dollar hold-up and the loss of one's purse. The occurrence seemed to spread consternation on the wharf. Dingy-looking men, in uniforms that had never been brushed since they were first worn, bore down upon me from every point, exclaiming: "Are you the lady what lost her purse?" It appeared as if this doubt cast upon the honesty of the United States customs officials and their henchmen was causing the ire to rise of every employee on the wharf. One portly person, with a strong brogue which was lightly freighted with a stronger smell of whisky, advised me to go back on the steamer and apprise the purser of my loss. I told him I didn't see what the purser had to do with it, considering it was lost on the wharf. When he heard this he looked fairly aghast, as one might look if he heard a purse had been stolen in the Young Men's Christian Association, or at a prayer-meeting of the Epworth League.

When men of quite fashionable appearance, and evidently officials high in power, began to approach me with the now familiar hail, "Are you the lady what lost her purse?" I began to taste the doubtful joys of being an object of general public interest. One of these new-comers, who wore his mustache curled up at the ends, and several large diamonds decking his person, drew me aside and said, confidentially: "This ain't a good place to leave a purse lying round in." This was the first time any one had suggested that the wharf was not the one and only spot in New York City where purses might be left with impunity. By this time a large and sympathetic gathering of inspectors, expressmen, and officials were standing about looking loghurniously at one another, and shaking their heads over the hopelessness of the mystery. One of the expressmen, a youth who looked as if he had never been washed since the first bath accorded to him as a new-born infant, gazed round the circle, and said: "Well, we're all honest here." And everybody echoed the sentiment with an air of relief. They seemed so convinced of this fact that I began to feel as if I had stolen my own purse.

I think one of the things that offends the incoming traveler most in his passage through the customs is the aggressiveness and generally offensive roughness of the men employed in the work. As a rule, Uncle Sam's employees are a decent-looking, respectable lot. But one wonders where such a crowd of dirty, unkempt, unshaved, truculent toughs could be found outside an East-Side tenement. The manner in which some of them conduct their search through the trunks is maddeningly insolent. It must be a trying experience to a man of high temper, for the one distinction they make is in their treatment of the baggage of a lady. There is no doubt that they are much more lenient with a woman than with a man. While my trunks were looked through, but nothing taken out, the man's next to me were emptied to the bottom, and his effects littered the dock. If a better class of men were employed, the inspection, while always irritating, would lose half its present detestableness. It is not the examination that is so annoying, but it is the manner in which it is made. GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, August 21, 1901.

During the past four years the United States Fish Commission has made important experiments at the station in Duluth. They have resulted in the successful planting and acclimatization in Lake Superior of the famous steelhead salmon of the Pacific, a salt-water fish exclusively heretofore. It was believed that this fish would thrive in the cold, fresh waters of Lake Superior, where so many other salmonidae grow. Several thousand fry were planted on the north shore of the lake, near Port Arthur, and at Silver Islet, both points on the Canadian side. The following year a larger number was planted off Isle Royale, and since then the planting has been kept up. Now, from time to time, the catch of an occasional steelhead is reported, and from the size of those found it is evident that they are growing about a pound a year in these fresh waters. It is also evident, from certain modifications of some of those specimens caught, that they have been propagating and increasing naturally. The salt water steelhead salmon, as modified by existence in Lake Superior, is said to have a most delicate flavor, to be well shaped and firm, and to have a flesh of a beautiful red.

The automobile of M. Chapelle, of Paris, was overturned on the hill of Corneville-sur-Risle a few days ago. The four occupants were pinned underneath it. All except M. Chapelle were able to extricate themselves, but he was held fast while he was literally burned alive by the petroleum, which escaped from the reservoir and caught fire.



## A REMARKABLE ARTIST.

George H. Hallowell, the Boston Wonder—His Striking Pictures—Great Faculty of Composition—Sketching in the Balkans—How He Works.

*Bohemian Love-Letters—No. IV.*

MY DEAR R—: A star has arisen in the art world, and it hangs over Boston. Three wise ones from Venice have seen the star scintillating about classic spots in the East, and want to proclaim it throughout the rest of Bohemia, for not since the time of the great fifteenth-century masters has any one given such promise of greatness in painting as George H. Hallowell shows.

Hallowell has the most phenomenal memory for line and color that can be imagined, and an industry that is prodigious. One of the very complicated pictures of the old masters is the "Saint George and the Dragon," by Carpaccio, in the Slavonic church in Venice. It is a large canvas, filled with detail. There are ruins and trees and skulls and bones and rocks, as well as ships and people in multitude. It hangs in a dark interior, and has to be lighted for inspection by reflecting light into the room by a mirror. In addition to these difficulties the tones are most unusual, abounding in pale ambers and curious greens.

To say that Hallowell made the best copy of this famous picture that has ever been made, and from memory, is asserting much, but we believe it to be true. We have seen many copies, both recent and ancient, and all are mere attempts to copy, while Hallowell's picture, reconstructed from his memory, is a reproduction worthy of Carpaccio himself. Even the mellowness that time has given to the original is reproduced as well as Time could do it himself. Hallowell spent time in studying the picture—some hours, perhaps—and transferred every detail of form and tone to his memory. Then he went to his hotel and slept while the impression fixed itself. Then he got up, took his accustomed exercise, and sat down and copied the picture from memory better than any one has done the same feat in the presence of the painting itself. Hallowell, in his *naïve* and quaint manner, calls this a "memory stunt."

The most remarkable feature of Hallowell's memory is that he is especially deficient in commonplace memory. He sometimes tries to read a page of a book and repeat the sense of it, but unless it relates to something in which he is especially interested, he can not remember anything of what he has read.

The picture "Njegus, Montenegro," which was exhibited at the last Boston Water Color Exhibition, and won praise from all the critics, was the result of a day's trip from Cattaro, on the Bocche di Cattaro, to Cettinge, the capital of Montenegro. During that day we saw some hundreds of groups of living things and a perfect wilderness of nature garnished with wild flowers growing out from between the masses of rock. At Njegus, just over the crest of the mountain, we stopped to rest the horses and also to take lunch. It was a market day, and the village was full of life. Not only were there men and women in their best clothes, but there were sheep and goats and chickens and ducks and dogs, until it was difficult to walk about without stepping on something. There was a blind musician present, also, with his *gusla*, and we heard for the first time the plaintive songs of sorrow at the catastrophe of Kossova.

In the midst of all this life and incident, Hallowell rested dreamily in a corner of his carriage, and smoked his everlasting Virginia. Occasionally he would make a short-hand note in a little book that he carried in his waistcoat-pocket, and occasionally again he would be aroused to say, mildly: "This is great stuff." But all of us thought that Hallowell was taking a vacation that day, for he was accustomed to sketch and sketch without intermission all day long during the ten days we were on board the steamer *Sultan*.

Two weeks later, in his little room at the Hotel Roma in Venice, I saw Hallowell compose the picture, "Njegus, Montenegro," which he finished next day. There are some hundreds of figures, and they are placed in the village of Njegus for a background, but the groups were selected from all of the impressions of that eventful day when we first visited Montenegro. Some had been encountered along the road, some were met in Cettinge (the capital), and some even were taken from groups met in Cattaro the day before. It was a selection of all the impressions of a day gathered into an artistic composition in the village of Njegus, because Njegus was more picturesque than the capital. The selections were not only recognizable by all of our party of seven, when the picture was finally completed, but the portraits were as perfect as need be, not only of men and women, but of the animals we remembered to have met. Instead of having the models in flesh and in fact, their perfect impression was indelibly impressed on Hallowell's memory, and I will wager that even to-day, a year from the time we went to Montenegro together, Hallowell can compose another picture, introduce any of the subjects we met, and do it all with a rapidity equal to that employed in writing. No one could begin to trace lines as rapidly as Hallowell originates them, and as for the placing of tones on paper or canvas, this artist-wonder simply thinks them and they appear, as if by magic. I have seen Hallowell make many large water-color sketches in one day. He has note-books with thousands of sketch-notes, and as he has stacks of these books already accumulated, he must have perhaps millions of notes on paper by which his memory has been trained into its marvelous efficiency.

Hallowell is scarcely thirty as yet, and is as fond of athletics as he is of his art. It is a case of not being able to help being energetic in some way all the time. While wandering about Italy, adding to his millions of sketches, he drifted into the Tennis Club of Sienna, and bested everybody at the nets. Hallowell did not begin his artistic career in a cradle. He was fully grown, and had done a lot of things when he drifted into the art school connected with the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. His talent had time to

mature before he began to pluck fruit from it, and instead of being a case of arrested development he is a case of perfected and conserved development. At present Hallowell is engaged in painting some altar-pieces for a church in New England, and his leaning seems to be toward the religious in art.

Ooe would suspect a youth of Hallowell's genius and skill of having a case of "big head," but the expression of his self-appreciation is as unusual as are his other peculiarities. He knows what he can do in the way of picturing things that he sees or that grow up in his mind, and he is glad of it. He has the same kind of confidence that makes a somersault possible. He thinks the counterfeiting of ten-dollar notes and of game hanging oo a barn-door, such as New York saloon-keepers pay thousands of dollars for, is "child's-play-foolishness unworthy of an artist." It is merely a competition with the camera that smacks too much of mechanical imitation. I have seen Hallowell dash off miniature counterfeits of things to illustrate the simplicity of it. But while he is fearless in expressing confidence in his own ability to do the mechanical part of art, he is sufficiently modest with regard to the ideal requirements of his profession. He continually talks of his chum and fellow-pupil in the art school, who, he asserts, can do things better than he can and who has "ideas to burn" while he is "hunting for them." Hallowell has no patience with the commonplace in art or in nature. Unless pictures are living things and respond to an artistic mood, he has no "use for them," and such a thing as a bald red sunset he calls a "fried-egg effect."

Hallowell's personality is quaint, to use an odd term. He is of medium height, straight as an arrow, brown as a berry, strong as an ox, and quiet as a cucumber, except when he gets excited, and then he says "Great stuff!" in the mildest manner possible. But when he is at work he expresses the energy of a steel spring wound up. The only fear for his future is his eye-sight. He must now wear glasses, and he strains his eyes unmercifully when he is at work on a picture. Weak eye-sight is one of the fatal weaknesses in the pursuit of pictorial art; but it turned Du Maurier from drawing to writing, and gave us "Peter Ibbetson," "Trilby," and the rest of his books, so that there is compensation in everything, and Hallowell may have another talent up his sleeve in case his eyes fail him. VAN FLETCH.

TRIESTE, August 10, 1901.

## SEA RHAPSODY.

By day, the tremble of the boat,  
As the engine throbs like a human heart;  
The tank of the untainted air, salt, free,  
Roaming long leagues of brine;  
The tidal lift and the slow swing, now the craft hurries her nose  
In the billows;  
The sky of central blue, tapering down to misty opal at the sea  
line,  
And all around, the unsteady sapphire of the ocean.

At night, snug in the cabin, cheerful with lamps, with food and  
drink and the talk of cronies;  
Hard by, the friendly lights of the ships;  
Far above, aloof, the homeless flicker of stars  
In their high, impenetrable places.

Then, sleep, 'midst the rock of the waves,  
To dream of dear ones distant on land,  
With a sense of lesion from all the ways of earth,  
A return to savage, sane realities:  
The timeless revels of strange, marine creatures;  
The hoarse voices of winds and waters,  
The hidden treasures of the deep.  
Wide-scattered, inestimable, not to be named.  
The face of tan, the boy's heart,  
The lost yet inextinguishable gust of youth, exultant once more.

Old Earth, the mother, sends forth her sons  
To adventure with the ancient, hoar, gammer sea;  
Even hereafter, as they come back and walk  
The dusty, fevered streets, and bargain in the marts,  
And sicken with heat and the sight of men,  
Will they carry 'at heart a cool, quieting thought,  
And yearn betimes for the ocean's open roads,  
For the rigors and raptures of the sailor life,  
The footless trail, the horizon's lovely lure, the sting and lull  
Of elemental water wastes,  
Restless, that yet bring rest.  
—Richard Burton in the September Atlantic.

M. A. Winter, of Washington, who is conducting a "parcels post" crusade, calls attention in a recent pamphlet to the surprising fact that an eleven-pound package can be sent from Germany to any State in the Union cheaper than it can be shipped from New York City. It is certainly a discreditable anomaly that the people of the United States should be able to send eleven-pound packages by mail to Germany, Mexico, and several countries in Central and South America and the West Indies, while to the next town they can send no more than four pounds in one parcel. There is no parcels post convention with the Argentine Republic, and Mr. Winter shows that a German or English dealer can ship an eleven-pound package to that country for 73 cents, while his American competitor is obliged to pay \$5.73 more.

Holland is conducting a war in Sumatra (says the Indianapolis *News*) that has been going on with more or less violence since 1870, and is not by any means ended yet. The Dutch exercised a suzerainty over the island, but the sultan made an attempt to throw off this influence. Originally the Netherlands only wanted to restore matters to their former state, but since then they have determined on the island's complete subjugation. In this effort they have already spent over two hundred millions of dollars, and the Sumatrans say they have only begun to fight.

S. Yanigi Wara, a Japanese nobleman, will this month become professor of chemistry in the University of Columbia, Missouri. Mr. Wara has been educating himself in the United States for the last seven years. He has attained the degree of master of arts, and for several years has served as assistant to Professor R. O. Graham, who holds the chair of chemistry at the Wesleyan University at Bloomington, Ill.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil man and proprietor of the Palm Beach and other hotels in Florida, who was recently divorced from his insane wife, was married on August 24th at Kenansville, N. C., to Miss Mary Lily Kenan, daughter of Captain W. R. Kenan, one of the best-known citizens of North Carolina.

President W. R. Harper, of the University of Chicago, has been decorated with the French order of the Legion of Honor by President Louhet. The distinction was given to President Harper by reason of his interest in the French educational system, which he recently culminated in the establishment at Chicago of a branch of the Alliance Française, and of a branch school of the University of Chicago in Paris.

Shortly after the arrival of Krüger in Holland his admirers were anxious to have his portrait painted, but he refused on the ground that he had no time. Finally, however, Miss Therese Schwarze succeeded in persuading him to sit. He chose the morning hours from seven to nine, and she painted him reading a Bible, which she brought to the sitting for that purpose. He was pleased with her suggestion, and afterward accepted the Bible as a present. The portrait was painted at Utrecht.

Isador Rayner, who will be a prominent member of Admiral Schley's counsel before the naval court of inquiry, is an old acquaintance of the admiral. During his long service in Congress, where he represented the fourth district, consisting of several Baltimore wards, Mr. Rayner was in close touch with the leading line officers of the navy, many of whom he is intimately acquainted with. Mr. Rayner is a graduate of the University of Virginia, and has been a conspicuous member of the Baltimore bar since 1870.

Two remarkable twins, who have reached the age of eighty-eight years, and are still happy, hale, and hearty, and apparently "good" for twenty or thirty years more, are Julius H. and Junius N. Benham. They have lived in Bridgeport, Conn., since they were twenty-one, have been in business together all these years, and have always held their property jointly. They came from their native town of Middlebury, Conn., together, became building contractors, and by steady industry, thrift, and economy, accumulated a fortune sufficient to warrant their retirement from active service a few years ago. Both have been married, and have homes and families of their own.

M. Santos-Dumont's efforts to win the Deutsch prize have stimulated aerial navigation to an extraordinary extent, and there are already eight navigable air-ships built or at present in process of building in the environs of Paris. Foremost among M. Santos-Dumont's rivals is Colonel Renard. It is said that he and his brother, Major Renard, are preparing a wonderful apparatus behind the jealously guarded walls of the Military Aerostatic Park at Chalais-Meudon. M. Ader, a Toulouse engineer, and the Marquis de Dion, the Nestor of French automobilism, are to be competitors. It is also announced that Henry Deutsch is building a large airship to compete for his own prize.

Richard Croker's visitors at his English country-place, "Moat House," give a glowing account of his public services as a benefactor of Letcombe. Not content with beautifying his own property, he is improving the village by widening and straightening the public roads, by extending a picturesque wall, and by placing seats for villagers in the meadows under the trees. He has also licensed the village boys to bathe in his new lake at certain hours, and has promised to provide a fountain near one of the old mills. He has furnished employment for a large force of workmen in improving his estate, and the tradesmen all speak well of him for treating them fairly and spending money freely. This idyl of English village life is a fine foil for the misgovernment of New York, with the licensed vice and crime, for which Croker is held accountable.

King Christian of Denmark, who is called "the father-in-law of Europe," because his children and grandchildren occupy and will inherit so many thrones, has six sons and daughters. Frederick, his first born, the Crown Prince of Denmark, married the daughter of the King of Sweden and Norway; Alexandra, his eldest daughter, is Queen of England; George, his second son, is King of Greece, and married Olga, the sister of the late Czar of Russia; Dagmar, his second daughter, was the wife of Alexander the Third of Russia, and is now Dowager Czarina of that empire; Thyra, the third daughter, is the wife of the Duke of Cumberland and Brunswick, heir to the throne of those kingdoms; Valdemar, the youngest of the Danish princes, married Marie, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, pretender to the throne of France. No such combination of royalties ever centred before in a single family in all history.

It is not generally known that Rudyard Kipling's father, Lockwood Kipling, who is illustrating his son's book, "Kim," which is soon to be published in book-form, was for several years one of the central figures around whom the artistic education of native India flourished. After teaching the sons of Indian princes painting, modeling, sculpture, and wood-working for ten years or more, Mr. Lockwood Kipling became the principal of the Lahore School of Art, where he was also curator of the museum. He was considered the most proficient Oriental scholar among European residents, and is said to have had a most marvelous knowledge of the dialects of India. Lockwood Kipling, who was born in Pickering, showed keen artistic tendencies from his earliest years. After leaving school he went into the potteries, where he carried off the Wedgwood Memorial Art Prize. Subsequently he studied at South Kensington, and his services on the teaching staff led to his being sent by the government to Bombay, to direct art instruction there.



MME. MARCHESI'S TEACHINGS.

Her Advice to Aspiring American Singers—How to Live and Study in Paris—Necessary Sacrifices and Precautions.

While those who are anxious to cultivate their voices for the opera, the concert stage, or the drawing-room can on hope to learn how to sing by reading Mme. Mathilde Marchesi's volume, entitled "Teo Singing Lessons," they can, nevertheless, obtain a wealth of valuable information and helpful advice which will start them on the right road toward a mastery of the art of song. Mme. Marchesi's words should have great weight with all would-be singers, for she studied four years under the eminent master, Manuel Garcia, pupil of his famous father, a master of vocal art never excelled, and during her long career as a teacher of the art of pure *bel canto*—the style of singing which calls for the nicest adjustment and balance of the vocal means—has graduated such famous *prima donnas* as Ilma di Murskâ, Gabrielle Krauss, Etelka Gerster, Emma Eames, Emma Nevada, Emma Calvé, Nellie Melba, Frances Saville, and Sibyl Sanderson.

Mme. Marchesi denies the reports of her extreme severity with her pupils—"the floods of tears," the "music-books flying in the air," and her unreasonable demands for study—although she admits that she is exacting in certain respects. It is not sufficient to proclaim, "I will be a singer," she says. The aspirant must be equipped with "an attractive appearance, the gifts of the musician, quickness of conception, and the power of representation, together with requisites of relatively minor importance—a good ear, a sound, rich voice of extreme compass, added to an ardent desire to become an artist."

Mme. Marchesi says that when the young girl reaches her twelfth year, and the change to womanhood claims all her physical strength, to preserve her voice for the future, all singing must be strictly prohibited. We to those who disregard this injunction! She relates a little case in point:

The once-celebrated songstress, Krauss-Wranitzka, had two daughters whom I know well. They accompanied their mother on all her travels, and the songstress, proud of their lovely voices, of their hearing—they attracted special attention through their duets—allowed them to take part in several concerts, and even to sing at several courts. When I became acquainted with the two "infant prodigies," as they termed them, both were hoarse and almost voiceless. They occasionally endeavored to sing, but their attempts were simply distressing to the listener. Still more distressing were the reproaches they addressed to their mother on every possible occasion. The great singer had no idea of voice formation, no physiological knowledge, and, because of this, had ruined the future of her darlings.

She advises American girls not to think of going to Paris unless they have two years to work, are good musicians, have acquired a knowledge of German and French, and, above all, have a store of patience:

When Nellie Melba began studying with me, she already played excellently on the piano, the organ, and the violin, and sang at sight. Hence she made rapid progress as a singer, and rose far above all the young women that studied in the same class. She was extraordinarily diligent; further, no unskilled teacher had impaired the charm of her lovely voice. In a very short time she acquired both French and Italian.

Mme. Marchesi thinks that no American girl should go to Paris without a companion; she should have money enough to live at a comfortable pension, in a sunny, airy room, where the table is good; and, finally, she should be willing to regard the coventualities of Parisian life, and thereby avoid distressing complications which may put an end to her work. She adds:

It is not considered proper, in Paris, to attend the theatres or concerts, or make country trips without male escorts. This must only be done with members of one's family; in France, much blame attaches to this practice, which in foreign parts is considered quite natural. Through disregard of these coventualities trifling incidents occasionally arise, entailing melancholy consequences. I recall, among my least pleasant experiences, two cases of this sort that caused me much annoyance. One of my pupils, an American girl, of a musical disposition and gifted with a beautiful voice, was affianced to one of her countrymen. The pair were seen together everywhere. To my inquiry as to whether her mother approved of the match, my pupil replied that she had not given herself any concern on this head, and that she was old enough to choose for herself. I held it my duty to acquaint the mother with the situation and ask her counsel as to a course of action. The letter that came in answer was filled with thanks for my motherly solicitude, and advised me that the writer would shortly come to Paris. She came, but in spite of her warnings and entreaties, the daughter insisted upon marrying. The day of the wedding was set, and the invitations were sent forth; on the evening previous, however, the mother wrote me that because of reports unfavorable to the groom the ceremony would not take place, and further, that she and her daughter were to sail for home at once. I never again had tidings from that sadly deceived young creature. The second incident referred to was perhaps still more painful. One of my best pupils, also an American, engaged herself to a Russian. I questioned her as to whether she knew aught of her future husband's family, and she answered that she had the fullest confidence in

the man, and that his family would soon visit Paris to make her acquaintance. A few weeks later she received letters from Russia advising her that her intended was married, and the father of several children. The deception threw the young girl into a fit of despair, and, falling ill, she suspended her studies. She now teaches singing in a small town in the United States, and, looking back, deplures, I doubt not, her credulity.

Above all, Mme. Marchesi says that the greatest regularity should be observed in the hours set for meals:

This is necessary so that the digestion may not be disturbed; and all dishes should be avoided that, by experience, are proven hard of digestion. Then, habits indulged in one's own country, such as drinking glass upon glass of iced water, eating fresh bread, and nibbling at sweets all day long, must be overcome. The student of singing must make great sacrifices for the preservation of the voice; the singer is usually the slave of his or her instrument. Bicycling, rowing, dancing, long walks, reading late at night, singing too soon after meals, exposure to excessive heat or cold, too frequent theatre parties or social gatherings—all must be abandoned.

She declares that, while she can cultivate the voice of a soprano, a mezzo-soprano, or a contralto, she can not make the one out of the other. Only recently a wealthy Californian, who lives near Sao Francisco, called upon her in Paris with his daughter:

"This winter Emma Nevada, after a brilliant career in Europe, came for the first time to Sao Francisco, her native city, to give concerts," he told Mme. Marchesi. "I heard her, was delighted, as was every one else, and since then my daughter has given me no rest; she insists upon studying, and with Emma Nevada's teacher. This will explain, dear madam, our coming to Paris. My wife, who is also here, but is prevented from calling by indisposition, sends her compliments and wishes to know, as I do, whether you will accept my daughter as a pupil. I am a man of means; there is nothing to take me back to America, so we can remain here until our daughter's studies are completed." After listening to him, I went with the daughter to the piano to try her voice. "She has a mezzo-soprano of uncommon compass," said I to the father; "the low tones are particularly beautiful, and the medium tones, too, are resonant and easily produced; moreover, your daughter is musical, for, without having studied, she sings at sight. Hence I see no obstacles to her education, and will the more readily undertake the task as our teacher has meddled with her voice." From the very first words that I addressed to the maid, the kindly expression of his face changed. He slowly remarked: "My dear madam, I have heard Emma Nevada, who is possessed of a high soprano voice and sings like a bird. I do not care for a low voice in a woman, and would rather listen to a barytone or a bass; unless my daughter can sing as high as Nevada, and as Melba, whom I heard last year in New York, I decline to have her taught singing." While the father spoke I heard a suppressed sob coming from the daughter's direction. Thereupon the father turned suddenly toward her and said: "Your tears are of no avail; you know my will." As the poor girl's weeping appeared, without, to make some impression, the father looked toward me and said: "My dear madam, I have heard a great deal of you, and have the utmost confidence in your skill. Is it possible for you—with time, be it understood; I am wealthy and can wait and let my daughter study with you until you declare her an accomplished singer—is it possible for you to give her a high soprano voice?" "No," I answered, "it is not possible." I had scarcely finished when the father and daughter, the girl still sobbing, reached the door. "To what extent am I indebted to you for your trouble?" inquired the father. "You only owe me a friendly recollection," was my reply; "do not forget, however, that I have told you the truth; one does not hear it every day." I have had many, very many, odd experiences in my professional life; among parents especially have I found strange ideas of art, and especially of singing, but never until yesterday was I asked to change a mezzo-soprano voice into a high soprano.

The national characteristics of the Americans, and especially of the English, we learn are a hindrance to success in the operatic career, and must be fought against. As children they are fettered to conventionalities, and repressed in the free expression of the feelings, "which is indisposible to lyric declamation":

An icy coating, so to speak, has formed about the youthful heart; to thaw it, not merely years of study but the contact and influence of lively and happy men and women—all aglow with the spirit of art, is needed.

For those who have not or can not acquire the temperament for the stage, there is the concert platform; but the musical requirements for this, Mme. Marchesi declares, are more exacting. For, lacking the help of stage-setting, orchestra, chorus, and the progress of the drama, the concert-singer must master her art more completely even than the operatic songstress, and her work must be more finished.

To quickly attain celebrity and attract a large array of pupils, young and rising teachers often proclaim that they have made discoveries facilitating the study of song, and especially helping the development of the voice, its strength, compass, and quality. Mme. Marchesi points out a few of these false teachings, which her fifty years' experience rejects. For instance, she says:

There are three ways of breathing, of which only one is natural, and, therefore, to be recommended. This is "diaphragmatic breathing," the breathing involving the upper or the lower ribs; "clavicular and lateral breathing" are to be unconditionally rejected.

The latter are often resorted to by young women who can not breathe in the right way because of too tight lacing.

Of the bearing of the songstress, she writes:

It must be unconstrained and free from artificiality; the head must not incline to the shoulder, thus producing upon the public an impression as though the songstress were imploring mercy. The swaying of the body to and fro, while studying (as many teachers advise), is to be avoided, and equally so a crushed posture of the head, which interferes with the free and natural rising and falling motion of the larynx. And there are teachers that seek to prevent this motion by pressure of their fingers! Alas for such ignorance! I have seen its victims suffering from cramp of the larynx, and ultimately losing their voices.

There are teachers who proclaim that, to become a singer, one must practice from two to three hours daily. According to Marchesi, this is not the case:

A beginner must not practice, at the very outset, more than half an hour daily. I have had pupils who at first were so easily fatigued that they sang twice or thrice, two minutes each time, in the classroom; later on studied their operas, and afterward came forth, with fresh voices and abundant endurance, on the stage or in the concert-room.

Concerning the opening of the glottis, when attacking the note, she remarks:

This new discovery, this fantasy of an overwrought brain, must be steadfastly opposed. For the completion of the note, the closing of the glottis, on the two edges of which, as it is known, the vocal chords lie, is indispensable. The efficiency of the vocal chords must be increased by their being drawn together, provided always that it is the attack of a note a hard impulse (known as the "coup de glotte," as mentioned above) be sedulously avoided. In countries where speech is free and unconstrained, the voices are strong and resonant; in others, where speaking aloud, from childhood on, is discouraged—as in the case of English folk—the vocal cords become, in time, inefficient; a sort of relaxation sets in, and voices and dramatic singers are seldom produced.

Her teacher, Manuel Garcia, opposed, as she has always done, the attack of note with the open glottis, which results in an outpouring of breath, without bringing the vocal chords into action:

Garcia, in order to make clear to some of his pupils, who were rather slow of comprehension, the closing, or, rather the drawing together of the glottis, was wont to make them strike the desired tone, holding a lighted candle before them. When the light was extinguished by the attack, this proved that the glottis was open; when closed, the light burned steadily. When in singing the tongue rose and made the issuance of the note difficult or imperfect, Garcia, to maintain the tongue in a horizontal position, would depress it with some smooth article—with a paper-cutter, for example. To bring forth a beautiful, resonant tone the tongue must be quite flat, so that a throaty tone is avoided, and the tonsils are not pressed together.

On the position of the mouth, too, Mme. Marchesi's views differ from those of some contemporaneous teachers. She says it must be natural:

No change must take place in passing from one register to another; no forced, grogging smile worn during study; this is but a mask applied to the face, and leads to the formation of a shallow, open note that the French term a "voix blanche," and makes sustained singing almost impossible. In vocalizing, as also in exercises, in florid style, the pupil must never change the position of her mouth, as this produces a change in the vowels. It happens, unfortunately, but too frequently, that songstresses, through incorrect tone formation and a wrong attack of the higher notes, distort their mouths in order to produce by force the complete note; this bad habit, this dangerous effort, would be prevented from the very beginning by good schooling. Song is dependent upon internal, not upon external, mechanism.

Some teachers find vocalization unnecessary, and undertake to train the voice by articulation of different words. This, too, Marchesi says, is simply absurd:

Equally so is the method of persons that cultivate one tone after the other, so that finally the worried and tortured note is made sickly and toneless. Touching this may be related an anecdote of my first year's sojourn in Vienna (1870). A singing-teacher, Schmidt by name, asked the director of the conservatory leave to acquaint us—the professors—with a new singing method. On the day set by Director Hellmesberger all were assembled in the large music-hall of the conservatory. On the platform a small and seemingly nervous man had marshaled an array of his male pupils. These yelled out single and unmelodious notes until they grew crimson and purple in the face, and forced production made the shriekers voiceless. A dead silence prevailed. No one dared speak a word. At last my patience left me, and I arose and said: "I can not understand the object you have in view, professor; through the production of single tones their cooecution and blending is made much more difficult. May I ask each of your pupils to sing a scale?" "I see that one here will understand my method," screamed the now furious charlatan; "come, childreo," he continued, addressing his dazed victims, "false methods have here struck root. Ere long people shall hear of me and my discovery." Personally, I never learned that Professor Schmidt's prediction came true, and of him or the results of his methods I heard no more.

Marchesi closes her volume with reminiscences of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Rossini, Gounod, Liszt, Ambrose Thomas, Brahms, Saint-Saëns, and Mas-

senet, with whom she has been on terms of intimacy and friendship. Of Richard Wagner's musical views she writes:

They differed so widely from mine that we never came to any agreement. Wagner had no conception of the human voice; in particular, of the delicate, I may say fragile, female voice. He said to me frankly that song in general was subordinate to his orchestra, and that in his compositions he attached to it but little importance. I sought to enlighten him by some explanations as to the danger of this principle, but his opinions were so positive that I turned the conversation to another direction. In music, as in politics, Wagner was a revolutionist; whether this has furthered the cause of music, time must show. When I read and study the scores of Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, Haydn, etc., I am gladdened, uplifted, so to put it; when I study Wagner—I speak now from the vocal standpoint only—depression comes over me. Wagner's works are grand, overwhelming, but more symphonic than vocal. As far his poetry, it is realistic and sensual rather than æsthetic; in his language we find words that no dictionary contains, and that his pen has coined. While Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, etc., are depicted as simple, amiable men, Wagner was considered unapproachable, severe, and proud. On the other hand, intimates of the composer, the Staudharter family, with whom Wagner dwelt for some weeks in Vienna, have assured me that the composer was the very opposite. They represented him to the family circle as a most unaffected and good natured individual.

Marchesi says that music in Paris society has undergone a great change. It seems that aspirants for vocal honors are by no means confined to those who adopt the operatic stage as a career. While formerly on the programmes of *soirées musicales*, and charitable concerts professional names only appeared, fashionable women now figure, and, so to speak, crowd out the artists. Countesses, baronesses, and the bearers of less resonant titles, are beheld who have studied singing correctly, are gifted with beautiful voices, and lack neither feeling nor powers of expression; these have completely displaced professional performers.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Anonymous Author of "The Aristocrats."


The September *Bookman* announces that the anonymous author of the "The Aristocrats," which was brought out several months ago, is Gertrude Atherton. It adds:

"The Aristocrats" appeared anonymously simply because Gertrude Atherton wished to have one book which would be received with unbiased criticism. Ever since she began to publish, her work has been greeted in this country with a certain amount of abuse, and in consequence it has been with a very keen relish that she has found that those newspapers which have been most consistent in denouncing her have been loudest in their praise of "The Aristocrats." For instance, there are many sections in the book which, had they been published over her signature, would have excited the strongest condemnation; but although far more startling than anything to be found in her other books, they have been universally quoted as delightful specimens of an English noblewoman's wit. "The Aristocrats," by the way, was in the hands of the publishers last September. Thus it had a neglected opportunity of being a forerunner of the epistolary avalanche."

"The Story of Missouri" is in preparation by the well-known representative in Congress of the ninth district, Champ Clark, and Walter Williams, editor of the Columbia *Missouri Herald*.

Robert Hichens is about to bring out a new novel with the odd title of "The Prophet of Berkeley Square."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Russian Novelist's Pessimistic Views.

"Fomá Gordyéeff" is the first story of length from the pen of Máxim Gorky, a young Russian novelist, who has already won a high place in the esteem of his countrymen with his essays in fiction. The career of the author has been an eventful one, for he ran away from home when he was fifteen and earned a bare subsistence for years at all kinds of hard labor while he struggled to gain a little learning. His youthful struggles and deprivations have left deep scars, for this, his most important work, is thoroughly pessimistic. It is full of power, but its accomplishment has nothing of elevation or joy. The hypocrisies, cruelties, and sensual excesses of the people are described with scorn, and the lash falls without mercy, but in the entire course of the narrative there are introduced but three or four characters who do not deserve the general judgment.

The central figure of the novel, Fomá Gordyéeff, is the son of a rich merchant, an only child, idolized and reared with all care but little judgment by his shrewd, unprincipled, brutal, yet proud and tender father. The young man comes into possession of his wealth when he is only twenty, but his godfather, his father's dearest friend, another old and mercenary trader, takes charge of him and his possessions. Fomá speedily develops a taste for dissipation. This is rather because he can not bring himself to accept the methods of the merchant class around him, with all their petty deceptions, their greed, their grudging of the poor laborers, than because he finds satisfying pleasure in his excesses. But he goes from bad to worse, squandering his money with all kinds of companions, and yet is never really happy, but filled with vague discontent and questionings. At the last, on an excursion to celebrate the completion of a new steamer, he breaks out and tells the company what he thinks of them, accusing each one of the crimes and wickedness that is known of him, but judiciously suppressed. Theo he is sent to a mad-house, and when he comes out, broken in mind and body, he wanders about, repulsive and besotted.

There are many other figures in the story. One, the aunt of Fomá, is a kind-hearted, unselfish woman. Another, Liuhóff, daughter of Fomá's godfather, is a promising girl, who sees little prospect of happiness in her future, yet is loyal to the memory of a banished brother. But there are other women, beyond all hope in this world, who still preserve some remembrances of their youthful innocence, and who recognize in Fomá the better instincts that set him apart from his fellows. The author has drawn these characters with freedom, and depicted their associations with his hero in a spirit of frankness that is rare in English works of this age, but it is not done with coarseness or with questionable intention.

In its pictures of Russian life along the Volga, of the quaint customs and religious rites of a people to whom the church is an ever-present reality, there is fresh interest. In its gloomy views of existence, with its sordid cares and strivings, its vain search for contentment, there is much to impress but little to cheer. The novel is translated into English by Isabel Florence Hapgood.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

## For the People, and Against Pope and King.

In Hall Caio's latest novel, "The Eternal City," something more than melodrama is offered, though the theatrical predominates. It is a plea for the brotherhood of man, a Christian socialism which shall break down national barriers, abolish wars and poverty, and bring harmony out of discord, unity out of division. This plea is in the labor of the hero of the story, one David Leone, an Italian foundling, who is rescued from slavery in London by a kind-hearted physician, also an Italian. Leone grows up and appears in Rome as a Liberal agitator, denouncing alike the power of the Pope and the king. He has changed his name, and not until he has publicly charged the prime minister with depravity and license, and is being hunted down by order of that eminent official, does his early history transpire. Then the woman who is accused of exerting supreme control over the minister, and flaunting her shame in the face of Rome, discovers that the young revolutionist is the playmate of her childhood, for she is the daughter of the Italian physician who had been exiled in London. David and Roma fall into each other's arms, renewing their youthful love. She is willing to give up the baron, but her power over Leone, now known as Rossi, makes him lukewarm in the cause which he has led. His companions turn on him, and awakened to a sense of his recreancy, he takes up the work again, and in jealousy and revenge for the wrong done to Roma, kills the harn. From the scene of his crime he hastens to the Vatican and asks sanctuary, and, admitted in the Pope's presence, is recognized as the half-forgotten illegitimate son of the Pontiff. Roma confesses to the murder of the baron, and is put in prison. Rossi declares the truth, and is at her side when she dies, both happy in being reunited for so short a time.

This is a faint outline of the plan of the work. The novelist has filled it out with many impressive scenes of Roman life and public concerns. Though it is offered as fiction it gives many views of present-day conditions in the ancient city, and of events that

are fresh in history. The Pope is spoken of as Pius the Tenth, yet it is he who celebrates the coming in of the twentieth century, and the first great scene, after the London prologue, presents the cohorts of the church in their ceremonies in St. Peter's. The work of Rossi is not fully accomplished, but the novelist would have his readers believe that it is a certainty of the future.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## The Romance of a Scottish Adventurer.

A canny town guard of Edinburgh, who was Jacobite with the followers of Bonnie Prince Charlie and stanch Whig when the tide turned against the Pretender, is the most imposing figure in "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell," a clever novel of adventure by Jean N. McIlwraith, but it has a more winning figure in Gilbert Forsyth, a nephew of the sergeant, who fought bravely under Charles Edward for loyalty and love. After the war with the English, when defeat was acknowledged, Campbell and Gilbert sail for America to find the sergeant's sister, the mother of the lad, who had been exiled in sorrow and shame. There is wandering and fighting with the savages in the wilds of New York and Canada, and at length service with the French, again opposing the English, though, strangely enough, this time Roderick's old regiment, the Black Watch, is facing them. Again the English are successful, and Gilbert dons the French uniform to go back to Albany and marry the widow of a Scottish officer whom he has loved since his boyhood. There he finds his mother, and all ends happily.

But Roderick Campbell himself tells the story, after the arrival in the New World, and there is even more of humor and spirit in his adventures among the Indians and French than in the earlier days when he was content under either Scottish or English leadership. It is a good story, never dull, and full of courageous enterprise and quick turns of fortune.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## On One of the Happy Isles.

There is matter for regret in the fact that the auspicious beginning of "An Affair in the South Seas," by Leigh H. Irvine, should lead to so weak an ending. The expedition fitted out in San Francisco for a paradise in the South Seas, where weary, defeated, and disheartened men could find a haven of peace, is planned and beguiled with every promise. The writer's sympathies are strong, his interest vital, and his descriptions done with a sure hand. But when the happy island is reached, the motives weaken, the interest wanders, the scenes are hazy and unreal. It is the story of one who could dream of such a flight from oppressive conditions, and gaze with delight on the vessel that would bear him away across the shining waves, but who never saw the promised land. Perhaps the knowledge that just such an expedition failed to realize the bright expectations of its projectors hampered the imagination of the author. Few of his readers will find satisfaction in his pictures of the island settlement and its people.

Published by Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

## New Publications.

A detective story with an abundance of adventure as well as mystery is offered in "£19,000," by Burford Delannoy. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Grapes of Wrath," by Mary Harriott Norris, is a story of the Civil War told in a straightforward, pleasing fashion. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A love-story of London, containing some good pictures of English life and some clever conversation, is found in "Ballast," by Myra Swan. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

J. Maclaren Cohan's latest novel, "The Golden Tooth," is a readable story but hardly up to the standard of some of his earlier books. Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Marie St. Felix is the author of "Told by Two: A Romance of Bermuda," which is a novel made up of the letters and reported soliloquies of the hero and heroine. Published in paper covers by M. A. Dimohue & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

Young readers, and old readers who would like to be young, will be pleased with "Two and One," by Charlotte M. Vaile, a story of childhood and age, and outdoor things. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Crow's Nest," by Mrs. Everard Cotes ("Sara Jeanette Duncan"), tells in a pleasing way the story of a summer spent in the Himalayas, and holds many good descriptions of nature's charms in that elevated paradise, all with a personal interest. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The third and fourth volumes of "A History of the Four Georges and of William IV.," by Justin McCarthy and Justin Huntly McCarthy, have come from the press. The first of these takes up the chronicle with the accession of George the Third, and carries it forward to the Battle of Austerlitz and

the death of Pitt, shortly after, in 1806. The succession of George the Fourth to the throne opens the fourth and last volume, and the seventeen years up to the end of King William's reign in 1837 furnish enough events of import for its contents. The work is eminently concise and readable. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25 per volume.

Among late issues in the Temple Classics Series are "Adam Bede," by George Eliot, in two volumes; "Eothen," by Alexander William Kinglake; "The Natural History of Selborne," by Gilbert White; and "Representative Men," by Ralph Waldo Emerson. The ability and care shown in the editorial work on this series of works by great writers, and the artistic appearance of the little volumes, win the favor of all book-lovers. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

## Is Kipling's Power Declining?

Rudyard Kipling's latest poem, "The Lesson," which was recently printed in the London Times, has stimulated anew the question as to the literary quality of his recent work, especially his verse. A remark is made by the Philadelphia Press, concerning the sickly sentiment of "The Lesson," and another by the Chicago Record-Herald, to the effect that the poem is "not above the standard of the costermonger." The London Saturday Review, one of the most "imperialistic" of English papers, also has no words of praise for his latest effusion. An editorial in its issue of August 3d, on "Mr. Kipling's Descent," begins as follows:

"The first impulse of many who read Mr. Kipling's verses called 'The Lesson,' in the Times of July 29th, was, very probably, to thrust aside the sheet containing them with impatience and disgust, to dismiss the matter from their minds forthwith. Verse so had, and treatment of a subject of high moment so coarse, in combination, are enough to make the gorge rise even of those who possess by no means a very delicate literary stomach."

We have already printed extracts of "The Lesson" and several parodies. Here is the poem complete, as it appeared in the Times:

Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should,  
We have no end of a lesson: it will do us no end of good.

Not on a single issue, or in one direction 'n twain,  
But coöperatively, comprehensively, and several times  
ad again,

We're all our most holy illusions knocked higher  
than Gilderoy's kite,  
We have had a jolly good lesson and it serves us  
jolly well right!

This was not bestowed us under the trees, nor yet in  
the shade of a tent,  
But swingingly, never eleven degrees of a hare,  
brown continent.

From Lamhart's to Delagna Bay, and from Peters-  
hurg to Sutherland,  
Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned—with a full-  
ness accorded no other land!

It was our fault, and our very great fault, and oot  
the judgment of Heaven!

We made an Army in our own image, on an Island  
nine by seven,  
Which faithfully mirrored its maker's ideals, equip-  
ment and mental attitude—  
And so we got our lesson; and we ought to accept  
it with gratitude!

We have spent some hundred million pounds to  
prove the fact once more  
That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two  
and two make four;

And horses have four legs and men have two legs,  
and two into four goes twice  
And nothing ever except our lesson—and very cheap  
at the price.

For remember (this our children shall know: we are  
told for that knowledge)

Not our mere astounded camps but Council and Creed  
and College—  
All the these, unchallenged old things that stifle and  
overlie us—

Have felt the effects of the lesson we got—an advan-  
tage no money could buy us!

Then let us develop this marvelous asset which we  
alms command,

And which, it may subsequently transpire, will be  
worth as much as the Rand;  
Let us approach this pivotal fact in a humble yet  
hopeful mind—

We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no  
end of good!

It was our fault, and our very great fault—and now  
we must turn it to use;  
We have fifty million reasons for failure but not a  
single excuse!

So the more we work and the less we talk the better  
results we shall get—  
We have had an Imperial lesson; it will make us an  
Empire yet!

Apropos of Kipling's "Kim," which is running  
as a serial in McClure's Magazine, James K.  
Stephens says, in a recent number of Harper's  
Weekly: "Mr. Kipling's decline may be said to  
have begun with 'Captains Courageous,' which was  
crude and revolting in its strength, lacking in grace  
and inspiration. For the serial rights of that story  
he received twelve thousand dollars; for the serial  
rights of 'Kim' he was paid twenty-five thousand  
dollars. It will be seen, therefore, that the highest  
price is not always paid for the expression of a man's  
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# ELIZABETH'S MUCH-COURTED MOTHER.

## The Proposals of a Few of Her Suitors.

It is doubtless true that many who have read Elinor Glyn's much-discussed volume, "The Visits of Elizabeth," have instinctively asked the question: "What sort of a woman was Elizabeth's mother?" But we question very much whether they will be prepared to accept the woman introduced to us in the companion volume, the "Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth," which John Lane, the publisher, offers as a means of satisfying our curiosity. She seems to be the creation of another writer's imagination, and turns out to be the very opposite of what the average reader must have pictured her.

In the preface of the former volume, it will be remembered, we were informed that Elizabeth's widowed mother was an invalid, and the inference was that, inasmuch as she was unable to accompany her daughter in her travels, Elizabeth kept her faithfully posted of her doings in a series of gossip letters. Now, an anonymous writer—apparently not Elinor Glyn—would have us believe that during the four months while Elizabeth was visiting her kindred in England and France, her mother had left England for a summer sojourn in Switzerland, where she entered into all the gayeties of the season. If short, this woman seems a bundle of contradictions—a stupid, conceited impostor who imitates her would-be daughter's ingenious style of letter-writing, and tries to make us believe that, although forty-five years of age, she might have won Lord Valmond herself had she met him before Elizabeth dawned upon his horizon. In fact, when she hears of the engagement, she is undecided who deserves the greatest credit for the match—"you who hooked this fine fish, Octavia who helped you land it, or I who taught you how to fish and then sent you to the pool where my lord disported himself."

Elizabeth's mother evidently had little cause for jealousy, however, for in her photographs she declares she looks scarcely more than twenty, and during the four months covered by these letters she is forced to reject no less than five suitors who pester her with their proposals. But matrimony does not tempt her, for she possesses wealth and social position, and enjoys her freedom far too much. At no time is Elizabeth's mother convincing. For instance, when Captain Bennett asks her to dress his injured thumb as a pretext, she acts more like her seventeen-year-old daughter might have acted than a mother of forty-five:

"I thought he was becoming delirious from the pain of his thumb, and I begged him to go home and send for a doctor. Then he did so strange a thing that I am sure it was done in delirium; he asked me to feel how fast his pulse was heating—it went tick-tock like a Waterbury watch—and he put his arm with the bad thumb round my waist, and called me an angel in the back of his throat, and was hot all over. So I knew he had fever. I wasn't a bit afraid, for I have wonderful presence of mind, as you know. I have been told it is best to humor people in delirium, so I said I was sure I was an angel, for everybody told me so, and that if he would stop crushing the jet spangles on my cream-colored crepon bodice I would act like an angel to him. He instantly obeyed, and I rose and rang for James to drive him home."

A few days later at a dinner-party, Captain Bennett apologized profusely for his strange behavior. Says Elizabeth's mother:

"He looked really miserable, and there wasn't any more blue fire in his eyes. He has to go back to Windsor to-morrow, and I shan't see him again. He wanted to know if I was sorry and if I would let him come back, and then, to my amazement, he declared he loved me. It was a most unfair advantage, and I told him so; we were sitting in the middle of Lady Beatrice's drawing-room. Mr. Frame and Lady Beatrice were looking at us as hard as they could, and I am sure Daisy Blaine heard every word he said. I begged him to stop, but he said recklessly he didn't care if the whole room heard; that I had encouraged him and broken his heart. He had never loved a woman before, and if I wouldn't have him he was going to hell, and it would all be at my door. I think it was villainously low down of him, and at that moment I would have preferred Mr. Rumble to be sitting next me. I got up to go away, but he had hold of my skirt and said I should hear him out, and, as I didn't care to leave yards of Paquin in his hands I submitted. Captain Bennett is a perfect brute, and I am sure he had drank too much of Lady Beatrice's champagne. And to think how deceived I had been in him! I thought him such a nice, manly young fellow, with such good manners, and such a straight back and long legs, so smart and handsome; and he was so insulting and threatening, and had hold of my skirt so that I couldn't budge. How I hate him. As if I would ever dream of marrying a *parvenu*, even if his fortune would build a *lio-of-battle* ship! When he finally let me move, he said he was going back to Windsor to blow out his brains. I told him with my sweetest smile, for Lady Beatrice scented something and was glaring at me, that if I were he I would do something original, and that I am sure he hadn't a bit of originality about him, for he talked just like the *Family Herald*. He laughed and said he would like to choke me, and that I had not seen the last of him, and he would have me on my knees at his feet yet. A really horrid young man. I wish he would go to South Africa; I am sure nobody would miss him."

At Lucerne, Switzerland, the Marquis de Pivart one evening asked her if she would like to go down

to the lake to see the illumination. But it was not the illumination he wanted her to see, for, without any preamble, he burst into the most passionate declarations:

"He told me he had loved me in secret since the first time he had met me; would I flee with him then and there, catch the night train for Berne and Paris, live like Alfred de Musset and George Sand, and a lot more idiotic bosh; and he put his arms around me, and before I could release myself he hit me on the neck. I was so frightened that for the first time in my life, Elizabeth, I lost my presence of mind—I screamed. I don't know whether any one heard or saw, and I don't care. I told him he was a brute and I hated him, and I rushed as hard as I could under a huge Bengal light, where I could easily be seen. I trembled so I could scarcely stand, and some of the wax from the candle dripped upon me. He came up with excuses and more protestations of love, but I said if he didn't leave me at once I should scream for help, and I must have looked as if I meant it, for he muttered something in his horrid black beard and went away. Then I went back to the ball-room and found Blanche. I told her what had happened, and asked her if she could see the marks of his teeth. She said the place only looked a tiny bit red, and we went to the dressing-room, where I powdered it."

Poor Tom Carterville was another unfortunate who proposed to Elizabeth's mother:

"Tom Carterville actually proposed to me, and was quite serious about it, too! We were sitting in a sort of anteroom by ourselves, and Tom, who is anything but shy, suddenly became as awkward and bashful as a school-girl, and blurted out how madly he loved me, and had ever since he saw me at Braxome the day he got back from South Africa. He looked just like his mother, and I could hardly keep from laughing, and tried to turn all he said into a joke. Then he got quite hot and perspire and breathed hard, and he begged me to accept him; he had never loved any one as he did me, and he didn't ever think of or mind the difference in our ages."

When Elizabeth's mother rejected Tom, he said he would leave for South Africa at once, where he hoped to be killed, and she had quite a time getting him calm:

"When we got back to the ball-room, people stared at us awfully hard, and I heard that odious Mrs. Fordythe tell some one: 'He is too good for that frivolous little Paquin doll.' I am sure she meant me. I do wish boys wouldn't fall in love with me, for they are so earnest and masterful, and make one feel as if one had really done them an injury. I whispered to Tom before he left me, right in the midst of a horrid lot of frumpy chaperons, that I hoped he would come back safe from South Africa, and he said I was rubbing it in, and he hoped the first bullet would strike home. I really thought some one would hear, he spoke so loud. And there is no telling, Elizabeth, if Tom had been older and not so much like his mother, I might have taken him, for Braxome and twenty thousand a year are not to be found at one's feet every day. But, as it is, it is quite out of the question, and I charge you not to mention a word of this to any one, for it would be sure to get back here, and people say such nasty things."

These proposals make up the chief incidents of "The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth," although we do get descriptions of the fads and foibles of English society in much the same vein as in the former volume, and occasionally a glimpse at such celebrities as the exiled Don Carlos and his court dining at a Swiss hotel, and Liane de Pougy, the French beauty, trying to dodge her many admirers. However, this volume begins nowhere and ends nowhere. The last letter of Elizabeth's mother is written in bed at her English home, "Monk's Folly," where she is suffering from influenza. But she is in no apparent danger, for she assures her daughter that she is "really as hard as nails—and influenza is *à la mode*."

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "A Maid of Venice," will soon be published by the Macmillan Company.

"The Spanish-American War," by General Russell A. Alger, who was Secretary of War from March 5, 1897, to August 1, 1899, will be published within a fortnight. It gives an inside view of the conduct of the War Department during Secretary Alger's incumbency, the Miles-Alger difficulty, the beef-soup investigation, etc.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have made arrangements to publish a new work, "The Iron Chancellor," by Sidney Whitman, already well-known for his "Conversations with Prince Bismarck." In the new book the author presents his personal reminiscences of Bismarck and material never before published.

Anthony Hope has written four new "Dolly Dialogues," which will be added to the ones with which the public is already familiar, and thus make a new edition of the book.

Five books by the late Walter Besant will appear within a year. These include his autobiography, a novel, two volumes of essays, and a volume of short stories.

Biographies of Lowell and of Longfellow are about to appear. The first, by Horace E. Scudder, for a number of years editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and

a close friend of Lowell, will include many of the poet-statesman's letters and writings never before collected, and will reveal much of the intimate personal and home life of the author. Mr. Scudder's ambition has been to make this the authoritative life of Lowell. The Longfellow life is by Professor George R. Carpenter, of Columbia.

A new biography of "George Washington," by Norman Hapgood, the author of "Abraham Lincoln," will be published by the Macmillan Company during September.

The committee of judges selected by the Reform Club of New York to award the prizes offered by the club for the best original essay on given fields of inquiry, has awarded the first prize to Edward F. Adams, one of the editorial writers of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, his subject being "Credit Facilities for Rural Communities."

Charles Scribner's Sons are preparing to issue, in conjunction with Constable & Co., of London, a new edition of the novels of George Meredith. His shorter pieces, "The Tale of Chloe," "Farina," "The Case of General Ople," and, in fact, all the short stories which Mr. Meredith has written, will be included.

George Cabot Lodge, son of the junior senator from Massachusetts, has entered the field of fiction, having just finished his first novel. Mr. Lodge graduated at Harvard a few years ago, and is now twenty-five years old.

Jacob A. Riis's autobiography, "The Making of an American," will be brought out in book-form this month by the Macmillan Company.

Richard Le Gallienne claims that the title of his romance, "The Love-Letters of the King; or, The Life Romantic," was decided upon long before the publication of any of the volumes bearing similar titles. "My book was finished," he says, "in June, 1900, and had been on the stocks for some nine months before. Both titles had been in my mind a year or two before this." In England the book has been issued under the title of "The Life Romantic; including the Love-Letters of the King."

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish soon Sir Walter Armstrong's "Life of Turner," notable not only for its text, but also for some ninety reproductions of the artist's finest pictures, mostly in photogravure.

It is said that Rostand's "L'Aiglon," though perhaps not so popular as "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the theatres, has proved more profitable in book-form—at least in England—where it has already outsold the earlier work by about four thousand copies.

Herman Grimm's "Life of Goethe," and his "Life of Michael Angelo," have been published in English editions by Little, Brown & Co.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are to bring out a new magazine which they will call *Country Life*. Country life, with its summer homes, farms, and gardens, and the study of nature, is a large and growing factor in the every-day thought and experience of Americans to-day, and the magazine ought to prove popular.

The Crown Prince of Siam has written a book which is soon to be published in London. It deals with "The War of the Polish Succession."

Anne Crawford Flexner, who has dramatized A. E. W. Mason's novel, "Miranda of the Balcony," for Mrs. Fiske, is prominent in the literary and social circles of Louisville, her native city. When Frank Norris applied for a copyright on his story, "A Man's Woman," he found that Mrs. Flexner had already secured a copyright on the name for a play which has never been produced. Although hers was a prior right to the title, Mrs. Flexner permitted Mr. Norris's publishers to use it for the story, a fly-sheet in which explains the curious circumstance of dual selection.

Max Beerbohm has written "A Book of Rascals," which will soon be published in London. It is a series of sketches of famous scoundrels, from Jonathan Wild to the Tichborne claimant.

According to a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, the illness from which Ibsen is suffering is brain trouble. He adds: "When one considers Ibsen's manner of living, one is surprised that it did not manifest itself before. I should say that his brain was never resting in his waking hours. When not reading or writing, he was cogitating; one had but to watch him, as I have done for hours together at the Grand Hotel in Christiania, to be convinced of that. He likes to be in the midst of crowds, and yet apart from them. He spent most of his day in the reading-room of the hotel, yet rarely, if ever, was seen to exchange a word with anybody. There he used to sit, heedless of the stares of the curious, with his bottle of beer and his measure of *agavite*—a kind of Norwegian brandy flavored with anise-seed—before him, taking alternate sips, his brow wrinkled and his eyes lost to all around him. So, also, in his hygienic perambulations of the Karl Johann's Gade, the principal street, his brain was so constantly at work that he did not observe one out of every ten of the ceremonious bows with which the passers-by greeted him. This gave offense to none."

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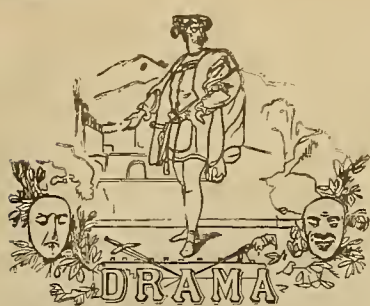
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I have been receiving stern treatment at the hands of an uncompromising friend of mine, who considers it is the province of the drama to preach (in which I do not agree with her), and the duty of the critic to warn off a too inquisitive public from demoralizing plays (in which I do). Under this latter classification she includes "Wheels Within Wheels." I agree with her, with a reservation. That is, I do not think that this play, and others of its type, which indeed includes most of Carton's plays, as well as Henry Arthur Jones's "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Liars," are exactly conducive to fixed ideals of morality on the part of the Young Person, to whose national importance we all defer by respectfully prefixing capitals to her title. And the Young Person, whether married or single, is getting altogether too large a dose of easy toleration for social irregularities from the class of plays which I have mentioned.

My friend, however, accuses me of taking a reprehensible tone of relish in speaking of "Wheels Within Wheels," of "The Liars," and of others. To this I pleaded guilty.

"But," I said, in self-extenuation, "if you were in the habit of having your brains drilled away by frequently listening to the kind of slop I am forced to hear and judge of, you would step down from your high moral platform, and, like me, while deprecating a certain flippancy of tone toward established conventions, enjoy the dramatic excellences of these plays."

"What do you call the dramatic excellences in 'Wheels Within Wheels'?" demanded my accuser. "The interest seems to me to revolve around a pair of uninteresting, unlovable sinners, elegantly trifling with sin, while the more respectable personages look on without shock, and for purposes of expediency, merely, rescue them from the danger of their position."

"Waiving the question of whether or not you do justice to the dramatic excellences of the play, you are right," I responded; "and this easy attitude on the part of the writer and his characters is liable slowly but inevitably to bias an immature mind in the wrong direction."

"But it seems to me," cried my friend, triumphantly, "that you are arguing on my side."

"So I am," I replied equably; "but what are you going to do if the leading dramatists of the day devote their abilities to cynically exposing the levity and worthlessness of the most dominating aristocracy of the civilized world? London society is tremendously interesting to all classes, both in America and England. The world will flock to hear, to see, to laugh, to applaud. Pinero is the king of living English dramatists. Do you expect those who truly and enthusiastically love the play to turn their backs on a writer who can create plays with character, atmosphere, situation, and all the elements that make it live? Yet he is the man who let loose the Ebbsmiths and the Tanquerays upon the world, and whose latest play, 'The Gay Lord Quex,' while risqué in tone, has nevertheless won the critical approval of those in authority."

"That critic who does not point out any impropriety in a play, whether of suggestion or action," said my friend, hotly, "is neglecting the first responsibility of his position."

"He generally does," I said, dryly, "and on a second visit finds a house packed to the doors with innocently inquiring young maidens. Every girl in town, for instance, went to see 'Zaza' and 'Sapho' with her eyes open. The fact of the matter is," I continued, "the English dramatists have acquired a new manner, which is explained by George Henry Lewes's theory that the true drama must inevitably reflect the life around us. They write brilliantly, entertainingly, truthfully of what they see and know, and the public, recognizing the truth of the picture, encourages them by its approval and interest. The Young Person's guardians may easily discover from the daily papers whether the play is apt to be too strong meat for babes, and if so they may exercise their discretion and keep the babes away."

My critic, not being provided with a boxful of plays that were pure and lofty in tone, subsided with an indistinct grumble.

But, on the whole, it is a puzzle—for who besieges the theatres so eagerly as youth? On the other hand, there is in every theatre-going community a certain proportion of people who do not care for the play unless it leaves behind a deep mental impression, an aftermath of thought, of discussion, or some kind of intellectual ferment. Most of us prefer the exhilarating draught that strengthens and revivifies, rather than the stimulant that intoxicates and leaves cold reaction behind. But how hard it is

to get! Failing inspiring beauty of thought, we are only too fortunate to get intellectual acumen, cleverness, sparkle, wit.

But to come back to the Young Person. After all, he or she is looked after pretty well. There have been an overwhelming majority of plays with purity of motive, if not brilliancy of treatment, produced here during the year. Even Pinero was represented in "The Amazons," which goes straight to the heart of youth, and brings out the young man and his best girl in shoals.

And now comes "A Royal Family," a pretty, graceful, fanciful little play, whose quaint and curious charm lies in possessing a plot that belongs to the Middle Ages, while the setting is strictly modern and up to date. A delicate, glancing ray of comedy flickers, like sunshine, through the pretty little drama, and of this, as well as of the coy, tender sentiment of the piece, Miss Russell is a most finished exponent. A player, indeed, needs a comedy talent in nearly every rôle in the up-to-date drama, for the dramatist has thoroughly learned his lesson of how well the world loves to laugh. So it has come to pass that every little burst of sentiment on the stage is followed by a pretty play of wit or humor, and we smile and sigh at one and the same time.

Miss Russell's charm is as sweet and elusive as the scent of a wild violet, her histrionic gift as delicately constructed as a spray of sea-moss. It is difficult to analyze her method, for although with her everything is pitched in a low key, so that repression is her watch-word, she always adorns what she touches. Nevertheless, this repressed style, with its refinement of suggestion, has its marked disadvantages, for people at a distance are frequently out of reach of the actress's charm. They can not hear the tones in which Miss Russell sometimes breathes rather than utters her lines, and are in consequence straining their ears to hear the entire company. For the leading player, whether consciously or not, always gives the pitch to the company, just as the voice of the leading talker in a group is a guide to those around her. If your friend calls on you, and, in loud, hearty tones screams out the latest gossip, she will soon have a roomful of screamers around her, ably seconding her effects. If, however, you are close to the stage, and your temper is not roughened and your capacity for enjoyment ruined by your sense of injury at not hearing, it must be admitted that these soft, low, gently breathed tones add to Miss Russell's curious, girlish, unworlily attractiveness. They suit, too, her slim, delicate shape, her small, odd face, with its bright inquiring eyes, and its expression of a nature unspotted by the world. Miss Russell seems to me to be the outward embodiment of some of those shy, wild, sweet, reserved New England maidens that Mary Wilkins created for us in her better days.

Mr. D'Orsay gave an admirable picture of the twentieth century king who is the pink of courtesy and a model of gentlemanly resignation to his royal duties. His king resembles the German emperor, but has a much better disposition than that amiable potentate, and is further made extremely likeable by a touch of dry humor, to which the actor very skillfully gave the effect of unconsciousness.

Mr. Thompson gave his cardinal the proper tone of dignity and authority, and, at the same time, made him a jolly old churchman with a warm, human sympathy for youth and toleration for age, which latter trait was called out by the excellent old dowager-queen of Mrs. Gilbert. The other members of the company were all satisfactory, although the beautifully uniformed young men were a little stiff and ill at ease.

I thought the tree episode just a trifle attenuated, and the resultant comedy business around the tea-table disappointing. Indeed, to my taste, "His Excellency the Governor" is really superior to "A Royal Family," in its pervasive, fantastic humor, as gayly irresponsible as the flight of a butterfly. However, one must feel in romantic vein to thoroughly enjoy "A Royal Family," for there is a great deal of love-making between the princess and the prince. The latter was personated by Orrin Johnson, a good-looking young man, whose principal points are small, neat features, and large, neat legs. Otherwise, I thought Mr. Johnson, while a careful actor, quite unremarkable, and considerably below Miss Russell in ability to render the love-scenes in the spirit of delicately blended humor and sentiment.

There was one moment due to Miss Russell's charm of expression, in which, although no word was spoken, one forgot the court, the stately crowd, and even omitted to pay tribute to the bridal robe of the princess—that was the moment in which Princess Angela fearfully raises her eyes to the unknown royal bridegroom and discovers there the dear, familiar features of her boy-lover. And when, after a half-frightened survey of the glittering guests she gives credence to this un hoped-for happiness, and with a little, fluttering sigh of relief, yields to the embrace of the prince, one feels a thrill of pure, romantic pleasure. And, quite appropriately at this climax of enjoyment, the curtain falls.

The Central Theatre, on a former occasion, showed, in a very good presentation of "Julius Caesar," an ambition that did not o'erleap itself. The present creditable production of "A Voice from the Wilderness," is, as on that occasion, strengthened, and, in fact, made possible only by

the presence of Robert Downing in the cast. It needs an actor of his force, dignity, and experience in the old-fashioned, heroic drama to represent the prophet of the wilderness. Downing's marked personality, his rich, mellow voice, his repose, were also of much value in strengthening his striking stage-picture of John the Baptist.

It is not, however, much more than a picture. The situations are stereotyped and the lines of the play are feeble and commonplace. Only Mr. Downing, by his excellent reading, succeeds in putting vigor and meaning into them, and making the auditor overlook their lack of merit. But this fault gives a shallowness to the general effect of the play, and makes it seem more pictorial than truly dramatic. From the former point of view, however, it is well worth seeing, for the scenes are set, grouped, and costumed with a beauty of design and coloring and richness of effect that is artistically fine and impressive. In different moments during the play the presence of large numbers of people on the stage is necessary, and an immense amount of drill has evidently been given to keep them constantly moving, grouping, falling apart, and re-grouping with a careful carelessness that gives the required effect.

Robert Cummings was a good Herod—that is, he faithfully fulfilled the dramatist's conception—and Miss Annette Marshall was a fairly satisfactory Herodias. In some respects, she has proved a very necessary element in the success of the piece, for the part of Herodias is exacting, and only an actress of Miss Marshall's physical, temperamental, and vocal robustness could sustain so long and trying a rôle without fatigue. She fails, however, to indicate the alluring side of the woman who obtained so great an ascendancy over Herod, and in her softer emotions employs her woman's wiles with a declamatory explosiveness that would be liable to send Cupid off the scenes at a frightened gallop.

The play had been already cut when I saw it, but needs further and ruthless curtailment, especially in the first scene of the second act, in which a number of young men uttered quantities of verbiage which nobody listened to. John the Baptist shows a terrifying tendency to preach, which is always fatal at the theatre, where people go to escape thought and sometimes conscience, and to be entertained. It is unquestionably true that John was given to preaching, but this fact should not be insisted on too realistically, or an alarmed constituency will rise and flee. Still, in spite of his sermons, and in spite, too, of his bulk, Downing's figure was dramatically and physically impressive. He has been and would be still a handsome man, but that his beauty is buried in flesh; but he almost overcomes this disadvantage by his make-up and manner of acting, for he really succeeds in suggesting spirituality. He reminds me, in that respect, of the great tenor, Ernest Van Dyck, whom, by the way, in his John the Baptist guise, he somewhat resembles. Perhaps, to some, Van Dyck in "Lohengrin" remained merely a moon-faced Dutchman, but to me he became, by the beauty and perfection of his art, the pure-hearted knight, who was the embodiment of stainless chivalry.

There was one disagreeable detail in Downing's make-up which, slight as it was, impressed me unfavorably. That was in the unpleasant over-redness of his lips, which did not accord either with the character of John, or with the nature of his diet. Rather, it is a detail which, in the make-up of a villain, would inevitably suggest sensuality of nature.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Despite the fact that neither "Beau Brummel," "Pamela's Prodigy," nor "The Cowboy and the Lady" were successes in London, Clyde Fitch seems likely to become as conspicuous in English theatricals as he is in American. Eight plays by him are scheduled for London production within a year. Ethel Barrymore will go abroad in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," and Elsie de Wolfe in "The Way of the World." Jessie Millward will produce "The Climbers," and Olga Nethersole the Fitch dramatization of "Sapho." "Lovers' Lane" has found two London markets. Of new plays, Mr. Fitch has supplied Beerbohm Tree with "The Last of the Dandies," George Alexander with "Major André," and Julia Neilson with an unnamed comedy.

According to J. C. Kirkpatrick, the management of the Palace Hotel has not abandoned the idea of a modern theatre in the south-east section of the hotel building. During his recent visit in the East, he conferred with the architects who are making competitive plans for a theatre, and he declares that it all rests with them. "It may be several months," he says, "before the plans are prepared for the inspection and approval or rejection of the hotel people. I can not say at this time definitely what the final decision will be."

At the meeting of the board of trustees of the Mechanics' Institute early in the week, Walter Morosco's proposition to lease the Mechanics' Pavilion property as a site for an amusement garden was reported adversely by the special committee to which it had been referred. A similar fate overtook a proposition to lease the Pavilion Art Gallery for Sunday night dances.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Last Week of Annie Russell.

Annie Russell's engagement at the Columbia Theatre promises to be a record-breaker, for crowded houses have greeted her at every performance of "A Royal Family," and the demand for tickets for next week is very large. This is not to be wondered at, for not since the last visit here of the Daly Company has such a high-class company presented such a charming, fanciful comedy as Captain Marshall's "A Royal Family." It is a most delightful satire upon the kingly crowd, which he hurles unmercifully, but without ill-temper on the one hand or buffoonery on the other. The dialogue is full of epigrammatic lines that are always bright and witty, and the whole play shows a rare quality of invention, both in conception and execution. The rôle of the romantic, artless Princess Angela is especially suited to Annie Russell's sympathetic style and dainty personality, and her supporting company, which includes such artists as Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, W. H. Thompson, Orrin Johnson, Lawrence d'Orsay, Richard Bennett, Eleanor Sanford, and Mabel Morrisson, is deserving of unqualified praise.

On Monday, September 16th, the well-known comedian, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, will appear in Sydney Rosenfeld's new comedy, "A Modern Crusade," which deals with the adventures of a purse-proud and overhearing millionaire, who builds a floating palace to sail around the world and is wrecked on a desert isle in the South Pacific.

"Quo Vadis" at the Grand.

Joseph Haworth will be seen for the last time as Elliot Gray in Lester Wallack's popular play, "Rosedale," on Sunday night, and next week he will appear at the Grand Opera House as Venicinus in Stanislaus Stange's dramatic version of Sienkiewicz's masterpiece, "Quo Vadis." Mr. Haworth has won great success in this play in the East, and should make a handsome figure in the rôle of the ardent Roman lover. Petronius is to be played by Herschel Mayall, who makes his first appearance with the company. He has been leading man of the Pike Theatre Company in Cincinnati for the past four years, and is expected to score a great hit as the Beau Brummel of Nero's time. Mr. Stange's play is divided into six acts, and calls for some elaborate stage-pictures, which are being especially painted for this production under the direction of Frederick McGreer.

Florence Roberts in Shakespearean Comedy.

The management of the Alcazar Theatre have reserved the production of Shakespeare's delightful comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew," for one of its offerings during the farewell month of Florence Roberts's engagement at that theatre. The rôle of the scolding Katharine, who, owing to her ungovernable spirit and fiery temper, won for herself the title of Katharine the Shrew, in Padua, will be played by Miss Roberts, and White Whittlesey ought to make an excellent foil to the star as the wily Petruchio, who, through the hoisterous airs he assumed and the tact he used, was able to temper the passionate ways of the furious Katharine. The version in which they will appear is that arranged by Augustine Daly for Ada Rehan, who, it will be remembered, was last seen here in the comedy in 1896. Miss Roberts makes an attempt to follow in the footsteps of her predecessors, and her conception is said to be "delightfully original and refreshingly free from affectation." Special attention is to be paid to the scenery and costumes, and an interesting revival may be looked for.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

George W. Leslie, an old San Francisco favorite, will make his first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum next week, supported by Lester Wallack, Jr., Louise Willis, and Eleanor Leslie. He will present, by special arrangement with Charles Frohman, the New York Herald's thousand-dollar prize comedietta, "Chums," by Thomas Frust. Ernest Hogan, who calls himself the "Unbleached American," will also be a new-comer. He is one of the best negro comedians and song-writers on the stage, and comes prepared with a budget of droll stories, gags, and catchy songs.

J. Aldrich Libby, Katharine Trayer, and John Gilbert, whose clever musical skit, "The Débutante," has been enthusiastically received, will change their songs and specialties; the ladies of the La Valle Trio will be heard in new selections; Mlle. Lott, who poses *plastique* as artistic as ever, will introduce new light and color effects; the Five Sunbeams will present some acrobatic dancing surprises; Powell, the magician and illusionist, still has some novelties for his last week; and the biograph will show an entirely new set of views.

A Magnificent Spectacular Drama.

Edward Elser's biblical play, "A Voice from the Wilderness," enters in its second week at the Central Theatre on Monday night. Since the opening night, many cuts and improvements have been made, and the spectacle now moves along with impressive effect. The most notable scenes represent a rocky wilderness skirting the River Jordan, with Mount Olivet outlined in the distance; the court-yard of the palace of Herod; his consort's magnificent apart-

ment in the palace; the market-place in Jerusalem; the castle where John is imprisoned; and Herod's throne-room, where Salome dances before him. Four of them are by Harry P. Duckett and two by Edward Williams, and they equal if not surpass any similar settings which have been seen here. The costuming has been very closely studied out, and Mr. Downing has consulted the most prominent rabbis on the question of historical accuracy. From this side alone, "A Voice from the Wilderness" demands special notice, and, as the characters and incidents have a special interest for all kinds of people, and the figure of John the Baptist is a most impressive one, the play is sure of a prosperous run.

"Faust" and "Carmen" at the Tivoli.

Next week comes the double bill at the Tivoli Opera House for which its patrons have anxiously been awaiting—Gounod's "Faust," which is to be given on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, and Bizet's "Carmen" on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights, and Saturday matinee. In "Faust," Agostini will have the title-rôle, in which his sweet tenor voice is heard to admirable advantage; Montanari will appear as Marguerite; Dado as the Mephisto, a creation in every sense as great as his assumption of the title-rôle of Boito's "Mefistofele"; Pollettini as Siebel; Salassa as Valentine; and Cortesi as Wagner.

Collamarini is sure of a warm reception in "Carmen" on Tuesday night, for this is the opera in which she captured the Tivoli audiences last year, and was repeated week after week to crowded houses. Russo will again be the Don José, which he does better than anything in which he has been seen this year; Ferrari will be the tenebrous; Nicolini, the Zuniga; Repetto, the Michaela; Zani and Cortesi, the two smugglers; and Sannie Krüger and Miss Hopkins will have the other rôles.

The nineteenth anniversary of the joint professional debut of the popular actor-managers, T. Daniel Frawley and James Neill, was recently celebrated at the California Hotel by a banquet given to them by the members of their companies. In response to an advertisement in a dramatic paper, Neill and Frawley, one from Washington and the other from Georgia, joined a company playing "Only a Farmer's Daughter" through New York and the New England States. Since that day their respective careers have been strangely similar. Each made his first big New York hit at the same time and in the same play and company—Frawley as Lieutenant Schuyler and Neill as Richard Vance, with William H. Crane in "The Senator." Before that time they had played many times in the same company. In 1894 Neill joined with R. L. Giffen and organized the Neill-Giffen Stock Company at Denver. Frawley was the leading man. Later in that year part of the company went to Salt Lake City to play an engagement. Frawley assumed the management, and Neill, with the remainder of the organization, went to St. Paul and Minneapolis. From Salt Lake City, Frawley took his players to Portland, and there wired Neill, asking if he could buy that branch of the company. Neill wired that he could, and Frawley, who had saved a little money, sent it to Minneapolis, and then brought his company to the Columbia Theatre. It has since been a great favorite with San Francisco theatre-goers, although its personnel has changed completely.

England is distancing America in novel uses of the telephone, if the following, from the London *Daily Mail*, is to be taken seriously: "The latest stride in the march of electrical progress is having grand opera at one's home for twopenny a day. This is made possible by a decision of the directors of the London Telephone Company to reduce the service rates for their apparatus, so that anything from a sermon to music-hall selections may be listened to by every telephone subscriber for the above-mentioned sum. It is believed that cheap rates for the public will be followed by a largely increased patronage. The company has perfected a loud-sound adaptation of the receiver, which will be introduced in the near future, whereby the simple turning of a switch will fill a room with mirth, melody, or song. One proof of the popularity of the telephone was obtained by means of the recent pro-Boer meeting at Queen's Hall, when hundreds of the subscribers were enabled to hear the proceedings without fear of bodily harm. The telephone company's yearly charge of fifty dollars will be reduced to twelve dollars and fifty cents, and there will be no charge either for installation or maintenance."

Have you ever visited the beautiful Tavern of Tamalpais, which stands near the summit of Mt. Tamalpais, at the terminus of the Scenic Railway? It is built on solid rock, is lighted by gas, and is furnished throughout with every convenience. The water supply is from pure mountain springs, and the sanitary arrangements are faultless.

Lawrence Irving, in the manuscript of his new play, "Richard Lovelace," has given such attention to details that rehearsals in New York have progressed without the slightest hitch. E. H. Snithen says the manuscript is the most complete copy of a play ever submitted to him.

BOOMING INDECENT PLAYS.

An effort is being made on behalf of Sadie Martinot to incite religious opposition to "The Marriage Game," in which she is soon to start on tour in the East. It is an English free translation by Clyde Fitch of a French play of the "Camille" era, and the theme is the same as that of the Dumas play, but the treatment is different, as the outcast woman is made to marry the man she loves. Louis Nethersole is the husband and manager of Sadie Martinot, and Mr. Fitch re-wrote the piece for Olga Nethersole as a successor to "Sapho." Miss Nethersole's illness compelled a change of actress, but not of method.

According to the New York *Sun*, Mr. Nethersole is trying to start a controversy over his new play by requesting the papers to quote an unnamed clergyman as saying: "Decent people would regard it as a favor if Mr. Fitch and Miss Martinot would cease forcing introductions of gamblers and harlots and other blackguards to the public on the stage or anywhere else." Olga Nethersole made money last winter by posing as an artistic actress maligned by unjust purists. Persons well informed in theatrical affairs knew well enough that her notoriety meant prosperity in a money way. Even the police raid on "Sapho" at Wallack's, although it had at first an appearance of an honest move, and was made upon the formal complaint of doubtlessly sincere persons, came to be regarded by the incredulous as a fake. The theatre was closed awhile, but the subsequent receipts were large enough to make good the loss over and over. The newspapers could not avoid assisting the supposed scheme. Their critics had to describe the play, and the reporters had to give accounts of the arrest, trial, and acquittal of the actress. Every word published about the case had an advertising value. It looks as if Mr. Nethersole would like to put his wife and "The Marriage Game" through the same process that was so remunerative with his sister and "Sapho."

The experiment of police censorship over theatrical affairs is to be tried in the District of Columbia. Under authority conferred by Congress, the district commissioners have prepared for a suppression of indecencies on the stage. A person concerned in any way in a violation of the law on the subject may be fined forty dollars for each offense. The prohibition is defined as applying to any performance "wherein anything whatsoever shall appear, or be in anywise exhibited or represented, which in any manner is offensive to common decency." As the final decision in every contested case rests with the courts, it is not likely that dramas of the "Sapho" order will be abolished in Washington, even though the police should undertake to. It is said that no move will be made against any seriously artistic play even though it be shockingly indecent or Hauptmannian, but that half-naked actresses in ribald pieces will no more be pictured on the bill-boards of the capital. If by some contrivance, however, Mr. Nethersole could have Sadie Martinot and "The Marriage Game" put under the Washington ban, the rest of the country would be full of gold mines and nil wells for him.

A strange story comes from Paris about a memorial mural tablet. A committee was formed to arrange for such a tablet to be affixed to the wall of the house in which Charles Baudelaire, the Rmnantist, was born. Not until the funds had been collected was it discovered that the house in question had been pulled down. As an alternative it was proposed to attach the tablet to the house in which Baudelaire died. But this proposal was also adjudged inappropriate when it transpired that the house was a lunatic asylum. What will ultimately be done with the tablet is not yet decided.

Edmund Audran, the French composer, who recently died in Paris, was born in Lyons, April 11, 1842, and was the son of a singer. He won prizes at the Niedermeyer school, became organist of St. Joseph's Church in Marseilles, and produced in that city "La Chérushe d'Esprit" and "La L'vivienne." Afterward, he went to Paris, and there, with collaborators, wrote "Olivette," "La Mascotte," "La Dormeuse d'Eveillé," "Pervenche," "La Paradis de Mahomet," "Miss Helyett," "L'Œuf Ruiné," and other examples of opera bouffe, most of which are familiar to American theatres.

Augustus Thomas's dramatization of Ian MacLaren's Scottish story, "The Bonnie Brier Bush," was recently presented at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, introducing the veteran actor, J. H. Stoddart, as a star. Reuben Fax, Marion Abbott, and Sidney Booth were in the cast.

Miss Dorothy Tennant was entertained on Sunday at San Mateo by Mrs. Hall McAllister. Miss Tennant is another of the Californians who have recently won fame on the New York stage.

Among the feminine stars to appear here this season are Modjeska, Viola Allen, Margaret Sylva, Julia Marlowe, and Mrs. W. J. Le Mayne.

Maude Adams is to appear this season in James Barrie's new play, "Quality Street."

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 4, 1901, were as follows:

|                               | BONDS.         |                   | Closed. |         |
|-------------------------------|----------------|-------------------|---------|---------|
|                               | Shares.        |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Bay Co. Power 5%...           | 5,000          | @ 107             | 105 3/4 |         |
| Contra C. Water 5%...         | 8,000          | @ 108             | 107 3/4 |         |
| Oakland Transit 6%...         | 3,000          | @ 120             | 120     |         |
| Oakland Water 5%...           | 1,000          | @ 102 3/4         | 102 3/4 |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909 26,000 |                | @ 113 3/4-112 1/2 | 112 1/2 |         |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912...      | 4,000          | @ 121 3/4         | 121 3/4 | 121 3/4 |
| S. P. Branch 6%...            | 3,000          | @ 113 3/4         |         |         |
| S. V. Water 6%...             | 1,000          | @ 111 3/4         | 111 3/4 | 111 3/4 |
| S. V. Water 4%...             | 11,000         | @ 103             | 103     | 103 3/4 |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d...          | 220,000        | @ 102             | 101     |         |
|                               | STOCKS.        |                   | Closed. |         |
|                               | Shares.        |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Spring Valley Water...        | 41             | @ 86 1/2-87       | 86 3/4  | 87 1/4  |
| Gas and Electric...           |                |                   |         |         |
| Oakland Gas...                | 15             | @ 52              | 51 3/4  |         |
| S. F. Gas & Electric...       | 320            | @ 38 1/2-40       | 38 3/4  | 39      |
| Street R. R.                  |                |                   |         |         |
| Market St...                  | 5              | @ 76 1/4          | 76 1/4  | 77      |
|                               | POWERS.        |                   | Closed. |         |
|                               | Shares.        |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Giant Con...                  | 40             | @ 75 1/4          | 75 1/4  |         |
| Vigorit...                    | 650            | @ 4-4 1/4         | 3 3/4   | 4 1/4   |
|                               | SUGARS.        |                   | Closed. |         |
|                               | Shares.        |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Hana P. Co...                 | 195            | @ 6-6 1/4         | 6 1/4   | 6 1/2   |
| Honokaa S. Co...              | 900            | @ 12 1/2-14 3/4   | 14      |         |
| Hutchinson...                 | 1,185          | @ 14 1/4-16 1/4   | 15 1/4  | 15 3/4  |
| Kilauea S. Co...              | 285            | @ 12-12 1/2       | 12 3/4  | 13      |
| Makaweli S. Co...             | 340            | @ 25-27           | 25      | 27      |
| Onomea S. Co...               | 125            | @ 24-24 1/4       | 25      |         |
| Panahau S. Co...              | 1,515          | @ 12 1/4-14 1/4   | 13      |         |
|                               | MISCELLANEOUS. |                   | Closed. |         |
|                               | Shares.        |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Alaska Packers...             | 115            | @ 13 1/2          | 13 1/2  | 13 3/4  |
| Cal. Wine Assn...             | 10             | @ 95              | 97      |         |
| Oceanic S. Co...              | 1,000          | @ 34 3/4-40       | 35 1/4  | 35 3/4  |

The market has been active for sugars, and about 5,000 shares changed hands, and gains from one-eighth to two and one-half points were made, the latter in Honokaa, which sold up to 14 3/4. At the close the market had lost nearly all its gains. The advance was made on reports of rains on Honokaa and Panahau, but on arrival of the steamer the fall of rain had been so slight that it caused a decline in the market of nearly all it had gained; but as these stocks have fallen so low, we do not look for any materially lower prices in the near future.

The lighting stocks have been sold down, but yielded very slowly, as the prices have been forced to such a low point that well-informed people are willing to put them away as an investment and wait until the lighting companies may settle their differences.

The stock of the Oceanic Steamship Company has been active, and sold off five and one-quarter points, on sales of 1,000 shares, being the heaviest transaction in this stock for over a year.

The powders have about held their own, Giant selling at 75 1/4, and Vigorit at 4 to 4 1/4.

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## VANITY FAIR.

## THE WEED.

Fill up the pipe! And touch the flaming match!  
The swallows twitter 'neath the dripping thatch,  
But bravely leaps the blaze within, and while  
This joy is ours let's troll a lilting catch!

"Ah, sweet content! Here is thy mild abode;"  
In clouds of smoke we slip each weary load  
Of dire responsibility and dread  
And, care free, frolic on delight's highroad.

Fill up the pipe! This joy remains the same;  
The weed's a mistress that can ne'er grow tame;  
She never palls, nor solace e'er denies  
To prince or pauper, to the fleet or lame.

The hurrying years depart in goodly show;  
What matter? When the western sun is low  
It gives its richest color, and the winds  
Through Autumn's golden branches softly blow.

Hot youth is good, but on Time's rapid wing  
Maturer years full compensation bring—  
A mid-well rounded out and rich with all  
The harmonies that prompt the heart to sing.

A few good friends, a seat beside the fire,  
A well-filled pouch at hand and pipe of brier,  
And in the heart a love of all mankind,  
And age is not catastrophe so dire.

Fill up the pipe! And let me dream again  
Of youth's ambitions, bauble-like and vain;  
So mellow are the memories that I  
Without a bitter thought review and train.

For nearly all is vain to which we cling;  
Wealth, power, fame, success—whatever the ring.  
'Tis base in metal; even Love, so fair,  
Is far more vain than any other thing.

Fill up the pipe! Here vanity must end;  
Turkish, Perique, Virginia sweetly blend  
With Latakia and Havana, too,  
And each to each new excellence doth lend.

The weed, turned ashes, quickly is forgot;  
But joyously it yields its fragrant lot;  
Also man lives and dies and turns to dust,  
But all in rollicking good cheer. Why not?

This, then, our cue—to sweetly emulate  
Tobacco and its democratic state;  
To give of comfort whereso'er we may  
And love all men and leave the rest to fate.

And some far day, if I should chance to be  
Marooned on barren rock in sad salt sea  
Where this thrice-blessed weed may never grow,  
Fill up the pipe! And smoke that pipe for me.  
—*Kirk la Shelle in Harper's Weekly.*

As usual, hundreds of Americans must stay in England for six or eight weeks longer than they intended, because they can not get berths on homeward bound steamers. They fill up the hotels and all places of interest, and, as the English papers aver, make Londoners appreciate the great sights of the capital by "their genial manner and free criticism." So many Americans visit and live in London that an American directory is being prepared, which will include upward of ten thousand names. The temporary visitors are establishing a new reputation which is a striking change. Time was when the mighty army of tip-receivers welcomed an American tourist with delight. Now the cabmen, the porters, the waiters in restaurants, the servants in hotels, and people of that kind unite in declaring that the American is the least remunerative of their clients. Even the big London stores are complaining at what they call the "gall" of American shoppers, who, it is alleged, spend hours in the great stores examining and pricing everything, but buying nothing. One large Oxford Street store has even gone so far as to put up a placard saying: "Americans will please take notice that this is not a museum. It is a shop." American shoppers, however, have a warm champion in "Dagonet" (George R. Sims), who, in the *Referee*, says the fault is that the British shop-keepers are not educated to American methods. With tact, he thinks, they could do more business with an American in half an hour than with an Englishman in half a year. The truth might partly be found in the fact that the big stores are not getting as much American money as in previous seasons. Visitors from the United States seem to have grown wise as to the exorbitant tactics of the swell London shop-keepers, and refuse to be swindled.

It is interesting, in this connection, to note also what M. René Lara has to say in the *Figaro* of the army of Americans—"the Americans Who Pass," as he designates them—who visit the French metropolis each summer: "The trip to Europe has become the inevitable accessory of American snobbism, like the cocktail or polo. To traverse the ocean, to stop in Paris, to visit the *châteaux* of the Loire, the museums of Italy, the race-tracks of England, the watering-places of Germany, the fjords of Norway, then to recross the Atlantic immediately in order not to miss the season of Newport—such is the flying journey to which our neighbors from beyond the sea consecrate each year some weeks and some thousands of dollars. And this voyage that we would think about ten years, and never make, they treat it like a sport which demands neither effort nor reflection; it presents itself like a simple promenade for pleasure to the American women weary of the 'botions of social life; as an ideal of repose to the business man, fatigued at increasing without cease of fortune; and to the children, a vacation—the excursion promised the other evening at table. At the

beginning of June the exodus commences. It prolongs itself even to the end of July. Each week the rapid and comfortable steamships, where one dines with music in spite of tempests and rollings, and where the gentlemen in the evening play poker while they empty bottles of very dry champagne and smoke very big and very expensive cigars—the steamships, I say, bear away toward the coasts of Europe entire American families. The millionaires naturally set the example. It is sometimes Pierpont Morgan, the king of steel, accompanied by his charming daughter, who goes away from the theatre of his financial exploits, in order to 'make a cure' at Aix, or to assist at a manufacturers' banquet in London; sometimes it is William K. Vanderbilt, the railroad king, who comes to throw an eye on his racing stud at Poissy; sometimes Senator Clark, the copper king, haunted by the desire to embellish his residence at New York with new *objets d'art*; sometimes Claus Spreckels, the sugar king, curious to study our refineries on the spot; sometimes Mr. Armour, the pork king. For all these kings with various titles Paris is the meeting-place, where they find one another each year at a certain epoch, and where they sow, according to some luxurious caprice, the dollars with which they know not what to do. Let us not complain over it, however, for we should know how to accommodate ourselves for our old days."

Josephine Jerome, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Nellie Jerome, is the innocent cause of much unhappiness in a flat-house at 477 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, where twelve wives have signed a petition to have her ejected because their husbands have become too fond of her. It seems that recently a good wife on the first floor was first to observe her husband waving his hand to Josephine as he departed for work in the morning. She was indignant. Then a wife on the second charged her husband with a like plesantry. The two wives compared notes and condoled with each other. Thus it continued until twelve hands waved adieu to the widow's daughter and twelve wives became jealous. They decided that Josephine's smile was roguish, and that her failure to return their husbands' greetings was the wife of a coquette. "She's turning the head of my husband," wailed one tenant, and the others took up the lament. The result was that all believed their domestic happiness in jeopardy, and joined in an appeal to Agent Cheeseborough. The agent watched the husbands and easily detected the admiration which they made no effort to conceal. But as for Josephine, she was unmistakably unaware of the admiration which her girlish beauty excited. She turned her eyes and placed herself at a distance where they could not address her. Cheeseborough reported to the twelve wives that their husbands were at fault and not Josephine. The women insisted, nevertheless, that Mrs. Jerome be dispossessed. It was a case of one family or twelve in the house, so Cheeseborough had to file a notice with the widow. Mrs. Jerome was indignant and refused to move, and says she will fight the case in court. "The women ought to find fault with their husbands and not with my Josephine," she declared. "My daughter is but a school-girl, and if she were aware of the attentions of married men they would annoy her. We will not move. We have done no wrong, and I don't propose to have my daughter suffer for the gay spirits of foolish married men in the house."

The illustrated postal-card, which seems to retain its vogue in Europe, although it never was a craze here, has taken on a new phase. Instead of views of scenery or quotations, now there are photographs of traveling friends or relatives grouped in the familiar fashion of the summer-resort tin-type. Many a vagrant American has sent to this country during the summer such postal photographs, which are an improvement on the old cards in that they may be more readily recognized. It is much more interesting to learn at a glance how any absent member of the family is looking than to look at a picture of the shrine containing the bones of the eleven thousand virgins. So the new style of card has proved much more popular than its predecessors.

Marie Josephine Eastwick, the daughter of a wealthy Philadelphian, was arraigned in the Guild Hall police court in London on Monday, September 2d, charged with having forged a railway certificate valued at \$500,000. She has been traveling in England during the past eighteen months, living at expensive hotels and entertaining distinguished Englishmen and Americans at coaching-parties in Scotland. She obtained an introduction to a Mr. Beeton, of the London Stock Exchange, and, after having him make some small speculations for her, she wrote him on August 15th, from Stratford-on-Avon, saying she expected a thousand Canadian Pacific shares from New York, and wanted a loan no them as she was desirous of buying more United States Steel. Mr. Beeton replied that he did not think there would be any difficulty in raising a loan on such securities. She received a certificate for five Canadian Pacific shares on August 16th, which, according to the public prosecutor, had been altered by August 26th, the name of the original holder having been erased and the name of Marie Josephine Eastwick substituted. The word "five" in the number of shares and the numerals had all been altered, so that it ap-

peared to be a certificate for a thousand instead of five shares. This was skillfully done, three kinds of type and ink being used. The only mistake was that the document bore a shilling revenue stamp instead of one for £10, which a certificate for 1,000 shares should carry. Miss Eastwick sent the altered document, with a letter to Mr. Beeton, August 26th, asking him to buy a thousand United States Steel shares in the firm name, also requesting a loan of £4,000, adding that she was going in for motor-cars rather heavily and was about to purchase a stud farm. She wired Mr. Beeton from Buxton, August 28th, asking if the certificate had arrived. In the meanwhile, Mr. Beeton's clerk, on receiving the certificate, noticed the stamp irregularity and went to the Canadian Pacific Railroad office, where it was pronounced to be a forgery. Mr. Beeton wired this information to the defendant, asking for an explanation. She replied: "Call me on the telephone," and then wired: "Have sent no certificate. Don't understand." Mr. Beeton notified the police of London, and a detective arrested Miss Eastwick at the Palace Hotel, Buxton, on Saturday, August 31st, after midnight. The receipt for the registered letter in which the certificate was sent was found among her effects. During the hearing of the case in the Guild Hall police court, Miss Eastwick said to have sat listlessly the whole time in the dock. She has been remanded until Monday, September 9th, when, it is intimated, her counsel will plead that she was suffering from temporary insanity—as she has practically no other defense to offer. Her father, who is with her in England, says her actions are a mystery to him, as he had always provided liberally for her.

"One coming into New York or any other American city must perforce be impressed with the virtues of somebody's soap or pain-killer, painted in letters that seem to fill the landscape, and in London the trams and 'buses are one mass of traveling advertisements," remarks Ray Stannard Baker in the *Outlook*. "This disfigurement is unknown in Germany, and yet the Germans have their own effective methods of proclaiming the excellence of their wares. Like everything else, advertising is limited by law; the cities provide certain large wooden columns at street intersections upon which placards may be pasted, and the streets are not disfigured by dead-weights bearing patent-medicine advertisements. Then, again, look at the gincerack toy which your boy is playing with, and you will find upon it the words, 'Made in Germany,' and, if you travel in Germany, you will find that you are very persistently plied with circulars and pamphlets by post and otherwise. Last summer Barnum & Bailey's Circus visited Germany for the first time, and brought with it American methods of advertising. I am not exaggerating when I say that they paralyzed the Germans—both paralyzed and scandalized them. They didn't think it possible for any business enterprise to make so much noise; it was positively undignified. For the circus managers bought up store windows and store fronts by the hundreds, and their enormous colored prints, such as had never before been seen in Germany, told the wonders of the show to gaping multitudes. They disapproved of all this, but they went to the show."

According to a writer in the *World's Work*, the Sultan's Yildiz Palace at Constantinople is a monument to fear. It is assassin-proof, bomb-proof, earthquake-proof, fire-proof, and microbe-proof. Architects and engineers are building and rebuilding incessantly. Some new secret retreat is always under way. The entire domain is surrounded by an immense wall, thirty feet high, and the choicest troops of the empire stand guard around it. An inner wall, twelve feet thick, with gates of iron, incloses the private residence itself. The walls of the Sultan's dwelling are filled with armor plate, in case of projectiles. It is said that a mysterious passage connects with ten secret bed-chambers, forming an intricate labyrinth. No one but his body attendant knows where the Sultan may sleep during any particular night. He has electric lights and telephones in his own apartments, but forbids them in Constantinople. Telephones might prove handy for conspirators, and he believes that a dynamite cartridge could be sent over a wire into the palace. He fears electric explosions, so Constantinople still gets along with gas-light. He hates the word dynamite, because it sounds like dynamite. Balloons are tabooed, lest one should pause over him long enough to drop a chunk of explosive. As to the real luxury of the Yildiz, that is a matter of course. The domain is a small world in itself. Five thousand people live within the outer wall, not counting a small army of workmen and the seven thousand imperial guardsmen. There are shops, factories, arsenals, stables, a library, museum, picture gallery, theatre, and even a meagerie. The monarch loves trees, but he keeps their branches well lopped off, so that he can see to the furthestmost corner of his park.

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For infants, physicians agree that cow's milk is the basis for all beginnings. What is required, then, is the best possible milk product. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is ideal, pure, sterile, and guarded against contamination.

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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

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## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

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Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
Contingent Fund..... 446,617

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Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,681,497.64  
July 1, 1901.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier

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St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank  
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BRANCHES—New York, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; Salt Lake, J. E. Dooly, Cashier; Portland, Or., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

ASSETS.  
Loans.....\$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants 2,191,727.10  
Real Estate 1,665,030.77  
Miscellaneous Assets 12,415.53  
Due from Banks and Bankers 1,104,308.12  
Cash..... 3,973,676.04  
\$19,589,558.17  
LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up.....\$ 500,000.00  
Surplus..... 5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits..... 3,811,289.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers 1,124,165.27  
" Individual..... 8,904,102.62  
\$19,589,558.17

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

No apt answer is credited to George Sanger, the well-known English circus mao. Oo beioig asked what steps he would take should a certaio wild beast break out of its cage, he replied, with all *naivelt*: "D—d loog ooes"

It is said that Peter the Great, after witnessing a cootest betwee two emioent counsel at Westminster, Loodoo, remarked: "Wheo I left St. Petersburg there were two lawyers there. When I get hack I will hang ooe of them."

Eugene Wolf ooe argued that duties oo foreign wines should be abolished to Germany, because cheap wioe would be a much more wholesome driok for the Germans than the beer they consume, which makes them phlegmatic. Prince voo Hohenlohe, with whom he was cooversing, listened patiently, and finally said: "Yoo are right, I agree with you. Do you know what would happeo if wines could be imported free? The Germans would drink the cheap wine first and then their beer!"

A major aod surgeoo of the army statooed io the Philippioes writes us that recently, wheo the chief ourse of a small base hospital in Southern Luzoo was sent away, there was a great struggle among the five ourses remaining for the vacant positioo, which meant a distinct increase in pay. Each ooe of the five came to the office of the surgeoo io charge, to show cause why she should be appointed chief ourse, and why oooe of the others was entitled to that distinction. The young Solomoo io charge was "op against it"; but gave the following decisioo: "Each ooe of you must write on a piece of paper her exact age, aod send it sealed to me. The oldest womanoo will be made chief ourse." There is still a vacancy as chief ourse in a small base hospital io Southern Luzoo.

A Loodoo "cahy" says that ooe two distinguished strangers hailed him at Westminster Palace, and bade him drive at top speed to Marlborough House. After a moment of recollectioo, he recognized the Prince of Wales aod his frieod the King of Belgium. An awkward attempt at an obeisance from the box was promptly rebuked, and the cahy settled down to his business of drivioig his royal gnests as fast as a hansom may go in Loodon streets. They stopped at Marlborough House, and it was time to pay. "Well driveo, cahy," said the prince; "what do I owe you?" "Please, sir, I've already 'ad a sovereign and a 'arf in the 'ansom," replied cahy, bowing to the prince and the King of Belgium. "Here's for the King of Belgium, theo," said the prince, handing the driver a sovereign; "I doo't count, yoo know."

Charles Battell Loomis recently gave a lecture oo "American Honor" in a little church io Scotch Plains, where he makes his home. After the author had quoted from and criticised several so-called Americao humorists, and had eulogized a few that pleased him, he closed his lecture by reading what he called "several hits of really exquisite humor." When the lecture was over, and the author was oo his way home, a frieod who had accompanied him asked, interestedly: "By the way, Loomis, who was the author of those last few hits you gave?" "Well, I'll tell you," said the author, lowering his voice confidentially, "I've received so many contrary criticisms oo my 'wit' that I was anxious to know whether I really had any or oot. I decided to put it to a test. Those last few hits, which sent oor rural frieods io spasms of laughter, were 'poor things, but mioe own!'"

Lemice Therieux ooe worked off a little practical joke at the expense of a play io which the Pelioo of misery was heaped upon the Ossa of despair (says a writer io *Chambers's Journal*). Together with twenty friends he secured a promioent seat in the gallery. When the pathetic moment arrived, Therieux pulled out a handkerchief and burst ioo tears. The effect was electrical. The man oext to him also fell to weepio, and also took hold of the handkerchief. The epidemic of tears thereupon extended all along the lioe of the faithful twoo, and as each mao succumbed to his emotioo he took hold of the eod of the handkerchief, until at last all the confederates were weepio io it. The handkerchief was twenty yards loog, and had been specially prepared for the occasioo. The low comedian struggled gamely with this exhibitioo of woe, but his wittidms were of no avail, for the funnier he became the more frequent were the sobs of the sorrowing twenty.

Walter Taylor is the seven-year-old soo of a well-known rector of the Episcopal church io Los Angeles. Oo a recent Sunday his mother took him to church in a Canadian city where they are speedio the summer. It is the custom io that church for the clergymao and coogregatioo to bow io silent prayer for a mioote or two just before the sermoo begins. It was a oew proceeding to the child, for he was oot accustomed to seeioig this done io his father's church; but the little chap bravely and reverently

did his part. After the service was over, the clergyman—one of the old Evangelical school—who had ooticed the reverence and apparoent devotioo of the child, spoke to him and commended his reverence with aod affectionate pat oo the head. "It was very pleasing," he remarked to a group of bystanders, "to see this little fellow so deeply engaged in earnest prayer just before I began my sermo. What prayer did you offer to the Throoe of Grace, my little boy?" All oncoscious of the effect it produced, the little fellow candidly and instantly replied: "I said: 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'"

How unexpected to Bismarck was the demand for his resignatioo may be learned from the following story io Sir Mount Stuart E. Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary": "The English delegates to the labor confereooce held at Berlin in 1890 arrived oo a Saturday night, aod found that they were ioited to dioe the oext eveoioig with Prince Bismarck. They accepted the invitatio. Soon after they had adjourned from dioer to the drawing-room, a servant came up and said something to the prince, who left the room and did oot return. As it was getting late, the English guests consulted Couot Herbert Bismarck as to whether they ought to go. 'I will ask my father,' he replied, 'and let you know.' Agao there was a considerable delay. When the count returned, he said: 'If you will come with me, yoo will pass through the room io which my father is, and will be able to take leave of him.' They followed, and found in an apartment through which they were led two gentlemen io uniform. These were the A. D. C.'s of the emperor, William the Second, who had come to remind the chaoellor that he had oot sent to his sovereign the resignatio which he had promised. When one of the English delegates subsequently saw Couot Herbert in London, the latter said: 'It was an interesting evening for our family, that oo which you dined with us—the evening of my father's dismissal.'"

The Eugene Field Primer.

A oonsense book, which will please grown-up folks as well as childreo, is "The Complete Tribune Primer," just brought out by the Mutual Book Company, of Bostoo. It includes a series of huresques by Eugene Field oo such threadbare topics as the oyster, the mud, the contributioo-plate, the mule, the statesman, the bahy, the wasp, the hillygoat, etc.; but the humorist has managed to infuse oew life ioo the old gags, and oearly every paragraph is sure to provoke laughter. Field contributed these fragments to the *Deover Tribune* io 1881, and collected them ioo a volume, which was issued for private circulatioo, the editioo beio limited to two hundred and fifty copies. The oew volume is supplemented with seventy-five drawioigs by F. Oppen and some hitherto oncollected verses and sketches.

An idea of Field's treatment may be gaoied from the following extracts:

THE BABY.

Here we have a bahy. It is composed of a Bald Head and a Pair of Luogs. Ooe of the Luogs takes a Rest while the Other runs the Shop. Ooe of them is always On Deck all of the Time. The Bahy is a Bigger man than his Mother. He likes to Walk around with his Father at Night. The Father does Most of the Walkioig and All of the Swearing. Little Girls, you will Never Koow what it is to be a Father.

THE MUCILAGE.

The Bottle is Full of Mucilage. Take it and Pour some Mucilage ioo Popper's Slippers. Then, wheo Popper Comes home, it will be a Questioo whether there will be More Stick io the Slippers than oo your Pants.

COMING STYLES.

Slippers should be worn High oo Bad Little Boys this wioer. Fashionable Corns are to be Trimmed with Steel-Blue Razors this Seaso. Red Pepper worn oo Hot Stoves continues to Create quite a Sensatioo io the Best Social Circles.

THE OYSTER.

Here we have an Oyster. It is going to a Church Fair. When it Gets to the Fair, it will Swim around io a big Kettle of Warm Water. A Lady will Stir it with a Spoo, and sell the Warm Water for Forty Cents a poot. Then the Oyster will move oo to the oext Fair. Io this Way the Oyster will visit all the Church Fairs io Towo, and Briog a great many Dollars ioo the Church Treasury. The Oyster goes a great Way io a Good Cause.

THE GUN.

This is a guo. Is the Guo loaded? Really, I do oot know. Let us Fiod out. Put the Guo oo the table, and you, Susie, blow down ooe barrel, while you, Charlie, blow down the other. Bang! Yes, it was loaded. Ruo quick, Jenio, and pick up Susie's head and Charlie's lower Jaw before the Nasty Blood gets over the New carpet.

GENEROUS RICHARD.

This is good Little Richard. His Mamma has Taught him to be Generous. See, he has the Measles and he is going over to Give them to his Neighbors. Is he oot a Nice Boy? Wheo you get the Measles you must give them to all the little Boys and Girls yoo can. If you Do, maybe your Mamma will Give you Something. I guess she will Give you a Licking.

Published by the Mutual Book Company, Boston; price, 30 cents.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Goal.

James Smith was a mao  
On the steam-egioe plao,  
He worked forty miles to the hour;  
His head, like a hive,  
With plans was alive  
Of railroads, and mooe, and power.  
One stroke of his pen  
Eoriched maoy meo,  
Or else plugged them all io despair;  
The market stood still  
To determine his will,  
While he waxed many times millioaire.

Yet oteo he sighed,  
As his wealth multiplied,  
For leisure, and travel, and ease;  
And he planned for the day  
When, retired, he could say:  
"At last I can do as I please."

Now at leogh came the time,  
When he'd loog passed his prime,  
For which he had struggled and sighed;  
The world was his own,  
And he sat oo the throne—  
But it happeoed just theo that he died.

—William Wallace Whitlock in *Leslie's Weekly*.

Not a Bite.

"What! fishioo oo a Sunday?"  
Aod the Parsoo's face was firm.  
The Urchio said: "G'wan, yoo jay!  
I'm drownin' of this worm!"—*Life*.

Letter Writing.

MONDAY.  
A letter from my old frieod Joe!  
Now for my blues I have a cure!  
The best old friend I knew or know;  
I'll answer in the mornioig sure!

TUESDAY.  
By George, that letter! Clean forgot  
To answer yesterday, and now  
I'm so blamed tired out and hot—  
'Twill do to-morrow, anyhow!

WEDNESDAY.  
I ought to write to Joe, hot there  
Is work I really have to do;  
He made me wait ooe, and it's fair  
If I just even up a few.

THURSDAY.  
Why, oow, like Banquo's ghost it seems  
To haout my mid till ooe would think  
My conscioce troubles me! Out dreams;  
I'll write it oow! Who loaned the ink?

FRIDAY.  
What cursed folly made him write  
His oote of foolish words and wit?  
It's been almost a week io night;  
Now it's too late to answer it!

—Indianapolis Sun.

"What is the key-oote to good maoors?"  
"Give it up." "B natural."—*Ex.*

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S. S. DOMINION, sailing Saturday, September 14th.  
S. S. CAMBROMAN, sailing Saturday, September 21st.

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connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1901  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, September 20  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 15  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, November 7  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, December 3  
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For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
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calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and  
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.  
Nippon Maru.....Friday, September 27  
America Maru.....Wednesday, October 23  
Hongkong Maru.....Saturday, November 16  
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OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6200 Tons  
Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
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S. S. Anstralia, for Tahiti, September 11, 1901, at  
10 A. M.  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland  
and Sydney, Thursday, September 12, 1901, at 10  
A. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, September 21, 1901,  
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Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Sept.  
4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, change to  
company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11  
A. M., Sept. 4, 9, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30  
P. M., Sept. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Oct. 4.  
For San Diego, stopping only at  
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Angeles); Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M. State of California—Wednesdays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San  
Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo),  
Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San  
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For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
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Philadelphia. September 11 Philadelphia.....October 2  
Kensington. September 18 St. Paul.....October 9  
St. Louis. September 25 St. Louis.....October 16  
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New York and Antwerp. From New York every  
Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Vaderland. September 11 Friesland.....October 2  
Kensington. September 18 Southwark.....October 9  
Zeeland. September 25 Vaderland.....October 16  
Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.  
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TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery  
Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Gibbon-Young Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Young, elder daughter of Major-General S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., and Dr. John Heysham Gibbon, of Philadelphia, took place at the residence of the bride's father at Black Point, on Monday, September 2d. The Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Clappert, of Trinity Episcopal Church, performed the ceremony at noon. Miss Elizabeth Young, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Dr. Robert L. Gibbon, of Philadelphia, was the best man.

A reception and wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. Among those who sat at the bride's table were Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Elizabeth Young, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Thomas, of Philadelphia, Commander and Mrs. Griffin, Captain and Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Guy Howard, Major-General Young, Dr. Clayton, Dr. Robert L. Gibbon, and Major Alexander Rogers.

Later in the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Gibbon departed for the Hotel Rafael. Their future home will be in Philadelphia, where the groom enjoys a large practice, and is on the surgical staffs of the Jefferson and Pennsylvania hospitals.

## The Gross-Gage Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Fletcher Gage, daughter of Mr. Stephen T. Gage, and Mr. George Ernest Gross took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Oakland on Tuesday evening, September 3d. The ceremony was performed at half-after eight o'clock, the Rev. Robert Ritchie officiating. The bride's sister, Miss Mabel Gage, was the maid of honor, and Miss Carrie Nicholson and Miss Kate Chabot were the bridesmaids. Mr. W. E. Dean was the best man, and Mr. George Gage, Mr. Harry Mason, Mr. W. D. Ward, and Mr. George Humphreys served as ushers.

After the church ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Gross left for Portland, Or., on their wedding journey, and on their return, the latter part of September, they will reside at their new house on Boulevard Avenue.

## The Perry-Jouett Wedding.

The wedding of Mrs. Mary Hooper Jouett, daughter of Major W. B. Hooper, and Lieutenant Frederick Lewis Perry, Seventeenth Artillery, U. S. A., took place at the Occidental Hotel on Wednesday, September 4th. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Frederick W. Clappert, of Trinity Episcopal Church. Miss Gertrude Bates was the maid of honor, and Lieutenant Ward Pershing, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., acted as best man.

Owing to a recent bereavement in the Hooper family, the wedding was a quiet one, only relatives and intimate friends being present. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, after which Lieutenant Perry and his bride departed for Havana, where he has been assigned to duty.

## At Del Monte.

Among those who still lingered at Del Monte the week after the races were Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvain Weill, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Laton, Mrs. Whittell, Miss Florence Whittell, Miss Lily O'Connor, and Mr. William O'Connor. The weather has been warm and sunny, and the guests of the hotel still indulge in their morning dip in the surf at noon. Golf continues to be popular, and many informal tournaments and foursomes are played for cups and prizes. Among those seen on the tennis courts every day are Miss Maud Bourn, her cousin, Miss Lancaster, and Miss Whittell, who are all expert wielders of the racket. There is not so much driving as earlier in the season, though Mrs. Worden still drives in her double phaeton with her pair of handsome bays. Miss Whittell has a convenient little runabout with a gray cob which she both drives and rides. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan returned last Saturday to their Burlingame home, "Crossways," taking with them all of their horses and traps. With Mr. Worden's elaborate dinner last Saturday evening, the club-house grill, which has been so popular, was closed for the season.

## The Holbrook Theatre-Party.

Mr. Harry M. Holbrook gave a theatre-party at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday evening, September 5th, in honor of Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels. After witnessing Miss Annie Russell's production of "A Royal Family," Mr. Holbrook's guests were entertained at supper in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club. Rosner's orchestra from the Orpheum discoursed music during the repast, and, later, Professor Topping performed his remarkable feats of mind-reading and sleight-of-hand. Mr. Holbrook's other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown, Miss Ella Goodall, Mr. Harry L. Tevis, and Mr. Orrin Peck.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Fenn Louise Wheeler, daughter of Mr. R. S. Wheeler, to Captain R. S. Abernethy, U. S. A.

The engagement of Miss Culver, daughter of the late H. H. Culver, of St. Louis, to Dr. George Preston Wintermute, of this city, has been an-

nounced. The wedding will take place in St. Louis on September 9th.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor E. Gallagher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Gallagher, and Mr. E. P. Dole, a cousin of Governor Dole, of Honolulu, took place at the home of the bride's parents, 1133 Ellis Street, on Thursday, September 5th. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. John J. Prendergast. There were no attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Dole will make an Eastern trip before returning to Honolulu, where they will make their future home. Mr. Dole has been granted a two months' leave of absence by the Hawaiian legislature.

The wedding of Miss Adelaide Roddy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Roddy, of Vallejo, and Captain R. W. Maxwell Trayner, took place at the residence of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Richards, at 981 Sutter Street, on Wednesday evening, September 4th. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Bishop Nichols. Miss Mazie Roddy, the bride's sister, acted as maid of honor, and Mr. Myron H. Peck, of Oakland, was the best man. On Thursday, Captain and Mrs. Trayner departed for New Mexico, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. L. L. Dorr recently gave a luncheon at her home in honor of Miss Hussey, at which she entertained Mrs. Horace Hussey, Mrs. John R. Glascock, Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mrs. A. A. Cohen, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Evans, Miss Kate Beaver, Miss Dorr, and Miss Hattie Raymond.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden entertained sixteen of their friends at dinner at the club-house of the Hotel Del Monte on Saturday evening, August 31st. The table was decorated with canna blooms and pinks, interspersed with alternate red and white incandescent lights. A mandolin orchestra furnished music during the repast.

Mr. Frank Goad recently gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel, at which he entertained Mrs. Avery McCarthy, Mrs. Mumford, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Mr. William Courtney, Mr. George Loughborough, and Mr. Parker Whitney.

## Recent Wills and Successions.

The seventh account of Henry T. Scott and Charles E. Green, as guardians of Charles Templeton Crocker and Jennie A. Crocker, was filed in Judge Coffey's court on Tuesday. It showed that the receipts since March 1, 1901, for Charles amounted to \$385,999.48, and for Jennie to \$385,894.48. On March 1st, the cash on hand for Charles was \$579,048.06, and for Jennie \$588,766.95. The receipts included \$366,997.28, paid the two minors on August 5th for the old Calvary Church property on Geary and Powell Streets. For the minors, 3,980 shares of the capital stock of the Crocker Hotel Company were bought for \$398,000. The cash on hand on August 31st for Charles was \$485,613.49, and for Jennie \$498,140.20. The following loans were made on behalf of both: To the McClelland River Lumber Company, \$73,333.33; D. L. Bliss, \$120,000; Newhall Land and Farm Company, \$30,000. Most of the sum disbursed since March 1st was invested by the guardians in real and personal property for the brother and sister. The income was sufficient after the payment of expenses of all sorts to permit an addition of \$50,000 a month to be made to the wealth of each of the two minors. It is estimated that the Crocker children are now worth considerably more than \$5,000,000 each.

The trustees of the Mercantile Library have decided to rent or sell the present library building on the corner of Van Ness and Golden Gate Avenues, and to remove the library to a central, down-town location. Arrangements have been completed for the removal, and a lease has been signed for the premises adjoining Sherman & Clay's Hall, at 223 Sutter Street. The transfer of the books to the new location will commence at once, and the trustees expect to be settled in their new home within a couple of months. The entire upper part of the present building has been rented, and there are a number of applicants for space now occupied by the library proper. The property is heavily mortgaged and the interest is a burden on the library income. The indebtedness at present amounts to eighty-two thousand dollars. This is covered by mortgage to the Hibernia Savings Bank. A renewal of this mortgage for one year at six per cent. has been placed on record. The trustees estimate the Van Ness Avenue property to be worth forty thousand dollars over and above the mortgage indebtedness. Until this property is sold, no attempt will be made to purchase another location.

Mr. R. A. Clark captured the De Young Cup in the last paper chase of the season of the San Rafael Hunt Club on Saturday afternoon, August 31st. Miss Annette Bradshaw, who won the double honor of being second at the finish and first among the lady riders, received the club's silver cup.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs are among the Californians who secured boxes for the horse show which was held at Newport during this week.

— THERE IS ONE WHISKY THAT ALWAYS LIVES up to its reputation—and that is Jesse Moore.

## GOLF AND TENNIS NOTES.

The first golf event of the season took place at the Presidio links on Labor Day, September 2d, when a handicap tournament over 18 holes against bogey was played. J. W. Byrne and L. B. Edwards tied for first place, and at a convenient date the tie will be played off, the winner taking first prize and the loser second. The complete scores and handicaps arranged by Robert Johnson, the club professional, were as follows:

|                             |             |            |
|-----------------------------|-------------|------------|
| J. W. Byrne.....            | 4 holes     | All square |
| L. B. Edwards.....          | 12 holes    | All square |
| S. L. Ahlot, Jr.....        | 4 holes     | 2 down     |
| Andrew Carrigan.....        | 12 holes    | 2 down     |
| H. A. Blackman.....         | 10 holes    | 2 down     |
| W. J. Dutton.....           | 12 holes    | 3 down     |
| C. P. Bells.....            | 10 holes    | 4 down     |
| Charles Page.....           | 6 holes     | 4 down     |
| B. D. Adamson.....          | 2 holes     | 5 down     |
| H. C. Golcher.....          | 4 holes     | 5 down     |
| John Lawson.....            | 2 holes     | 5 down     |
| J. R. Stanton.....          | 12 holes    | 5 down     |
| Worthington Ames.....       | 8 holes     | 6 down     |
| Leonard Cheney.....         | 8 holes     | 7 down     |
| Captain D. J. Rumbaugh..... | 6 holes     | 8 down     |
| J. H. Mee.....              | 6 holes     | 8 down     |
| Warren C. Gregory.....      | 4 holes     | 9 down     |
| H. C. Breeden.....          | 6 holes     | 9 down     |
| Lansing Kellogg.....        | No returns. |            |

Miss May Sutton, the remarkable fifteen-year-old tennis player from Pasadena, is now the woman tennis champion of the Pacific Coast. At the courts of the Hotel Rafael on Saturday, August 31st, she defeated Miss Miriam Hall, last year's champion, by a score of 6-0, 6-2, 6-2. The winners of the other prizes of the week's tournament were: Championship of the Coast in doubles, Misses May and Violet Sutton; runners up, Misses Miriam Hall and Alice Hoffman. Mixed doubles championship, George Whitney and Miss Hall; runners up, U. B. Collier and Miss May Sutton. Women's singles championship and tournament, Miss May Sutton; runner up, Miss Ethel Sutton. Consolation for one first beaten by winner of singles tournament, Miss Violet Sutton. All of the prizes but three were loving-cups.

On Admission Day, at the San Rafael links, there will be offered for competition a trophy on the same conditions as the Council's Cup, the qualifying rounds being over 18 holes, the best eight to qualify. There will be prizes for the best gross score and the best handicap score made in the qualifying round, but the same player will not be eligible for the scratch and bandicap prizes. The opening round of the contest for the club trophy will be played on Saturday, September 14th, the semi-final round on the 21st, and the final round on a date agreed on between the two players left in. In the afternoon there will be a driving competition for men, the course being divided into rectangles 13½ yards wide and distant from the teeing ground 120, 150, and 180 yards. Drives into the outer lateral rectangles will count one, two, and three points, respectively, and drives into the middle rectangles will score two, three, and four points, respectively. The whole space will contain nine rectangles and the course have a width of 40 yards. On Wednesday, September 11th, there will be a competition among the ladies, for a trophy offered by Mrs. R. Gilman Brown.

The law department of Stanford University has been presented with the law library of the late Hon. Lorenzo Sawyer, United States circuit judge for the ninth circuit. Among the books, which number about five hundred volumes, are a complete set of the "American Decisions" and a finely bound edition of Judge Sawyer's opinions. There are also a considerable number of the New York reports, including many of the rarer volumes. The Stanford Law Library now possesses the law libraries of three distinguished judges—those of Judge Spencer, of San José, formerly one of the trustees of Stanford University; the late Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court; and now that of the late Lorenzo Sawyer, of the United States Circuit Court.

Philip Verrill Mighels, formerly a well-known newspaper man of San Francisco, is here on a visit from London, where he has had considerable success as a writer. Mr. Mighels will soon transfer his headquarters from London to New York, where his wife, formerly Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, is now living.

— "OLD ENGLISH" STILL REIGNS SUPREME in the world of cards. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, excel in this style.

## Moët &amp; Chandon

Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.

WHITE SEAL (Grande Cuvee) unsurpassed in quality, dryness, and flavor.—NEW YORK TIMES.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO., Pacific Coast Agents, 216-18 Mission Street, S. F.

## Pears'

Why is Pears' Soap—the best in the world, the soap with no free alkali in it—sold for 15 cents a cake?

It was made for a hospital soap in the first place, made by request, the doctors wanted a soap that would wash as sharp as any and do no harm to the skin. That means a soap all soap, with no free alkali in it, nothing but soap; there is nothing mysterious in it. Cost depends on quantity; quantity comes of quality.

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## EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.

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The gem of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An ideal summer and winter resort. Always open. New management. Table unsurpassed. Best mineral water on the coast.

A. S. OLNEY, Manager. P. O. Saratoga, Cal.

## Hotel Rafael

Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Sixteen trains daily each way. Open all the year.

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R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## HOTEL PLEASANTON

Cor. Sutter and Jones Sts.

The Leading Family and Tourist Hotel in San Francisco, situated in a warm and pleasant part of the city, near the Theatres, Churches, and Principal Stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the Hotel; Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries and to Golden Gate Park and other points of interest. All modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service are leading features, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel. Rates for board and room, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day for one person. Special terms by the month. Guests desiring rooms without board will be accommodated.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee San Francisco, Cal.

## HOTEL GRANADA

THE NEWEST AND FINEST-EQUIPPED FAMILY HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO

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## THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.



MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Aonexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger and family will return to their home in San Mateo as soon as Mrs. Folger has recovered sufficiently from her recent severe accident.

Miss Alice Hager and Miss Ethyl Hager sailed for Shanghai on the Japanese steamship *Hongkong Maru* on Wednesday, September 4th. They will join Miss Alice Rutherford in the Orient, and expect to be absent several months.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin was in town for a few days during the week on his way to the Hotel Del Monte to see his two little boys. Mrs. Baldwin is still at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and the Misses Josselyn sailed from New York for Europe on Saturday, August 31st. They expect to remain abroad several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott, Miss Marie Louise Parrott, and Miss Daisy Parrott returned from the Hotel Del Monte on Monday. They will soon leave for the East, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford arrived in New York from Europe during the week, and is expected here within a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Landers and Miss Berenice Landers have returned to Oakland after a sojourn of several months at Catalina Island.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst and a party of ten went down to the Hotel Del Monte on Saturday in a private car for a few days' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have returned from their Eastern trip, and have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and family returned to the city from the Hotel Del Monte in their private car on Monday.

Mrs. Norman McLaren was the guest of Mrs. Edward E. Eyre at Menlo Park last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maud Bourn returned to their country home, near San Mateo, on Tuesday from the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. Knox Maddox was a visitor at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. Hugh Tevis and Mr. George W. Baxter and family, of Denver, were at the Hotel Del Monte during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Spear, who have been making a short stay at Honolulu on their way home from the Orient, are expected in San Francisco on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric*, which is due here on Friday, September 13th.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels have returned from the Hotel Del Monte, and are registered at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Henry Wetberbee has been visiting Mrs. Mary Read at Chico.

Mrs. Tubbs and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs returned from the Hotel Del Monte on Monday.

Senator George C. Perkins and his son, Mr. Milton G. Perkins, have departed for a stay of several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock have been spending a few days at the Hotel Del Monte.

Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick returned from the East on Sunday last after an absence of seven weeks.

Mrs. Condit Smith, of Washington, D. C., is visiting her sister, Mrs. George E. Whitney, in Oakland.

Dr. Louis C. Deane has been visiting at the home of Mr. David Jacks, in Monterey.

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Skafie, who have returned from their visit to Banff, Canada, were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. Valentine G. Hush was in New York a few days ago.

Miss Gertrude Van Wyck was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. Templeton Crocker and Miss Jennie Crocker, who have been with their aunt, Mrs. Alexander, at the Hotel Del Monte, returned with her on Monday.

Judge and Mrs. Carroll Cook and the Misses Cook were in Washington, D. C., early in the week.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and family came over from Ross Valley a few days ago, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Jennie Flood has been spending a few days at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. J. T. Harnes, of Sausalito, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Miss Hussey is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Horace Hussey, in Oakland, for a few weeks prior to her departure for her home in the East.

Mrs. A. Chesebrough and Miss Chesebrough were guests at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Newlands are expected from the East in a fortnight.

Mrs. Charlotte F. Clarke has returned to San Francisco and taken rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton, prior to her departure for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Shortridge have returned from Sausalito, where they spent the summer, and are now at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Rosenbaum will spend the coming winter in Munich, Germany.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and Miss Forbes, of San Rafael, are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. William Romaine has returned to her home on her summer outing up the Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bond, of Santa Clara, are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Sachs and son have taken apartments at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fairchild and Miss Fairchild are among the permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Dr. and Mrs. C. Miner, of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Marcus, of Menlo Park, Mrs. R. Wentworth, Miss Margery Wentworth, and Miss Mary Wentworth, of New York, Miss M. Wexley, Miss A. Wexley, and Mr. F. S. Weis, of New Or-

leans, Mrs. Charles Ashton, of Berkeley, Mr. W. C. B. de Ferney, of Oakland, Mr. F. C. Lord, of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. William Fionigan, Mrs. F. H. Gardiner, Mr. S. G. Britton and son, Mr. C. Carmody, Mr. J. W. Carey, Mr. C. S. Frost, and Mr. A. G. Sheath.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. David Jacks and Miss M. Jacks, of Monterey, Mrs. E. J. Hutchins, of Concord, Miss M. B. Roberts, Mr. Milner Roberts, and Mr. R. E. A. Wardis, of Stafoord, Mr. S. W. Hendrick, Mr. B. S. Gallandit, and Mr. L. M. Sinsabaugh, of Los Angeles, Mr. T. L. Brown, of Oakland, Mrs. H. M. Crowell, Miss Ruby Garland, Mr. Grant Smith, Mr. J. L. Chamberlain, Mr. H. D. Walters, Mr. W. B. Hopkins, Mr. W. B. Collier, Mr. H. W. Crowell, Mr. R. A. Dunham, Mr. P. D. Kahlo, Mr. E. H. Weil, and Mr. A. B. Willis.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Lamoo, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fraser, of Bakersfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morton, of Tulare, Mr. and Mrs. P. Stein, of Stockton, Mrs. George S. Bosley and Mr. F. W. Jones, of New York, Mr. H. C. Willison and Miss Willison, of Port Townsend, Mrs. Charles F. Davis, of Philadelphia, Mrs. C. Searles, of Palo Alto, Mrs. R. H. Walters and Mr. J. N. McChesney, of Honolulu, Mr. F. Fisher, of Redding, Dr. R. L. Beaumont, of St. Joseph, Mo., Mr. C. J. Cox, of Hollister, Mr. E. C. Merritt, of Santa Rosa, Mr. W. D. Forbes, of San Rafael, Mr. J. C. Dawson, of Chicago, Mr. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, Mr. C. T. Stevenson, of Kennett, Cal., Mr. H. M. Johnson, of Fresno, and Mr. W. S. Tupper, of Los Angeles.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., is now on a tour of inspection, which will bring him to San Francisco within a fortnight. After a visit to the Pacific Coast stations and an examination of the Puget Sound fortifications, he will proceed to San Antonio. He will be accompanied by Colonel M. P. Maus, U. S. A., his aid, and Mrs. Maus and Mrs. Miles will be of the party.

Commander Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N., governor of the Island of Guam, arrived in San Francisco on Monday on his way to Washington, D. C., where he has been summoned to attend the Schley court of inquiry. During his brief stay in San Francisco, Commander Schroeder was a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Brigadier-General Frederick D. Grant, U. S. A., sailed for Manila on the transport *Sheridan* on Saturday, August 31st.

Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, U. S. A., and Mrs. Greenleaf, who have just returned from Manila, are at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Major Matthias W. Day, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been assigned to the Benicia Barracks, relieving Major John A. Baldwin, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A.

Captain Louis Ray Burgess, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burgess are now established at their home at the Presidio.

Captain J. C. Castner, Fourth Infantry, and Mrs. Castner (*née* White) sailed for Manila on the transport *Sheridan* on Saturday, August 31st.

Lieutenant Warren Dean, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines on the transport *Hancock*, and is registered at the Occidental Hotel. He has been promoted from the Sixth Cavalry to the Fifteenth Cavalry, and will join his troop at Sequoia Park in a few days.

Lieutenant Robert P. Johnston, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., and Mrs. Johnston, who arrived from Newport, R. I., a fortnight ago, are residing at 915 Leavenworth Street. Lieutenant Johnston recently relieved Captain Herbert Deakne, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., as secretary and disbursing officer of the California Debris Commission. Captain Deakne and family left on Tuesday for Tampa, Fla., the captain's new station.

Miss E. J. Apple, who, upon her arrival in Manila, will become the wife of Lieutenant Joseph C. Brady, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Sheridan* on Saturday, August 31st.

Ensign George B. Rice, U. S. N., registered at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, is preparing to extend his copper operations to the realm of the Czar. Senator Clark while in San Francisco recently admitted that he had completed negotiations for a valuable copper and coal property in Siberia that gives promise of developing into one of the richest copper mines on the Continent, and one that will contribute largely to the world's supply of copper. When asked if he still intended to build the proposed Los Angeles-Salt Lake railroad, he said: "We have a large construction force, numbering over three hundred men, at work grading a road-bed across sixty miles of country in Nevada. This stretch of roadway extends from a point forty miles from the Utah-Nevada State line to Meadow Valley, Nev., following a direction almost due south. We have three surveying parties at work in Utah." Senator Clark added that the new road would be seven hundred and seventy miles in length. He declares that he has no fear of not finding an Eastern connection at Salt Lake with which to make an advantageous traffic arrangement when his line is completed.

—LADIES' "KNOX" FALL TRIMMED HATS arrived. Eugene Korn the Hatter, 726 Market Street.

—EDWARD A. BELCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 412-413 Call Building.

INTAGLIOS.

At Parting.

With tears and kisses let me go.  
Love oot too deep  
To kiss and weep.  
That love have many, maoy;  
But one love, Oh,  
It doth not so!  
Pale lips it has, and tearless eyes;  
Broken, motionless it lies,  
A flower amid death's mysteries,  
A rose that dies.  
With tears and kisses let me go;  
Such love have many, maoy.  
That other love my heart would know,  
Or know not any.

—John Vance Cheney in *September Critic*.

Woman and Man.

Between the dusk of a summer night  
And the dawn of a summer day,  
We caught at a mood as it passed in flight,  
And we bade it stop and stay.  
And what with the dawn of night began  
With the dusk of day was done;  
For that is the way of woman and man,  
When a hazard has made them one.

Are upon arc, from shade to shine,  
The world went thundering free;  
And what was his errand but hers and mine—  
The lords of him, I and she?  
Oh, it's die we must, but it's live we can,  
And the marvel of earth and sun  
Is all for the joy of woman and man  
And the longing that makes them one.

—W. E. Henley in *North American Review*.

In Cairo.

Upon El Muski did I meet Hassan  
Beneath arched brows his deep eyes twinkling  
bright,  
Good dragonman (and eke good Mussulman),  
And cried unto him: "May your day be  
white!"

"And yours, howadji!" came his swift reply,  
A smile illuminating the words thereof,  
(All men are poets 'neath that kindling sky).  
"As white as are the thoughts of her you love!"  
—Clinton Scollard in *Century Magazine*.

The California Redwoods.

Ere over Nilus' wakening wave the strain  
Of Memnon's morioig melody was blown;  
Ere Cheops from his quarries clove the stone  
And piled his pyramid on Egypt's plain;  
And later—ere the God-projected fane  
Of Solomon had into grandeur grown;  
Before the glory of the Greek was known,  
Or Romulus the she-wolf's dugs did drain;  
We stood in youth where now in age we stand,  
Colossal types of Life, that closer climb  
To clasp the stars, than any living thing.  
Ye cherish crumbling temples that were planned  
In Dian's day, yet deem it not a crime  
Our older glory in the dust to fling.

—From "The Dead Calypso and Other Poems," by Louis A. Robertson.

The announcement is made by the California Jockey Club that there will be two jumping races every week during the coming racing season. Jumping races were abolished by the California Jockey Club over the Oakland track, but the "fencers" were taken care of by the managers of both the Ingleside and Tanforan tracks. Now that the three tracks are controlled by President Thomas Williams, Jr., and his associates, it has been deemed advisable to give jumping events.

The bindery and the composing-room of the Hicks-Judd Company, printers, at 21 and 23 First Street, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night, and other firms in the same building and those adjoining suffered considerable loss from water. A feature of the fire was that the new water-tower, made in San Francisco, was given its first actual test, and proved a great success.

Miss Marion Jones, daughter of Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, won the ladies' international tennis championship at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, on September 2d, by defeating Miss Carrie Neely, of Chicago, in a four-set match. The score of the final round was 6-2, 7-5, 3-6, 6-0.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment  
To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

—DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. Specialty, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

THE ANTLERS  
LAKE CUSHMAN, WASH.

RATES, \$3.00 PER DAY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

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PIANO  
AGENCY. BYRON MAUZY PIANOS  
308-312 Post St.  
San Francisco.

Palace Hotel

In placing these two hotels under one management and joining them with a covered passage-way, the purpose was to provide guests with comforts and conveniences not obtainable in any other hotel in the West. And the plan is a success.

American plan. European plan.

Grand Hotel

DUC DE MONTEBELLO

CHAMPAGNE

BRUT, 1895.

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Pacific Coast Agents.

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FOR ADOPTION.

Little girl, nine years old; pretty, refined, and well brought up. Best of references given and required. F. G. J., 406 Sutter Street.



**Pozzoni's**  
Face Powder  
is the purest made; it removes freckles and blemishes and keeps the skin soft as a rose. All ladies use it. Sample and booklet free.  
J. A. Pozzoni Co., St. Louis, Mo.

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S DRINK

HUNTER  
BALTIMORE RYE

Christy & Wise Commission Co.

Sole Agents for California

223-225 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

Sunny Suites to Rent

Sutter and Stockton Sts.

NORTH-WEST CORNER

Bachelors' Apartments. Offices for Physicians. Handsome, well-lighted Suites of Rooms. Bath-rooms; hot and cold water; patent hot-water heaters; electric lighting; rapid hydraulic elevator; night elevator service. Apply to the agent and manager, F. G. J. Margetson, 406 Sutter Street, corner Stockton.

A hotel in the Olympic Mountains offering a table and sleeping accommodations of peculiar excellence is now open. Good fishing and elk shooting in the vicinity.



FARE AND A THIRD

Sacramento and Return

STATE FAIR

from all points in California on the Lines of the

Southern Pacific

TICKETS on sale August 31st to September 14th, inclusive; good for return till September 16th.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC. Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | From July 14, 1901.  | ARRIVE   |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmina, and Sacramento  | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey   | 7:55 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa  | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:03 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East  | 12:25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton   | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville  | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Sbasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland                                      | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff                               | 4:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma, Gaiters   | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations   | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo  | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles                                  | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations  | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago   | 6:55 P.  |
| 12:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers  | 11:00 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations   | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville  | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa  | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi   | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore  | 18:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno  | 12:25 P. |
| 5:00 P.  | Yosemite   | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East                    | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José   | 7:55 P.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo  | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago  | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago  | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East                          | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations  | 11:25 A. |
| 18:05 P. | Vallejo  | 7:55 P.  |

| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.) |   |
|---|---|
| 17:45 A.  | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations   |
| 8:15 A.   | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations                        |
| 12:15 P.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations |
| 4:15 P.   | Newark, San José, Los Gatos   |
| 6:45 P.   | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz   |

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8) 7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M. From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway 16:00 18:00 18:05 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.) |   |
|---|---|
| 6:10 A.   | San José and Way Stations   |
| 7:00 A.   | San José and Way Stations   |
| 7:00 A.   | New Almaden   |
| 17:30 A.  | Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations  |
| 9:00 A.   | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations  |
| 10:30 A.  | San José and Way Stations   |
| 11:30 A.  | San José and Way Stations   |
| 12:45 P.  | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove |
| 3:30 P.   | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations   |
| 14:15 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations   |
| 15:00 P.  | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations   |
| 5:30 P.   | San José and Principal Way Stations   |
| 6:00 P.   | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles  |
| 6:30 P.   | San José and Way Stations   |
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Sponger says he can drink any number of cock-tails." "Any given number, you mean."—Life.

Ephraim—"He dun held foh aces." Rastus—"Wot did you hold?" Ephraim—"Mah breff!"—Baltimore World.

Mrs. Garwell—"The Czar of Russia now has four daughters." Mr. Garwell—"Oh, the dear little Czardines!"—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

"There are forty counties in our State," remarks a Texas paper, "that resemble heaven in at least one important particular—there isn't a lawyer in any of them."

Outside the fence: *Suipesey*—"Did youse see de last base-ball game?" *Shorty*—"Yes, all but de last inning. Den's when de limb broke."—Ohio State Journal.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl?" "I do, sir" (with emotion); "and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—Tit-Bits.

Sympathy: "Yis; Mike's on a shtrike. 'Tis wan av thim sympat'etic shtrikes, where they sympatize wit' other min that's shtrikin'." "An' so ye have to take in washin'?" "Yis; I have to sympatize wit' the childber!"—Puck.

Unable to state: "What is the name of the president of your country?" said the visitor. "I don't know," answered the citizen of the South American republic; "we haven't yet had a full report from the latest battle."—Washington Star.

A freezer for Mrs. Newife: Mrs. Newife—"I acknowledge that I have my faults, and am sometimes cross, Jack, dear, but if I had the last two years of my life to live over again I should marry you just the same." Mr. Newife—"I doubt it."—Tit-Bits.

"You pugilists don't seem to have nearly so much to say as formerly." "No," answered the eminent representative of the prize-ring; "to tell the truth, we got so interested in listening to these naval gentlemen that we kind of forgot our own affairs."—Washington Star.

Miss Breezy—"Yes, I'm engaged to George. It was pretty hard to decide, because I liked Tom quite as well as George, and they're equally wealthy." Miss Wabash—"What finally decided you?" Miss Breezy—"George promised me the most alimony in case of divorce."—Philadelphia Press.

A grievous offense: *Magistrate*—"The charge is interfering with an officer. Roundsman McCarty, you will please state exactly what the defendant did." *Roundsman McCarty*—"Oi wor passing his fruit-stand, yer anner, an' Oi shwoiped a banana, when th' dago troid t' tek it from me, yer anner."—Leslie's Weekly.

Ready for the rush: They had been drifting about in the open boat seven days, and all were near unto death, when the half-famished sailor in the how leaped up and cried: "A sail! A sail!" "What, a bargain sale?" shrieked the half-dead woman passenger, as she began fumbling for her purse.—Baltimore World.

The professional liar braced himself when he felt the thrill of a bite along his fishing-pole. When the cork went under he gave a deft jerk and landed a minnow about five inches long. "Shucks!" he muttered with chagrin, as he took it off the hook; "I wish that 'un had got away; it would have been so much bigger."—Ohio State Journal.

His one literary success: *Miss Kulcher*—"Did you ever go in for literature, Mr. Gay?" Mr. Gay—"Well—er—not exactly, but once when I was at college I wrote a short story and got one hundred dollars for it." *Miss Kulcher*—"Really? What was it?" Mr. Gay—"DEAR FATHER: I'm broke. Please send me a hundred."—Philadelphia Press.

The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of a Chicago paper: "WANTED.—A girl for general house-work; union or non-union; any old kind; family of three adults and three children, with nurse, and occupy small house at Sheridan Park, two blocks from N. W. Elevated; nice, large, airy room, with south-west breeze for girl; no washing or much of anything else to do; our girl quit yesterday because we invited some relatives to help us celebrate the Fourth; next Fourth, if the girl demands it, we will disown our relatives and renounce our country; wages, five dollars."—Ex.

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| 9:00 A. M.      |                               | 1:15 P. M.       |
| 10:00 A. M.     |                               | 3:30 P. M.       |
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William McKinley, President of the United States, was shot by an assassin at the Buffalo exposition on Friday afternoon, September 6, 1901. The President was shaking the people's hands as he walked before him. To this unsuspecting man came he assassin, Leon Czolgosz, his right hand apparently handed in a handkerchief. He extended his left, which the President took. Then the cowardly anarchist fired at him through the handkerchief, inflicting on him two wounds—one a superficial flesh-wound in the chest, the other a serious wound in the abdomen.

Most dangerous animals give some warning of attack. Even serpents hiss, and rattlesnakes warn by their deadly whirr. But it is reserved for the human rattlesnake, the anarchist assassin, to deliver his deadly blow without warning. And with animals—even the most deadly—there is always motive for attack, either hunger or defense. It is reserved again for the anarchistic type of the human animal to commit assaults which are lower than those of the animals, because they are without motive.

This particular crime is certainly the most wicked and the most wanton of its kind. This country of ours is not a monarchy—it is a republic. The President is not a despot—he is elected by the people. He is not even a had President, as those admit who differ with him in politics. He is not a had man—his personal character is of the highest. He had done no harm to the anarchist assassin, as that scoundrel himself admits. And President McKinley personally is the most amiable, the most kind-hearted of men. Booth had the sectional hatred of a huffed rebel to actuate the assassination of Lincoln. Guiteau had the bitter spite of a disappointed faction of the Republican party to inspire the murder of Garfield. But there was absolutely nothing to inspire Leon Czolgosz to attempt the murder of William McKinley.

There has been the usual outcry of a maddened nation for revenge. Hot-headed people have talked of lynching the assassin. Political leaders have rushed into print with the suggestion of special laws for the punishment of such crimes. What need have we for more laws? There are laws enough in the land if they are properly carried out. That an assault upon the person of the President be made high treason and capital, is very well. But, after all, what more can you do to a man than to kill him? If the President lives, it is true that under the law the anarchist assassin can not be executed. But we hazard nothing in saying that he will not live long. If the State of New York should sentence him for life or a term of years, he would be found some morning dead in his cell, and a coroner's jury would bring in a verdict of suicide.

We have said above that under the present system nothing more can be done to a man than to kill him. But there is something more. Those vicious reptiles—hatched of the spawn of anarchism—instead of being simply executed, might be vivisected. Most of them are paranoiacs—that is, they are afflicted with a mild form of mania whose dominant symptom is intense egotism. There are many paranoiacs in the world who have not reached the stage of assassination, but who are potential assassins. The vivisection of such criminals as Guiteau and Czolgosz would not only serve to strike terror to the hearts of potential assassins, but it would serve many scientific ends. There is much that is obscure concerning functional and organic diseases of the brain. It is possible that paranoia may be accompanied by significant brain lesions. Had Guiteau been vivisected, brain surgery to-day would be twenty years in advance of its present position. Were Leon Czolgosz to be vivisected now, much light would be shed on brain pathology. But such is the prejudice against the vivisection, even of animals, that we very much fear the community would not approve of the vivisection of anarchist assassins. Therefore, we are forced regretfully to lay this possibility aside.

After the first shock of such a dreadful crime, the minds of men instinctively turn toward its PREVENTION. How may such a hideous crime be prevented? The first thought which springs to the minds of nearly all is to make the punishment more severe. But, as we have already indicated, the crime is almost invariably followed by the death of the assassin. To most criminals there is no punishment more dreadful than death—not even imprisonment for life, which is worse. That is, there is no punishment more dreaded than death, unless it be vivisection, to which we have referred, and which is, unfortunately, impracticable. The question of a severer punishment may therefore be dismissed.

The next most significant phase of these crimes is OPPORTUNITY. If the opportunity he removed, the crime will

frequently be impossible. We must face facts in this republic. It once was a simple community, largely of one race and blood. It is so no longer. Its old simplicity is gone. It is now a vast and heterogeneous mass of nearly eighty millions of human beings of every race under the sun. It is folly for us to expose our Presidents of to-day to dangers inseparable from the primitive customs of early times. For the chief magistrate of such an enormous nation to go publicly among great masses of people, almost unguarded, and to receive in the course of the year hundreds of thousands of people, and to shake hands with any man, although he may be a leper or an assassin—all this is primeval folly. Even in monarchical countries, where rulers are closely guarded, assassins are not uncommon. Here in our country we seem to put a premium upon Presidential assassinations.

Such is the intense publicity to-day that all public men have to be careful. Even millionaires have their body-guards. To them there come continually threatening letters. Take the case of the crank who went to Russell Sage, demanded half a million dollars on penalty of death, and, upon refusal, exploded a dynamite bomb at the millionaire's feet. Against such ecstasy of madness what President of easy approach would be safe? In these days of intense publicity even women of great wealth, like Helen Gould, are perpetually shadowed by cranks and inundated with threatening letters. In the old days only monarchs were exposed, but in these days of intense publicity all public men are in danger, and even men of vast wealth are the target of dangerous cranks. Monarchs accept the situation. All European rulers are safely guarded. We must follow their example. In a generation three of our Presidents have been shot by assassins. In the lifetime of men who have not reached middle age and who are yet young, three American Presidents have fallen before the assassin's smoking pistol. We must stop this parading of our Presidents and this useless hand-shaking. Their lives are too valuable. There is too much at stake. The old, simple, primitive, republican theories are beautiful, but dangerous. Government is a business. It must be conducted safely. Our Presidents must not uselessly expose their lives. The life of a general is worth more than that of a private. The general who rashly exposes his life upon the firing-line when he should be safely in the rear directing his army, and who, in consequence of his rashness, loses his army as well as his life, may be brave, but he is a fool.

We have discussed the PUNISHMENT and the OPPORTUNITY. Then let us now take up the CAUSE.

THE CAUSE IS THE YELLOW PRESS. What is the cause of such a hideous crime as assassinating the head of a great nation?—particularly when, as in this case, the assassin's victim is so kindly, so good-hearted, and so generally loved.

The cause is the decay of respect for law, of respect for order, of respect for persons in authority.

And what is the cause of this decay of respect?

Evil teachings.

Who are the teachers?

Evil newspapers.

By evil newspapers we mean what is generally known as the Yellow Press. For the knots of grimy anarchists in the back-rooms of liquor saloons have little influence except upon each other. It is the Yellow Press which molds multitudes. It is the Yellow Press which sows the seeds of evil in the muddy minds of the ignorant and weak. It is through the Yellow Press that the ignorant and weak become the vicious and the criminal. It is the Yellow Press which, with its false glamour, turns thievish city boys into bank burglars, wild country boys into train robbers, empty-headed shop-girls into strumpets, and weak-minded, gutter-blooded foreign anarchists into assassins of Presidents.

Doubtless many readers may think that the present general attack on the Yellow Press is inspired by the business rivalry of other daily journals. Very probably this is true. In that case the motive of those bringing the charge is



ignoble. Still, out of evil good may come; through the attacks of their business rivals the Yellow Press may mend its ways—or, better, may die. While no cool-headed man believes that these journals directly sought to compass the President's murder, or even dreamed that it would come about, they still must be held responsible for their influence. That influence has been ever for evil, ever against law, against morals, against good government, against courts, against the honor of woman, against family ties, against religion, and against God. The Yellow Press has done its best to bring the courts into contempt—above all, the Supreme Court of the United States, the highest tribunal in the minds of Americans. The Yellow Press has mocked at the law, at its tribunals, at everything we hold sacred. The Yellow Press has not confined its attacks to government officials or to public men alone. No woman's reputation, no man's honor, is safe where the Yellow Press goes. Private life is invaded—or, rather, in the United States there is no private life. Foreigners look on us with wonder not unmixed with scorn. The comments of Continental Europeans upon the American newspapers are hard for an American to bear; but he must listen to them in silence, for they are true. The opinions entertained abroad about American women are very largely based upon what is printed in the American press. Can foreigners be blamed for belittling our American women while they are continually belittled and calumniated by the Yellow Press? Gross invasions are made upon their privacy. If they attempt to evade these invasions, scandal bisses in the Yellow Press, and slander shows its forked tongue. If they are women of position, their portraits are printed without their authority. If they are women of wealth, their jewels are counted and appraised, and their very garments are catalogued. Through the sewer-like columns of the Yellow Press there pours a turbid stream of tittle-tattle, of back-stairs chatter, of servants' gossip. And from the Yellow Press there drips liquid feculence, slanders germinating from the ooze of filthy minds, scandals so vile that the Yellow Press even does not dare to print them, so minor journals, like carrion crows following buzzards, prey upon this putrescence, and print those scandals which are too scandalous even for the Yellow Press.

We have spoken of libel. Great Britain and France are the most liberal countries of Europe in the matter of press laws. Yet even in them the license accorded to our Yellow Press excites amazement. It is not many years since Edmund Yates printed in the London *World* a slanderous paragraph about a woman of rank. It leaked out that the paragraph was written by a woman who was a personal enemy of the slandered one. Yates, the editor, refused to disclose the name of the writer. He was a man of substance, of good position in London, had many friends, was a member of leading clubs, had been a friend of Thackeray and Dickens, and high personages interposed in his behalf. But it was useless. He was sentenced to jail—as “a first-class misdemeanor,” it is true, but still to jail he went, where he remained for months. And not long after, another but a lesser London editor, one Adolph Kohn, was tried for a similar libel upon a lady and was sent to the penitentiary for some years. To this it may be said that in the matter of libel in Great Britain they have one law for the greater and another law for the less. It may be. But in our country, in the matter of libel, for the Yellow Press there is no law at all.

Some weeks ago, in London, the *Globe* newspaper spoke of certain members of Parliament as “corrupt.” The editor and manager were arrested, brought to the bar of the House, made to apologize, and remanded to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. The House discussed their apology, found it insufficient, and ordered them brought back. A second and a third time were they brought to the bar, before they made an apology and a retraction sufficiently sweeping to satisfy the House. This seems harsh to Americans. But is it? If they lied about the House, why should they not be made to retract?

In France newspapers can not print the names of persons accused of infamous crimes without liability for heavy damages in case such persons are not convicted. As for women's names, the code duello would regulate that, even if the law did not. As a matter of fact, the French law is most rigid toward invasions of privacy by the newspapers, and there are special laws for the protection of governmental officials.

In the United States it is not so. There is no protection. Theoretically there are libel laws. Practically they are null. The Yellow Press so harrasses the unfortunate person who sues for libel that he is glad to pocket his libel and his grief.

What is the remedy for this state of things? Who are to blame? The American people are to blame, for they support the Yellow Press. There are men who do not take the yellow journals at their homes, but they take them at their offices. They

will read the bare facts of a nasty divorce suit in the decent journals which they have left at their homes, and will lick their lips at their offices over the toothsome details in their favorite yellow daily. Who reads the Yellow Press? Everybody. In clubs, in public libraries, in public offices—everywhere you find them.

Who, then, is responsible for the Yellow Press?

Those who support them.

And who support them?

You—you who are reading these lines.

Let us ask you: Do you subscribe for, or do you advertise in, or do you ever read the Yellow Press? Can you truthfully answer “No” to all these questions? You may not subscribe for or advertise in these sheets, but you probably read them—perhaps not regularly, but still you read them. Is not this true? Answer us, honestly. Then you, too, are responsible for the existence of the Yellow Press.

Alas, all of us are! We who are living here to-day—we, the American people—the clergyman, the professional man, the merchant, the clerk, the farmer, the mechanic, the woman of fashion, the housewife, the school-teacher, the shop-girl—all of us help to support the Yellow Press. We read it, we pay for it, we support it. It is, therefore, we who are educating the people through this means. It is we who, through the Yellow Press, are training up school-children, by flashy pictures, to be incipient criminals. It is we who—through bediamonded pictures of meretricious actresses who once were shop-girls—are tempting yet other shop-girls to be meretricious—well, actresses. It is we who, through the Yellow Press, are glorifying Billy the Kid, and Gentleman Jim, and Evans and Sontag, and thus turning our boys into sloggers, stage-agents, train-robbers, and hank-burglars. It is we who, through the Yellow Press, are feeding the weak minds of depraved foreigners so as to turn them to political assassination.

These views to our readers are not new. In the *Argonaut* we have rung the changes upon this theme year in and year out. Yet we have seen the Yellow Press flourish and grow fat. We see it read everywhere and in all circles of society. We naturally conclude that it is what the American people want. Therefore, we have about ceased to discuss the subject, thinking that our readers were weary of it. But if they have supposed that our attacks were upon the purely superficial features of the Yellow Press—such as its vulgarity, its mendacity, and its love of slander—they were mistaken. These we have always maintained were but symptoms of the radical and rooted vice of the Yellow Press—to wit, its lack of respect for law, order, good morals, and authority, human and divine. This crusade the Yellow Press has been steadily carrying on in the United States now for years, and its effect is seen in the decay of respect for law and authority, in the prevalence of lynch law, and in the increase of crime.

As we said in the beginning of this article, the *Argonaut* does not hold the Yellow Press responsible for the assassination of President McKinley, but for the assassin. It does hold the Yellow Press responsible for the instigation of class hatred. It is responsible for stirring up the poor against the rich. It is responsible for revolt against constituted authority. It is responsible for the decay of respect for law. It is responsible for the consequent civic disorder. It is responsible for the contempt of law which leads to anarchy. It is, therefore, eventually and inevitably responsible for anarchist assassins like Leon Czolgosz, who wickedly and wantonly shot down William McKinley, President of the United States.

The eighth week of the sympathetic strike shows no sign of compromise. The supervisors' committee failed in its attempt to get the executive committee of the Employers' Association to confer with the labor leaders, and, as a result, issued a vote-catching *pronunciamento* denouncing the employers.

The Merchants' Association held a meeting, at which, it was rumored, they would urge upon the Employers' Association the advisability of conferring with the strike leaders. These rumors turned out to be false. The meeting vigorously applauded President F. J. Symmes, one of the leaders of the Employers' Association, and listened apathetically to speeches from W. M. Cuhery and C. A. Murdock in favor of intervening and attempting to settle the strike. The association indorsed the board of directors, and refused to interfere.

The State Board of Trade has memorialized Governor Gage and Mayor Phelan, asking for adequate protection by the State and city to citizens desiring to move the crops. The board makes the serious charge that the entire harvest of the State is paralyzed by violent interference with workmen, and danger to their lives; as tax-payers, they demand protection “for the citizens of the State to pursue their legitimate occupations unmolested by violent interference.”

Men doing business on the water front have demanded

protection from the State for their workmen, on the ground that the water front belongs to the State, and that the mayor and supervisors of San Francisco will not furnish citizens of the State with protection from violence.

Despite the assaults upon workmen, the number of non-union men employed in the disturbed districts increases daily. The lumber vessels, which have been tied up the longest, have been discharging cargoes during the past week.

Though the time has almost come for the meeting of the municipal nominating conventions, the politicians and the general public seem to be as much in the dark as ever as to who will be the standard-bearers of the two parties in the coming election. The only agreement seems to be on the fact that some persons not yet mentioned will be selected to lead the fight. Notwithstanding this agreement, rumor is still busy connecting the names of various prominent citizens with the nomination. Henry J. Crocker is still being talked of, in spite of his announcement that his private business would not permit him to accept. Railroad Commissioner Laumeister is also being discussed, though he is inclined to prefer his present position. The latest combination that is being talked of would make a hotel fight of it. Colonel Kirkpatrick, of the Palace Hotel, is being actively pushed. He has lately returned from a trip to the Eastern States, and since his return his hoom has shown considerable activity. The political wiseacres say that the Eastern trip was really a move in the political game, and that he was purposely kept out of the way while the primary elections were being held in order that he might not become involved with either of the factions. The nomination of Kirkpatrick would have a secondary effect that counts for much with the politicians. He is a Yosemite commissioner and also a member of the board of harbor commissioners. If elected mayor he would be obliged to resign the latter position, and this would enable Governor Gage to appoint John Lynch, whose term as collector of internal revenue is soon to expire.

At each election there are a number of persons, otherwise eligible, who lose their opportunity to vote through a failure to register. The books remain open a sufficient length of time to give everybody an abundant opportunity to register, but many put it off until the last possible moment, and then the rush is so great that the time consumed in registering is a serious matter for a busy man. This year the books will close on September 25th, and every man who is not registered by that time will lose his vote at the coming municipal election. All persons who have changed their residence from one precinct to another must have had the change on the register made on September 10th or they can not vote. Party nominations must be filed between September 16th and October 5th, and independent nominations by petition must be filed by October 16th. The last day for a candidate to withdraw from a ticket is October 21st, and all vacancies must be filled by October 16th. On October 21st the registrar will send to the chairman of the county committee of each party a list of the nominations that have been filed, and on October 11th the election commissioners will announce the polling-places and the members of the election boards for the various precincts. The election will take place on November 5th, and the returns will be canvassed on November 11th.

The Homeric heroes were not without guile. Not only did they hide themselves in a wooden horse to hoodwink the unsuspecting Trojans, but they were wont at times to assume the arms and armor of other men. Homer did not condemn them, nor do we. Similar expedients have been adopted by our police in the hattle now going on along the city front of San Francisco. The strike leaders have maintained that the cowardly scoundrels who lie in wait for and beat honest workmen going to and from their daily toil are not “union men.” They even go so far as to affect to believe, apparently, that the victims fracture their own skulls and gouge out their own eyes in order to cast discredit on the strikers. Police Lieutenant Price, in order to test matters sent out Officer Herlihy, one of his most athletic patrolmen last Saturday night, to walk along the water front dressed as a seaman. Herlihy had not gone a block when he was accosted by the strikers' pickets, who asked if he were working. He replied that he was “working on Broadway Dock”—which was true, for that was his station. Henry Johansen, a union fireman, at once attacked the policeman. But the husky Herlihy, like lightning, laid about him with his club, and in a moment three of his assailants were laid low. He arrested the ruffians, and continued his tour. He was assaulted five times in two hours, and, as a result of the device of Lieutenant Price, twenty-four strikers were arrested on this Saturday night.

It seems beyond belief, but the strike leaders have t



colossal gall to condemn this procedure as being "unfair." They are backed up by their organ, the *Examiner*, which attacks both Price and Herlihy for "provoking trouble on the water front," and "sending police spies in plain clothes to drive union men off the earth." As a result, the accommodating San Francisco police judges dismissed the entire twenty-four strikers on Monday morning, without punishment. The mayor and the supervisors are thus officially notified by their own police that in the American city of San Francisco an American citizen can not walk the streets in safety when dressed as a workman.

We are glad that the husky Herlihy hammered the beads of some of these ruffians, and we wish that Lieutenant Price could send out a whole squad of police officers to lay out the rest of this mob of outlaws. But Lieutenant Price has been "called down" by Captain Dunlevy, his superior, through what influence is not apparent. As for the police judges who are making things easy for these outlaws, they will be remembered when they come up for reelection. If they think the scoundrel vote of San Francisco is larger than the honest vote, they will find that they are very much mistaken.

The yellow press is standing at the bar of public indignation, or rather it is cringing in the criminal dock. It can not plead. It is dumb. Its only hope is in the shortness of the public memory. Rarely has so unanimous a verdict come from the pulpit, from college cloisters, from the masters of men. The dreadful crime committed upon the person of our beloved President brought like lightning one thought to the minds of all: "It is the result of the evil teachings of the yellow press. It is the harvest of the seed sown in the minds of the criminal and the ignorant by the yellow press."

We print herewith some extracts from the sermons of the many divines in and around San Francisco immediately after the attack upon President McKinley shocked the world. We preface them with the earnest words of the presidents of our two great universities.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, said:

"The immediate act of yesterday is an outcome of the strife between classes, imported from the Old World, fomented by unpractical or conscienceless agitators, and abetted by that section of the press which values sensation above truth or peace or justice. We can not suppress the agitator or the journalist, for force only increases the danger. But we have a moral duty to stand against all movements of whatever kind which seek to accomplish their ends through intimidation or murder."

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, said:

"The pistol shots in Buffalo ring through the land, a fearful warning against license disguised as liberty, against lawlessness masquerading in the cloak of freedom. They are a call to every loyal man that he lay aside the easy sloth of indifference, and enroll himself with the vigilance men against disorder, lawlessness, and every form and guise of anarchy. The miserable wretch who fired the shots is not of his own making. Every encouragement of disorder, every wanton criticism of men in public office, has helped to make him what he is."

Rev. S. D. Hutsiniller, at the Central Methodist-Episcopal Church, said:

"Any expression of journalism—so called—that arrays class against class, or man against man, or widens the assumed breach between manual labor and mental labor, is most dangerous to the interests of society. Whenever the head of man is raised against his fellow-man, or the tongue or pen of man is used to incite hatred or dissensions of society, there is a tendency to anarchy and crime. The awful crime that has wounded this nation in these sad days is first and last attributable to the veriest godless incitements of human weakness and human passion, stirred and fired to the fatal brain of the criminal, who, while personally responsible and verily accountable to this great people and his God, is representative of the senseless, extravagant, and godless teachings of certain irresponsible journals."

Rev. Dr. E. A. Woods, pastor of the First Baptist Church, San Francisco, said:

"The abuse of public men, the charge that our rulers are in league with monopolists to enslave the laborer; the use of pictures and cartoons to ridicule officers of state and fill the minds of illiterate people with imaginary evils and dangers—these are not only in bad taste, but they encourage disorder and inflame the evil passions of weak-minded men."

Rev. Dr. Clappett, in Trinity Episcopal Church, San Francisco, said:

"There is a great lesson impressed upon the nation. It demands the absolute annihilation of these so-called anarchist organizations, and a rigid suppression of that portion of the press the tendency of which is to inflame passion and unduly embitter class against class."

Rev. R. L. Halsey, of the First Baptist Church, Berkeley, said:

"The indiscriminate denunciations and insults and abuse of a vile and veal yellow journalism can not stand uncondemned. It is as accessory as lying and pandering to the anti-social passions of man can make it. The color yellow is appropriate, it is the Chinese color, and our yellow press resembles and is one with the Chinese Boxers, and sells its placards for five cents a day. At present for a few days it will bottle up its vitriolic vituperation. It dare not pour it out now before an indignant public. But we know its character, and we need to stir ourselves and see to it that men who pander with their press to vilest and most dangerous passions of the human heart be given to understand that they forfeit the respect of all decent men and worthy citizens."

Dr. McKenzie, of the First Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, said:

"President McKinley has been made the target of caricature by the yellow press. He has been held up as an object of malignant hate,

as game that should be brought down. The yellow press had fostered wrongs by reiteration where no wrongs existed. Appealing to the ignorant, it had inflamed their ignorance into assassination. Carrying ambition in its heart, the yellow press sought to conduct charities and commerce in its name; sought to have our mayor, police, and President on its staff, and when the offer has been declined it had made them the subject of its attacks. We know that the yellow press does not respect the rights of man or the integrity of woman. And yet we read it. It could not live in America to-day if it were not for people like you and me. Every line of these yellow sheets has been the concentrated cursing of our President. In considering the final deed, do not forget the causes which led up to it."

Rev. Frank K. Baker, of the First Methodist Church, San Francisco, said:

"Anarchy is indigenous to foreign soil. There are one hundred and fifty papers published in the interests of anarchy in the world, many of which are issued in Spain. But our own country has some traitorous journals, and the spirit of anarchy seems to be having its own way in San Francisco at the present time, when lawless and inhuman men beat their fellows unmercifully."

Dr. T. J. Lacey, at Christ Episcopal Church, Alameda, said:

"In our present national calamity we see the working forces that are aiming to destroy the social fabric—evil men incited to deeds of violence by a violent and unscrupulous press."

Rev. William Rader, of the Third Congregational Church, San Francisco, said:

"Why should we not deal with anarchists as we do with thieves and murderers? They should be shot in the name of Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, and in defense of the flag they would pull down. Let us further hope that the pistol-shot in Buffalo sounds the death-knell of yellow journalism in the United States."

Let us hope so. But much we fear that the snake is only scotched, not killed.

Day by day there is new evidence to sustain the statement

made by the *Argonaut* before any other San Francisco journal—that the farmers of the entire State are being ruined by the sympathetic strike in San Francisco. If the letters we receive from farmers were insufficient to corroborate this statement, the action taken by official bodies would prove it. For example, the State Board of Trade met on Tuesday, September 10th.

E. D. Sweetzer, a member of the board from Santa Rosa, said that in Sonoma County there are over ten thousand tons of hay lying in the fields awaiting removal to market, and destruction by the rains may be expected at any time. Arthur R. Briggs, of Fresno, a member of the board, said he had three hundred car-loads of grain lying on his place, and would lose it all unless he could get cars to move it. W. H. Mills attributed the scarcity of cars to the congestion in the railroad yards and warehouses at San Francisco. There were plenty of men to clear away the blockade, he said, but they were afraid to work. If they were protected from the strikers, he said that the blockade would be cleared away in twenty-four hours and all the farmers of the State could move the crops. As a result, the board petitioned Governor Gage and Mayor Phelan to protect the citizens of the State in the peaceful pursuit of their callings. It would be well for these gentlemen to heed this petition.

The game of politics that is being played by Governor Gage

and his political managers becomes more and more kaleidoscopic as time goes on. His great need just now is to secure strength

among the delegations from the northern counties, and he aims to do this by combinations with the aspirants for positions on the supreme bench. Judge Edward Sweeney, of Shasta County, is the candidate who has been decided upon as the representative of Northern California, and he is reported to have thrown in his lot with Gage. Judge Sweeney, however, is by no means certain of controlling the northern delegations. There are other aspirants from the same section who will draw considerably from his strength. John F. Ellison, superior judge of Tehama County, has a similar ambition and a strong following. Judge Angellotti, of Marin County, is credited with considerable strength in Northern and Central California. Judge A. J. Buckles, of Solano County, has tried for the nomination before, and has a strong following. Judge Sweeney can not count on coming to the convention with more than the Shasta County delegation pledged to him, and he will do well, from present indications, if he can deliver this delegation to Gage. In Southern California a somewhat similar condition of affairs exists. Judge Shaw, of Los Angeles, is the programme candidate from this section, and he is expected to secure for Gage a favorable delegation from his own county. Judge Shaw's friends are beginning to grow suspicious, however. Judge McKinley is a possible rival of Judge Shaw for the nomination, and the friends of the latter have noticed the growing intimacy between Gage and McKinley with considerable uneasiness. The most important change in the programme is with regard to the candidate for chief justice. Garoutte was originally on the slate for the nomination. He has been associate justice for twelve years, and is ambitious to advance one step higher. Moreover, it would give him considerable pleasure to oust Chief-Justice Beatty from the position, for there is no love lost between the two. He is a

shrewd politician, a Native Son, and has considerable popularity throughout the State. For these reasons the Gage managers regarded him as the most available candidate for the nomination. When Garoutte was approached, however, he showed unexpected reluctance. He could not see where he would better himself by mixing up in Gage's fight. In addition to this, the Gage managers found a strong popular feeling in favor of the renomination of Beatty. So Garoutte has been dropped, and the slate now reads Beatty, Sweeney, and Shaw.

With a view to calling attention to the prevalence of negro

lynching, some one has compiled a statement showing the number of lynchings and their locations during the last twenty years.

It discloses the awful fact that more than 3,000 lynchings have taken place in this country since 1881; that the highest number in any year has been 236, and the lowest 107; that 101 have already occurred this year, up to the end of August; that of those of 1901 fully 80 per cent. of the victims were negroes; that an equal proportion belongs to the distinctly Southern States; and that the same proportion applies to the whole period of twenty years.

It is no wonder that such a condition is stirring the consciences of men who respect law and order, even in Southern communities, where mob law overrides freedom of speech. To this stirring of conscience must be attributed a remarkable sermon delivered last month at Greenville, Miss., by the Rev. Quincy Ewing. To appreciate his denunciation of the crimes of mobs it should be known that Mississippi is the hottest of the hotbeds of lynch law among the States, with a record of 253 such crimes to its discredit since 1881—more than one for every month of the period—and that Mr. Ewing is a man of Southern parentage, born and reared in the South. We lack space for the whole address, but may give its salient points.

Every lyncher is a murderer as surely as any who ever dangled from the gallows. The law has no other name for him, in spite of the fact that the execution of the law is hampered by cowardly officials without the nerve or inclination to protect a prisoner from a mob. The lynching of white men is rare, and would not be tolerated, but lynching of negroes is common, and winked at.

Negroes are not lynched because the South wants to get rid of them and the profits and benefits of their work. On the contrary, the South needs their labor and depends on it. Any community in the South would resent the efforts of one who attempted to deprive it of colored help by inducing the negroes to migrate. Some years ago an attempt was made to colonize Mississippi negroes in Kansas. It so aroused the community that steamboats were not allowed to land to take them away, and men with shot-guns in their hands forbade the negroes the privilege of going.

The single reason found by the speaker for lynchings is the simple one that the negro is of an alien race to the people who lynch him, and by reason of the law, as administered, powerless to appeal to the law for protection. The spirit dominant in the South is the same as that which ruled in the Dark Ages, illustrated by that incident in France, five hundred years ago, when Jews, mad with agony and huddled together in a tower of refuge, hurled down their children to the howling mob, hoping thus to satiate their thirst for Jewish blood.

Can the lynching of negroes be stopped? It can be, says Mr. Ewing, when the people elect legislatures and governors decent enough to want to stop it. Elect a legislature with moral backbone enough to pass a law imposing a big money fine upon any county in which a lynching occurs. Probe the pocket of the lyncher and you will get at his conscience. Pass a law vacating the office of a sheriff, and making him forever ineligible for any office, who surrenders a prisoner to a mob. Give the governor power to send troops into any county where the sheriff is not doing his duty. And if these means do not suffice, call in the power of the federal government to protect all its citizens equally. Any State which can not protect citizens of the United States from lynch law is unfit for Statehood, and should be forced back into the status of a Territory.

We prescribe more Ewings for mob-infected communities.

It really turns out that the population of France has increased three times more rapidly during the past five years than it did during the preceding five, and, consequently, the recent French census is regarded as unexpectedly favorable, notwithstanding that the rate of increase has been extremely low. It is important, if the decline has passed the deepest point of depression.

Binger Hermann, commissioner of the general land office, has completed his annual report, which shows that during the year 15,662,796 acres of the public domain were disposed of, and that the receipts of the office were \$4,972,160. The receipts exceeded those of last year by \$592,422, and the land disposals by 2,108,908 acres.



## A PAIR OF SUÈDES.

Where They Arrived Through a Fortunate Error.

For a few minutes they stood before the Kearny Street shoe-store window, discussing the relative merits of white satin and suède *versus* patent leather. Sue, who was of a practical turn of mind, advised the latter.

"Gracious me, you little hayseed! I couldn't wear black slippers with my white gown. They *must* be white—either satin or suède. Come, let us go in; I can only tell by trying them on."

Turning hurriedly, they precipitated themselves forcibly against a man who had been gazing dejectedly into the neighboring window at the rows of manly boots and shoes. More especially were his eyes directed toward the dancing-pumps—not that he admired them, nor even wished to buy them; but, nevertheless, fired by a noble resolve, he turned to enter, just as the two girls finished their little dialogue, which he partially overheard. Two pairs of eyes flashed indignantly into his. Bee's brown ones were milder than the blue ones of the "little hayseed."

"Great, clumsy thing! Couldn't he look where he was going!"

"Why, Sue; it was as much our fault as his!"

Now the man was neither great nor clumsy, however much he hoped to be the former in the future and had overcome the latter in his past. Furthermore, the glimpse he had had of the brown eyes gave impetus to his resolve of purchasing a pair of patent-leathers for the cotillion to which he was going, simply to please his friend, Charlie Graham. Hence he ordered and tried on the much-despised articles of attire; in the meantime, casting furtive glances at the purchaser of the dainty pair of white suèdes.

Then the two, without a backward look, hurried away to Beatrice Harloe's home on the Heights, leaving the clerk politely assuring them that the parcel would be sent without delay—that he would attend to it himself. No sooner had they left the store than the faithless creature turned them over to the clerk who was waiting on the purchaser of the patent-leathers, and he, too, hurried away, for a little dinner at the restaurant with his best girl was not to be disturbed for any white suèdes in the world.

Half-past eight was sounding by the Harloes' big hall clock, and upstairs the two girls were arraying themselves to "the distraction which seeks to kill." "Marie," called Beatrice, to her long-suffering little maid, "have my slippers come? Dear me! what shall I do?"

For the fifth time, Marie descended in quest of the vagrant slippers, and this time returned smiling, with the long-awaited box.

"Open them now and let me put them on awhile and ease them a little before I go," said Bee.

So Marie opened the box, and they beheld a pair of manly patent-leathers, slim and graceful, it is true, but never intended for Beatrice's tiny feet. The two girls surveyed each other in blank dismay, then solemnly and forcibly there came from Sue the single syllable, "Gee!"

"What shall I do?" cried Beatrice, distractedly. "That wretched clerk, after all his promises, to make such a mistake! I can't go, that's all; I haven't another decent pair!"

"Not go!" exclaimed Sue, "after all my hopes for weeks on this party! Fly, Marie—fly and bring up some bread-crumbs—stale ones. Where are all your old slippers, Bee? We'll choose the best-looking ones and have them cleaned in the shake of a—very quickly, I mean!" primly, for Susan was heroically striving to drop all the slang phrases which her life on a Western ranch had cultivated.

Out of various boxes an assortment of foot-gear was produced and surveyed by its dejected owner. She immediately pounced upon a pair of white suèdes, not so had after all, and vigorously set herself to work with the bread-crumbs, with such good results that a fairly presentable pair of slippers was produced.

"You extravagant girl!" she laughed. "If you had been used, as I have, to making one pair do till it is done, you would use up plenty of stale bread. Your dress is so long they'll never show; besides, who would suspect Miss Harloe, who has a new pair for every party, if she likes, to be wearing old ones! They'll never think of looking."

"Oh! you dear little 'Hay,'" laughed Beatrice, "you are such a comfort. We must hurry, it would not do to be late when I have to introduce all your partners."

"Hayseeds have their little mission in the world after all, eh! Honey Bee?" quoth Sue.

"I never would have gotten off to this cotillion if it hadn't been for you, that's certain," she answered, as the two went gayly down-stairs, leaving the patent-leathers, the ignominious cause of all the trouble, lying forgotten on the floor.

Scratch, scratch, went the pen, and sheet after sheet of manuscript fluttered to the floor. The medical students who were to be regaled on the morrow with Dr. John Meredith's address on anatomy were not to be envied, if length were not offset by brilliancy.

Finally the toes are reached. Surely he must be nearing the end. If not the end, the mention of his extremities started a train of thought utterly foreign to the subject in hand, however. With a sigh, he dropped his pen and turned in his chair. Drawing the arm of a skeleton hanging near him affectionately over his shoulder, with the thumb-hone he thoughtfully prodded the tobacco in his pipe. "Well, Bonita, old girl, I suppose it's about time I stopped." The person addressed was accustomed to his confidences, and, not being expected to be communicative, preserved a discreet silence. She was always introduced to his friends as "Miss Bonita, the beautiful Indian maiden," and her sole duty in life was to hang suspended there in midair, in convenient range, where at any time her thumb could be

called into use. Meredith declared that his pipe never smoked as well as when Bonita packed it for him.

Touching his repeater, the faithful little chime rang out—nine-and-twenty! "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Why didn't you give me a hint it was so late? What use are you, anyway, hanging there, twirling your toes, when I should be twirling mine!"

Just then there came a knock at the door, and, without waiting for an answer, his friend Graham entered with a rush. "Hello, not ready yet! What have you been about, you old fogey? You'll get no dances if you don't hurry."

"Don't want any. Haven't danced for four years, as I told you," answered John, in the drawling, indifferent tone he always assumed when matters social were discussed.

"Well, you promised me you'd go to this. How do you expect to be a success in your profession if you drop so completely out of social life? Don't you know that two or three conquests to-night mean as many 'calls' in the course of the week?"

"Great heavens! You don't mean it?" (sarcastically).

"Yes, and I'll wager you haven't even thought of the dancing-shoes you promised me so faithfully to buy."

"There you are wrong, dear boy, as usual. Thought of them just in the nick of time. Open the box there and lend me a hand, will you?" (giving himself a shake). He disappeared into the other end of the long room, which was divided by *portières*, and was dignified by the title of sleeping-apartment, in this, his home, up five flights of stairs—the climbing of which was all the exercise he needed, he declared.

An astonished silence followed the crackling of the paper, then a burst of hearty laughter.

"What in thunder have you been about, old saw-bones? Some one's been playing a trick on you!"

As Charlie finished speaking, Meredith appeared at the *portières*, and to his astonished gaze was held up a pair of white suèdes, dainty, high-heeled, fit for a fairy. Consternation dire overwhelmed them both, then recollection came to Meredith, swift and sure. A pair of brown eyes glances indignantly into his, then a sweet voice is saying: "They *must* be white, Sue; either satin or suède!" Of course, the stupid clerk had mixed them up.

But, great heavens! where are his? He dare not trust himself to think. In the meantime, Charlie stood with the dainty deceivers poised gingerly in one hand, gazing quizzically at Meredith.

"You've mistaken the box, old man. I did not intend to pry into your secrets, I assure you. Very clumsy of me. Kindly show me the right box."

"Oh, hang it all, dry up! What are you talking about?"

almost shouted Meredith, shaken out of his customary calm.

"Don't you see what has happened? The clerk has mixed them up, that's all." Then he related the whole story to his unsympathetic friend, who rolled over on the divan in paroxysms of delight, to the detriment of his immaculate evening-dress.

"That's the best I ever heard!" he gasped. "Imagine the scene in the boudoir of the brown-eyed one, when your dainty canoes arrived! Don't stand there petrified! Hurry up, get out your old ones and come along."

"But I haven't any old ones! Gave them all to my small brother long ago. What use have I for dancing-shoes?" dejectedly. Now that all possibility of a dance was at an end, he longed most unreasonably for the unattainable. Forlornly, he arrayed himself.

"You'll have to sit out most of your dances—if you get any," said his friend, consolingly; "mine are all engaged. I never take any before half-past ten."

"Nobody will want to dance with me in these thick things," sighed the other, surveying his shoes ruefully.

However, they made a start finally, Charlie gayly arranging future proceedings as they went.

"Now, if the brown eyes are there, what luck! I'm sure to know her; I know everybody. I can see it all—introduction, start of recognition, hopeless confusion, gallant friend to the rescue—all satisfactorily explained in a moment!"

"Never!" ejaculated Meredith, clutching his arm.

"Suppose she's a girl who chaffs a fellow unmercifully?"

"Why, she can't not! She's in as much of a box as you are."

"Oh, no, she isn't! She forgot all about me and my patent-leathers as soon as she entered the store."

"Well, hope for the best, my afflicted friend," said Charlie.

Presently they reached the brilliantly lighted hall where the first cotillion of the season was under way. Gayly the couples were marching back and forth through the mazes of the figures, and there—surely his eyes did not mislead him—was the "brown-eyed one," demurely leading all that lovely train of followers. Meredith leaned against the door-facing, and Graham noticed the look of consternation, almost of fear, upon his face.

"She's here, is she?" he asked.

"Yes, there, leading," he answered, faintly.

"That! Beatrice Harloe! Well, you are a lucky dog! She's the jolliest and sweetest girl on the hill."

Later on Meredith was introduced, and one glance of the brown eyes was enough. Totally unprepared for the meeting, no sooner did their eyes meet than the remembrance swept over her of the "great clumsy thing" in front of the shoe-store. Laughing, she put out her hand: "Oh! Dr. Meredith and I have met before, if rather unceremoniously. You must excuse our haste of this afternoon—we were in such a hurry!"

"It was all my fault, I assure you," he answered, eagerly. So far, she did not connect him in any way with the mistake of the dancing-shoes. "I am so late," said Meredith, "I am afraid there is no hope for me on your card; I am not going to dance myself, but I hoped I might find some kind friend who would take pity on me and 'sit out' one occasionally." Once nothing had ever been further from Meredith's thoughts than the absurd "sitting

out" of a dance with a girl; but, now—well, circumstances alter cases, that's all.

"Oh!" she answered, "I was late, too. I have only the cotillion engaged. I will give you one later on."

Charlie, who had been an amused spectator, could restrain himself no longer, in spite of an imploring look from his friend.

"Why were you late, Bee? You told me you expected to be here early, on account of your friend."

"Such a funny thing happened," she laughed. "Come here, Sue, and help me tell about it."

Glancing at the young doctor, one look at his conscious face was enough. "Oh!" she cried; "why! you—you are the man!"

Then the tension gave way and the quartet laughed long and merrily.

"What's the joke?" was asked on all sides; but taking Sue hurriedly by the hand, Beatrice made her way to a retired corner, motioning to Graham to bring his friend.

"We must exchange confidences," she said.

"And shoes," murmured Graham, *sotto voce*. So, with much laughter and clatter of tongues, the whole affair was made clear, to the mystification of all their friends and acquaintances.

The following year Dr. and Mrs. John Meredith (*née* Harloe) set up housekeeping in a cozy flat on Geary Street, where there is a mystery still unsolved in the doctor's study. Hanging beside his desk, within convenient reach of his right arm, is the well-known figure of "Miss Bonita," gracefully swinging her toes as of old. But upon those toes are now fitted dainty slippers of white suède, held in place by huge bows of white-satin ribbon.

To all inquiries, Bee merrily answers: "Well, if I did throw myself at his head first, he returned the compliment promptly, by throwing himself at my feet!"

HARRIET HOLMES HASLETT.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1901.

## RECENT VERSE:

## Kitchener.

Hail, conqueror of babies,  
Thou Kitchener of a King!  
Hail, victor of Omdurman!  
Thy triumphs empires sing.  
Far in the Soudan Desert,  
Stark sepulchre of thrones,  
Thy fame's writ red in the blood of the dead,  
Writ white in Arab bones.

Hail, Weyler Africanus!  
Fame's red and ghastly lamps  
Illume thy laureled glory  
In reconcentrado camps.  
The agonies of childhood  
Amid gaunt hunger's gloom,  
Attest your fame and England's shame,  
Brave Kitchener of Khartoum!

Hail, maker of Golgothas,  
Chieftain no woe can melt!  
Hail, peer of blood-stained Alva!  
Hail, Herod of the Veldt!  
Glory and laurels fade;  
They wither in the tomb;  
But quiet reigns and blood still stains,  
O Kitchener of Khartoum!

—Joseph Smith in Life.

## To England.

Heed not those voices whether hoarsely borne  
Through leagues of mist from lands where Envy grows  
At unassailable greatness and your scorn  
Of powerless snarls and scowls,

Or hissed out, nearer home, from foul-fanged throat  
Of Treason, eager to besmirch and slay  
Our far-off hero-brothers, and to vote  
An Empire's weal away.

But hearken only to the imperative voice  
Of your own conscience, purified from lust  
Of victory or vengeance, and rejoice  
Solely in what is just.

And, as a firm-willed, steadfast-steering bark  
'Gainst buffeting winds and tempest-tattered spray,  
'Mid jarring clamor, on through day, through dark,  
Cleaves its appointed way.

And, while keels feelbler toss, the shivering sport  
Of multitudinous billows, drenched and drowned,  
Then derelict,—thinks only of the port  
To which its chart is bound,

So keep male mind and unreproachful soul  
Set to your purpose, free from dread or ire,  
Until you sight and gain unto the goal  
Of duty and desire:

Forgetful never that the Strong still must,  
If cherishing Freedom, keep her Flag unfurled,  
Long as God wills to give to them in trust  
The welfare of the World.

—Alfred Austin in London Times.

Dispatches from Constantinople recently reported the capture by brigands of Miss Ellen H. Stone, an American missionary, who was traveling with a lady companion in the Valiety of Salonica. The Sultan, upon hearing of the abduction of Miss Stone and her companion, peremptorily ordered the Vali of Salonica to secure their release, and to exercise every care for their comfort and safety. Miss Stone has been in the Salonica mission since 1878. It has been a part of her duty to tour among the people with a Bible woman as attendant. Missionaries now in Boston from Bulgaria think it is simply a case in which ransom was sought by robbers.

The Carnegie libraries (writes an *Outlook* correspondent) do not draw the people. The fine buildings which house these libraries in Pittsburgh and Homestead are in the summer (however useful they may be in winter) almost entirely without users. The empty reading-rooms and the ver occasional applicant for a book show that something is missing.



## PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATION.

How McKinley Was Shot Down at the Buffalo Exposition—  
Guiteau's Dastardly Revenge on James A. Garfield—The  
Murder of Abraham Lincoln at Ford's Theatre.

The daring attempt of the anarchist, Leon Czolgosz, to assassinate President William McKinley, took place at the Pan-American Exposition on Friday, September 6th, the second day of the President's visit to the fair grounds. The scene of the tragedy was the Temple of Music, where a public reception was being held, and over twenty thousand people were gathered in and about the building. When perhaps a hundred people had grasped the hand of the President, who greeted them from a stand which had been erected at one end, a quietly dressed man presented himself. It was Czolgosz:

His right hand was thrust beneath the lapel of his coat, and a handkerchief was wrapped about it in such a way as to give the impression that it had been injured. Czolgosz turned his eyes squarely upon the President's face and extended his left hand. McKinley grasped his hand warmly. Czolgosz leaned suddenly forward, at the same time gripping the President's hand in a vise-like hold. Thrusting his hand fairly against the President's breast he pulled the trigger of the weapon that the white bit of cloth was concealing. Then he fired again, the second shot following the first so quickly that the report was scarcely noticeable. President McKinley dropped the hand of the assassin and staggered back a pace toward his secretary, Mr. Caryllyn, and Director Milburn of the Pan-American Exposition, who had been standing at his side. They caught him as he was falling, and drew him tenderly toward a chair. As the second shot was fired there was a mad rush to seize Czolgosz. Homer James, an exhibition guard, dashed his club down upon the anarchist's skull. Then there was a rush from every side, and the murderer was borne from his feet and swept to the floor. He was trampled on and kicked and pushed from side to side, everybody seeking to lay hold of him.

Meanwhile an ambulance was brought from the Emergency Hospital upon the fair grounds, and the President was placed upon a stretcher and immediately taken to the hospital, where an examination was made. The President retained the full exercise of his faculties until placed on the operating-table and subjected to an anæsthetic. Upon the first examination it was ascertained that one bullet had taken effect in the right breast just below the nipple, causing a comparatively harmless wound. The other took effect in the abdomen, about four inches below the left nipple, four inches to the left of the navel, and about an inch with it. Upon arrival at the exhibition hospital the second bullet was probed. The walls of the abdomen were opened, but the ball was not located. The incision was hastily closed, and after a hasty consultation it was decided to remove the patient to the home of Mr. Milburn, where, according to latest reports, the President is now progressing favorably.

When he was saved from the fury of the horrified populace, and safely landed in jail, the prisoner declared that he was an anarchist, and had been goaded on to the deed by the teachings of Emma Goldman. Her doctrine that all rulers should be exterminated, he declares, set him aflame, and he decided to do something "heroic" for the cause. When he read in the Chicago newspapers of President McKinley's visit to Buffalo, he left for that city and went to the exposition a couple of times a day:

On Tuesday morning, September 3d, the plot to murder, which had occurred to him days before, took definite and final shape in his mind. He bought a .32-calibre revolver and loaded it. In the evening he went to the exposition early, and was near the railroad gate when the Presidential party arrived. He tried to get through the gate to the railroad station outside, so that he might be better able to approach the President, but the police forced him back. He stood close to the President when the latter got into his carriage for his drive through the grounds, but he was afraid to attempt the assassination owing to the presence of so many detectives. He feared he might not be able to draw his revolver and use it before they would discover him, and then his chance would be gone. So he permitted the President to escape. The next morning he took up a position close to the stand from which the President spoke. Several times the idea came to him of shooting the President while he was delivering his address, but he could not approach sufficiently close to make his aim certain. So he waited. When the President got into his carriage again, the mounted escort formed a cordon about him, and Czolgosz became hopelessly entangled in the crowd.

On Friday morning Czolgosz was at the exposition again. He waited near the railroad gate for the President, who boarded his special train at that point, but the police were too watchful, and nobody but the President's party was permitted to pass through the station where the train was to wait. He remained at the exposition all day, waiting for the President to return. In the meantime he had hit upon the scheme of concealing his revolver under his handkerchief. He was one of the first in the Temple of Music where the public reception was held. He fell into line with the rest of the people, and when his turn came to shake hands with the chief executive of the nation he fired two shots with the muzzle of the revolver close to the President's body. He said he would have fired more but for the fact that some one struck him a frightful blow. Czolgosz expresses no sorrow for his deed, and declares that he has simply done his duty. He claims that he planned the murder himself, and had no confederates.

The shooting of President McKinley resembles in many respects the assassination of President Garfield in 1881. His assailant, Charles J. Guiteau, was one of the thousands of persistent hunters of office who pestered President Garfield. He appeared in Washington during Garfield's visit there before the inauguration, and construed, or pretended to construe, a promise to see him again into the promise to grant him an appointment as consul at Marseilles.

The day after the inauguration Guiteau called at the White House to see President Garfield, but did not find him there. He then wrote to the President, asking an interview, to which he received no reply. He then followed the President closely, wherever he went, and stood outside for hours and watched the houses where the President called, waiting for a chance to press his suit for an office. Again and again he intruded himself upon the President, who, after becoming convinced of the man's unfitness for official position, frankly refused to grant the petition. Guiteau was very angry, and refused to be satisfied with two or three denials; and at last he became so insulting in his demeanor that the President, after a most remarkable display of patience, ordered his officers at the White House to expel the intruder, and refuse him admittance should he attempt to enter again. Mortified at his failure to obtain the coveted appointment, and angry beyond expression because of his forcible ejection from the White House, he determined to avenge. Various schemes suggested themselves to him, according to his own confession, which would bring disgrace and failure upon the administration and shame upon the President, but none would or could satisfy him but the murder of President Garfield. Once, it is said, he followed the President from the White House to the residence of Secretary Blaine, dodging along from dark corners and skulking by stone alcoves; and the peaceful, confident head of the nation walked fearfully by those hiding-places, and Guiteau, with his revolver cocked, did not muster the strength to pull the trigger. Another time he allowed the President's carriage in the railway station, determined to lay the deed no longer; but when the affectionate husband lifted his wife from the carriage, and Guiteau saw her thin hands and pale, sweet face, he was defeated again; and, stuffing his revolver in his pocket, he said: "I'll wait till she is better." He pondered over the matter, making careful calculations on the effect of the President's death, and

planned how to avoid the rage of the mob which the murder would be likely to raise. He wrote a letter beforehand to General Sherman, to be delivered to him at once after the murder, asking for troops to protect him at the jail.

On Friday, the first day of July, Guiteau saw by the papers that the President intended to take the train for New York the next morning, and again determined to secure his revenge:

On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, he loaded his revolver, hired a hack to take him hastily from the station after he should have killed his victim, and placed himself near the entrance to the Baltimore Railroad waiting-room, thinking to kill the President there. Soon after the assassin had taken his post at the door, President Garfield and Secretary Blaine alighted from their carriage, and for five minutes stood close to Guiteau, engaged in conversation. But he could not muster up courage to shoot them. The sudden call of the conductor, "All aboard!" and the quick movements of the passengers in the station, however, enabled him to throw off the spell, and, with a satanic desperation and horrible impulse, he turned, as the President passed him, and fired the first shot. He was so close to his victim that he saw his aim had not been true, and as the startled President leaped to one side the assassin took a surer aim, and fired the second time with deadly effect. The second bullet entered the President's side, tore through the spine, and remained lodged in the flesh. The horrified spectators rushed to the wounded man, seized the assassin, and for a time there was the greatest confusion and terror. But soon the doors were shut to keep out the excited crowd, surgical aid called for the President, and the assassin hurried away to the jail. The surgeons called in to the President declared at once that the shot must be fatal, and ordered the fainting and bleeding man carried by ambulance to the White House.

When the President had lingered and suffered at the White House for more than two months, holding on to life with an almost miraculous tenacity, and suffering incessantly the acutest pain, a council of noted physicians was called to consider the advisability of removing him from the heat and malaria of Washington:

He had lost more than one hundred pounds in weight, and had become so weak that it did not seem possible that, without a change, he could survive many days. He longed to get away from the place in which he had suffered so much, and, as there seemed no hope for him there, the physicians consented to undertake his removal to Long Branch, on the New Jersey shore. His removal for so many hundred miles in his dangerously low state was one of the most remarkable feats of modern days. The railroad company laid a track in the White House in Washington, and another track to the cottage which kind friends furnished for him at the shore; so that he was taken from door to door in an elegant, comfortable, and commodious car, and carried from the house to the car and from the car to the seaside cottage, without sufficient commotion or movement of his couch to cause any considerable increase of his pulse. Although he exhibited signs of exhaustion the next day, he did not attribute it to the journey so much as to the excitement and pleasure of being in a new place and amid new scenes. Although the President at first rallied slightly, he gradually sank until, on September 19th, he passed away.

The immediate cause of Garfield's death was for some time a matter of dispute among physicians; but the day after his death a *post-mortem* examination of his body was made:

When the operation was performed, it was found that the ball, after fracturing the right eleventh rib, had passed through the spinal column, fracturing the body of the first lumbar vertebra, driving a number of small fragments of bone into the adjacent soft parts, and lodging just below the pancreas, about two inches and a half to the left of the spine and behind the peritoneum, where it had become completely encysted. The immediate cause of death was secondary hemorrhage from one of the mesenteric arteries adjoining the track of the ball, the blood rupturing the peritoneum, and nearly a pint escaping into the abdominal cavity. This hemorrhage is believed to have been the cause of the severe pain in the lower part of the chest, which President Garfield complained of just before death. An abscess cavity, six inches by four in dimensions, was found in the vicinity of the gall bladder, between the liver and the transverse colon, which were strongly inter-adherent. It did not involve the substance of the liver, and no communication was found between it and the wound. A long suppurating channel extended from the external wound, between the loin muscles and the right kidney, almost to the right groin. The channel, now known to be due to the burrowing of pus from the wound, was supposed during life to have been the track of the ball. On an examination of the organs of the chest, evidences of severe bronchitis were found on both sides, with broncho-pneumonia of the lower portions of the right lung, and, though to much less extent, of the left. The lungs contained no abscesses, and the heart no clots. The liver was enlarged and fatty, but free from abscesses. Nor were any found in any other organ except the left kidney, which contained near its surface a small abscess, about one-third of an inch in diameter.

Guiteau, the assassin, was charged with murder, and after a sensational trial, which lasted for several days, and during which the defendant sought to escape the penalty of his crime by pleading insanity, he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged on June 30, 1882.

Secretary of State John Hay, in the biography which he wrote in collaboration with John G. Nicolay, gives a graphic account of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln at Ford's Theatre on April 14, 1865. He was at that time an assistant-secretary and aid-de-camp to Lincoln. He writes:

"Lincoln was food of the theatre; it was one of his few means of recreation. Besides, the town was thronged with soldiers and officers, all eager to see him; it was represented to him that appearing occasionally in public would gratify many people whom he could not otherwise meet. Mrs. Lincoln had asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her; they had accepted, and the announcement that they would be present was made as an advertisement in the evening papers; but they changed their minds and went north by an afternoon train. Mrs. Lincoln then invited in their stead Miss Harris and Major Henry R. Rathbone, the daughter and stepson of Senator Ira Harris. The President's carriage called for these young people, and the four went in together to the theatre. The President had been detained by visitors, and the play had made some progress. When he appeared in the box, the band struck up 'Hail to the Chief,' the actors ceased playing, and the audience rose, cheering tumultuously; the President bowed in acknowledgment of this greeting, and the play went on."

John Wilkes Booth, an actor, of a family of famous players, ascertained the President's intention to attend the theatre in the evening, and, with a number of confederates, planned to take the life of the President:

He was perfectly at home in Ford's Theatre, where he was greatly liked by all the employees, without other reason than the sufficient one of his youth and good looks. Either by himself or with the aid of his friends, he arranged his whole plan of attack and escape during the afternoon. He counted upon address and audacity to gain access to the small passage behind the President's box; once there, he guarded against interference by an arrangement of a wooden bar to be fastened by a simple mortise in the angle of the wall and the door by which he entered, so that the door could not be opened from without. He even provided for the contingency of not gaining entrance to the box by boring a hole in its door, through which he might observe the occupants to take aim and shoot. He hired at a livery-stable a small, fleet horse, which he showed with pride during the day to harkers and loafers among his friends. The moon rose that night at ten o'clock. A few minutes before that hour he called one of the underlings of the theatre to the back door and left him there, holding his horse. He then went to a saloon near by, took a drink of brandy, and, entering the theatre, passed rapidly through the crowd in the rear of the dress-circle, and made his way to the passage leading to the President's box.

He showed a card to a servant in attendance, and was allowed to pass in. He entered noiselessly, and, turning, fastened the door with the bar he had previously made ready, without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself there yet remained the slight partition and the door through which he had bored the hole. Their eyes were fixed upon the stage; the play was "Our American Cousin," the original version by Tom Taylor, before Senheim had made a new work of it by his elaboration of the part of Dundreary. Partisan hate and the fumes of brandy had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. He felt as if he were playing Brutus off the boards; he posed, expecting applause. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the hinged door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired; dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and, when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him, he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound. Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He would have got safely away, but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fall had broken his leg; he turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife, and shouting the State motto of Virginia, "Sic Temper Tyrannis," fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight. Major Rathbone had shouted: "Stop him!" "The cry went out: 'He has shot the President.' From the audience, at first stupid with surprise, and afterward wild with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the flying assassin; but he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, which was waiting in the alley behind, rewarded with a kick and curse the call-boy who had held him, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just risen moon.

After he was shot, President Lincoln scarcely moved; his head dropped forward slightly, his eyes closed:

Major Rathbone, at first not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred, and on the outside some one was heating and clamoring for entrance. He opened the door; a young officer named Crawford entered; none of the army surgeons soon followed, who hastily examined the wound. It was at once seen to be mortal. It was afterward ascertained that a large derringer bullet had entered the back of the head, on the left side, and, passing through the brain, had lodged just behind the left eye. By direction of Rathbone and Crawford, the President was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor. . . . The President had been shot a few minutes past ten. The wound would have brought instant death to most men, but his vital tenacity was extraordinary. He was, of course, unconscious from the first moment; but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came, and the lamp-light grew pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail; but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals around him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying: "Now he belongs to the ages." Dr. Gurley knelt by the bedside and prayed fervently. The widow came from the adjoining room, supported by her son Robert, and cast herself with loud outcry on the dead body.

Booth was tracked and pursued by troops, and, on the night of April 25th, a party under Lieutenant E. P. Doherty surrounded a barn on Garrett's farm near Bowling Green, where the assassin and one of his confederates, David E. Herold, were sleeping:

When called upon to surrender, Booth refused, and a parley took place, lasting some minutes. Booth offered to fight the party at a hundred yards, and, when this was refused, cried out in a theatrical tone: "Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me." Doherty then told him he would fire the barn; upon this Herold came out and surrendered. The barn was fired, and, while it was burning, Booth, who was clearly visible by the flames through the cracks in the building, was shot by Boston Corbett, a sergeant of cavalry, a soldier of a gloomy and fanatical disposition which afterward developed into insanity. Booth was hit in the back of the neck, not far from the place where he had shot the President. He lingered about three hours in great pain, conscious but nearly inarticulate, and died at seven in the morning.

The surviving conspirators were all punished with the exception of John H. Surratt, who managed to elude the police for two years. His trial, in 1867, lasted two months, and ended in a disagreement, when he was discharged. Booth's other confederates were Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, Lewis Powell (*alias* Paine, a dishonored rebel soldier from Florida), David E. Herold (a young druggist's clerk), and George Atzerodt (formerly a coachmaker, but more recently a spy and blockade runner of the Potomac), who were hanged on July 7, 1865; Samuel Mudd (a surgeon and rebel sympathizer), Samuel Arnold and Michael O. Laughlin (Maryland secessionists and Confederate soldiers), who were imprisoned for life, though the term was afterward shortened; and Spangler, (the scene-shifter at the theatre), who was sentenced to six years in jail.

A splendid specimen of an ancient ship has been discovered near London in the bed of the old River Lea, the course of which has been diverted in order to permit excavations. The vessel was found at a depth of seven feet below the surface. It is about fifty feet long, and is constructed of oak throughout, with the exception of the keel, which is of elm. The ribs of the boat are secured to the sides by treenails, while the timbers are secured with crude and primitive, though well-made iron nails. The floor-boards are also fastened together with nails, and the calking is done with felt. Many antiquarians, who have examined the relic, think that it constitutes a part of the fleet with which King Alfred the Great fought against the Danes. Another curious dugout boat, estimated to be about twenty-five hundred years old, was also unearthed, and is to be deposited in the British Museum.

It is evident that one of the popular superstitions had no hold on the designer of the silver twenty-five-cent piece. In the words quarter dollar are thirteen letters. Thirteen letters compose E Pluribus Unum. In the tail of the eagle are thirteen feathers, and in the shield are thirteen lines. There are thirteen stars and thirteen arrow-heads, while, if you examine the bird through a microscope, you will find thirteen feathers in its wing.

The oyster trade of England has fallen in ten years from an annual total of fifteen million dollars to two and one-half millions. Sewerage schemes carried out by town boards resulted in flooding the oyster beds with sewage, and several deaths ensued from eating poisonous oysters. The alarm became wide-spread, and the figures quoted show the disaster brought upon the trade.



## YACHTING IN DALMATIA.

The Thousand Islands of the Adriatic—Left and Lost in Zara—  
Queer Costumes—Gorgeous Color Effects—Ancient  
Austrian Men-of-War.

MY DEAR R—: While we were in Pola, in Istria, on our last yachting trip, we heard that the gallant Duca degli Abruzzi, of North Pole fame, had accepted the invitation of Venice to be present at the opening of her Art Exposition, and we hastened back home to witness the *fetes* in his honor. When we heard the news, we were peering through the tall iron railings that fence off the Austrian naval relics on exhibition there from the *riva*. All of these old-timers sit on the edge of a beautiful grassy and flowered park, with their "forefeet" in the water, looking out to the sea they once graced when in their prime. They present a pathetic sight. All of them bear royal names that have come to grief in tragic manner. Think of the sorrow recalled by the names of Maximilian, Carlotta, Elizabetha, Rudolph, and Stephanie! The fine old towering frigate, *John of Austria*, serves as a sort of grandfather to the fleet, showing a stern covered with heavy, gilded wood-carving. Out in the basin lie the active vessels of the navy, not nearly so stately in appearance as the old fellows that are chained to the *riva*.

On leaving Pola, the *Wurmbrand* steams across the mouth of the gulf, called "The Quarnero," where the only rough sea of the trip is liable to be encountered, and then only in winter, for the summer habits of the Adriatic are particularly calm. Bohemian yachting, like any other yachting, must have a certain amount of calmness about it to make it agreeable. When seas are lumpy, so that a yacht is wabbly and uncertain in its motion, an appearance of enjoyment can only be maintained by deception. It takes the *Wurmbrand* a couple of hours to cross the entrance to The Quarnero, and then she glides between islands that furnish the best of protection against any kind of a rough sea. If you have been to Japan you are at once reminded of its famous Inland Sea from the multitude of islands.

When you first plunge in among these islands, the possible surprises of the voyage begin to dawn on you. The predominant colors are silvery-gray, vivid green, emerald-turquoise, and cerulean-blue, burnt and raw umber, and the richest of sienna. Occasionally a bit of sea in shadow looks like the purest of indigo, and verifies the justice of the appellation, ultramarine, that has been given to the bluest of all the pigments used by painters.

This west coast of the Adriatic has been rightly called the "Coast of a Thousand Islands." There are probably less than a thousand real islands, just as there are really less than that number in the St. Lawrence River; but there are more than a hundred, and poetic license may easily skip from a hundred to a thousand.

The next port of call is Zara, a city made famous by many a battle, and now the capital of Dalmatia. Zara is reached about sunset, and the color effects are theatrical beyond the power of any theatre to copy. It is barely possible that the atmosphere of Zara may now and then be enveloped in dull grays, but after more than a dozen visits, we begin to think the variety of beautiful light effects it has in its scene-loft are inexhaustible. It was here that Hallowell got one of his striking impressions that astonished the Bostonians, about which I wrote you in a recent letter. He was perched on a ledge of the new *campanile* of the old cathedral, and looked across a mirror-like channel straight toward the setting sun, with the blue-black outline of the Island of Ugliano, with its crowning mediæval castle, cutting the horizon line.

Zara is full of interest, so that a stay of a week would not be too much. Here the costumes begin to be un-European. We first see the *pommo d'oro* caps and the braided jackets worn with laced breeches, and moccasins of untanned leather for foot-coverings. The materials are home-made, and the silver-filigree buttons worn sometimes represent the entire wealth of the wearer in negotiable goods.

But the *Wurmbrand* being an express boat, we have but half an hour in Zara. Leo was crazy to go ashore, and I did not dare to let him go alone, knowing that he might lose his way and miss the steamer. With watch in hand I acted as pilot. The wharf was crowded with loungers and vehicles, so that it was ten minutes of the half-hour before we cleared the crowd. I gave eight minutes for the run outward, eight minutes for the return, and reckoned on four minutes to spare. We rushed through the old plaza, glanced at the stately Lion of San Marco and the Roman Column, made the circuit of the cathedral, and then dived into the narrow Corso, hoping to reach the Five Fountains, at its upper end, within the prescribed eight minutes. We were just able to reach the fountains and were back nearly to the wharf when Leo espied his favorite brand of chocolate displayed in a shop window. He asked if we had time, and I replied that we had two minutes to spare. This was enough for Leo, and he entered the shop. The chocolate was fished out of the window in short order, and Leo sampled it to see if it were really his favorite kind. When we came to pay, we found that we had nothing smaller than a five-florin note between us, and the shop-keeper had no change. When he went out for the change we urged him to hurry, as we were pressed for time, but he had different ideas about hurry from ours. The two minutes were up when he came back, and we made a dash for the street and for the wharf. We found it full of people—in fact, so crowded that we could not walk against the tide of it, much less run, as we needed to do to catch the steamer. By dint of much rudeness we finally extricated ourselves from the crowd and reached the head of the dock, only to see it deserted and the red stern-light of the *Wurmbrand* half a mile down the channel.

Leo broke out in perspiration at the shock of his disappointment. We were out in search of the unexpected, and now we had a full crop of it assured us at once. Zara has no railway communication, so we had no means of catching up with the *Wurmbrand* except by telegraph; this was suffi-

cient to inform the officers of our being left and to request them to put our traps off at Spalato. We were intent upon taking the express excursion, but we had a whole week to wait in, order to complete it. What we did during the week's delay I am not going to relate here. It included being presented with a castle, being elected King of Bohemia by a small gathering of Bobemians, unauthorized and unknown to the Emperor Francis Joseph, and a voyage of discovery down the wild Krka.

It is only a few hours from Zara to Spalato, as Sebenico and Trau and the beautiful Dalmatian Riviera—that is more sweetly picturesque than either of its rivals of France or Italy—are passed in the night. Spalato itself is seen only by starlight or moonlight on the express excursion. The silvery dome of old Mosso, towering some six thousand feet to the east, is an attractive background to the castellated city walls of Spalato. It has a curious color at night that is not like land at all, and the coronet of stars that shines above it in the midnight blue does not seem like our old familiar constellations of other coasts and scenes. Having read in advance of Diocletian's palace, in which a whole city is built; of Salona, its ruined metropolis; and of Clissa, the wonderful fortress perched high up on a shoulder of Mosso, the weirdness of Spalato at night serves to whet the desire for a return. Added to the natural uncanniness of the place, Captain Baron Brefeld, of the *Wurmbrand*, gives a shipmasterly display of his skill and of the working qualities of his steamer. The harbor of Spalato is sometimes filled with vessels of various sorts, and some of the smaller ones do not carry conspicuous lights. To work out of a difficult harbor among them all is no child's play, and the schedule time of the express boat does not allow her to lose a minute.

In the middle of the harbor is a big, red buoy. On this the *Wurmbrand* throws her electric search-light, and the fun commences. "Bang," goes first one engine-room gong, and then "bang-bang" goes the other. The orders given are "full speed ahead with the port engine" and "full speed astern with the starboard engine," with the result that the ship turns short on her heel and is ready to shoot off in any direction at a tangent as soon as her prow is headed right. While this is being accomplished, strange craft afloat and strange forms ashore come into the range of the search light and fill in a picture of mysterious effect that is splendid food for nautical dreams. When well out beyond the pier-head, the *Wurmbrand* search-light flashes up at the sky and the stars and goes out, leaving the steamer to pulse on in the dark toward Gravosa, the new steamship harbor of old Ragusa.

RAGUSA, August 10, 1901.

The failure of the rainfall in Western Kansas has resulted in many changes in the towns (says *Collier's Weekly*). Some of the pretentious places of the boom days are deserted and others have been torn down and their sites are marked only by holes that were once cellars for the store-buildings and residences. One of the towns that has ended its existence is Page City, in Logan County. The town was once so prosperous that it had several large buildings, including a three-story hotel, thirty-two feet square. The hotel has been moved to Gove City, in Gove County. Five traction-engines, such as are used in threshing on the prairies, were hitched to the structure, which weighed fifty tons, and the journey of fifty miles was undertaken. The prairie is so level between the two places that no difficulty was met, and the trip was almost a bee-line. The court-house of what was Garfield County has recently become the property of a settler, who lives in the sumptuous building which did not cost him a cent, as he homesteaded the quarter-section after the county organization was abandoned. A cattleman owns the site of Cash City. His stable is the former post-office and his barns the former general-merchandise stores. He lives in the school-house, and takes his stock to water at what was the town drinking-fountain.

Baron Adolf Erik Nordenskjöld, the Swedish explorer, who died recently, was one of the foremost Arctic voyagers, and did much to add to the world's knowledge of the frozen north. He came of a family of scientists, and early showed a strong leaning in this direction. He made no less than four Arctic voyages, the first in 1851. In 1861 he was a member of the party that went north to measure an arc of the meridian. He conceived the idea, afterward followed by others, of wintering in the north and advancing toward the pole over the ice. In the steamer *Sofia*, in 1868, he reached the high latitude of eighty-one degrees forty-two minutes. Nordenskjöld won fame in 1879 by sailing across the north coast of Siberia and through Behring Straits, and so reaching Japan. He also headed several exploring expeditions into North-Eastern Siberia.

There was an explosion at the Pajaro depot, in Santa Cruz, one day last week, which badly frightened the people waiting for the train. The entire bottom of a valise was blown out. The owner, who feared that he would be suspected as an anarchist, explained that two years ago he had placed dynamite caps in the valise while pruning trees in Santa Clara County, but had neglected to take them out.

The freight transport *Dix*, formerly the steamer *Samoa*, and recently purchased by the government, arrived at San Francisco September 5th, twenty-eight days from Manila and twenty-one days from Nagasaki, bringing three hundred and twenty-five bodies of soldiers who died in China and the Philippines.

Miss Maude Coleman Woods, who died a few days ago in Charlottesville, Va., was pronounced the most beautiful woman in America by a committee from the Pan-American Exposition, and her profile adorns all the medals issued by the board of awards.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Hon. George F. Hoar, now serving his fifth term in the United States Senate from Massachusetts, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on the twenty-ninth of August, at Worcester, which is his home.

William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., can hold the title of champion automobilist of the United States for another year. He won it again last week at Newport in the second meet of the National Automobile Racing Association, held at Aquidneck Park. His best mile was in one minute twenty-eight seconds, which, on a half-mile track, is considered phenomenal.

Lady Sarab Wilson, who is expected to arrive in New York this week on a visit to the United States, is the youngest sister of the late Duke of Marlborough and of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. Her husband is Major Wilson, of the Horse Guards, who, like herself, was associated in the defense of Mafeking, and who is a son of the late Sir Samuel Wilson, the Australian multi-millionaire squatter and sheep farmer.

Miss Hazel Singer, whose engagement to Lieutenant John Ghika, of the Roumanian army, has been announced from Paris, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Singer, and a granddaughter of Isaac Singer, of sewing-machine fame. Lieutenant Ghika is a son of the Roumanian envoy at Constantinople, but he is not a prince, as there are no nobiliary titles in Roumania, distinctions of this kind having not only been abolished by the Roumanian constitution, but forbidden.

The Hon. William H. Hunt, who is to succeed Governor Allen as civil ruler of Porto Rico, is a classmate and intimate friend of Judge Taft, the governor of the Philippines. Both were graduated from Yale University in 1878. Judge Hunt practiced law in Montana, was made collector of customs for Montana and Idaho by President Garfield, and in 1884 resigned this office to become attorney-general of Montana. Later he filled minor judicial offices in the State, and in 1896 was elected associate-justice of the supreme court of Montana for six years. In addition to his experience at the bar and on the bench, Judge Hunt has had executive experience and an opportunity to learn Porto Rican affairs thoroughly in his capacity as secretary to Porto Rico.

Thomas Milton Putnam, of Petaluma, enjoys the distinction of being the only person, among all the six hundred and three students securing degrees directly from the University of Chicago, who has been graduated alone. Upon his recent return from a visit to California, Mr. Putnam went to President Harper and suggested that it was not right for him to be kept from getting his degree by a mere matter of form. Dr. Harper agreed with him, and in order to carry out the rule of the university that no degree shall be conferred except at a university convocation, the candidate being present, he summoned several members of the faculty to his office, where the solemn ceremony, with all its intricacies of Latin, was performed for the formal conferring of a degree of philosophy upon Mr. Putnam.

According to the New York *Tribune*, General Daniel E. Sickles constitutes a conspicuous contradiction of the notion that public service pauperizes men. Disbursing officers' records show that the government has paid him in salary nearly \$300,000, at rates ranging from \$2,000 to \$17,000 annually. As colonel of the Seventeenth New York Volunteer Infantry and the Forty-Second Regular Infantry for seven years, he received \$3,500 a year, or \$24,500. As major-general, retired, for thirty-five years he has received \$5,625 a year, aggregating \$196,875. As representative in Congress from New York for four years he received \$5,000 a year, or \$20,000; and as minister to Spain he received \$12,500 a year. General Sickles is one of the few men for whom the double-salary restriction clause of the constitution has been set aside.

Mme. Nellie Melba enjoys meeting her friends in the most simple way. She does not hedge herself about with guards to keep people from her. Therefore a recent injunction of hers is of much interest. In Paris she met an American millionaire who is on the shady side of fifty, and has great charm of manner and a good sense of humor. He asked Mme. Melba for the privilege of bringing to see her one or two Philadelphia friends, who were staying in Paris. She turned and said, very earnestly: "Now, Mr. C—, do you really want to be a good friend of mine? If you do, I want you to keep absolutely these rules that I have given to my best friends. I don't want to meet any young man. I don't want to meet any poor man. I don't want to meet any stupid man. I don't want to meet many women; and I don't want to meet any who are not lovely, and well dressed, and brilliant."

James McGarry, an old-time saloon-keeper of Chicago and the original of "Mr. Dooley, of Archey Road," made famous by F. Peter Dunne, is seriously ill, and his friends think his death is not far off. McGarry was born in County Galway, Ireland, about seventy years ago, and for thirty-five years he has been one of the best-known saloon-keepers in Chicago. His place was a resort for politicians, actors, men-about-town, judges, lawyers, newspaper men, and prominent police officials, and in the little back room of McGarry's saloon, in Dearborn Street, many a pleasant evening has been passed by people who listened to his wit and philosophy. Deputy-Sheriff John McKenna, who lived in Archer Avenue, took a prominent part in debates with McGarry, and about ten years ago the topics discussed in the little back room found their way into print through the medium of Mr. Dunne. The names of the characters first used in these stories were McNary and McKenna. Everybody who knew McGarry knew that he was the incarnation of McNary. McGarry pleaded with the author to change the names of his characters, and as Mr. Dunne had no intention of wounding the old saloon-keeper's feelings, he substituted "Dooley" and "Hennessy" for "McNary" and "McKenna."



## SECRETS OF THE SEA.

The Career of an Orphan Whale—Some Sociable Fish—Country Life on Board Ships—Pets of the Sailors—Strange Visitors in Mid-Ocean.

Frank T. Bullen calls his sea recollections "A Sack of Shakings," an especially appropriate title, it will be agreed, when it is explained that shakings are the odds and ends of rope and canvas accumulated during a voyage, which were formerly the perquisites of the chief mate. Most of the essays brought together in this volume have been published in the *Lodon Spectator*, and are rich in interesting information and charming pen-pictures, painted in vigorous, expressive English. Mr. Bullen has been a sailor from youth, and his experiences cover a wide range. We learn of the wonderful homes and strange denizens of the hazy deep; the trials and tribulations of the jacks; his superstitions, pets, and eccentricities; and the myriad idiosyncrasies of the crafts in which Mr. Bullen has gone down to sea. There is not a dull chapter in the book—each is redolent of the ocean, salt with the sea-breeze, and a revelation to the reader.

In the opening chapter, Mr. Bullen gives a graphic history of "The Orphan," a young whale whose parents were slaughtered, leaving him to shift for himself. We are informed how he grew and waxed, how he met his compeers in battle, how he formed his own harem, and, finally, how he became the terror of the tortuous passage of Malaysia. At last, however, he fell in with a ship off Palawan, whose crew were justly reputed to be the smartest whale-fishers from down East. He wrecked this vessel, killing three men, and the ship disappeared; but the mate, whose brother was one of the victims, swore vengeance, and from that day cruised about those narrow seas offering large rewards to any of his men who should catch first sight of his enemy:

Several weeks went by, during which our solitary spout was seen, until one morning in Baoda Strait the skipper himself "raised" a whale close in to the western verge of the island. Instantly all hands were alert, hoping against hope that this might prove to be their long-sought foe at last. Soon the welcome news came from aloft that it was a sperm whale, and an hour later two boats left the ship, the foremost of them commanded by the skipper. With him he took four small harrels, tightly hung, and an extra supply of bomb-lances, to the use of which he was so acknowledged expert. As they drew near the unconscious leviathan they scarcely dared breathe, and their ears carefully peaked, they propelled the boats by paddles as silently as the gliding approach of a shark. Hurrah! first, first! "Starn all, meo!" it's him, d—n him, "I'll slaughter him!" he shall me. Backward flew the boat, out a second too soon, for with that superhuman cunning expected of him, the terrible monster had swooped round, and was rushing straight for them. The meo pulled for dear life, the steersman swinging the boat round as if she were on a pivot, while the skipper pitched over the first of his harrels. Out flashed the snowy flukes, and, before that tremendous blow, the buoyant barrow spuo through the air like a foot-ball. The skipper's eyes flashed with delight at the success of his stratagem, and over went another decoy. This seemed to puzzle the whale, but it did not hinder him, and he seemed to keep instinctively heading toward the boat, thus exposing only his invulnerable head. The skipper, however, had no idea of rashly risking himself, so heaving over his remaining barrel, he kept well clear of the furious animal's rushes, knowing well that the waiting game was the best.

All through that bright day the great battle raged. Many were the hair-breadth escapes of the men, but the skipper over lost his cool, calculating attitude:

Finally the ood exhausted leviathan "sounded" in reality, remaining down for half an hour. When he re-appeared he was so sluggish in his movements that the exultant skipper shouted: "Naow, boys, in on him! He's our whale." Forward darted the beautiful craft under the practiced sweep of the six oars, and as soon as she was within range the skipper fired his first bomb. It reached the whale, but, hurried in the flesh, its explosion was not disabling. Still it did not spur the huge creature into activity, for at last his strength had failed him. Another rush in and another bomb, this time taking effect just ahaft the starboard bow. There was a momentary accession of energy as the frightful wound caused by the bursting iron tube among the monster's viscera set all his masses of muscle a-quiver. But this spurt was short-lived. And as a third bomb was fired a torrent of blood foamed from the whale's distended spiracle, a few fierce convulsions distorted his enormous frame, and that puissant ocean monarch passed peacefully into the passiveness of death.

When they got the great carcass alongside, they found embedded in the blubber no fewer than fourteen harpoons, besides soddy fragments of exploded bombs, each bearing mute eloquent testimony to the warlike career of the vanquished Titan who began his career as an orphan.

In his chapter on "Sociable Fish," Mr. Bullen introduces us to the *remora*, or "sucker," a species of shark that never exceeds a dozen pounds in weight:

On the top of its head is a flat, oval contrivance which is an adhesive attachment of such strength that, when by this means the fish is held on to a plane surface, it is impossible to drag the body away, except by almost tearing the fish in half. Yet by the flexing of some simple muscles the fish can release its body instantly, or as instantly re-attach itself. The *remora* does not by any means limit its company to ships. It is exceedingly fond of attaching itself to the body of a whale, and also to some of the larger sharks. Indeed, it goes a step further than mere outward attachment in the latter case, because well-authenticated instances are recorded where several suckers have been found clinging to a huge shark's palate. This is another stage on the way to perfect parasitism, because under such circumstances these daring lodgers needed not to detach themselves any more. They had only to intercept sufficient food for their wants on its way from the front door to the interior departments. I have also seen them clinging to the jaw of a sperm whale, but that jaw was out in working order. It was bent outwards at right angles to the body, and afforded harborage to a most comprehensive collection of parasites, barnacles especially, giving the front elevation of that whale an appearance utterly unlike anything with life.

But the Chinaman has outwitted the superlatively lazy *remora*. By a way one must regard as a triumph of ingenuity he has succeeded in converting the very means whereby this horn-tired fish usually escapes all necessity for energy into an instrument for obtaining gain for other people. The mode is as follows:

First catch your *remora*. No difficulty here. A hook and line of the simplest, a bait of almost anything that looks eatable lowered by the side of a ship, and if there be a sucker hidden there he will be after the lure instantly. The only skipper necessary is to haul him up swiftly when he bites, because if he be allowed to get hold of the ship again you may pull the hook out of his jaws, but you will not succeed in detaching him. Having caught a *remora*, the fisherman fastens a brass ring closely round its body, just at its smallest part before the spread of the tail. To this he attaches a long, fine, and strong line. He then departs for the turtle grounds with his prisoner. Arriving there he confines himself to keeping the *remora* away from the bottom of his boat by means of a bamboo. Of course the captive gets very tired, and no turtle can pass within range of him without his hainging on to that turtle for a rest. The moment he does so the turtle's fate is

sealed. Struggle how he may, he can not shake loose the tenacious grip of the sucker, and the stolid yellow man in the sampan has only to haul up the line to bring that unwilling turtle within range of his hands and lift him into the boat. And this ingenious utilization of the sucker's well-known peculiarity has also commended itself to the semi-barbarous fisherman of the East African littoral, who are not otherwise notable for either ingenuity or enterprise.

Mr. Bullen is at a loss to explain why the pilot first attaches itself to a shark. He allows the reader to draw his own conclusions from the following illustrations:

Here is a big shark-hook, upon which we stick a mass of fat pork two or three pounds in weight. Fastening a stout rope to it, we drop it over the stern with a splash. The eddies have no sooner smoothed away than we see the brilliant little blue and gold pilot-fish coming toward our bait at such speed that we can hardly detect the lateral vibrations of his tail. Round and round the bait he goes, evidently in a high state of excitement, and next moment he has darted off again as rapidly as he came. He reaches the shark, touches him with his head on the oose, and comes whizzing back again to the bait followed sedately by the dull-colored monster. As if impatient of his huge companion's slowness he keeps oscillating between him and the bait until the shark has reached it, and, with hesitation, has turned upon his back to seize it, if such a verb can be used to denote the deliberate way in which that gaping crescent of a mouth enfolds the lump of pork. Nothing, you think, can increase the excitement of the little attendant now. He seems ubiquitous, flashing all round the shark's jaws as if there were twenty of him at least. But when half a dozen meo, "tailing on" to the rope, drag the shark slowly upward out of the sea, the faithful little pilot seems to go frantic with what shall we call it?—dread of losing his protector, affection, anger, who can tell? The fact remains that during the whole time occupied in hauling the huge writhing carcass of the shark up out of the water the pilot-fish never ceases its distracted upward leaping against the body of its departing companion. And after the shark has been hauled quite clear of the water, the bereaved pilot darts disconsolately to and fro about the rudder as if in utter bewilderment at its great loss. For, as long as the calm continues, or until another shark makes his or her appearance, that faithful little fish will still hover around, every splash made in the water bringing it at top speed to the spot as if it thought that its friend had just returned.

Foremost among the fish that closely follow ships, Mr. Bullen places the "honito," a species of mackerel, so named by the Spaniards from their beautiful appearance, which weighs about thirty pounds:

A school of them, numbering several hundreds, will attach themselves to a ship traveling at the rate of six or eight knots an hour, and keep her company for a couple of days, swimming steadily with her, either alongside, ahead, or astern; but during the day-time continually making short excursions away after flying-fish or leaping-squid, scared up or "flushed" by the approach of the ship. Not only so, but as if to work off their surplus energy, they will occasionally take vertical leaps into the air to a height that, considering their stumpy proportions, is amazing. The probable reason for their sociability, I think, that they know how the passing of the ship's keel through the silence immediately underlying the sea-surface startles upward their natural prey, the flying-fish and *lolo* (small cuttle-fish), and affords them ample opportunities for dashing among them unobserved. In any case, to the hungry sailor, this neighborly habit of theirs is quite providential. For by such simple means as a piece of white rag attached to a hook, and let down from the jibboom end to flutter over the dancing wavelets like a fly-fish, a fine bonito is easily secured, although holding a twenty-five pounder just out of the water in one's arms is calculated to give the captor a profound respect for the energy of his prize. Unlike most other fish, they are warm-blooded. Their flesh is dark and coarse, but if it were ten times darker and coarser than it is, it would be welcome as a change from the everlasting salt beef and pork.

Mr. Bullen says that no pen could possibly do justice to the magnificence of the coloring of the dolphin, for, like "shot" silk, or the glowing tints of the humming-bird, it changes with every turn:

When the fish is disporting under a blazing sun, its glories are almost too brilliant for the unshaded eye; one feels the need of smoked glass through which to view them. These wonderful tints begin to fade as soon as the fish is caught; and although there is a series of waves of color that ebb and flow about the dying creature, the beauty of the living body is never even remotely approached again, in spite of what numberless writers have said to the contrary. To see the dolphin in full chase after a flying-fish, leaping like a glorious arrow forty feet at each lateral bound through the sunshine, is a vision worth remembering. I know of nothing more gorgeous under heaven.

Speaking of the pets of the jacks, Mr. Bullen tells of a litter of pigs that were born at sea and proved a never-failing source of amusement to the men, who, in the dog-watches, would sit for hours with pipes aglow sedately enjoying the screamingly funny antics of the merry band:

Generally, the fat and lazy parents pass the time of these evening gambols in poking about among the men, begging for stray midshipmen's nuts (broken biscuits), or asking in well-understood pig-talk to be scratched behind their ears or along their bristly spines, but occasionally, as if unable to restrain themselves any longer, they would suddenly join their grating family, their elephantine gambols among the frisky youngsters causing roars of laughter. Usually they wound up the revels by a grand *galop furieux* aft of the whole troop squealing and grunting *fortissimo*, and returning accompanied by the two dogs in a hideous uproar of barks, growls, and squeals.

When two goats were introduced as pets on another vessel on which Mr. Bullen sailed, it was suddenly discovered that the rope-ends needed continual attention, some of them being always found with disreputable tassels hanging to them:

When the mates realized that the goats apparently preferred a hit of tarry rope before anything else, their wrath was too great for words, and they meditated a terrible revenge. Another peculiarity of these strange-eyed animals was that they liked tobacco, and would eat a great deal of it, especially in the form of used-up quids. This peculiar taste in feeding had unexpected results. As before said, the *raison d'être* of the goats was milk, and, after sundry ineffectual struggles, the steward managed to extract a cupful from the unworthy pair. It was placed upon the cabin table with an air of triumph, and the eyes of the captain's wife positively beamed when she saw it. Solemnly it was hoisted round, and poured into the coffee as if it had been a libation to a tutelary deity, but somebody soon raised a complaint that the coffee was not up to concert pitch by a considerable majority. A process of exhaustive reasoning led to the milk being tasted by the captain, who immediately spat it out with much violence, ejaculating: "Why, the dam' stuff's pushedion!" The steward, all pale and agitated, looked on dumbly, until in answer to the old man's furious questions he falteringly denied all knowledge of any felonious addition to the milk. The story that was raised by the affair was a serious ood, and for a while thiogs looked really awkward for the steward. Fortunately, the mate had the common sense to suggest that the malignant goat should be tapped ood more, and the immediate result tasted. This was done, and the poor steward triumphantly vindicated. Then it was unanimously admitted that tarry rope, painted canvas, and plug-tobacco were not calculated to produce milk of a flavor that would be fancied by ordinary people.

On one occasion about two hundred ducks and chickens were let loose in a vessel called the *Belle*, and they proved such an annoyance that when a storm came up and washed two-thirds overboard, the captain ordered the rest killed for a grand dinner for his crew. Says Mr. Bullen:

It is hardly possible to imagine what that feast looked like. An East Indian juggle fowl is by no means a fleshy bird when at its best, but these poor wretches had been living upon what little flesh they were

when they came on board for about ten days, the scanty ration of paddy and broken biscuit having been insufficient to keep them alive. And then they had been scalded wholesale, the feathers roughly wiped off them, and plunged into a copper of furiously bubbling sea-water, where they had remained until the wooden-hearted Maltese judged it time to fish them out and send them to be eaten. They were just like ladies' bustles covered with old parchment, and I have serious doubts whether more than half of them were drawn. I dare not attempt to reproduce the comments of my starving shipmates, unless I gave a row of dashes which would be suggestive but not enlightening. Old Nat the Yankee, who was the *doyen* of the fore-castle, was the first to recover sufficiently from the shock to formulate a definite plan of action. "In my 'pinion," he said, "thisshyer's 'bout reached th' bottom notch. I kin stan' bein' starved; in these yer lime-juleers a feller's got ter stan' that, but I be 'tarnally dog-gasted if I kin see bein' starved o' insulated in the same time by the notion o' bein' bloated with lugsury. I'm goin' ter take thisshyer kid full o' branley. kites aft an' ask th' ole man if he don't think it's 'bout time someethin' wuz said an' done by th' crew o' this hooker." There was no dissentient voice heard, and solemnly as a funeral procession, Nat leading the way with the *corpus delicti*, the whole watch tramped aft. I need not dwell upon the interview. Sufficient that there was a good deal of animated conversation, and much jeering on the skipper's part at the well-known cussedness of sailors, who, as everybody knows (or thinks he knows), will grout if fed on all the delicacies of the season served up on eighteen-carat plate. But we got no more poultry, thank heaven. And I do not think the officers regretted the fact that before we got clear of the bay the last of that sad crowd of feathered hipeds had ceased to worry any of us, but had wisely given up the attempt to struggle against such a combination of trying circumstances.

On a steel clipper, the *Harbinger*, which Mr. Bullen joined at Adelaide, which also hoisted a farm-yard, the most interesting animals were the sheep. After the vessel got under sail, it soon became manifest that some of them were in an interesting condition, and, when the first little lamb was horn, the butcher would have thrown it overboard had not the sailors intervened and begged for its life. He agreed to spare the little one's life, but decreed that all subsequent arrivals were to be killed immediately, as he was anxious to avoid the natural repugnance which the passengers would have to eating mutton in such a condition:

Thereafter, whenever a lamb was dropped, and every one of those thirty ewes presented one or two, the butcher laid violent hands upon it, and dropped it overboard as soon as it was discovered. Owing to the promise of sundry tots of grog from the sailors, he always informed them of the fact, and pointed out the bereaved mother. Then she would be pounced upon, lifted out of the coop, and while one fellow held her another brought the favored lamb. After the first time or two, that pampered young rascal needed no showing. As soon as he saw the sheep being held he would make a rush, and in a minute or two would completely drain her udder. Sometimes there were as many as three at a time for him to operate upon, but there never seemed to be too many for his voracious appetite. What wonder that like *Jeshurun* he waxed fat and kicked! He grew apace, and he profited amazingly by the tuition of his many masters. Anything less sheep-like, much less lamb-like, than his behavior could hardly be imagined. A regimental goat might have matched him in iniquity, but I am strongly inclined to doubt it. One of the most successful tricks taught this pampered animal was to oo the lines of his natural tendency to butt at anything and everything. It was a joyful experience to see him engaged in mimic conflict with a burly sailor, who, pitted against this immature ram, usually came to grief at an unexpected roll of the ship; for Billy, as our lamb was named by general consent, very early in his career got unto himself sea-legs of a stability unattainable by any two-legged creature. I often laughed myself sore at these encounters, the funniest exhibitions I had seen for many a long day, until one night in my watch on deck, during a gale of wind, I descended from the poop on to the main-deck to hunt for a flying-fish that I heard come on board. I was stooping down, the water on deck over my ankles, to feel under the spare spars lashed alongside the scuppers, when I heard a slight noise behind me. Before I had time to straighten myself, a concussion like a well-aimed, hearty kick snote me behind, and I fell flat in the water like a piece. When I had scrambled to my feet, black rage in my heart against things in general, I heard a fiendish cackle of laughter which was suddenly suppressed; and there, with head lowered to readiness for another charge, stood Billy, only too anxious to renew his attentions as soon as he could see an opening. For one brief moment I contemplated a wild revenge, but I suddenly remembered that my place was on the poop, and I went that way, not perhaps with the dignified step of an officer, because that demoniacal sheep (no, lamb) was behind me manoeuvring for another assault.

Of the few visitors that hoard a ship in mid-ocean, Mr. Bullen says that none are more difficult to account for than butterflies:

I have seen the common white butterfly fluttering about a ship in the North Atlantic who she was certainly over five hundred miles from the nearest land. And in various parts of the world butterflies and moths will suddenly appear as if out of space, although the nearest land be several hundreds of miles distant. I have heard the theory advanced that their chrysalids must have been on board the ship, and they had just been hatched out when seen. It may be so, although I think unlikely; but yet it is hard to imagine that so fragile a creature, associated only in the mind with sunny gardens or scented hillsides, could brave successfully the stern rigor of a flight extending over several hundreds of miles of sea. All that is certain about the matter is that they do visit the ships at such distances from land, and disappear as if disheartened at the unsuitability of their environment.

Among other notable chapters in Mr. Bullen's volume are "The Floor of the Sea," "Among the Enchanted Isles," "Alligators and Mahogany," "Sea Etiquette," "Waves," "A Battle-Ship of To-Day," "The Polity of a Battle-Ship," and "Our Amphibious Army."

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

General A. S. Burt, who recently returned from Manila in an interview said:

"My observations and opinions of conditions in the Philippines differ somewhat from those held by a great many people. General Otis labored a long time and with splendid success, and after much fighting came home and announced that the war was practically over, and his tour of duty was pronounced very successful. General MacArthur took up the job and found that for one year there was as much fighting to be done as there was before General Otis left. When he left he pronounced the war to be practically over, and his tour was declared to be very successful. These generals are entitled to their country's gratitude for their successful work; but, as far as the war being over is concerned, that is another question. As a matter of fact, the Island of Samar, one of the largest in the archipelago, is still unsundered, and General Hughes is still fighting there. Many observing officers have committed themselves to the opinion, and I am one of them, that the troubles in the Philippines will not cease during our time."

Vice-President Roosevelt was recently invited to address the Marquette Club, of Chicago, on Chicago Day, October 9th. The invitation was declined on the ground of press of other engagements. Colonel Roosevelt said he had received two thousand invitations to speak since the first of the year.

Theodore Chartran, the French portrait-painter, is said to have earned more money during his first short visit to the United States than during all the rest of his previous career.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Hero of Our Second War.

The novelist whose first book is a great success may question his ability to follow it up, or he may approach the task with over-confidence. It is gratifying to discover that Irving Bacheller's second story, "D'ri and I," shows an advance in method, in skill, even if it lacks in freshness and sincerity, and that it possesses to a greater degree the qualities which gain popular favor. "Eben Holden" was an unpretentious story of country life for the greater part, and two of its prominent figures were frank, unconventional men of the woods and fields. Its charm lay in its modesty, its candor, its breath of the wilderness. The scenes of "D'ri and I" are laid in the same region, at a much earlier date, and the wilderness which it pictures is haunted by Indians and hostile troops, but it has not the witchery of first acquaintance. The new book is a romance, not the autobiography of a boy dreamer. Its stirring episodes, and there are many of them, lack nothing in picturesqueness and dauntless bearing, but they are not always real. The sword-play is reminiscent of other knightly encounters. The heroines are far from their native France, and have not borne the transplanting well. Even "D'ri," the Yankee guardian, of giant strength and quaint expression, is not so winning as his prototype, who gave his name to the earlier story.

But it is a romance that will well bear comparison with the best built on the events of that time. It begins with the closing years of the eighteenth century, and carries its characters through the War of 1812. One of its most exciting chapters recounts the victory of Perry on Lake Erie, in which its hero and his friend had no small share. The story is told by one Colonel Ramon Bell, and describes the chief events of his career, from his childhood in Northern New York to the end of the war. His friend and ally, Darius Olin, is with him in most of his dangers and successful battles, and both experience many strange adventures. Two charming sisters, young heiresses sent from France to a secluded home in the St. Lawrence Valley, engage the attention of the hero early in the story, and not until the end is near is the reader apprised of the certain choice of the wavering lover. A sudden and unconventional wedding by the roadside ends the chronicle.

Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

## An Inheritance Nearly Lost.

When a story comes bearing the title "Cinderella," it offers a temptation to guess its plan and ending that may result in quickened attraction or a lessened desire to follow its course through four hundred and odd pages. But those who are not turned away from S. R. Crockett's new novel of that name by apprehension of a more than twice-told tale, will find their perseverance rewarded. It is a good story, with several original variations of the well-known plot, and with some new and pleasing acquaintances among its characters. This Cinderella, who is named Hester, has a rich dowry, not from a fairy godmother but from a real father, who discovers a ruby mine in Burmah. It is stolen from her by a scheming uncle, and her uncle's family make it very unpleasant for the young heiress, who is kept in ignorance of her rightful inheritance. Of course the theft is discovered after a long time, and restitution comes very opportunely to furnish a happy wedding, but before this there are many complications. The wicked uncle is not punished as he deserves, though his lot is far from being a happy one.

The scenes of the story are laid in Scotland, and there are some good pictures of Scottish homes and customs, and some humorous touches to lighten the gloom of the heroine's childhood. If not as strong as some of Mr. Crockett's stories, it is not the least attractive of them.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Under the Fleur-de-Lis in Canada.

There is more of the true record in Mary Catherine Crowley's romance, "A Daughter of New France," than in most historical novels. It is of the time when Quebec and Montreal were shipping outposts of the dominion of Louis the Fourteenth in the New World, and French pioneers and priests were pushing westward, establishing trading stations along the Great Lakes, among the Ottawas, Hurons, and other Indian tribes. Count Frontenac and many of the prominent figures about him are presented, and the scenes are painted with a skill that makes them real. Sieur Cadillac, who first realized that the post at the Straits of Mackinaw was too far north, and prevailed upon the government to allow him to build another where now stands the city of Detroit, is the chief personage in the story, but only through the modesty of Normand Guyon, his brother-in-law and secretary, who chronicles his adventures. This knight of the quill was the son of a well-to-do merchant of Montreal, and when Sieur Cadillac won his sister and carried her away to his possessions on the Acadian coast, he eagerly followed the fortunes of his new relative. From the first, ill fortune seemed to follow the chevalier. During his absence in France the English under Sir William Phips besieged the Acadian settlement, captured and burned it. Cadillac's wife and her brother escaped, and

reached their old home, and there saw the English repulsed and their fleet driven back down the St. Lawrence. Cadillac returned and was made commander of the post at Mackinaw. Then followed the laying of the foundations of Detroit, but there trouble came upon him again, and he lost his place and the fortune he had gained. Then he was appointed governor of Louisiana, and, with his faithful secretary and his wife, took possession of new prospects on the Gulf of Mexico. Later he saw disgrace and imprisonment in the Old World, whither he had been taken as barren of fortune as when he first sailed from France.

This is an outline of Cadillac's career, but much of the interest of the novel is in the self sacrifice and loyalty of the secretary, and in his love for Barhe, the daughter of New France. The heroine is of English birth, but when an infant she is taken by the Indians and afterward rescued by a French family, and grows up near Montreal. Normand watches over her from her childhood, guards her in danger, saves her life more than once, and at last finds that she has loved him all the time. It is a good story, somewhat drawn out in the telling, a little grandiloquent in its speeches of soldiers and priests, but with more excellences than faults.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Conqueror" is the title of the forthcoming book in which Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has told the story of Alexander Hamilton's life. The author has discovered in the West Indies many romantic details of the statesman's youth.

The author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," has told in her novel, "The Benefactress," the story of a young Englishwoman who has a fortune left her by a German relative. She goes to live in a German village wherein she finds much that is interesting and amusing.

Over one quarter of a million copies of Winston Churchill's "The Crisis" have been sold since its publication on May 25th.

A new series of essays by Augustine Birrell, the accomplished author of "Obiter Dicta," will be published by the Scribners this fall. The book will be uniform with "Obiter Dicta," which proved so popular in this country.

F. Marion Crawford's sister, Mrs. Fraser, is bringing out a story entitled "The Saving Child," and her son will publish at the same time his story called "Death the Showman."

At present Máxim Gorky is engaged upon a semi-critical, semi-satirical study called "The Writer," in which he writes pessimistically of the state of Russian literary society and ethics. He calls it decadent and filled with egotism, yet entirely self-satisfied.

"The Private Life of the Sultan," by Georges Darys, is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. It appears that the author has just been condemned to death by the Sultan, but as he has long since fled from the Sultan's domain and is residing in Paris, he can afford to regard the sentence with equanimity.

The Duke of the Abruzzi's complete account of his Arctic journey will be a stirring narrative, under the title of "Further North Than Nansen."

The author of "Lorna Doone" was a versatile letter-writer, who took great pains with his private correspondence. He had few friendships, but clung with tenacity to those of his literary associates whom he liked. The experiment of collecting his letters will be made, since, unlike the correspondence of many modern authors, what he wrote to his friends had a distinctly literary quality. Hall Caine will edit this volume of Blackmore's letters.

Louis Becke, who has brought the South Sea Islands into literature, will soon publish a new book, "By Rock and Pool." It contains short stories and reminiscences of fishing and natural history in Australia and the South Seas.

"Careers of Danger and Daring," by Cleveland Moffett, will be issued next month by the Century Company. The author tells what one must face who becomes a steeple-jack, a deep-sea diver, a bridge builder, a pilot, a fireman, or a locomotive engineer.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has made a play out of her most recent novel, "Eleanor." While she has used the book for the purposes of the play, it is said that Mrs. Ward has not followed it any closer than Barrie followed the book in making "The Little Minister."

George Gissing has reached one of the landmarks in a novelist's career—a uniform edition of his works is coming out.

An elaborately made volume, dealing with "Madame Récamier and Her Friends," the first complete life of the renowned French beauty, has just been brought out. The writer, H. Noel Williams, has succeeded in translating a number of letters addressed to her by various distinguished admirers. The greater number are written by Benjamin Constant, the eminent publicist and statesman. After the death of Mme. Récamier, her niece and literary executrix, Mme. Lénormant, attempted to publish the Constant letters; but, owing to the opposition of those interested in them, she was un-

able to do so. Thirty years later, after a further contest in the law courts, they were presented in French, but no English version has yet appeared.

No one can look over a lot of Kelmscott books, or the imitations of the style with which the private presses are loading our shelves, without feeling that, however fair to look upon, such books are rarely pleasant to read. Legibility has in every case been sacrificed to decorative considerations. Even collectors are beginning to recognize the fact, and the falling prices of the Morris books at recent English sales show that their vogue is passing.

"Poems of Power" is a new volume from the pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, which will be issued this fall. In a prefatory note the author says: "The final word in the title volume refers to the divine power in every human being, the recognition of which is the secret of all success and happiness. It is this idea which many of the verses endeavor to illustrate."

Harper & Brothers will publish within the next few weeks "Cardigan," being a story of the early New York frontier, by Robert W. Chambers; "The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker; and "Flood Tide," by Mrs. S. P. Greene, author of "Cape Cod Folks" and "Vesty of the Basins."

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## Lebanon.

Life's dull affairs lie westward; yet anon  
I'll hie me back and watch the budding vines  
Climb the steep flanks of terraced Lebanon  
To catch the noontide shadow of his pines.

The fig, the poplar, and the apricot  
Cluster about the giant walnut-tree  
Where oft I linger while the sun is hot  
And look beyond the mountains to the sea.

A score of hamlets lie beneath my gaze,  
Their red roofs peeping through the mulberries  
green;  
And distant Cyprus shimmers in the haze  
Upon the limits of that brilliant scene.

Entwine, thou rose, thy dazzling snowy wreath,  
Heedless of man, beside the upland pool;  
Thy pricelessly beauty shall not fade beneath  
The gnawing canker of the Turk's misrule.

Ye rosy oleanders of the stream  
Lift to the blue the radiance of your sheaves!  
Gambol, ye black flocks! Dream, girl shepherds,  
dream  
Amid the thickets of their emerald leaves!

How sweet to ramble down those valleys fair,  
Remote from e'en the wandering Arab's ken,  
Where dewy drooping fronds of maiden-hair  
Fringe gleaming clumps of pink-lipped cyclamen.

But I must go. Good-by, most lovely land!  
Thy smile is still the smile of youth's bright age;  
The gods have touched thee with a magic wand,  
Perpetual sunshine is thine heritage.

—R. Rankin in the Spectator.

## At Gaza.

In the calm ebb-tide of the afternoon  
We marked the peerless palms of Gaza rise  
In silhouette against the southern skies;  
So we set spur to flagging steeds, and soon,  
Hard following on the heels of hale Haroun,  
His hight kaffeyeh blowing careless wise,  
Won through the gateway to the square that lies  
Where looks the citadel o'er the desert dune.

Then we strolled mosque-ward; saw the scimitar,  
With its sharp threat, high on the whitened wall,  
Voicing Mohammed's prowess with the brand;  
Lounged for a little in the quaint bazaar,  
Then watched the night, swift as a falcon, fall,  
And white stars flower above a lonely land.

—Clinton Scollard in September Critic.

## Dawn at Venice.

One burnished cloud first turned a jagged prow—  
The conscious water nestled deep among  
Her murky gondolas, that bow on bow  
Freighted with shadows at the molo swung.

Soon palace and canal paled into sight,  
Fainting as watchers whose long vigil wanes;  
Till Dawn's approach across the waves of night  
Flushed the rose blood in sleeping Venice's veins.

Then up the dazzling steps that lead to God,  
One radiant sunbeam and a lone white dove  
Santa Maria's holy threshold trod—  
A shrine of morning lit by Light and Love!

Loud warned the chime to mass o'er quay and  
home—  
Calling soft flocks of doves to meet the day

'Mid sculptured saints and angels round the dome,  
While market women followed in to pray.  
—Martha Gilbert Dickinson in Scribner's Magazine.

An amusing sequel to the case of Messrs. Pearson against Hall Caine has just been brought before the public. A resident of the Isle of Man gave a Douglas book-seller an order to send him the *Lady's Magazine* for twelve months. He now refuses to pay for the subscription, as he contends that he ordered the magazine solely to read "The Eternal City," and that when the story was stopped the *Lady's Magazine* was not according to its original promise and prospectus. The book-seller is suing for the amount of the subscription, and the case is to be vigorously defended.

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THE STORY OF DREYFUS.

How He Was Arrested and Degraded—Sufferings on Devil's Island—Why He Accepted a Pardon.

"Five Years of My Life, 1894-1899," is the title of ex-Captain Alfred Dreyfus's autobiographical volume, in which he describes the mental and physical sufferings which he endured during the five years when he was the victim of one of the most remarkable miscarriages of justice that modern times have ever known. It is dedicated to his children, and contains the letters which passed between the prisoner and his wife, the diary which he kept on Devil's Island, and a simple narrative of his arrest, trial, degradation, martyrdom, and final release.

The book opens with a brief sketch of the early life of Dreyfus, who was born in Alsace in 1859, and whose first sorrow was the Franco-Prussian War. After peace—his father chose the French nationality—they had to leave Alsace, and he was sent to the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris, and to the Ecole d'Application at Fontainebleau, where he graduated after two years, and entered military life. Seven years later he received his commission as captain of artillery, was appointed to special service at the military school at Bourges, met Lucy Hadamard, and was married to her the following April. He took service in the intelligence bureau of the general staff of the army on New Year's Day, 1893, and life opened auspiciously before him and his wife. He had no material cares, the two were happy, his work was congenial, and a boy and girl came during their first four years to brighten their home. It was in the last quarter of 1894 that he was named for the regulation term of service in Paris in an infantry regiment.

He had been in the capital for a fortnight when he was ordered to go, on the morning of October 15, 1894, at nine o'clock, to general inspection at the ministry of war, and to be in civilian dress. He thought it was a queer hour for inspection, but obeyed, of course. He writes:

"My surprise was great upon entering. Instead of meeting the chief of the general staff, I was received by Commandant du Paty de Clam, in uniform. Three persons in civilian dress, who were completely unknown to me, were also present. These three men were M. Cochefert, chief of the secret police, his secretary, and M. Gribelin, keeper of the records. Commandant du Paty came up to me and said, in a trembling voice: 'The general is coming; whilst you are waiting, as I have a letter to write and have a sore finger, will you kindly write it for me?' However singular this request, made in such circumstances, I at once assented. I sat down at a little table already prepared, and Commandant du Paty seated himself close to me, following my hand with his eye. After first directing me to fill up an inspection form, he dictated to me a letter in which certain passages recalled the letter of accusation, which I heard of afterward, and which was known by the name of the 'Bordereau.' In the course of the dictation the commandant said, sharply: 'You tremble.' I did not tremble. At the court-martial of 1894 he explained this brusque exclamation, saying that he had noticed that I did not tremble during the dictation, and that he had consequently thought I was playing a part, and had therefore endeavored to shake my self-assurance. This vehement remark surprised me greatly, as well as the hostile attitude of Commandant du Paty. But as there was no suspicion in my mind, I supposed he was finding fault with my handwriting. My fingers were cold, as the temperature outside was chilly, and I had only been for a few moments in a warm room. I therefore replied to him: 'My fingers are half-frozen.'

"As soon as the dictation was finished, Commandant du Paty rose, and, placing his hand on my shoulder, exclaimed, in a loud voice: 'In the name of the law, I arrest you. You are accused of the crime of high treason! Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet the effect produced upon me could not have been more violent. I stammered a few disconnected words, protesting against an infamous accusation which nothing in my life could justify.

"Then M. Cochefert and his secretary rushed upon me and searched me. I did not offer the slightest resistance, but cried to them: 'Take my keys, open everything in my house. I am innocent.' Then I added: 'Show me at least the proofs of the infamous act which you pretend I have committed.' 'The charges are overwhelming,' they replied, but refused to give me any information concerning their precise nature."

His trial and conviction followed, and then came the terrible scene of the degradation, which Dreyfus thus describes:

"Nine o'clock struck. General Barras, who commanded the squad of execution, gave the order to shoulder arms. I was suffering martyrdom, but I straightened myself and made a supreme effort to rally my strength, trying to sustain myself by the remembrance of my wife and children. Immediately after the formal reading of the sentence, I exclaimed to the troops: 'Soldiers, an innocent man is degraded. Soldiers, an innocent man is dishonored! Vive la France! Vive l'armée!'

"An adjutant of the Republican Guard came up to me and rapidly tore the buttons from my coat, the stripes from my trousers, and the marks of my rank from my cap and coat-sleeves, and then broke my sword across his knee. . . . I saw all these emblems of honor fall at my feet. Then, in the midst of my agony, but with head erect, I shouted again and again to the soldiers and the assembled people: 'I am innocent!'

"The parade continued. I was compelled to

march round the entire square. I heard the howls of a deluded mob; I could feel the shudder with which it looked upon me in the belief that the condemned man in their presence was a traitor to his country, and I made a superhuman effort to create in their hearts the commiseration due to an innocent man unjustly condemned.

"The march round the square was at last completed, the torture was over as I thought, but in truth the agony of that memorable day had only just begun. I was handcuffed, and was then taken in the prison van to the common lock-up on the other side of the Alma Bridge. . . . On reaching the end of the bridge I saw through the grated ventilator of the van the windows of the house where many pleasant years of my life had been passed, and where all my happiness was centered. My anguish at this pathetic sight was unspeakable."

The convict's departure from France for his living tomb was not long delayed. From the diary which he kept on Devil's Island, we quote the following paragraphs, which give one an idea of the unnecessarily hard treatment to which he was subjected toward the end of his stay there:

"Every kind of vexation is being resumed worse than ever. I can no longer walk around my hot; I can not sit down behind it in view of the sea—the only place where there is shade. Finally, I am put on convict diet—that is, no more coffee and no more sugar. Very well! I shall no longer leave my hut; I shall live on bread and water, and make that last as long as it will. The heat is becoming unbearable; the more because the part of the island where my hut is situated is completely bare. The cocopalms grow only in the other part, which is unoccupied. I pass the greater part of my days indoors. Nothing to read! The silence of death ever around me! And during this time what is to become of my wife and children? . . . Always the same thing, alas! Days and nights pass on in struggling with myself, in calming the excitement of my brain, in stifling my heart's impatience, in rising above the miseries of life. I will not speak of the daily pinpricks, for I despise them. It is enough for me to ask from the chief guard anything of common necessity, no matter how insignificant, to have my request abruptly and instantly refused. Accordingly, I never renew a request, preferring to go without everything rather than humiliate myself. But my reason will end by sinking under the strain of this incoercible treatment.

"Yesterday I was put in irons. Why I know not. Since I have been here I have scrupulously obeyed the orders given me. These nights in irons! I do not even speak of the physical suffering, but what moral ignominy, and without explanation, without knowing why or for what cause! What an atrocious nightmare is this in which I have lived for two years! Nearly two years of this have worn me out. I can do no more. The very instinct falters. It is too much for mortal man to bear. Why am I out in my grave? Oh, for everlasting rest! Once again, if I do not survive, may my beloved country accept my children as a heritage.

"Putting me in irons a measure of precaution! When I am already watched like a wild beast night and day by a guard armed with a rifle and revolver. No, the truth should be told. That is a measure of hatred and torture, ordered from Paris by those who, not being able to strike a family, strike an innocent man, because neither he nor his family will accept submissively the most frightful error that has ever been made. Who is it that constitutes himself my executioner and the executioner of my dear ones?"

At last his return to France was ordered:

"My joy was boundless, unutterable. At last I was escaping from the rack to which I had been bound for five years, suffering martyrdom for the sake of my dear ones, for my children. Happiness succeeded the horror of that inexpressible anguish. The day of justice was at last dawning for me. After the court's decision I thought that everything was going to be terminated speedily, that there was no further question of anything but mere formality."

Of the second trial at Rennes, Dreyfus remarks: "In spite of the plainest evidence, against all justice and all equity, I was condemned. And the verdict was announced 'with extenuating circumstances.' Since when have there been extenuating circumstances for the crime of treason?" He goes on to tell how he was induced to accept clemency that did not involve complete rehabilitation:

"I had signed my demand for revision on the ninth of September. On the twelfth of September, at nine o'clock in the morning, my brother Mathieu was in my cell, authorized by General de Galliffet, minister of war, to see me without witnesses. A pardon was offered me, on condition that I withdraw my demand for revision. Although I expected nothing from my demand, I hesitated to withdraw it, for I had no need of pardon. I thirsted for justice. But on the other hand, my brother told me that my health, already greatly shaken, left little hope that I could resist much longer under the conditions in which I should be placed; that liberty would give me greater opportunity to strive for the reparation of the atrocious judicial error of which I was still the victim, since it would give me time, and time was the only object of my appeal to the military tribunal of revision. Mathieu added that the withdrawal of my demand was counseled and approved by the men who had been, in the press and before the world, the chief champions of my cause. Finally, I thought of the sufferings of my wife and family—of the children whom I had not yet seen, and whose memory had haunted me day and night since my return to France. Accordingly I agreed to withdraw my appeal, but at the same time specified unmistakably my absolute and unchangeable intention to follow up the legal revision of the sentence of Rennes."

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Aotootia," by Jessie Van Zile Belden, is a romance of Dutch sovereignty along the Hudson, and it is attractive in style and motive. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Une Ville Flotaote," by Jules Verne, in French, abridged and edited with notes and vocabulary by C. Footaote, is a little volume of special value to students of the language. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

"The Shadow of a Man," by E. W. Hornung, introduces some unconventional figures from Australian life, gives many vivid descriptions of unfamiliar scenes, and tells a story of no little power. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Chauncey C. Hotchkiss makes one who had most to do with the making of the first flag of our country the prominent figure in his story of Continental Army days, "Betsy Ross." It is well planned, and has no lack of interest. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A recent addition to books of real value for young readers is "Little Arthur's History of Greece," by Arthur S. Walpole. It tells a true story of wonderful and enduring interest simply and directly, and is profusely illustrated. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"A Brief French Course," by Aotoinne Muzzarelli, aims at clearness and completeness. It conforms to the radical reform incorporated in the new laws of syntax officially promulgated by the French minister of public instruction in March of this year. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Novel-readers who seek entertainment in cleverly drawn pictures of English society, never displaying enough cynicism to spoil them, will be pleased with "The Dissemblers," by Thomas Cobb. His preceding work, "Mr. Passingham," had many admirers, and the new story is equally meritorious. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Rev. Elwood Worcester has collected his Sunday afternoon lectures at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, during 1898-99, and made of them a volume entitled "The Book of Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge." It is a scholarly work, yet not too severely critical to lack popular interest. Numerous maps and plans and a complete index add to the value of the book. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

A new issue of "Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel" makes "Central and South America" the title of the first of the two volumes, written by A. H. Keane, F. R. G. S., and edited by Sir Clements Markham. The work is thorough, and fully abreast of the latest developments. It is supplemented with numerous folded maps, and its illustrations are notable though not too abundant. Published by Edward Stanford, London.

In "Blennerhassett, or the Decrees of Fate," Charles Felton Pidgin offers something more than a work of romantic adventure in early American life, for the work is an effort to present Aaron Burr in the light of truth, and to clear him of the charges of treason and assassination that have so long been placed against him. It is more readable a story than might be expected from its outlined purpose, and it will be convincing to many. It is worthy of study by students of our history. Published by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

The Macmillan Company's Fall Publications. Among the notable works of fiction, biography, and history which the Macmillan Company will publish this fall are:

"A Maid of Venice," by F. Marion Crawford; "New Canterbury Tales," by Maurice Hewlett; "The Conqueror," the romance of Alexander Hamilton's life, by Gertrude Atherton; "The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"; "Heirs of Yesterday," by Alfred Hodder; and Thackeray's works in thirty volumes, edited by Walter Jerrold, with Charlotte Brontë's in twelve, and Balzac's in forty—the last two being "Temple" editions; "The Making of an American," being the autobiography of Jacob A. Riis; "George Washington," by Norman Hapgood; "George Washington, and Other American Addresses," by Frederic Harrison; "Napoleon L," by Thomas E. Watson, and another "Life of Bonaparte," by J. H. Rose; "The Life of Sir George Grove," by C. L. Graves; "The Life and Letters of John Richard Green," by Leslie Stephen; a three-volume supplement to the "Dictionary of National Biography," edited by Sidney Lee; "Select Documents of English History," by Professor George H. Adams, of Yale; "A History of England for Beginners," by Katharine Coman and Elizabeth Kimball Kendall, of Wellesley; "Welding the Nation, 1845-1901," by Professor Albert B. Hart; "Arnold's Expedition to Quebec," by John Codman; and "A Short History of Germany," by Ernest F. Henderson.

Why should there not be a market building for second-hand booksellers? asks a London newspaper. The practical difficulties may be many, but who can doubt that a specially designed, centrally situated mart for old books, in which book-lovers could wander at ease, would be a boon and a success?

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES

—OF—

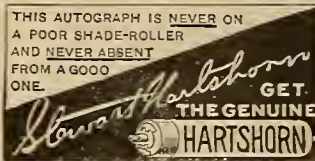
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I have been doing a good deal of blushing for the fables of my sex lately, but I have concluded that it doesn't pay. Each man goes cheerfully through the world filled with the conviction that he is a unique example of high-mindedness, unselfishness, generosity, beauty, strength, and bravery. Women, on the contrary, have a foolish habit of tacitly admitting their complicity in the faults and follies of all womankind. Hereafter, I shall cordially abuse all who wear hats in the theatre during the performance, and I shall further pluck up spirit to emulate the bravery of a friend of mine who never tolerates a hatted head in front of her. Her method is simple. She merely waits until the performance has begun, and all minds are held in thrall, when she lets loose a piercing, plaintive whisper, skillfully charged with agonized appeal, and peccator enough to reach at least two dozen pairs of ears: "Oh, madam, won't you be good enough to take off your hat? It is interfering very seriously with my view of the stage. Thank you, so much!" For, as a dozen or so of startled heads are turned, the hands of the offender fly up to her hat-pins as if their owner were hypnotized. It is generally elderly women only who try with their gray hairs to bully the people behind them into meek endurance, but a most exasperating custom of putting on hats at the beginning of the last act is becoming pretty general. Many women are law-abiding only when they think they won't get caught. And those offenders when sit in front of us, outwardly intrenched with determination and hat, are no doubt quaking inwardly for fear the sufferers behind will summon sufficient spirit to demand their rights. On the whole, my friend's course is far better and more soothing than mine, which consists of enduring silently, but savagely, and blackening my soul with fearful projects of vengeance, such as suddenly holding an open umbrella in front of the hatted miscreant, or hiring a striker not of a job to stand in front of her.

And speaking of small worries at the theatre, reminds me that many people have come away from seeing "A Royal Family" with mingled emotions of exasperation and delight, while others were oppressed with a sense of deep injury on account of the general inability to hear. I have been engaged in defending the actors all week, and, in consequence, have driven many amiable people to an indignant frenzy. My defense of Miss Russell is based on the fact that she is small and slight, and her voice is the physical complement of her body; also that if she raises it to the pitch of audibility throughout the theatre, she runs the risk of making it harsh and strained. I defended the king on the ground that he really tried to make himself heard, but was unable to on account of a hollowness and lack of resonance in his voice that deprives it of carrying quality. I defended Father Anselm because—well, I couldn't think of any other reason, for the truth is that he hushed his tones to match those of the princess, so I fell back on various irrelevancies, in the effect that he was rather a nice little chap, with a babyish expression, and large, pathetic, unwrinkled eyes. And, by the way, they rather identified him in my mind with the cloistered hero of Arthur Crosslet Smith's "The Monk and the Dancer," a pretty little story, that should have decided dramatic possibilities. Its delicately finished style would be sacrificed on the stage, but there remains unusual and striking situations, and dialogue that is neatly concise, yet fully charged with dramatic suggestiveness.

Once upon a time, if the Tivoli had produced "Faust" with anything like the cast they have this week, it would have caused a tremendous furor. But we are getting used to good singers at that house, and the audience, while deeply interested, did not raise its voice in bravos until the great male trio in the fourth act. "Faust" has magnificent dramatic possibilities for these singers who have sufficient abandon to express the passion and despair of Marguerite, the satanic exultation of Mephistopheles, or the vengeful rage of Valentine. The character of Faust has no such possibilities. He is a putty creature, the slave of Satan's will.

Of the numerous Valentines I have seen, Tagliapietra, in spite of his rough and ragged haritone, will always be the one, for he had the ability, with his romantic imagination and ardent abandon, to move the emotions and touch the heart. Gerster added to her pure and beautiful voice a tremendous dramatic ability that made her Marguerite a figure of agonized expiation that will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

The Mephistos are always good, always alike—red hair, red garments, red sparks, and all. Dado is the

conventional devil, in acting, although a little stiff in his movements. His singing was, as usual, above the average, and in "Calf of Gold" he showed how well his noble strength can be harnessed into the runs which make that song the test of a bass voice.

Agostini always sings deliciously, but he is no actor, and Mantanari has a girlish awkwardness that is perceptible through the conventional routine of training that in her does duty for acting. She has a very pretty voice, with much sweetness and range, but little brilliancy. It is a ruling principle with this pair, and an excellent one, never to strain their voices. It is only in moments of fully aroused excitement that a genuine musician will commit such a suicidal act. But there is a degree of tameness in Mantanari's singing, and noticeably so of the jewel song, that was rather surprising. She entirely failed to rouse the house, and I am still wondering if we exaggerated her qualifications as a singer when we heard her several years ago in "La Bohème," or if her voice has gone off. In Salassa's case there is no need to question. It is a meloachnity, but incontestable fact. In a rôle like that of Valentine, in which every note of the music is familiar, the falling off becomes sadly evident. His once great, round, resonant voice has shrunk in compass and volume, and lost some of its richness and smoothness. It recalls the verdict passed by Grau, when an enthusiastic friend had persuaded him to go to the Tivoli to hear Salassa. "He's all very well now," said the great impresario, "but there's no staying power in his voice. His singing days will soon be over."

They say that Avedano—why, heaven knows, for his robust tenor showed no signs of giving way—is keeping a saloon at North Beach. Perhaps poor, dear, old Salassa may some day second the motion by starting an Italian eating-house in this city lured by musicians, and we may yet come to hear his rich voice freighted with the traditional melancholy of opera, inquire respectfully if we would like our fish fried in olive oil.

"Carmen" is an opera that offers the central theme her greatest opportunity, if she has the temperament to avail herself of it. Collamarini's great popularity in this part arises from that fact. Her pretty face is not the ideal battle-ground for great passions, but there is something in her physical and mental make-up that causes the eye of discerning man to light approvingly upon her. Carmen was a man-charger, and so is Collamarini. I heard two old grayheads, whom you would have thought from their looks had long since renounced opera in favor of whist and prayer-meetings, agreeing with mutual unctiousness that she is "great." She certainly is not a great musician, but she is fetching, even to the settled, elderly male.

She was received with immense enthusiasm in "Carmen," and the men let out the bravos that they had held back in "Faust." She is not so hewitching a Carmen as she was when I first saw her in the Azzali Company. Her superabundance of curves makes her seem older, but her face is as young as ever, and her spirit is in dramatic sympathy with the rôle. She rather takes it out of the domain of grand opera, and has much ado to refrain from winking at her audience; but, after all, Carmen, although she had fierce instincts, was a light-minded, faithfully little baggage, with whom it was a ease of lightly come and lightly go. And this is the side that Collamarini brings out with a degree of realism that, while it is scarcely traditional, has the charm of the unusual and the unconventional.

It is something of a problem why the Neill Company, when made a tolerably good appearance in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," floundered so helplessly in "An Ideal Husband." The only solution is that they had been seen and profited by the performance of some first-class company in the former play, and were thrown entirely upon their own resources for the presentation of character in the latter. The ladies, excepting Miss Chapman, were missish and amateurish. Even Julia Dean was unusually ill at ease. The conversation between the smart London dames in Lady Chiltern's drawing-room had about as much sparkle and animation as the dead march in "Saul." Oscar Wilde had supplied the usual conversational pyrotechnics, but they went off like damp fireworks on a foggy night. It was a depressing spectacle.

The men were more at ease, although no one rose above a certain negative calm in walking through his part. Mr. Neill introduced absolutely no ray of enlightenment to show us what manner of man Lord Goring was—we were obliged to depend entirely on his lines. Mr. MacVicar began well as Lord Chiltern, but there was a great deal of monotony in the part, and, after the scene with Mrs. Cheveley in the first act, where he rose to his best manner when he ordered her carriage, he relapsed into colorless melancholy. I would like, by the way, to insinuate to Mr. MacVicar in the most deprecating of tones, that a nice, wavy wig—a sort of modernized edition of the one he wore in "A Royal Bux"—would vastly improve his appearance.

Miss Chapman, although she assumed a character that is entirely ungenial to her personality and methods, gave by far the most intelligent and comprehensible piece of work. Mrs. Cheveley is a hard, unprincipled, scheming adventuress, devoid of sympathy, and almost of charm. It was impossible for Miss Chapman to sink her identity in this rôle, but she showed an evidence of some previous study of

the character, and an effort to express what her conception was. Miss Chapman is probably deadly weary of hearing her queer little vocal slides thrown up to her, but they are beginning to threaten the peace of nations when the subordinate ladies in the company, with full faith in their efficacy, are trying to perfect themselves in the same practice.

The play, although abounding in the usual quantity of Wilde epigrams, was rather disappointing. Epigrams, on the whole, in the great quantity, can act as obstructions to simplicity and directness of dialogue. There are some good situations in "An Ideal Husband," but several feeble ones, notably that in which Lord Goring refuses to reveal his concealed visit to Lord Chiltern; but the London society atmosphere of smartness and elegance, so essential to the proper presentation of the play, was conspicuous by its absence.

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##### Paradise.

A cozy room,  
A pleasant view  
Of hill, of lake,  
A book or two,  
Some cigarettes,  
Some gossip new,  
A rainy day,  
And just us two!

—Adele Durand in Life.

##### A Born Commander.

His parents proudly looked at him  
When he in childhood lay,  
And marveled at his strength of jaw,  
And wondered at the way  
His brow projected o'er his eyes,  
And clasped each other's hands,  
And said: "Tis plain enough that he  
Was born to give commands."

He rides down through the streets to-day,  
And nift he lifts his hand  
And fiercely jerks the rope above  
His head and gives command.  
He cries: "Move up in front!" and when  
Forgetful women dare  
To loiter on the step he yells:  
"Come, now, be lively there!"

—Chicago Record-Herald.

A trail or path has lately been cut around the peak of Mount Tamalpais, affording a pleasant and easy walk of about three-quarters of a mile, which no one should fail to take when visiting the Tavoro. In making this trail, there was found a curious rock formation, a perfectly cut profile, bearing a remarkable resemblance to an old lady's face. It has been named "The Old Lady of the Mountain."

It appears that the tips of a Pullman car-porter have fallen during the last ten years from an average of fifty-nine cents to seventeen cents.

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Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday Nights, and Saturday  
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Matinées To-Day and To-Morrow. Last Two Nights of  
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Mr. Haworth as Cardinal Richelieu.

Popular Prices—10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Good Or-  
chestra Seats, All Matinées, 25c. Branch Ticket-Office,  
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Week Commencing Sunday Matinée, September 15th.  
Dorothy Morton, the Misses Delmore and Company;  
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by the Biograph. Last Week of Geo. W. Leslie  
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Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs  
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Seabrooke in "A Modern Crusoe."

Annie Russell will make her farewell appearance at the Columbia Theatre this (Saturday) evening in Captain Marshall's charming comedy, "A Royal Family," and next week Thomas Q. Seabrooke will begin a two weeks' engagement in a farce entitled "A Modern Crusoe," by Sydney Rosenfeld. The plot revolves about Drexel Ward, a twentieth-century multi-millionaire, whose wealth has made him so exacting and irritable that nothing pleases him. He buys a gigantic floating palace, "The Utopia," provided with every modern improvement, and with a motley crowd of passengers sets out on a voyage around the world. But his troubles soon commence when he is wrecked on an uninhabited island in the South Seas, where wealth counts for nothing. His discharged secretary who, much to his displeasure, is determined to marry his niece, is made head of the colony, and he takes particular delight in assigning Ward to digging in a potato-patch. All sorts of complications ensue during the eighteen months spent on the island, and when they are picked up by a passing steamer and brought back to civilization, Ward finally gives his consent to the marriage of his niece and former secretary, and all ends happily.

The cast will be as follows: Drexel Ward, a multi-millionaire, Thomas Q. Seabrooke; George Arnold, in his employ, Lynn Pratt; Prince Hugo von Hartenstein, on a visit to America, G. Alvin Lindeman; Captain Claude Arthur Favril, of His Majesty's Eleventh, Leighton Leigh; Frederic Rupert, a journalist, C. Harry Robertson; Professor Deddikin, a scientist, Arthur Magill; Colonel Savage, an administrator, L. P. Hicks; Mr. Biddle, a lawyer in the employ of the former, Daniel James; Captain Arkwright, U. S. N., on a coast survey, L. P. Hicks; Peter Ickel, a German musician, Otis Sherden; John, servant at the Wards', William Tucker; Frederick, another, James Douglass; Henrietta Ward, Drexel's wife, Mrs. Mary Myers; Lydia, niece to Drexel Ward, Elizabeth Stewart; Mary, maid at the Wards', Helen Gladstone; and Agatha Moore, M. D., Isabelle Evesson.

It is announced that the scale of prices to prevail at the Columbia Theatre during this engagement will range from \$r.50 to 25 cents.

Two Popular Operas at the Tivoli.

Gounod's "Faust" and Bizet's "Carmen" have done the greatest week's business of the present season of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House, and, as a result, the management will continue to alternate these operas for another week. With such a painstaking director as Steindorff, and such a quartet of excellent artists as Agostini, Montanari, Dado, and Salassa in the leading rôles, it is not to be wondered that "Faust" was rendered superbly and aroused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. But warm as was the reception of "Faust" on Monday night, it did not begin to approach the ovation tendered to Collamarini and Russo on Tuesday night, when they re-appeared in "Carmen." Collamarini was fairly buried beneath floral offerings, and she made no attempt to hide her happiness and gratitude for the applause and good-will shown her. A pretty little incident of the evening occurred in the third act, when Repetto as Michaela had the stage to herself, and sang her solo with such sweetness and feeling that the audience applauded her vociferously. While she bowed her acknowledgments, impulsively, warm-hearted Collamarini ran out from behind the wings, embraced the soprano warmly, and thrust into her hands a basket of La France roses, which had been passed over the footlights to her earlier in the evening. Needless to say, this little impromptu compliment made Collamarini a still greater favorite with the audience, and, at the end of every scene, there were curtain-calls galore.

Joseph Haworth in "Richeleu."

For the third week of his starring engagement at the Grand Opera House, Joseph Haworth will appear as the cardinal in Lord Bulwer Lytton's "Richeleu," which was originally written for W. C. Macready, and first produced in London, in 1838, with the great tragedian in the title-rôle, and the late Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) as Julia de Mortemar. Since Macready's day, the play has been a favorite with nearly all the notable actors. Forrest, Brooke, James W. Wallack, Coudock, Booth, Barrett, and Keane each won success in the part of Armand Richeleu. Mr. Haworth's interpretation is said to be a careful study, bringing out naturally yet forcefully the craftiness, the diplomacy, the lovable qualities, the sternness, the strength, the daring, the self-reliance, and the indomitable will of the mighty cardinal. There are many strong scenes in Lord Lytton's play, one of the most striking being the magnificent invocation of the curse of the church in defense of Julia de Mortemar, which should afford Mr. Haworth a fine opportunity to move his audiences.

"A Voice from the Wilderness."

Edward Elmsner's "A Voice from the Wilderness," as now produced at the Central Theatre, is practically a new version, and a great improvement on that which was seen on the opening night, a fortnight ago. Cuts have been made, speeches added, and suggestive stage-business introduced, all of which

helps to make this biblical drama one of the most interesting and impressive which have been brought out in this city. The actors, too, have become more familiar with their lines, and the spectacle moves without a hitch. Robert Downing's John the Baptist is a powerful creation, and Annette Marshall as Herodias, and Robert Cummings as Herod Antipas make the most of their opportunities. Too much can not be said in praise of the six elaborate sets of scenery and the gorgeous costumes worn by the actors. In mounting, the play is the equal of anything which has been seen in this city in a long time.

"The Taming of the Shrew."

Such has been the success of the revival of Augustin Daly's version of "The Taming of the Shrew," that the management of the Alcazar Theatre have wisely decided to continue it another week. The charming Shakespearean comedy is handsomely mounted, and Florence Roberts finds a rôle in the high-spirited Katharine which fits her personality admirably. Her simulation of the fiery ternaigant's passionate outbursts, anger, fear, meekness, and at length respect and love are convincing and without exaggeration, and every scene is greeted with hilarious applause. White Whitlesey is equally amusing as the wily Petruchio who overcomes the boisterous ways of his shrewish wife, by meeting her on her own ground and proving the most ferocious of the two. Barton Hill is excellent as Baptista, the father of Katharine, and Agnes Ranken makes a charming Bianca. Lucius Henderson as Hortensio, and Paul Gerson as Tranio, are also deserving of praise. In fact, the whole company is seen to excellent advantage in this delightful comedy, which is sure to enjoy continued prosperity during its second week at the Alcazar Theatre.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Dorothy Morton, the prima donna, who has not been seen here since her appearances as a star in "The Fencing-Master" and the ill-fated "Bathing-Girl," which was given but a single performance at the Baldwin Theatre some six years ago, will make her vaudeville debut at the Orpheum next week in operatic selections. Miss Morton was only a pretty, promising singer when she last visited us in comic opera, but she comes back a finished artist, having won success in the East in Frank Daniels's company, the musical productions of the late Augustine Daly, and at the head of her own company. The other new-comers include the Misses Delmore, supported by Walter Caryl, in a musical sketch entitled "The Bridegroom's Reverie"; Mr. and Mrs. Karsy, who play on a "giant myriophone" seventeen feet high and fourteen feet wide; Stella Lee, a chic comedienne, who makes her initial appearance here; and March and Sartella, novelty singers and dancers.

George W. Leslie, who won a host of admirers as leading juvenile in the Frawley Company during its first three seasons in this city, has scored a big hit in "Chums," the New York Herald's ten-thousand-dollar prize play, and is ably supported by Louise Willis, Eleanor Leslie, and Lester Wallack, Jr. He will be retained in next week's bill, as will also Ernest Hogan, whose rag-time songs, especially "Excuse Me," are well received; J. Aldrich Libby, Katharine Trayer, and John D. Gilbert, who enter upon their farewell week in "The Debutante"; and new scenes on the biograph.

Lorimer Stoddard, the well-known playwright, who recently died at Sag Harbor, was the son of Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet. He was an actor before he attempted to write plays, and was in the original cast of "The Henrietta," when it was played by Robson and Crane at the Union Square Theatre, New York, in 1887, acting the part of the young English lord. He was for a time a member of Richard Mansfield's company, and played the Prince of Aragon in Mr. Mansfield's first production of "The Merchant of Venice." He wrote Mr. Mansfield's play, "Napoleon," for him. The play with which he first attracted a considerable amount of attention was "Tess of the d'Urvilles," which he wrote for Minnie Maddern Fiske.

The tie for first place in the Lahor Day handicap against bogey between J. W. Byrne and L. B. Edwards was played off on Saturday, September 7th, when Mr. Edwards, who received a handicap of twelve holes, defeated Mr. Byrne, who had a handicap of four holes. The winner halved two of the eighteen holes with bogey, and so finished 16 down, less 12, or 4 down.

Among the ceremonies which will likely be abolished at the coronation of King Edward is the kissing of the king by each peer. William the Fourth wished to get rid of this ceremonial in 1831, but ultimately he was obliged to submit, and was even kissed by the archbishops and bishops, a part of the affair to which he had strongly and specially objected.

George Osmond Tearle, the actor, died at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, on Friday, September 6th.

— DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. SPECIALTY, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Farmers and the Strike.

LOS GATOS, September 8, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I want to thank you for your fearlessness in telling the truth as to the feeling in the country about the strike. Nothing could be nearer the truth than the letter from "Farmer Judd." I have made a point of asking the opinion of every man, rich or poor, with whom I have talked since the strike began, and every one, without exception, has been against the strikers. They must think that out in the country we are all fools, if they expect approval of such literature as their appeal to the farmers, and the preposterous and insulting letters to Mayor Phelan and President Wheeler; or that we can not read, if they would have us believe they are "peaceable." Peaceable men don't object to policemen. It has been the fear of bodily harm alone that has prevented the almost immediate filing of the striking teamsters' places. As to slavery, it is the unions that make the slaves, for the men have to obey blindly the orders of professional agitators, like Rosenberg, and unless these sympathetic strikes are stopped at once and for all, it is the business man who is the slave, if he can be forced to discharge or employ his men at the dictation of the unions. And the cream don't come to the top, as a rule, in labor-unions.

Your course in this strike is like that in the railway strike of 1894. I picked up an *Argonaut* then, by chance, saw what you had to say, and have read every number since. Yours truly, A FOOTHILL FARMER.

Discrimination on Account of Color.

SAN RAFAEL, September 2, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I wish to state through the columns of your paper that my daughter graduated from the public school of this town, and, soon after her graduation, she received circulars from the California Business College, 305 Larkin Street, San Francisco, asking her to enter a contest for a scholarship in their college, which was open to all public-school graduates. She entered the contest, and later she received a letter from them, telling her she had won a scholarship. Last week I took her down to make arrangements about her entering the school, and the president said she could not enter on account of her color. He said her essay was well written, and how could he tell that she was colored? He said she could sell the scholarship for whatever she could get, and could have the money. I think it a great injustice. The girl is young, and the disappointment and humiliation have affected her greatly. MRS. DANIEL BROWN.

William Gillette, who opened at the Lyceum Theatre in London on Monday night in "Sherlock Holmes," had a curious reception. A persistently violent gallery interrupted the performance during every act by "hoioing," and at the finish endeavored to prevent Gillette from making a speech. The critics have nothing but praise for Mr. Gillette's melodrama. Nat C. Goodwin and his wife, Maxine Elliott, scored a genuine artistic and popular success in H. V. Esmond's "When We Were Twenty-One," which they produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, a week earlier.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 11, 1901, were as follows:

| BONDS.                                |        | Shares.           |  | Closed. |         |
|---------------------------------------|--------|-------------------|--|---------|---------|
|                                       |        |                   |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.....                 | 2,000  | @ 103 1/4         |  | 106     |         |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....                | 1,000  | @ 105 1/4         |  | 106 1/4 |         |
| Oakland Gas 5%.....                   | 31,000 | @ 113 1/2-113 3/4 |  |         |         |
| Oakland Transit 6%.....               | 12,000 | @ 120-120 1/2     |  | 120     | 121     |
| Oakland Water 6%.....                 | 7,500  | @ 102 1/2         |  | 102 1/2 |         |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....      | 1,000  | @ 122 1/2         |  | 122 1/2 |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910                | 18,000 | @ 113 1/2-113 3/4 |  | 113 1/2 |         |
| S. P. of Cal., Series A, 6% 1905..... | 22,500 | @ 109 1/2         |  | 109 1/2 | 110     |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912                 | 19,000 | @ 121 1/2-122     |  | 121 1/2 | 122 1/2 |
| S. P. Branch 6%.....                  | 1,000  | @ 136             |  | 136     |         |
| S. V. Water 6%.....                   | 16,000 | @ 111 1/2-112 1/2 |  | 111 1/2 | 112     |
| S. V. Water 4%.....                   | 13,000 | @ 113             |  | 102 1/2 | 103 1/2 |
| STOCKS.                               |        | Shares.           |  | Closed. |         |
|                                       |        |                   |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra Costa Water.....               | 100    | @ 78              |  | 79      |         |
| Spring Valley Water.....              | 168    | @ 87-88           |  | 87 1/2  |         |
| Gas and Electric.                     |        | Shares.           |  | Closed. |         |
|                                       |        |                   |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Equitable Gaslight.....               | 250    | @ 3 1/2-4         |  | 3 1/2   | 4       |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....             | 470    | @ 39-42 1/2       |  | 41      | 42 1/2  |
| Banks.                                |        | Shares.           |  | Closed. |         |
|                                       |        |                   |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Bank of Cal.....                      | 21     | @ 405             |  |         |         |
| Street R. R. Market St.....           | 50     | @ 76 1/2-77       |  | 76 1/2  | 77 1/2  |
| Presidio.....                         | 20     | @ 35 1/2          |  |         |         |
| Powders.                              |        | Shares.           |  | Closed. |         |
|                                       |        |                   |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Giant Con.....                        | 65     | @ 74 1/2-75       |  | 74 1/2  |         |
| Vigorit.....                          | 700    | @ 3 1/2-4         |  | 3 1/2   | 4       |
| Sugars.                               |        | Shares.           |  | Closed. |         |
|                                       |        |                   |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Honokaa S. Co.....                    | 60     | @ 12 1/2          |  | 12 1/2  | 13      |
| Hutchinson.....                       | 660    | @ 15 1/2-15 3/4   |  | 15 1/2  | 15 3/4  |
| Kilauea S. Co.....                    | 205    | @ 11 1/2-12 1/2   |  | 11 1/2  | 12      |
| Makaweli S. Co.....                   | 210    | @ 25              |  | 25      |         |
| Onomea S. Co.....                     | 25     | @ 24              |  |         |         |
| Pauahau S. Co.....                    | 160    | @ 13-13 1/2       |  | 12 1/2  |         |
| Miscellaneous.                        |        | Shares.           |  | Closed. |         |
|                                       |        |                   |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Alaska Packers.....                   | 25     | @ 132-135         |  | 135     | 136     |
| Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....               | 100    | @ 94              |  |         |         |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....                   | 81     | @ 90-95           |  | 94      | 95      |
| Oceanic S. Co.....                    | 145    | @ 35 1/2-42 1/2   |  | 41 1/2  |         |

San Francisco Gas and Electric, notwithstanding the rate war on prices—gas having been reduced to 50 cents per thousand—was strong, and advanced to 42 1/2, a gain of 3 1/2 points on small sales, and was offered down to 41 at the close, but was in good demand at that price, with small offerings. Pacific Gas and Improvement Company passed their dividend for September.

Sugars were traded in to the amount of 1,200 shares, and at the close were in better demand. Kilauea Sugar Company have passed their dividend for the month of September, the stock closing at 12 asked.

The powder stocks were quiet, with little stock changing hands—Vigorit closing at 3 1/2 bid and 4 asked, and Giant Consolidated at 74 1/2 bid.

The water stocks improved from 1 1/2 to 2 points, the latter in Spring Valley Water, closing at 87 1/2 bid, with no stock offered. Contra Costa Water closed at 79 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

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## VANITY FAIR.

## THE LADY OF THE DIVORCES.

Oh, how absurd! Come, let me see—  
Who am I now, and why?  
I wonder if I still am me,  
Or if 'tis only I?  
I thought that I was Mrs. Gay.  
It seems that I was wrong,  
Because the mean old judges say  
"Tn Pntis I still belong!  
Or I may still be Cleaver's mate—ah; that would be  
a shame!  
I do not know just who I am, I can not tell my  
name!  
I went in South Dakota for the breaking of my  
fetters,  
And now they may arrest me if I open my own  
letters.  
Now what if Smith should come along  
And claim admittance here,  
With Black and Brown and Weeks and Strong—  
Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!  
I wonder if I'm me or not—  
Alas! How can I know?  
I may be the world forgot  
To think of, long ago!  
Another claims the name engraved upon my card—  
how mean!  
It's not my husband's manly arm, perhaps, in which  
I lean—  
Instead of living here at ease as dashing Mrs. Gay  
I may be just poor Mrs. Potts, the horrid judges say.  
Alas, the mix they've got us in,  
Those horrid men in gowns!  
It's just a burning shame—a sin—  
To juggle up the Browns  
And Blacks and Smiths and all the rest,  
And bring confusion—I  
Know not upon whose manly breast  
My head should fondly lie!  
Aod, oh, when Gabriel blows his horn and calls my  
name aloud  
How shall I recognize myself in all that motley  
crowd?  
How shall I gather up the threads of all my broken  
fetters  
And have my linen hear, at last, the right initial  
letters?—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

As interesting discussion as to the public morals of Frenchmen and Americans has recently been started by Jules Cambon, the French ambassador to the United States, who made a trip home not long ago, and was so much impressed by what he saw in the Paris streets, during the summer season, that he felt constrained to make an earnest protest against what seemed to him bad tendencies. He complained of the marked increase in the absinthe habit, and of the growing quantity of indecent pictures and cartoons to be seen in the public streets. Senator Bérenger, another prominent Frenchman, who is at the head of the Society for the Prevention of License in the Streets, promptly admitted the justice of M. Cambon's censure, and said that the police have of late put hardly any restrictions upon the exposure, in the central parts of Paris, of engravings and cards which offend decency. He declared that this evil is always at its worst during the summer months, and that its unusual prevalence at this season is because it "springs up especially to meet the average foreigner's conception of the gay capital." Thousands of foreigners go to Paris every year for a short vacation, he adds naively, "intent on having a good time, and declaring their intention so loudly that the city takes on a particular hue for their benefit." This view has been emphatically sustained by the pastor of a French Protestant church in Paris, who asserts that Anglo-Saxon visitors are the foreigners most to blame in this matter, and Americans the worst offenders of all. He contends that the keepers of the kiosks where quantities of "lurid photographs" are sold told him that Americans are their best customers, purchasing handfuls of vicious papers and cards, which they distribute widely in their own country.

According to the New York Evening Post, striking testimony to the truth of all this has just been furnished by a member of the United States Congress. Representative Gillett, of the Springfield (Mass.) district, a man of high standing and proved independence, has been traveling for some weeks, with Speaker Henderson, of Iowa, in England and on the Continent. In a recent letter he remarked that the shops, the hotels, and, above all, the class of amusements which we call "French," and which Americans flock to Paris to see, seemed to him "artificial and made to order to meet the taste of American visitors." He frankly admitted that "it's on credit to us what they think our taste is," and bluntly declared that he had been "thoroughly disgusted to see not only American men, but ladies, too, trying to be amused by sights which they would think both stupid and low at home." He added that it seemed to him as though "quite a proportion of the Parisians were engaged in exhibiting as their natural life and recreations a pretense of high spirits and risky abandon which was all affected, a constant bore to the participants, and only interesting and endurable to strangers so long as they are deceived into believing it is the custom of the country." There is thus virtual agreement on the part of the French legislators, the American congressman, and the French clergyman that foreign visitors, and particularly American tourists, are giving Paris a worse reputation than it deserves—

fact, making the city worse in the summer months of their presence than it is during the rest of the year. The clergyman quoted clears the resident American colony of blame, pronouncing it exemplary, but he thinks it "impossible to deny that visiting Yankees do Paris far more harm than Paris does them."

J. Ogden Armour, heir of the late Philip D. Armour and his father's successor in the vast packing business in Chicago and other cities, has agreed to pay into the United States Treasury the sum of \$19,700 for smuggling pearls and diamonds into this country from Europe. When Mr. and Mrs. Armour returned from Europe about six weeks ago, Mrs. Armour wore a pearl necklace worth \$15,000, and had a number of beautiful unset diamonds. These were entered unnoticed by the inspectors. By the law previous to 1897 there was a loop-hole which gave rich people an opportunity to evade the letter of the statute, and still be free to bring into this country from Europe all kinds of precious stones, providing the jewels were worn. It was argued that wealthy women had a right to appear in jewels—they were expected to, in fact; and that on this account they should not be bothered by officials. But Congress did away with this, and rich and poor now fare alike. Armour contended that he did not know the law was changed. He said he had been abroad five years ago, and had brought in a lot of jewels and there was no trouble. He had done the same this summer, because he believed he had a right to. Mrs. Armour wore the new jewels at a Chicago function recently, and the news was naturally circulated in society circles there that she had brought home "some lovely new pearls and diamonds." It was but a step for the information to reach the collector of customs at Chicago, the New York officials got wind of it, and an inquiry necessarily had to follow. The matter went through the customary channels until it was finally referred to Assistant-Secretary Spalding, who went at once to Secretary Gage with his trouble. Both secretaries were advised that "money was no object" to Armour, and last week the whole controversy was virtually settled, when Armour swore his ignorance of the new law and of his absolute innocence in trying to break the federal statute. Then the duties and fines were paid.

Most of the trouble from which the divorce suit of Mrs. William F. Hopkins sprang appears to have occurred during a sojourn at Highland Springs, where, she declares, her husband, among other things, would not take his meals in the public dining-room at the springs, but insisted upon eating with the servants in a less pretentious apartment. Mr. Hopkins admits that this accusation is founded upon fact. He did eat with the servants, he says, and in a small room, but not for the purpose of humiliating his wife or any one else. He explains his conduct by pointing out that during the summer months, "Highland Springs is visited by large numbers of people who belong to what is commonly known as the 'social set,' and when, while at their meals, wear elaborate costumes and dresses." He says he "never belonged to this or any other social set, and never took part in any of their said social functions." But the servants were "all right," contends Mr. Hopkins. So much so that he actually invited his wife to forsake her society friends and come with him to the servants' hall, but she refused to accept his invitation. He also admits that he took the hotel servants out driving, as they were highly respectable in every way, and when they saw he was lame and crippled they treated him with marked consideration. He returned their courtesy by taking them out driving. Once, when he was driving with one of the hotel servants, they encountered his wife, who was driving with one of her friends. "Aod she also was a servant," says Hopkins.

Walter J. Travis, our first amateur golf champion to try his luck on the links of Scotland and England, returned to New York a fortnight ago. He is very enthusiastic over the warm welcome accorded American golfers in England, and says: "I am forced to admit that the links abroad are far more severe tests of golf than those in this country. They extend on charity, no helping hand, to the poor golfer or to the wight who is off his game. Naturally, the general standard of golfing among those with any pretensions to class is higher than it is here. The links, as I call seaside courses, are as good in England as in Scotland, and the inland courses do not differ as much from them as inland courses do from our best coast line links. They do not assist the turf here by fertilizers or have to make it, as we have to do, and their putting-greens are not so close and thick in verdure as our best greens, nor are they pressed out so smooth under steam-rollers the same as linen under the irons. The putting-greens are unassisted, and mostly larger in size than here. The turf is thinner and the greens very fast. This matter of links makes it very difficult to class the players in America and England. On the other side a team of twelve of the best men would heat our best twelve with ease. Here our team would win. I saw more good golfers there than here, which was to be expected. On the long game I think our players may hold their own, but they lose us in approaching and putting. Their greens have to be studied, and they are hardest near the holes. If not down on their

first put, plunk they go in the cup on the next try. I rather fancied my putting, but there I was simply not in it. The longer I studied my put the worse the result. In Scotland the club-houses are very grand, and the service ideal, while in England they are about the same as those here; some very fine, others mere shelters. Cnats must be worn on most of the links. On a few it is a matter of choice, but there are very few who do not wear them. This suited me, for I have always worn a coat in play. I did not find the caddies the reliable guides we had been told they are. They are absolutely unable to give you a distance in yards, just as an English jockey can not work a race-horse in a given time. All they can tell you is that a hole is a 'full-shot' or a 'half-mashie,' as the case may be, advice that is not of much use to a stranger. But they know more about the little points than our caddies, such as making tees, and standing so that their shadow will not take your eye off the ball. In Scotland, too, I could not understand one-half the caddies were trying to say. It was like trying to read Burns without a glossary."

Harry Lehr's dog-party at Newport last week is described as one of the most original entertainments that have been given there this season. His friends and acquaintances were present in the rôle of chaperons of their various canine pets, for whom an elaborate table was set, and as several of the dogs were badly spoiled and devoid of good manners, much trouble was experienced in preventing fighting and general pandemonium. The host had provided as many handsome dog-collars as he had canine guests on his list, but all the pets did not make personal responses to the cards, and there were more prizes than dogs. "Therefore," says a Newport correspondent, "always ready to oblige, and as there were not dogs enough for favors offered, Mr. Lehr himself put a dozen dog-collars about his neck and how-wowed, and thus made up for the lack of canines." Another unique entertainment which was recently given in the East by a hostess with an inventive turn of mind was a tourist-party. She converted her hall and porch into a big waiting-room, and there was a ticket-window presided over by a ticket-man—the merry jester of the party. The usual number of hard settees and time-cards oailed about completed the setting. There was the director of a personally conducted tour, who had his people and their rutes hopelessly mixed; there was the woman who had lost her pass; the man with a half-grown child who insisted that she go free; the last boy and the giggling school girl. After all sorts of amusing conversations, adventures, and misadventures, the party had tickets chopped at an improvised gate, and, passing through to the lawn, finished the evening with dancing and supper.

"A good many husbands are spoiled in the cooking," says the author of the humorous little volume, "How to Cook Husbands"; "some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It can not be supposed that husbands will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, or by the golden tint as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none, unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving-kettle of the finest porcelain is the best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin, it will do, with care. See that the licoe in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended with the required number of buttons and strings. Tie him in the kettle by a strong, silk cord called cmnfart, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle, and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear, steady fire out of love, oateness, and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes, do not be anxious; some husbands do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves him, but must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently; watch the while lest he lie too flat or close to the kettle, and so become useless. You can not fail to notice when he is done. If thus treated, you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless, and set him in tin can a place."

A cinch to Johnny—"So you got inter de show fer nothing?" Jimmie—"Betcher life! I carried de manager's grips up from the train, blacked his boots, brushed his clothes, run half a dozen errands fer him, and peddled hand-bills fer six hours, and he give me a ticket fer nothing."—Judge.

—THEY KNOW YOU ARE A JUDGE OF GOOD whisky when you call for Jesse Moore at the bar.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HEERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODELL.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinbart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$38,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,894  
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. FREMERV, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. Fremer, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St., SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES.....President  
WILLIAM BABCOCK.....Vice-President  
S. L. ASBOTT, JR.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. Asbott, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,681,497.64  
July 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank  
Boston.....The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
Philadelphia.....First National Bank  
St. Louis.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Boatmen's Bank  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK.

President, JOHN J. VALENTINE. Manager, HOMER S. KING. Cashier, H. WADSWORTH. Asst. Cashier, F. L. LIPMAN. 2d Asst. Cashier, H. L. MILLER.

BRANCHES—NEW YORK, H. B. PARSONS, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. DOOLY, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. LEA BARNES, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901.

ASSETS.  
Loans.....\$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants 2,191,727.10  
Real Estate..... 1,665,037.77  
Miscellaneous Assets..... 12,415.53  
Due from Banks and Bankers 1,104,308.12  
Cash..... 3,973,676.04  
\$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up.....\$ 500,000.00  
Surplus..... 5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits..... 3,311,290.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers 1,124,165.27  
Individual..... 8,904,102.62  
\$19,589,558.17

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

## Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

## OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President  
W. A. FRIEDBERG.....Vice-President  
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.18; Surplus in Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,  
412 California Street.

## TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS.

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.  
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Robert Lowe, afterward Lord Sherbrook, once saw a deaf member of Parliament trying his best to catch with his ear-trumpet the words of an extremely dull speech. "Just look at that foolish man," said Lowe, "throwing away his natural advantages."

A minister in a Kansas town recently adopted a novel scheme for bolstering up the church collection, which had been diminishing. He informed his congregation, just before the plates were passed around, that the members who were in debt were not expected to contribute. The collection that day was double the usual sum.

On one occasion, when Robert Fechter, the tragedian, appeared in "Monte Cristo," the curtain rose at twelve-thirty for the last act discovering Fechter in an attitude of contemplation. For some moments he did not make a movement, and not a sound broke the silence, until a small but clear voice in the gallery queried, in tones of anxiety: "I hope we are not keeping you up, sir?"

Gladstone once talked with much enthusiasm to James Russell Lowell about the noble conduct of the United States Government in providing pensions to the amount of tens of millions of pounds sterling a year for men who had served in the Civil War. "I do not wish to disparage the generosity of my countrymen," was Lowell's reply, "but I may just observe that these persons are voters."

President Hayes, when about to retire one day from his working-room in the Capitol, asked his messenger if there was any one waiting to see him. "Only two, and one of them is crazy," "Send in the sane one," said the President. A grave-looking man was introduced, who announced himself as the emperor of the world. The President rang the bell, and told the messenger if that was his idea of sanity to send in the maniac.

In speaking of the terrors of the Slav tongue, Opie Read remarked that a druggist in the heart of the Russian colony in Chicago recently had a telephone instrument installed in his place for the accommodation of his patrons. The minute the first user of the 'phone began to talk Russian into the receiver, the wire kinked into small knots, like a tensely twisted string. They couldn't do a thing to meet the emergency until one of the telephone linemen, who had once attempted to do missionary work in a Russian settlement in Minnesota, replaced the smooth, insulated copper strand with the ordinary harsh wire. That jagged medium proved a perfect means of transmission for Russian speech.

The wife of a well-known New York lawyer, who visited London this summer, was operated on for appendicitis in the British metropolis shortly after her arrival there. The first day the patient was able to accompany her husband for a walk she met Em-hassard Joseph Choate, an intimate friend, who had shown much solicitude for her recovery. The delighted Mr. Choate greeted the lawyer warmly, but seemed to ignore his wife, who finally said, with a pout: "Why, Mr. Choate, you don't take any notice of me. You haven't spoken a word to me yet. I really believe you have forgotten me." "My dear madam," said Mr. Choate, smiling, "I must confess that I did not recognize you without your appendix."

It is said that when the first Chinese came to California the Indians were very curious about them. A dispute arose among some of them as to what country the strangers might hail from, and whether or not they were Indians. The Indians, wise as the Puritans of old, decided to apply the water test. If the accused swam they were witches, if they drowned they were innocent. One day a party of Indians met a party of Chinamen approaching a little stream. The strangers approached the bridge and started across. The Indians, too, filed across, and, meeting the Chinamen in mid-stream, pushed two of them into the angry, spooming current below. The test was conclusive. They could not swim. They were not Indians.

The late Francesco Crispi never forgot, king's servant although he was, that he had also been one of the king-makers. To the unhappy master of ceremonies of the Quirinal, on the first occasion when he was invited to dinner and his wife was omitted because of the unconventional nature of the relations between the two before their marriage, he cried: "Inform his majesty that if the insult to me is not repaired before to-night, a republic will be proclaimed in Italy within forty-eight hours." On another occasion he was asked in the Chamber by a colleague if he belonged to Mazzini's party. "No," replied Crispi. "Then perhaps you belong to Garibaldi's?" "No." "Then whose party do you belong to?" "Crispi's!"

Elihu Root, the Secretary of War, has a vein of humor in his composition, which sometimes finds vent in irony. During the most trying crisis in the Chinese affair of last year, a group of newspaper re-

porters were admitted to his presence, and, standing in a row, plied him in turn with questions. The Secretary's expression changed from interested curiosity to rather marked weariness as the bombardment went on, but his manner never lost its gravity, even when the last of the group hurst out with: "Mr. Secretary, I am informed that the President is very tired of Minister Conger, and is going to get rid of him." "Ah," responded Mr. Root, with evident relief that the secret was out, "you have discovered that at last, have you?" "Yes; and now could you tell me whether Mr. Conger will be dismissed, or simply superseded?" "Neither; the President, with careful regard for Oriental etiquette, will send him a poisoned letter."

In England, on one occasion, a junior counsel, on their lordships giving judgment against his client, exclaimed that he was surprised at their decision. This was construed into a contempt of court, and the young barrister was ordered to attend at the bar the next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend, John Scott (afterward Lord Eldon), who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologize for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, Scott rose and coolly addressed the judges. "I am very sorry, my lords," he said, "that my young friend has so far forgotten himself as to treat your lordships with disrespect; he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships. Now, if he had not been ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have done—he would not be surprised at anything you did."

In his autobiography, "A Sailor's Log," Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans relates a strange instance of premonition which a fellow-sailor had the night before the attack on Fort Fisher, in January, 1865. He says: "We had on board the *Powhatan* a fine young seaman named Flannigan, who came from Philadelphia. On the night of the fourteenth of January he came to my room with a small box in his hand, and said to me: 'Mr. Evans, will you be kind enough to take charge of this box for me—it has some little trinkets in it—and give it to my sister in Philadelphia?' I asked him why he did not deliver it himself, to which he replied: 'I am going ashore with you to-morrow, and will be killed.' I told him how many bullets it required to kill a man in action, and in other ways tried to shake his convictions, but it was no use—he stuck to it. He showed no nervousness over it, but seemed to regard it as a matter of course. I took the box, and, after making a proper memorandum, put it away among my things. On the afternoon of the next day, when we were charging the fort, and just as we came under fire, at about eight hundred yards, I saw Flannigan reel out to one side and drop, the first man hit, with a bullet through his heart. I stepped quickly to his side, and asked if he were badly hurt; the only reply was a smile as he looked up into my face and rolled over dead. The box was delivered as he requested, and I afterward assisted in getting a pension for his sister."

Postponed.

It was one o'clock in the morning.

In the deepest shadow of the piazza of the little suburban villa in which our story opens, sat two burglars, earnestly discussing the affair that had brought them hither. A light in one of the upper windows, which had only just been extinguished, had made them postpone for a while their attempt, and this delay had given the first hurglar an opportunity to ask his partner the circumstances which had led to this particular graft.

"The lady who occupies this house," whispered the second hurglar, "has ten thousand dollars in cash. She drew it out of the bank yesterday, and to-morrow she will turn it over to the old and trusted friend of her late husband."

"Who is he?" asked the first hurglar.

"He's an old cove they've known all their lives. He's going to advise her how to invest her money. In the meantime, she's got it all upstairs with her in a black bag."

The first burglar was silent for a while.

"Jim," he said at last, "I haven't the heart to do it. She's a widow. Let's wait."

"Wait!" exclaimed the second hurglar. "For what?"

"Why," said his companion, "wait until the old cove has it. Then rob him!"—*Life*.

Jungle talk: "Hello! Where are you going?" cried the lion, as the fleet-footed stag dashed by him. "Oh! I'm just traveling for my health," panted the stag; "why do you ask?" "My friend the tiger invited me to participate in a stag dinner-party to-day, and I was wondering if you were the party."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Baby's Diary.

A unique and handsome publication wherein to record the important events in baby's life has just been issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., 77 Hudson St., New York. It is not given away, but is sent on receipt of 10 cents.

LOG OF THE TRANSPORT THOMAS.

Wednesday—There are six hundred teachers aboard, one hundred and sixty of them women. Some are mere girls—other are merely girlish. All are bound for the Philippines. Many of them, no doubt, would be glad to touch at the port of matrimony on the way.

Thursday—There is spooning going on everywhere, all over the boat. All the handsomest men are in great demand. One fine-looking fellow from Cleveland, in order to escape from attentions of six Boston spinsters, spends most of his time in the fore-top. It isn't at all comfortable up there, but he says he prefers it.

Friday—First engagement announced. He is just out of college and twenty-three. She is a Portland schoolma'am and thirty-seven. The example seems to be contagious; three more engagements were announced by noon.

Saturday—Captain says he can't work the ship unless the spooners get out of the way. The captain is not a sentimental person. All the sailors go round with broad grins on their faces. It is supposed to come from hearing so much lovey-dovey talk. The hos'n is the only one of them that keeps a sour face. It is said he has been married four times. The engagement roll now numbers eleven.

Sunday—This was a day of rest for everybody, except the spooners. The steward says he doesn't care how much love-making they do on board. It's a great saving for him, he says. Those who are the deepest in love don't care to eat. Nineteen engagements to date.

Monday—The captain says there's no use talking, the serenading business has got to stop. The sailors can't hear the orders because of the love-sons. There's a Chicago schoolma'am with a mandolin, who makes life miserable for everybody. She sings the saddest love-songs every night until twelve o'clock. The captain says he'll either put her in irons or feed her to the sharks. Twenty-four engagements up to six o'clock.

Tuesday—Thirty couples petitioned the captain to-day to permit them to be married on board. He said he'd be jammed if he would. He was ordered to carry over to the Philippines a lot of salaried school-teachers, and he meant to do his duty. He wasn't running any floating tootsie-wootsie shop, and he wanted them to know it. The kind of knots he was interested in were the kind that a ship is expected to encourage. He said a lot more about most of them being old enough to know better—and the Massachusetts girls didn't like it one bit. The thirty couples have agreed to get married as soon as they reach Honolulu, but the others have reluctantly concluded to wait until they get to Manila.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Forge—"He says in his native city the streets are always well watered, and yet they never used sprinkling-carts." Fenton—"For goodness sake, where is he from?" Forge—"Venice."—*Philadelphia Record*.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; RECOMMENDED by the best dealers.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

VVO  
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

TOURS

FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE

ROUND THE WORLD

(Via Japan, China, India, Egypt, etc.)

From San Francisco, Oct. 15th, Oct. 31st.

From Vancouver, Sept. 9th.

EGYPT AND PALESTINE

(Via Athens and Constantinople)

From New York, Sept. 21st.

Illustrated descriptive programmes on application. Sailing lists of Nile steamers for ensuing season now ready.

THOS. COOK & SON,

621 Market St., San Francisco.

DOMINION LINE

Fastest Twin-Screw Passenger Service.

Boston to Liverpool via Queenstown

S. S. COMMONWEALTH, 13,000 Tons, Length 600 ft.

Sailing Wednesday, September 25th.

S. S. NEW ENGLAND, 11,600 Tons, Length 575 ft.

Sailing Wednesday, October 9th.

Portland, Me., to Liverpool  
S. S. CAMBROMAN, sailing Saturday, September 21st.  
S. S. VANCOUVER, sailing Saturday, October 5th.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast,  
621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

A QUARTETTE  
OF COMFORT

LIURET—Pure Linen  
XYLORET—Pure Lisle  
BOMBYRET—Pure Silk  
VILLURET—Pure Wool

ARE THE FOUR FABRICS  
USED IN MAKING OUR  
UNDERWEAR

Made into form-fitting garments the result is SATISFACTION and comfort to the wearer. The price is purse-fitting.

J.S. Pfister  
KNITTING CO.

60 GEARY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

Makers of Bathing-Suits, Sweaters, Jerseys  
Leggins, Gynnasium Suits, Etc.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Doric. (Via Honolulu). .....Friday, September 20  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). .....Tuesday, October 15  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). .....Thursday, November 7  
Doric. (Via Honolulu). .....Tuesday, December 3  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street,  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.  
Nippon Maru. ....Friday, September 27  
America Maru. ....Wednesday, October 23  
Hongkong Maru. ....Saturday, November 16  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, corner First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 Tons  
\*Zeland, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons  
S. S. Australia, for Tahiti, September 18, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Honolulu only, September 21, 1901, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, October 3, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros., Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaska ports, 11 A. M., Sept. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Sept. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., Sept. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 4.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles): Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M. State of California—Wednesdays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hanenene, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport ("Corona only).  
Corona—Saturdays, 9 A. M. Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month. For further information obtain company's folder.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket-Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cberbourg Westbound.  
St. Paul. ....September 18  
St. Louis. ....September 25  
Philadelphia. ....October 2  
St. Paul. ....October 9  
St. Louis. ....October 16  
Philadelphia. ....October 23

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Kensington. ....September 18  
Friesland. ....September 25  
\*Star at Cberbourg Eastbound.  
Southwark. ....October 9  
Kensington. ....October 16  
Kensington. ....October 23  
International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



SOCIETY.

In Aid of Worthy Charities.

The charity entertainments at Burlingame which were to have taken place on Admission Day, but which were postponed on account of the shooting of the President, are announced for this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. There are some changes in the afternoon programme, the most important being the substitution of a lawn-party at "Crossways," the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, for the sports at the Carolan race-track. There will be a concert by a band of twenty pieces, refreshments will be served on the lawn, and an impromptu programme of races and games will be given, for which prizes and cups have been offered by the Burlingame Club, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, and others. Admission to the grounds will be one dollar. There will be conveyances at San Mateo to meet the train leaving the city at two forty-five. The lawn-party will begin at three o'clock, and a pleasant afternoon is in store for those who go to Burlingame for a day of fun and to help the Armitage Orphanage and the California Woman's Hospital.

In the evening at nine o'clock the charity ball will take place in the Carolan stables, which will be beautifully decorated. The tickets for the ball, including supper, are two dollars and fifty cents each, and there is a general welcome for all, no special invitations being needed.

An Historic Loan Exhibition.

During the meeting of the General Convention of the Episcopal Churches of America in this city in October, an historical loan exhibition will be held, similar in character to those that have been so successful in the past two years in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and elsewhere. It will be under the special supervision of the California Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, and the exhibits will be representative of nearly all of the fields where the Auxiliary is at work. Japan, China, Africa, Mexico, the North American Indians, the Philippine Islands, Brazil, Alaska, and the colored missions of the South, will all send interesting contributions, and, at the various courts, curios, historical relics, flags, draperies, ornaments, household utensils, idols, arms, costumes, and other objects will be displayed, illustrating the daily life, occupations, industries, the arts and religion of the various countries. Admission will be by card only, as the object of the exhibition is not to raise money, but to give information about the fields where the Auxiliary is at work.

The affair is under the management of the women most prominent in church and society. The executive board is composed of Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck, Mrs. James Newlands, Mrs. S. M. Lawyer, Mrs. George H. Kline, and Mrs. Theodore Tracy. Mrs. L. F. Comstock is chairman of courts; Mrs. N. L. Nokes, secretary; and Mrs. William C. Morrow is treasurer. The committee on loans consists of Mrs. Wellington, Mrs. Walker, and Mrs. Daniel McLeod. The patronesses of the various courts are as follows:

The Court of China: Mrs. John F. Swift, whose distinguished husband was for years United States minister to China, Mrs. Joseph Trille, Mrs. M. R. Norris, Mrs. W. C. Watson, Mrs. F. C. Moore, Mrs. W. J. Shotwell, Miss Hyde, and Mrs. Center. The Court of Japan: Mrs. Philip Caduc, who has been the successful president of the Twenty Minutes Society of St. Luke's since its inception, Mrs. William B. Collier, Mrs. E. A. Belcher, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. E. M. Spaulding, Mrs. George H. Buckingham, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Mrs. H. Alston Williams, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Rodman Peel, Miss Eleanor Davenport, Miss Hyde, Miss Spaulding, and Miss Lovell, of New York.

The Court of the Philippines: Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. J. A. Fillmore, Mrs. William Leacock, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. R. H. Sterling, and Miss Jessie Fillmore.

The Court of Mexico: Miss Gwin, Mrs. Mendel, Mrs. Mintzer, of San Anselmo, Mrs. Sidney Worth, Mrs. E. Field, Mrs. Thomas Woodward, Miss Eva Maynard, Miss May C. Ringwalt, Miss Gibbs, and Miss Effie Johnson.

The Court of the North American Indians: Mrs. Thurlow McMullin, Mrs. Henry G. Newhall, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. S. W. Sperry, Mrs. George M. Stoney, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. John Landers, Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mrs. John Currier, Mrs. William P. Redington, Miss Laura Van Wyck, Miss Mary Harrington, and Miss Alice Brigham.

The Court of the Colored Missions of the South: Mrs. J. Goddard Clark, Mrs. W. I. Kip, Mrs. J. M. Ver Mehr, Mrs. Llewellyn Jones, Mrs. E. F. Weihe, Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Holmes, of Belvedere, Miss Carnahan, and Miss Mesick.

The Court of Alaska: Mrs. Edwin L. Griffith, of Ross Valley, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. George

Pinckard, Mrs. Sidney Cushing, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, and Miss Sallie Maynard. The African Court: Miss Alice Brown, Mrs. P. G. McBean, Mrs. C. B. V. Middleton, Mrs. W. E. F. Deal, Mrs. M. B. Clapp, and Miss Elizabeth Brown.

The Court of Brazil: Mrs. Huddart, Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Mrs. L. A. Young, Mrs. W. W. Bishop, Mrs. Sanborn, Miss Wallis, Miss Barker, Mrs. Lee Chester Raymond, and Mrs. J. W. O'Conner.

Tea will be served every afternoon. The hostesses will be ladies from the various churches of the diocese. Addresses will be made daily by the visiting celebrities—the bishops and distinguished clergy.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Beulah Stubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, and Mr. John Sunderland, Jr., of Reno, Nev.

The wedding of Miss Caro Crockett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, and Mr. Laurence I. Scott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, will take place at Grace Church at noon, Wednesday, October 16th. The bridesmaids are to be Miss Georgia Hopkins, Miss Frances Hopkins, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Emily Wilson, and Miss Grimwood. Mr. T. R. Backus is to be the best man, and Mr. Fred McNear, Mr. Norman Livermore, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Porter Garnett, Mr. Prescott Scott, and Mr. Willard N. Drown will act as ushers.

Mrs. Clarke Wainwright announces the marriage of her daughter, Anna Pridham, to Mr. Victor Edward Mathews, which took place on Wednesday evening, August 28th.

The wedding of Miss Alma Newell Crowell, daughter of Mr. C. I. Crowell, and Mr. Harrison Freeman, of Hartford, Conn., took place at the residence of Mr. L. H. Sweeney at San Rafael on Monday evening, September 9th. The ceremony was performed at six o'clock by the Rev. Wyllis Hall, pastor of the Episcopal church at San Rafael. Miss Ada Burrows, of Redbank, N. J., was the maid of honor, and Mr. R. J. Davis, of Ross Valley, acted as best man. After the ceremony a supper was served, and, later in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman left for a wedding journey in Southern California, prior to their departure for Hartford, Conn., where they will take up their future residence. Mr. Freeman is an alumnus of Yale University, and is at present a member of the State legislature of Connecticut.

Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor recently gave a luncheon at the University Club complimentary to Mrs. Charles B. Alexander. Those invited to meet the guest of honor were Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, and Miss Jennie Flood.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and the Misses Harvey, at which she entertained the Misses Wilson, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. S. G. Murphy, Lieutenant McKinley, and Mr. Thomas Driscoll.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills gave a reception at their home on Jackson Street on Thursday evening, September 5th, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Todd, of Amherst, who recently arrived from the Orient. The Misses Ardella and Elizabeth Mills gave a reception in honor of Miss Todd on Saturday afternoon.

Miss Florence Hush recently gave a tea at her home in Fruitvale in honor of Miss Helen Martin, of New York, who, with her mother, is visiting Mrs. Henry Wetherbee. Those who assisted Miss Hush in receiving were Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mrs. Harmon, Mrs. Howard Bray, Mrs. H. Nicholls, Mrs. Peter C. Allen, Miss Ida Belle Palmer, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Chrissie Taft, Miss Berenice Landers, Miss Jane Rawlings, Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Carmen Moore, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Grace Sanborn, Miss Ray Wellman, Miss Violet Albright, Miss Elsie Marwedel, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Ethel Dean, Miss Bessie McNear, Miss Ruth Dunham, Miss May Denman, and Miss Irene Baker.

George F. Whitney defeated Alfonso E. Bell at San Rafael for the singles tennis championship of the Pacific Coast on Monday, September 9th. Mr. Bell, who is the champion of Southern California and had won the all-comers tourney, was entitled to play Mr. Whitney, the Coast champion, to determine who was the best player for 1901. He put up a strong game but was defeated by a score of 4-6, 6-2, 6-1, 7-5.

A Notable Performance of "Rosedale."

The revival of Lester Wallack's favorite play, "Rosedale," by Joseph Haworth at the Grand Opera House last week recalls a memorable performance of this drama which was given at the old California Theatre in the days when Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough were lessees of the theatre, and their remarkable stock company was in the heyday of its glory. The Mercantile Library Association was desperately in need of funds, and a benefit was arranged to take place at the California Theatre on the night of June 30, 1869. General W. H. L. Barnes, who was then a rising young lawyer, kindly volunteered to essay the rôle of Elliot Gray in the interests of the association of which he was a prominent officer, and the regular stock company of the theatre supported him. Mr. Barnes proved a great drawing card, for the public curiosity was whetted to see how the popular young orator would stand the glare of the footlights and how he would acquit himself as an actor, vocalist, and dancer.

That he did not disappoint his host of friends and admirers is evident from the following account of the performance which appeared in the *Daily Alta California* the next day:

"The entrance of Mr. Barnes on the stage was the signal for an outburst of encouraging applause which was sufficiently prolonged to assure him that the whole audience felt friendly toward him, and at the end of the act the demonstration was renewed until he had three times come before the curtain—the last time to receive a beautiful basket of flowers; thus far the applause was complimentary and encouraging, but the audience soon found occasion to bestow it in reward for points well made—and when it came to the singing of the little song to the malt, the enthusiasm of the audience was boundless. So with the 'Lord Bateman' song, and the chant of 'Carl, the Crack,' a repetition was demanded in each case. The disguise of person and voice in the gypsy scene was perfect, and elicited universal praise—in fact, the whole of this act was faultlessly played. The *début* was a grand success, and receives the commendation of the oldest actors and theatre-goers as a wonderful performance.

Of course all the other characters in the play were well represented, each member of the company taking a special pride in making the performance a success, and assisting in every way the novice of the evening—a fact which Mr. Barnes felt and alluded to in a speech which he made at the end of the performance, which was cheered to the echo. The complete cast was as follows:

|                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| Elliott Gray.....      | W. H. L. Barnes     |
| Matthew Leigh.....     | John McCullough     |
| Miles McKenna.....     | John Wilson         |
| Bunberry Kohb.....     | J. T. Raymond       |
| Colonel May.....       | W. Mestayer         |
| Robert.....            | T. Elmore           |
| Romany.....            | F. Franks           |
| Farmer Green.....      | S. W. Leach         |
| Corporal Daw.....      | W. Simms            |
| Docksey.....           | Willie Edouin       |
| Arthur May.....        | Willie Melville     |
| Lady Florence May..... | Annette Ince        |
| Rosa Leigh.....        | Emelie Melville     |
| Tabitha Stork.....     | Mrs. Judah          |
| Sarah.....             | Mrs. C. R. Saunders |
| Primrose.....          | Mrs. E. J. Buckley  |
| Mother Mix.....        | Mrs. Wilson         |

The price of admission was fixed at \$5 for dress-circle and parquet, \$2.50 for family-circle, and \$1 for gallery, and over \$5,000 was realized at the benefit.

Miss Elena Robinson made the best net score in the ladies' handicap tournament, medal play, on the Linda Vista links at San José during the week, and was presented with a silver cup offered by the club. The tournament of the Linda Vista Golf Club was a great success. The membership is now about one hundred and six, and it is confidently expected that these figures will be brought up to one hundred and twenty-five before the end of the year. Owing to the prospect of electric-car service in the near future, the managers have abandoned the idea of moving the links, and a number of additions and improvements are being discussed.

The members of the Mechanics' Institute are considering the proposition of selling the pavilion to the city for \$600,000, the price which Mayor Phelan has proposed as a fair offer. A decision will be given at an early date, as, under the charter, all purchases of land by the city exceeding \$50,000 have to receive the sanction of popular vote. An early decision will be necessary if the people's sanction is to be asked at the next election. With the view of finding out just how the 3,500 members of the Mechanics' Institute stood on the questions involving steps to be taken in the future, a list of questions was sent to each member. There were received 1,621 answers, as follows: To sell Mechanics' Pavilion, 1,275; to give it to the city, 296; in favor of selling Folsom Street lot, 1,545; against selling, 50; in favor of selling portion of pavilion, 18; for new building on Post Street, 1,173; new building to replace pavilion, 23; new building elsewhere, 292.

— "D'RI AND I," THE NEW BOOK BY IRVING BACHELLER—now ready at Cooper's.

— FLAVORED AND SEASONED IN WOOD, RICH and elegant with the best materials used by distillers, it is no wonder that Jesse Moore is the leading whisky in the world.

# Pears'

The skin *ought* to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap, the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

The soap to use is Pears'; no free alkali in it. Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

Sold all over the world.

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### EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Wmms O/R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.

FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York, Sole Agents in the United States and Canada.

E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative.

## CONGRESS SPRINGS.

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P. O. Saratoga, Cal.

## Hotel Rafael

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CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.

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The Leading Family and Tourist Hotel in San Francisco, situated in a warm and pleasant part of the city, near the Theatres, Churches, and Principal Stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the Hotel; Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries and to Golden Gate Park and other points of interest. All modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service are leading features, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel. Rates for board and room, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day for one person. Special terms by the month. Guests desiring rooms without board will be accommodated.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

## HOTEL GRANADA

THE NEWEST AND FINEST-EQUIPPED FAMILY HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO

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## THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

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The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco  
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## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

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# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford arrived in New York from Liverpool on Sunday, September 8th, on the White Star steamer *Majestic*, after a year's absence to Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Her brother, Mr. Charles G. Lathrop, met her in New York on her arrival from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and family, who are occupying the old Crocker home on California Street, will leave for the East within a fortnight to go to their villa at Tuxedo Park for the autumn.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston and the Misses Edith and Norma Preston are making a short stay in New York prior to their return to San Francisco, after an extended tour abroad.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington and the Misses Elizabeth and Marion Huntington are at present touring Germany. They expect to return to San Francisco about the first of November. Mr. Huntington was in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey have returned from the Hotel Del Monte, where they have spent the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and their two children have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., will occupy the H. M. Harriman cottage, on the Wheatley Hills, Long Island, at the close of the Newport season, and thus become members of the Meadow Brook Club colony.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who are at present at their camp in the Adirondacks, will return to Ophir Farm, at White Plains, N. Y., the latter part of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester are still sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Bond, of Santa Clara, are stopping at the Hotel Plesanton.

Mrs. Lillie Coit was at Frankfort when last heard from.

Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne will arrive from the East in October, and expects to spend the winter in California.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has departed for the North-West on a business trip.

Miss Frances Moore is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Edward Pringle.

Mrs. Edith Coleman and her son, who recently returned from Lake Tahoe and are now at the Hotel Richelieu, expect to leave for the East soon.

Mrs. Horace Hill has returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Luning have returned to Oakland after having spent the summer months at Camp Irving, near Cloverdale.

Judge and Mrs. Cooper and Miss Ethel Cooper are among the permanent guests at the Hotel Plesanton.

Mrs. C. G. Noble, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Cara Noble, who has been studying for the past year and a half in Europe, is now en route for San Francisco, where she will make her future home with her mother, Mrs. Duff C. Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Wilson, Jr., are making a fortnight's stay at their country place on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. William Giselman arrived in New York last week on their way to Europe.

Mr. Everett N. Bee was at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. Sampson Tams returned a few days ago from a prolonged visit in the East.

Mr. John J. Valentine was at Paso Robles last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman were guests at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen are at the Knickerbocker for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bernard Thomas (né Moroney) have returned from their wedding tour, and have taken apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the winter.

Mr. Philip May Gittings, of Baltimore, who was with his cousin, Mrs. William Babcock, at Del Monte, is now visiting Mr. and Mrs. Babcock at their home in San Rafael.

Miss Ethel Kittredge returned from the East last week to Oakland. She was the guest for a short time of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Smith at their summer home at Shelter Island, on Long Island Sound.

Mr. J. W. Hudson, curator of the Field National Museum of Chicago, who recently returned from an extended sojourn in the Yosemite Valley, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hopkins, who returned from Santa Barbara last week, will remain at the Hotel Plesanton for a few weeks before leaving for the East.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow Anderson were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Congressman Frank G. Newlands, of Nevada, is in town for a few days, and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spear, Jr., returned from the Orient on Thursday on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric* after a three months' absence. En route home, they made a ten days' stay at Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shainwald have returned from an extended stay at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Craig have taken rooms at the Hotel Plesanton for the winter.

Professor R. E. Allardice came up from Stanford University last week, and was a guest at the California Hotel.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Elias Plum and Mrs. L. V. Bright, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins Taylor, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fretwell and Mrs. A. Page, of Belvedere; Miss Blaisdell, of Pasadena; Miss Pauline Drollet and Mr. H. Drollet, of Tahiti; Mr. V. L. Tenny, of Honolulu;

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Slocum, Mrs. C. Hopkins, Miss J. Crowley, Mrs. R. Peixotto, Miss Peixotto, and Mr. W. F. Falls.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Haley Fiske and Miss Fiske, of New York City; Mr. A. E. Bell, of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. William A. Lange, Mr. and Mrs. Francis S. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carr, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Draper, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Erhman, Mrs. William P. Worthington, Miss Louise Worthington, Miss L. M. Doe, Miss J. Hinkle, Miss F. E. Ware, Miss J. B. Schwabacher, Dr. L. C. Dean, Dr. W. P. Lawton, Mr. Grant Smith, Mr. C. J. Smith, Mr. C. P. Gooding, and Mr. J. H. Bendick, Jr.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Colly, of Vallejo, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Shobley, of Santa Rosa, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnson, Mrs. E. P. Colgan and Mr. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Belicke and Mr. S. A. Keoeoy, of Los Angeles, Mr. S. F. Orr, of Washington, D. C., Mr. A. R. Ward, of Berkeley, Mr. W. Haar and Mr. H. L. Dodge, of Philadelphia, Mr. G. W. Boschke and Miss Boschke, of Galveston, Mr. D. Van Denburg, of Los Gatos, Mr. A. P. Dryden, of New Zealand, Mrs. W. A. Stephens, of New York, Mr. C. E. Densmore, of Columbus, Mr. W. D. Haslam, of Santa Cruz, Mr. J. T. Harmes, of Sausalito, Mr. Edgar Pickard, of Denver, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gerber, of Seattle.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General James F. Smith, U. S. V., is expected to arrive from Manila early next week on the transport *Grant*.

Lieutenant Alpha T. Easton, Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Easton (née Andrews), have departed for Pitsburg, where they will reside at 121 Roup Street.

Lieutenant George H. Stafford, U. S. N., and Mrs. Stafford, who recently left Oakland for Washington, D. C., stopped en route at Denver, Colo., to visit relatives. Mrs. Stafford spent the past winter in Oakland during the absence of Lieutenant Stafford at Samoa.

Passed Assistant-Paymaster Robert H. Orr, U. S. N., and Mrs. Orr, Lieutenant G. B. Bradshaw, U. S. N., Lieutenant Newton A. McCully, U. S. N., Assistant-Paymaster D. M. Addison, U. S. N., and Assistant-Paymaster Eugene F. Hall, U. S. N., were at the California Hotel during the week.

Assistant-Paymaster F. G. Pyne, U. S. N., will sail about October 1st for Guam, where he will act as pay officer at the naval station. He will relieve Assistant-Paymaster Delano, U. S. N.

Major Mathias W. Day, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed as a member of the examining board convened at the Presidio, to relieve Major Edward E. Harbin, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A.

Mrs. Holmes, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Frank H. Holmes, U. S. N., and daughter sailed for Hong Kong on Thursday on the steamship *China*.

Surgeon C. J. Decker, U. S. N., will relieve Surgeon V. C. B. Means, U. S. N., at the marine recruiting rendezvous in this city, on September 25th.

Art Notes.

J. W. Clawson is at present engaged upon several paintings of well-known San Franciscans. One of the most interesting is that of Mrs. Follis, whom five years ago he painted when she was Mary Bell Gwin. He has also just completed a portrait of Alice Tevis, the only child of the late Hugh Tevis.

Three of Charles J. Carlson's oils have recently been on exhibition in the Green Room of the Bohemian Club. Two are portraits, and the third an amusing conceit which he calls the "The Owl Awake."

Among the most interesting of William Keith's paintings, which are on exhibition at the new Vickery gallery, are the last portrait of the late Joseph Le Conte, done by Keith a year ago, and a recent portrait of Irving M. Scott.

Sekko Shimada, the noted Japanese artist, whose work was first shown in this city at Vickery's gallery, has returned from San Mateo, where for more than two months he was the guest of Henry P. Bowie. He has established himself at 1527 Pine Street, where he will remain until he has filled his orders for screens and pictures.

A warfare on rats has been inaugurated in Manila by the medical authorities. The city has allotted twenty-five hundred dollars to be paid in bounties of one and one-half cents, gold, for each rodent captured, dead or alive. The rats will be taken to the crematory. The system of eradication is to be thorough, and an appropriation has been made for the purchase of traps, drugs, and other means of destroying the pest. The action is taken on the advice of the medical officers as a means of preventing the spread of the plague.

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To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

— EDWARD A. BELCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 412-413 Call Building.

Paintings Chosen from the Paris Salon.

Some of the best paintings from the Paris Salon of 1901 have already reached San Francisco, and are on exhibition at the galleries of the S. & G. Gump Company, on Geary Street. Two of the most striking of these works of prominent artists are from the brush of G. Maroiez, whose fame is not of recent making. Both are marine views, though each contains figures in the foreground. One, entitled "Bad Weather," shows fine cloud effects and a stormy sea, while the other is a quieter scene, depicting the return of a fishing-boat at evening, with an anxious mother and her little ones looking out toward the approaching vessel.

Another canvas that will impress all who see it, and that gained especial favor in the Salon, is "The Herb Gatherer," by A. Chabellard. It pictures a country road and a tired woman, with a pail on her head, resting by the wayside, and is quiet in tone, yet with some bright bits of color.

Desvarieux's battle scene, "Vive l'Empereur," shows a cavalier, the last survivor of a desperate charge, waving his sword with reckless courage in the faces of a company of the enemy and shouting his defiance. It is a stirring piece of work, and once seen will not be easily forgotten.

Another painting by Schröder, now being admired in the Glas Palast at Munich, has been purchased for San Francisco, and will arrive in November, as the Munich exhibition closes in October.

Two companion paintings by Leon Brnoen, the great Belgian artist, are "The Chemist" and "The Astrooomer." Each has an individuality that makes it seem a portrait rather than the presentation of a type. Of portraits, however, one would choose with little hesitation the two heads by A. Asti, the noted figure-painter of Paris, whose work is copied everywhere on plaques, vases, and miniatures. These specimens of his art are contrasting styles of feminine beauty, a blonde and a brunette, but both are rare examples of loveliness, with laughing eyes, ripe, curving lips, and luxuriant tresses.

Müller Lingke's painting of German peasant life, "The Poachers"; Cacciarelli's wonderfully finished view of modern society, "The Débutante"; A. Jacomin's beautiful landscape, "In the Woods of Fontainebleau"; and Georges Laue's harvest scene, are only a few of the really notable works seen in a hasty survey of the walls of the main gallery. There are a hundred and thirty paintings in this room, every one by an artist whose name is to be found in the catalogues of the European Salons and representing some of the choicest expressions of French, Belgian, German, and Italian art. Yet this is but one of the three rooms devoted to paintings in the Gump establishment. Many a museum of art would be proud of such a showing, and it is doubtful if an array equal in variety and merit can be found in the galleries of art dealers in Eastern cities.

There are works from the several members of the Portielje family, each distinctive in its way; companion pictures by R. Epp, whose homely interiors and scenes of peasant life are always full of charm; and pleasing canvases from F. Deyrolle, Paul Lazerges, Schröder, and C. Detli. The last-named artist, by the way, has just been given a commission for a portrait of a New York lady, for which he will receive forty thousand francs.

The writer this week at the galleries received as a special favor an invitation to the framing-room on the fourth floor, where many paintings are being prepared for their introduction to San Francisco art-lovers. Among them is a canvas by L. Blume Siebert, of Munich, which is remarkable in more than one particular. It is a marvel of figure-drawing and expression, and presents a scene of such humor that it will provoke a smile in even the most dispirited. It represents the family of a wealthy peasant in a refreshment-room, evidently near a railway station and about train time. All are ready to go except the father, who motions to the buxom waiter for another bottle, while his face glows with pride and contentment. The mother and daughter urge him in vain to hasten, and other patrons at an adjoining table enjoy the comedy. "To the Happy Hour Never Strikes," is its title, and the picture alone is sufficient to induce a second visit to the Gump galleries, but there are scores of paintings on their walls that are worthy companions for Siebert's work.

Science having declared that moonlight is more fatal to the complexion than the sun in its splendor, they are now selling in Paris little moonshades made of a double thickness of *mousseline de soie*, with a light fringe, the handles of which fold back like those of the marquises of our grandmothers' time.

— LADIES' "KNOX" FALL TRIMMED HATS arrived. Engine Korn the Hatter, 726 Market Street.

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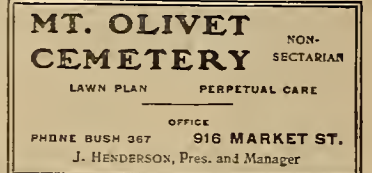
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| (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)                  |  |          |
| LEAVE  | From July 14, 1901.  | ARRIVE   |
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.   | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey, Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.                                 | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.  | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton, Fresno, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.  | 12:25 P. |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.                                       | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.                                | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma, Carters.  | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.  | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.   | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.                                   | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.   | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A.   | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.  | 6:55 P.  |
| 11:00 P.   | Sacramento River Steamers.   | 15:00 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.  | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.   | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.   | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.  | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.   | 18:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles. | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.   | 12:25 P. |
| 5:00 P.  | Yosemite.  | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.                     | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.  | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo.   | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Ogden, Lathrop, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.  | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Ogden, Lathrop, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.  | 12:25 P. |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.                           | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.   | 11:25 A. |
| 18:05 P.   | Vallejo.   | 7:55 P.  |

| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). |  |          |
|----------------------------|--|----------|
| (Foot of Market Street.)   |  |          |
| 17:45 A.                   | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.   | 18:05 P. |
| 8:15 A.                    | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.                        | 5:50 P.  |
| 12:15 P.                   | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations. | 10:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.                    | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.   | 18:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.                    | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.   | 8:50 A.  |

| OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.                           |                                      |             |
|---|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)— |                                      |             |
| 17:15   | 9:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 5:15 P. M.   |             |
| From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—                  |                                      |             |
| 18:05   | 10:00 A. M., 12:00 P. M., 4:00 P. M. | 16:00 18:00 |

| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).     |  |          |
|-------------------------------|--|----------|
| (Third and Townsend Streets.) |  |          |
| 6:10 A.                       | San José and Way Stations.   | 6:30 A.  |
| 7:00 A.                       | San José and Way Stations.   | 1:30 P.  |
| 7:00 A.                       | New Almaden.   | 4:10 P.  |
| 17:30 A.                      | Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.  | 18:30 P. |
| 9:00 A.                       | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.  | 7:30 P.  |
| 10:30 A.                      | San José and Way Stations.   | 6:30 P.  |
| 11:30 A.                      | San José and Way Stations.   | 5:30 P.  |
| 12:45 P.                      | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove. | 10:45 A. |
| 3:30 P.                       | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations.   | 4:10 P.  |
| 14:15 P.                      | San José and Principal Way Stations.   | 9:45 A.  |
| 15:00 P.                      | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.   | 19:00 A. |
| 5:30 P.                       | San José and Principal Way Stations.   | 8:36 A.  |
| 6:00 P.                       | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.  | 10:05 A. |
| 6:30 P.                       | San José and Way Stations.   | 18:00 A. |
| 11:45 P.                      | San José and Way Stations.   | 7:30 P.  |

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Bridget, did you call the boys?" "Indade an' Oi called them everything Oi cud think of, but they won't git up."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Microscopic metaphysics: Mrs. Hoyle—"I can read my husband like a book." Mrs. Doyle—"You must have good eyes to read such a small type."—*Smart Set*.

"I wonder if this bridge pays?" said Lord Lennox, in approaching Vauxhall Bridge. "Gn over it," said Hook, the punster, "and you'll be tolled."—*Youth's Companion*.

An editorial encounter: *Nubbs*—"He went into the editor's office like a roaring lion and came out like a postage stamp." *Bubbs*—"How was that?" *Nubbs*—"Licked."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"You seem to be much interested in me, my little girl. What is it?" "I don't see how your face can be so smooth and clear; papa says you have traveled all over the country n'n it."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Porkchops—"Bah! They're mere parvenus." Mr. Porkchops—"Er—gn't their money since we did?" Mrs. Porkchops—"Why, yes; they've just struck oil in Texas."—*Brooklyn Life*.

A trifle mixed: *Tess*—"What is absinthe, do you know?" *Jess*—"Oh! I think it's one of those fake love-potions. I read in a honk nne time that 'absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.

A costly feed: "We had a feast fit for a king at our boarding-house yesterday. It included all the choicest delicacies of the season." "What were they?" "Hash and succotash."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

It has been suggested that Sir Thomas Lipton ought to be given the freedom of the city of New York. The only way to accomplish this thoroughly would be to put him on the police force.—*Washington Star*.

Hnw it looked: *Wife*—"I've gotten so that I don't care if you are nnt at home more, I have resources of my own." *Husband*—"You don't mean to say that you have learned to quarrel with yourself?"—*Life*.

For art's sake: "Griselda," said the visiting relative, "you ought not to try to sing when you are shakin' with the chills." "I haven't got the chills, auntie," replied the church-chair soprano; "I am practicing on my tremolo."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Providing himself with business: "You run your automobile very fast through the streets," said the friend to the doctor. "Yes," replied the man of pills and hills; "I'm always in a hurry to get there; and, besides, when times are a little dull, I can pick up a few cases on the way."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Passed: *Professor*—"If a person in good health, but who imagined himself sick, should send for you, what would you do?" *Medical student*—"Give him something to make him sick, and then administer an antidote." *Professor*—"Don't waste any nurre time here; hang out your shingle."—*New York Weekly*.

Man's secret power: "In all my life," she said, with a sigh, "I have seen only one man that I would care to marry." "Did he look like me?" she carelessly asked. Then she flung herself into his arms, and wanted to know what secret power men possess that enables them to tell when they are loved.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Advantages of civilization: "I presume you appreciate the advantages you derive from being assimilated by a civilized country," said the interviewer in the Sultan of Bazzon Island. "Yes, indeed," assented his majesty; "why, I got a thousand dllars damages because of injuries sustained by swallowing the false teeth of the last missionary we put in the rnyal consommé."—*Baltimore American*.

An nld colored preacher in the rural districts accounted for the lightning in this way: "Ever time Satan looks down en sees de Lawd's work gwine nn, fire flashes fum his eyes. Dat's de lighnin'. En w'en he fail ter hit a church wid it, he lays back en bollers. Dat's de thunder." "But, passon," said an nld deacon, "whar is Satan in de winter time? We don't have no lightnin' den." The preacher studied a minute, and then said: "Well, hit may be, Br'er Williams, dat hell's froze over den."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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Overheard after meeting: "De preacher say dat de wnr'l comin' ter a end in thirty days." "Dat bein' de case, dey ain't a nigger in de country dat'll pay house-rent in advance."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1901.

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Among the qualities most notable in the President whom the American people have just lost were love of country, love of his wife, kindness of heart, and respect for law. This last was shown in the words which came from his lips the moment after the assassin's bullet entered his body. Those words were: "Let no one hurt him." When we reflect that the first words which sprang to thousands of lips were "lynch the murderer"—that even clergymen from their pulpits advocated lynching—that even Thomas C. Platt, New York's senior senator, and Governor Odell, chief magistrate of that great commonwealth, were reported (we hope wrongly) as

advocating lynching—and yet the first thought of the bleeding President was that his murderer should be protected from the mob—when we reflect upon these things they show us how remarkable was this trait in President McKinley's remarkable character. For while there have been those, outside of the yellow press, who have sneered at William McKinley for "weakness of character," we think they must, in the face of these facts, admit now that his character was strong rather than weak, or if it had any trace of weakness it was the weakness of kindness. For a man who is shot down, wantonly, deliberately, maliciously in cold blood by an assassin whom he does not know and whom he has never harmed—that such a man should think first, not of his dreadful wounds, not of himself, not of the death he must have known was staring him in the face—but of the maintenance of law, of order, and the preservation of the dignity of the nation by preserving the person of his worthless assassin from the possible fury of a mob—that this should be his first thought is indeed extraordinary.

"Let no one hurt him." How significant are these words. Will they bring a twinge of shame to the malignant editors who for weeks and months and years have studied how to hurt McKinley? Will these words haunt the sleep of those lying writers and slanderous cartoonists who have sought ceaselessly to stir up the masses to hate McKinley?

Let us follow up the sequence of the thoughts of this stricken man. First, there was the magistrate, the head of a great nation, the preserver of the peace, the defender of the law. He thinks first of the maintenance of order and the protection of the assassin. "Let no one hurt him." And next he thinks of his wife, the close companion of his entire life from youth to mature manhood, and he bids his secretary have a care how the news is given to her. Next comes the gentle courtesy and kindly consideration of this most kindly man for the disturbance caused by his assassination. "I am sorry," said he, in a weak voice, to the president of the great fair, as he was being carried to the ambulance—"I am sorry to have been the cause of trouble to the exposition." And these were the utterances, when shot, of the man whom the sensational press has stigmatized as cold, greedy, selfish, the tool of the trusts, and the secret enemy of the common people.

We need not here give particulars of the life of William McKinley. It was distinctively the life of a Western American—simple, sturdy, honest, kindly. It was a life which began with a public-school education; which followed the paths of peace until urged to the defense of the nation by the call of war. For the youth took up arms for the Union at the age of eighteen as a private soldier, and came out at the age of twenty-two as a commissioned officer. From that time on, although a practicing lawyer, the young soldier was continually called on by his countrymen to fill posts of honor. He was for fourteen years a member of Congress; he became leader of the House; he was elected governor of the great State of Ohio; and, finally, he was twice elected President of the United States. As President, the problems presented to him were graver than any since the days of Lincoln. Many of them are still unsolved, but all men must admit that the dead President was doing much toward their solution when death came upon him. His place in history will be a large one. And not the least of the factors which make up his fame will be that during his Presidency the North and the South were brought together. For this is now indeed a united country. It was not so before William McKinley filled the chair of Lincoln.

That such a man should meet with such a death is indeed a cause for profound grief and shame. His life was devoted to good deeds and kindly acts. Aside from his loyalty to country, to party, and to friends, his domestic relations were such as to excite the warm respect and sympathy of the American people. His invalid wife has ever been the object of his loving care. And into his official relations he carried the kindness of his private life. Probably no other man but he could, as President, have brought about the complete reconciliation which now exists between the North and South. His magnetism, his kindness, his sympathetic

nature have thus left a marked impress on the history of the nation.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Lincoln was a martyr to the cause of union and liberty. He crushed the great rebellion, but a reptile rebel took his life. Yet this foul assassination extinguished the last sparks of disloyalty North as well as South. For there were Northern rebels in those dark days, and they were more dangerous than those in arms. So there are dangerous elements in our American life to-day. There are factors which make for disorder. There are newspapers which attack the tribunals and the civil laws. There are demagogues who attack all laws—bums and divine. There are infamous men who, for private, pecuniary, or political gain, are sowing the seeds of anarchy. And it is their teaching which educates the breed of anarchistic assassins, like the one who has just taken from the American people one whom they greatly loved.

Like Lincoln, McKinley, too, is a martyr. He has laid down his pure and blameless life, a sacrifice on the altar of anarchy. If, as a result, the American people shall take the foreign devil by the throat, and strangle its life out while yet there is time, then William McKinley's life and death will have been like Abraham Lincoln's—his life a lesson, his death a martyrdom, its cause a warning, and his fame immortal.

By the death of William McKinley, our late chief magistrate, Theodore Roosevelt succeeds to the lofty office of President of the United States. Probably there is no man whose accession could give greater satisfaction to the American people, if the deplorable death which led to it be not considered. Under our political system, it is too frequently the case that the Vice-President is a nonentity, selected for political, geographical, or financial reasons. Sometimes the nomination is a sop to sectionalism, as it was in the case of Andrew Johnson, and sometimes the nominee is a mere money-bags. Under such sordid conditions the American people would have doubly to deplore the death of the President of their choice. But with Theodore Roosevelt, no such objection can arise. He is fully the equal of many of our Presidents, and may prove himself superior to all except two or three. No man who voted for the Republican ticket last November will feel that his Vice-Presidential candidate is unworthy of the great dignity which has fallen upon him.

Theodore Roosevelt is an American, coming of the fine, old Dutch stock which settled in New York two centuries ago—one of the best racial types out of which this great nation has grown. He was born in New York City October 27, 1858, went to Harvard, spent a year in foreign travel, and immediately on his return entered on a political career. He had inherited a comfortable fortune, and did not take up politics for pecuniary gain. He sat in the New York legislature during three sessions, and devoted himself to the passage of a civil service bill. He then became a ranchman in Dakota, where he acquired his strong love for the outdoor life of the West. But he never lost his interest in politics, State and national. He was chairman of the New York delegation of the Republican convention which nominated Blaine. He led the forlorn hope as Republican candidate for mayor of New York in 1886 against the Tammany candidate, Hewitt. He served for six years as a member of the United States Civil Service Commission. He became president of the New York board of police commissioners. In 1897 President McKinley appointed him Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, which office he resigned to organize a regiment for the war with Spain. On his return he was chosen governor of New York by an overwhelming majority, and subsequently was nominated by acclamation for the office of Vice-President of the United States.

This is a most remarkable record for a man of forty-three. President Roosevelt is the youngest man who ever occupied the Presidential chair. Probably no man ever filled it under more favorable auspices. The country is united and prosperous, and we are at peace with all the world. In this prosperous epoch, President Roosevelt comes



to his great office as the choice of the American people, and not, as some Vice-Presidents have come, an accident. This is proved by his nomination, which was practically forced upon him at the irresistible demand of the whole country. He need, therefore, entertain none of the doubts which so high-minded and gallant a gentleman might feel touching the method of his accession.

President Roosevelt is a generous and impulsive man. It was feared by some politicians, when he was spoken of for the Presidency, that he was too impulsive, as well as too young. But it does not seem to us that his impulses are of the kind to be feared. They have ever been on the side of good government, loyalty, patriotism, and the elevation of the civil service of his country. That he is impulsive as well as generous is shown by his declaration immediately after the late President's death—namely, that he would loyally carry out the policy of the McKinley administration. Another evidence of this is his request that the members of the McKinley Cabinet should retain their portfolios. These are the acts of a high-minded as well as a generous gentleman. President Roosevelt believes that the people indorsed the policies of the McKinley administration by their votes at the last election, and, therefore, believes that it is his duty to carry out those policies. Generally speaking, he is right, but he may be forced measurably to modify these policies in the next three years—perhaps in the next seven years, for he will certainly succeed himself. Even the McKinley administration was forced to modify its policies. President McKinley was opposed to the war with Spain, but was forced to yield to congressional clamor. President Roosevelt is a strong man, but he, too, may be forced to modify his predecessor's policies, since Mr. McKinley himself was at times forced to modify them. The policy of an administration is shaped by the irresistible logic of events.

As to the Cabinet, however much its members may be gratified by President Roosevelt's generous invitation, they will not all accept it. Secretary Long could scarcely remain as secretary to the man who was his subordinate in the Navy Department. Other changes are inevitable, by reason of conditions of personal health and personal liking. President Roosevelt will be forced to surround himself with men who are as devoted to him personally as the present Cabinet were devoted to their late lamented chief.

There has been some talk as to the future relations of President Roosevelt to the present leaders of the Republican party. It is an open secret that Senator Hanna vigorously opposed the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt as Vice-President at Philadelphia, and only reluctantly yielded to that nomination when he saw that it was inevitable. President Roosevelt is too broad a man to cherish animosities based upon convention intrigues. Furthermore, if he should seek a renomination, he will find that Senator Hanna controls all of the Southern delegates to the National Republican Convention—those faithful darkeys who are the arbiters of the destinies of us neglectful Republicans of the North. While this would not make President Roosevelt truckle to Senator Hanna, neither would it make him quarrel with that party leader. None the less, the relations between the two men, if not antipathetic, are not sympathetic. Senator Hanna may not cease to be a Republican leader, but he will cease to be an administration leader, and he will cease to be the spokesman of the President upon the Senate floor. That position will doubtless be filled by Senator Lodge.

When the cloud of mourning is lifted from the White House, President Roosevelt can take his post there with the feeling in his heart that if the American people did not elect him President, he is none the less the choice for President of the American people.

The State Board of Trade of California last week addressed a memorial to Governor Gage, in which that body respectfully represented: That the wheat crop of the State is menaced with loss; that the crop is piled along rivers and railways; that it can not be moved to Port Costa, the shipping point; that even what is there can not be loaded on the ships; that the entire wheat crop is tied up; that workmen are willing to move the crop; that they are prevented from doing so by fear of violent interference; that this violence is threatened by striking labor-unions; that at Port Costa there is no municipal organization; that, therefore, an appeal for protection is made to the State of California through its chief magistrate; that this appeal is based on the "fundamental right of citizens to pursue their occupations unmolested by violent interference."

To this petition Governor Gage makes a reply which fills some seven columns of the *Examiner* newspaper. The substance of his reply is as follows: That the Board "apparently asks the governor to call out the militia" (this they deny); that conditions do not warrant such action on his part, that if the wheat crop is tied up, it is "because of a

rupture between labor and its employers"; that "mutual concessions ought to be made by the Employers' Association and the labor-unions"; that if men are prevented from working, "these conditions are not within the province of the governor"; that the State should deal only with "tumultuary and insurrectionary mobs"; that the sheriff of Solano County "knows of no trouble there regarding moving wheat"; that the sheriff of Contra Costa County "would end the trouble if the supervisors will defray the expense"; that the governor advises the Board of Trade to "appeal to the parties to this controversy to make such reasonable concessions as will give relief from the present distressed conditions."

The Farmers' Convention at Sacramento was awaiting the reply of the governor to the State Board of Trade. The farmers deal with the grain-shippers by rail and river; who deal with the warehousemen at Port Costa; who deal with the ship-owners there; who deal with the striking laborers there; who prevent other men from working; who struck because Andrew Furuseth, of the City Front Federation in San Francisco, some fifty miles away, ordered a strike in Port Costa; who ordered a strike there because some teamsters in San Francisco had struck against the Draymen's Association; who were supposed to be affiliated with a San Francisco mercantile body called the Employers' Association.

As the farmers of the State, at the other end of this long chain, had nothing to do with the Employers' Association or the City Front Federation of San Francisco, they did not quite understand why Governor Gage should refer them to the City Front Federation or the Employers' Association of San Francisco. However, as they wanted to move their crops, pay their debts, and feed and clothe their families, they decided to follow Governor Gage's advice. So a committee—consisting of James Craig of Woodland, William Beckman of Sacramento, and John R. Rice of Dixon—came to San Francisco and called upon the distinguished personage to whom Governor Gage referred them. This was Mr. Andrew Furuseth, a Scandinavian gentleman who had kindly come over here to run things for us in this American State and city in the good old Scandinavian way. Mr. Furuseth—we might as well call him "Governor Furuseth," as he seems to be Acting Governor of California, *vice* Gage, resigned—Governor Furuseth, then, listened kindly to these American farmers who wanted to move their crops. He told them if they would go to some down-town merchants and urge these merchants to urge some draymen to urge some striking teamsters to go to work, he would then see if he, the Scandinavian gentleman, could allow these American farmers in this American State to move their crops. The farmers protested that they had nothing to do with striking teamsters or Employers' Associations, but Governor Furuseth responded kindly but firmly that they would have to settle his troubles before he could settle theirs. But in order to prove to them how benevolently he was ruling the city and the State, Governor Furuseth offered to have them escorted safely through the strikers' pickets to the Employers' Association. It was explained to them that as they were rural in appearance "the boys" might take them for "scabs," and they might get hurt. The committee, however, took their chances in going through the streets of San Francisco. Fortunately they were not harmed. They learned subsequently that passports signed by Governor Furuseth are at present used by a number of men working on the city front of San Francisco.

The visit of the Farmers' Committee to the Employers' Association of San Francisco was equally fruitless. The Farmers' Committee were assured by the president of the Employers' Association that he had no control over the strikers, either on the city front or at Port Costa, and had absolutely nothing to do with the warehouse men and ship-pers there.

The Farmers' Committee then went to Port Costa and found the strikers willing to work, but they said that unless permitted to do so by Governor Furuseth, they feared violence. The committee reported that the supervisors of Contra Costa County "would not furnish the sheriff with funds for protection against violence." As a result of their investigations, the committee reported to the Farmers' Association that the farmers had better "go to Port Costa in sufficient numbers, prepared to protect the handling of their crops." Committeeman Craig says that the farmers of Yolo—his county—"will not use pick-handles either, but they say huckshot will be better."

On the whole, since ex-Governor Gage does not think it possible for the State of California to protect California farmers in moving their crops, it seems that they will have to protect themselves. If American farmers should find it necessary, in self-defense, to shoot some of Governor Furuseth's Scandinavians, we wonder what action ex-Governor Gage will take? Will he side with the Ameri-

cans? Or will Governor Furuseth and ex-Governor Gage call out the militia to help the Scandinavians put down the riotous Americans?

The news that the attack of Czolgasz upon President McKinley had terminated fatally arrived here at the end of last week, and was received with gloomy calmness. The sudden change for the worse in the sufferer's condition was so unexpected that the people were stunned. The fire-bell was tolled, and flags throughout the city were lowered to half-mast, but aside from this there was little upon the surface to indicate that a great calamity had fallen upon the nation. The occurrence naturally recalls the two earlier occasions when chief executives of this country fell at the hands of assassins. Garfield's death was expected; day after day the bulletins from the sick room had been preparing the public mind for the inevitable end. The final news, which reached this city about midnight, was received calmly and sadly. When President Lincoln was assassinated the conditions were far different. The people were laboring under intense excitement, due to the closing days of the most bitter contest that the world has known. The fatal shot was fired on Friday evening, April 14th. The news reached San Francisco on Saturday morning at ten o'clock. The blow was so terrible that the people could not realize it. Then the City Hall bell, located where the Hall of Justice now stands, tolled out the mournful tidings. It was answered by the bell of the Monumental Engine Company, on the opposite side of Portsmouth Square, then generally known as "the Plaza." Soon it was echoed from every engine-house and every church steeple in the city. The courts adjourned; the banks were closed. Laborers laid down their tools; clerks shut the shops without a suggestion from their employers. Flags were displayed at half-mast, and other evidences of the general sorrow began to appear. The newspapers published extras which were distributed gratuitously on the streets, and hundreds of citizens eagerly read the details of the tragedy.

Thus far all was quiet. The people had hardly begun to realize their loss. But soon anger began to be mingled with their sorrow. Not only had the President been foully murdered, but an attempt had been made upon the life of Secretary Seward. It appeared in the character of a secession plot to overthrow the government; defeated in fair fight, they were seeking to gain their ends by treachery. Considering the state of the public mind at that time, it is little wonder that the excitement ran high. There were some papers published here that had espoused the Southern cause—the "Copperhead press." These immediately became the objects of the general resentment. A mob of many hundreds gathered at the corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets. A few intemperate speeches roused them to the point of action. This was at three o'clock in the afternoon, five hours after the news had first been received. The *Democratic Press*, on Washington Street, was the first object of attack; this was a Democratic daily, now changed into the *Examiner*. The mob marched to the office, and, meeting no opposition, ascended the stairs and proceeded to the work of destruction. Forms were "pied," cases and type were thrown into the street, presses were wrecked, windows and doors were smashed, and signs were wrenched loose and demolished. Soon the report spread that the police were coming, and the crowd departed for other fields of operation. A squad of fifty policemen, armed with muskets with bayonets fixed, led by Chief Burke, and under the immediate command of Captain Douglass, arrived, but there was nothing for them to do. The rioters had gone to the office of the *News Letter*, another sympathizer with the Southern cause, and was busy with the work of destruction there. The *Monitor*, a Roman-Catholic weekly, was the next object of attack. Then the *Echo du Pacifique*, a French Democratic daily, and the *Occidental*, an obscure weekly edited by Zach Montgomery, a rebel sympathizer, received the attention of the mob. Here the work of destruction ended. The police had been following them closely, and the fury of the mob had spent itself. The next day the authorities seized these five papers, and the incident was ended. The other papers continued to appear with black borders until the following Thursday—the day of the funeral—and published columns of eulogistic addresses that had been delivered at the churches and at public meetings, but there were no further acts of violence.

The results of the strike are being felt in the ranks of the politicians as well as elsewhere. Organized labor, which has heretofore been more or less divided among the various political parties, threatens to throw its entire strength to the Union Labor party in the coming municipal election. Thus a organization that has hitherto been an insignificant side-show bids fair to become a power, if not in electing candidates, at least in defeating them, and in sadly disarranging the plan-

GOVERNOR GAGE  
AND GOVERNOR  
FURUSETH.

A THORN IN  
THE SIDE OF  
THE POLITICIANS.



of some who aspire to serve the public at the City Hall. The Union Labor party has adopted the tactics of holding its convention in advance of those of the two regular parties. Thus if there is any indorsing to be done, it must be by the regulars, and not by the labor forces. Not only this, but the labor delegates are reluctant to nominate those who are not prepared to stand or fall with them, and to refuse an indorsement from either of the two regular conventions.

One of the most unfortunate of the candidates who are being gored by the two horns of this dilemma is City and County Attorney Franklin K. Lane. He can have the Democratic nomination for the asking, and he stands in the same position with regard to that of the Union Labor party. But the latter do not want him to accept a Democratic indorsement, and the Democrats may not nominate him if he stands upon the Union Labor platform. He would like to have the Labor Unionists adopt a vote of confidence in him, and leave the position vacant on their ticket, but this they are also unwilling to do. Judge Conlan, for the police bench, is in a similar position, and there are others who are studying the situation with deep anxiety. For the mayoralty the Union Labor party has nominated Eugene Schmitz, a musician, choosing from a long list of candidates.

On the Democratic side, the talk is again running toward Phelan. He himself asserts that he is not a candidate, and does not want the nomination. But his friends say positively that he will be nominated, and the politicians say the Democrats have nobody else to nominate. On the Republican side, two new candidates have entered the field, or rather have been forced into the field. Ex-Chief of Police Crowley has been spoken of before, but now he is being actively urged to accept the nomination. Captain John Bermingham is also being actively discussed; he is supervising inspector of steam vessels under the federal government, president of the California Powder Works, president of the California State Women's Hospital, and director of a number of corporations in which he is interested. His friends say, however, that his manifold private interests will not permit him to enter the political arena, and thus the question who will be the nominees for mayor is likely to remain an open one until the conventions solve it during the first week of October.

In the early hours of Saturday, September 14th, a little more than seven days after receiving his death-wound at the hand of an assassin, William McKinley, President of the United States, passed away. Until the preceding day there had been seemingly good grounds for hope of his recovery, and when the tide turned suddenly, a great wave of grief swept over the nation. On Sunday, the fifteenth, a simple funeral service was held at the Milburn residence in Buffalo, where the President had lain since the first hours of his suffering. Rev. Charles E. Locke, formerly of San Francisco, conducted the service, in the presence of Mrs. McKinley, President Roosevelt, members of the Cabinet, and many friends of the man and leader whose labors were finished. For twelve hours the body lay in state in the city hall of Buffalo, and not until midnight did the long procession end that had filed past the casket and viewed with every mark of sorrow the stilled form resting there. During the afternoon the rain fell in sheets, but it was not heeded by the throngs that pressed forward to pay a last sad tribute to the honored dead. Early Monday morning the funeral train began its journey to the national capital. All along the way multitudes gathered to mark its passing. At Harrisburg and Baltimore there were military guards of honor drawn up before the railway stations, bells were tolled and bands played solemn dirges. Night had fallen when Washington was reached, and Pennsylvania Avenue shone with thousands of lights as the casket was borne up to the White House. Until Tuesday morning the body rested in the East Room of the President's official residence, then it was taken to the Capitol, where it lay in state through the day. Services were held in the rotunda at eleven o'clock, two hymns by a choir, a prayer by Rev. Dr. Naylor, a brief but heart-felt eulogy by Bishop Edwin G. Andrews, and the benediction by Rev. W. H. Chapman, completing the simple yet impressive ceremonies. Thousands of people passed through the great hall in the afternoon, securing a last view of the departed.

Soon after nightfall the second half of the mournful journey was begun. The train bearing the body, the mourners, and the foremost representatives of the nation, started for Canton at nine o'clock, and reached that quiet Ohio city at noon the next day. From all over the State distinguished citizens had come to show their respect, many, indeed, from all parts of the Union, and the streets were thronged as they had never been before. In the court-house on the great square of the city, the body lay in state until evening, and again thousands pressed forward to stand for a moment beside the casket. At six o'clock it was borne to the old home on North Market

Street, and for a last night the remains of William McKinley rested in the house where more than twenty years before he had begun the married life that held his greatest happiness. On Thursday, September 19th, the last rites were conducted at West Lawn Cemetery, and still in sorrowful attendance were the new executive of the nation, the Cabinet members, and many other high officials of the three branches of our government.

In San Francisco there was general participation in all outward forms of mourning and respect for the dead. Business houses throughout the city were draped in black soon after the news of the President's death was confirmed. On Thursday nearly all lines of business were suspended, and memorial services were held in many of the churches. At the Mechanics' Pavilion there was a gathering of people that filled the immense building and still left the streets crowded on all sides. General W. H. L. Barnes delivered the memorial address.

The *Argonaut* has observed a hostility of attitude on the part of the board of education toward the practice of teachers taking leaves of absence from duty. Why, we ask with surprise, discourage a course that, in the long run, is sure, by benefiting the teacher, to benefit the schools? The present board has shown a desire to correct many abuses that have arisen during past educational régimes. Leave, without pay, however, is too costly to the teacher to be carried on to the extent of constituting an abuse, and, moreover, leaves of absence, instead of a detriment, are a distinct gain in health, and consequent energy to the teaching force. Furthermore, this gain costs the city nothing, for in San Francisco it has never been the custom to grant teachers an honorable leave on full or half pay, as sometimes happens in Eastern communities. All the greater gain is ours, therefore, when teachers are willing to put their hands in their pockets, and at their own expense, by rest or study, increase their physical or mental fitness for their work.

In England it was at one time seriously contemplated allowing the instructors in the free or board schools leave of absence during each recurring Sabbatical year for rest and recreation, as an offset to the heavy drain the teaching occupation makes on the vitality—to follow, in fact, the example of the Israelites of old, who were commanded to let their fields lie without tillage one year in seven. In many of the universities of our own country, members of the professional staff are, at their own request, frequently exempted from duty for months at a time, and are encouraged to seek, in change, investigation, and travel, means of escape from a pedagogical narrowness of outlook.

This variance of views on the part of our school board and those of older communities engenders doubts as to the wisdom of a new and apparently arbitrary decision of the school directors, to the effect that teachers who ask for a leave of six months or more shall not have the privilege of returning to the same school, a rule that will doubtless have the effect of inducing those who desire a leave for good reasons to hang on half-heartedly to their berths, for fear of losing a familiar environment. The great majority of San Francisco teachers are women who, even more than men, are stimulated to do their best in an atmosphere of appreciation. And to retain their right to remain in such an atmosphere, they would renounce the needed gain in health or mental equipment.

The obsequies of a President of the United States, martyred by the bullet of an assassin, recall the ceremonies by which the nation expressed its love and respect for former chief magistrates similarly stricken, and its sorrow for their untimely demise.

On the fourteenth of April, 1865, the joy of the North over the prospects of returning peace was suddenly turned to grief by the assassination of President Lincoln. It occurred on Friday, and the President passed away early on the following day without having recovered consciousness. The body rested in state in the East Room of the executive mansion, where it was viewed in awed solemnity by thousands. On Sunday, the sixteenth, impressive services were held in every church in the land, and, on Wednesday, the nineteenth, after services in the White House, the remains were borne in solemn procession to a catafalque prepared in the rotunda of the Capitol, where the distinguished martyr lay in state until the twenty-first, and where the same sad stream of sorrowing people which had passed through the White House, augmented by thousands, passed through the rotunda, taking leave of the mighty dead.

On the twenty-first the remains were borne to the railway station, followed by a procession three miles long, in the presence of a concourse of people estimated at one hundred and twenty-five thousand, there to take a special train and commence the long journey of fifteen hundred miles to find a

last resting-place at the old home in Springfield, Ill. On this melancholy journey went a guard, Cabinet and other officials, and a congressional committee representing the several States. The train proceeded slowly from city to city between almost continuous lines of grieving multitudes. The remains were borne in state by a great escort in Baltimore, during which time shops were closed and bells were tolled. Similar stops were made in Philadelphia and Trenton, and when the body reached New York it was again placed in state, where it was viewed by an immense throng, which passed before it throughout the night as well as the day accompanied by the constant tolling of bells and the voices of singing societies chanting dirges. Another great procession followed the remains to the station, presenting an imposing spectacle never before equaled in the commercial metropolis. In the line marched bodies of colored folks, who were showered with applause by the people, receiving almost an ovation on their way through Fifth Avenue. The same signs of grief and respect were seen in every large city through which the train passed, and the remains lay in state in Harrisburg, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Chicago, and Springfield, Ill. The latter place was reached May 3d, and the body interred the following day in Oak Ridge Cemetery, where, in October, 1874, a splendid monument, furnished by popular subscription, was dedicated, enriched with symbolical sculpture and inscribed with the famous utterance of the dead: "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

On the nineteenth of April, the day of the funeral in Washington, San Francisco held obsequies in honor of the dead President. Business was wholly suspended, and at noon the bells began tolling on public buildings and churches, while three hundred guns at the forts and on war vessels in the harbor thundered forth their sympathy with a great procession which moved from Washington Square by a circuitous route to the pavilion, where the main oration was delivered by Rev. Horatio Stehbins. The procession of military and civic societies numbered fifteen thousand men, accompanied by a catafalque elaborately designed and drawn by six white horses in black housings and plumed with black ostrich feathers. On it rested a coffin bearing the name of Lincoln, and around the bier were the legends: "Firm"—"Faithful"—"True."

The long vigil of an anxious nation ended on the nineteenth of September, 1881, when President Garfield died at Long Branch, N. J., where he had been carried from Washington as a forlorn hope in the battle of medical science with his grievous wound. On the twenty-first, a special funeral train conveyed the remains back to the capital, accompanied by Mrs. Garfield and family, the Cabinet, attending surgeons, and an escort. It was met in Washington by a detachment of military and marines, and borne to the rotunda of the Capitol, where the body lay in state two days, under a guard composed of a deputation from the executive departments and officers of the Senate and House.

The funeral train left Washington on the twenty-third. The car bearing the remains was specially prepared, was heavily draped in mourning, and was open on the sides, so that the coffin was exposed to view. As on the journey from Long Branch to Washington, so from the latter place to Cleveland, the train passed through crowds of citizens exhibiting constant manifestations of sympathy and sorrow, and rolled on its way to the continual reverberations of tolling bells. Short stops were made at Baltimore and Pittsburgh, where uncovered heads, offerings of flowers, and the ringing of bells marked the deep feeling of the people. At Cleveland, where the surrounding country had poured its population into the city to be present at the final ceremonies, the multitude was immense. The *cortège* moved direct to a pavilion in Monumental Park, where the body lay in state until the twenty-sixth, where the final services were held, and where more than one hundred thousand people viewed the catafalque; but the coffin was not opened. The procession was so great that arrangements had to be made with bakeries to feed the men in line. On the twenty-sixth, interment took place in Lake View Cemetery. General Sherman was charged with the details of the funeral. National mourning was observed on the day of the funeral at all forts by firing one gun at intervals of half an hour from sunrise to sunset, and at the close of the day there was a national salute of thirty-eight guns. Army officers wore mourning for six months.

Again the loyalty and affection of San Francisco was aroused, and, as in all large cities, special funeral services were held. Thirty-five thousand men marched in line, one hundred and fifty thousand lined the sidewalks, fringed the balconies and housetops, and filled the windows. Thousands came into the city from the interior. As in 1865, the final solemn exercises took place at the pavilion, where a eulogy was pronounced by the Hon. George A. Knight.

A NATION  
IN  
MOURNING.

OBSEQUIES OF  
MARTYRED  
PRESIDENTS.

SIXTEEN  
YEARS  
LATER.



## THE SERPENT IN EDEN.

How the Temptation Came That Shut Ferrier Out of Paradise.

A great deal of unhappiness would he spared us in this world if the pagan in us would stop cropping up in our tendency to consider ourselves as picked out individually as marks for the shafts of the gods—if we would but adapt ourselves to a broader modern view of life. If, for instance, Miss Babbington had been willing to consider Ferrier's case impersonally, in the light of the triumph of environment over heredity, both she and Ferrier would probably have been very much better off—or even had she realized that it was primarily her own fault, in any event.

She should have married him and have gone West with him when he wanted her to. He urged as much. Fate and physicians conspired together to send him to the jumping-off place; the least she could do would be to go along, he said. But Miss Babbington was cast in the same mold as that queen who ended upon the guillotine because she would not fly from France without her *nécessaire*. She urged the essentiality of a trousseau. Ferrier said things about clothes in general that only the fact that he was ill and not himself could have excused—things that no woman might hear unmoved. A final quarrel threatened, but it ended in compromise.

Ferrier should go to the Pacific Coast, as he had been hid, and the trousseau being completed, Miss Babbington should take along her mother and it, and marry him there. It would be somewhat unconventional, but California itself was that, so no one would have reason to be shocked. Moreover, the prospect of separation from Ferrier for a year or so was a thing Miss Babbington did not like to contemplate. She cared for him a good deal more than her insistence upon the trousseau would lead one not versed in the workings of the feminine mind to believe.

So Ferrier went West alone, and, at the journey's end, found that California was not entirely the savage place he had more than half expected it to be. He told Miss Babbington so—with regrettable lack of tact. He told her that he wrote, sitting in the warm sunlight amid roses and palms, looking over a soft, blue sea. It was the sort of a letter one writes during the first stages of enthusiasm, before one begins to forget to write at all. Naturally enough, Miss Babbington, who read crouching over a grate fire, hearing the wind howling outside and the sleet heating against the window pane, thought that if he had not been so excessively cheerful it would have been in somewhat better taste.

It was well enough to assure her that she was the angel needed to make the spot a paradise, but he should have looked upon as Hades that place where she was not. It fell short of being paradise, of course, as he was careful to assure her; but nothing was wanting to make it Eden—not even the Eve (which was not her name, but as Ferrier never told that, himself, it will have to do).

She came into the garden and found Ferrier sitting there. It was a carnation garden, just sheltered and inland enough to get none of the freshening breeze from the sea. The air was warm and languid and thick with scent—the scent of carnations that spread for acres upon acres away; of the heliotrope that hung a mass of purple redolence above his head; of the honeysuckle that loaded the roof of the greenhouse near by; of an orange-grove in blossom to windward somewhere. There were humming-birds hanging at the flower-cups, bluebirds and blackbirds drifting about. Ferrier watched them with heavy eyes. The love-tale he had brought with him lay neglected upon his knee. He was recollecting poetry. He murmured drowsily, half aloud, of "beds of amaranth and moly," of "warm airs lulling, blowing slowly, and half-dropped eyelids still."

From which it may be seen that the power of heredity was in the decline. When a youth of good New England ancestry, trained from infancy to look a world of hard, dry facts in the face, and to struggle for existence in the markets of the earth—when such a one comes to the point of dreaming at midmorning and quoting verses to the humming-birds, the time for mischief is fully ripe.

And this was, in the nature of things, the time for Eve to appear. She floated into his line of vision by way of the gravel path. She wore no garment of leaves, but a sky-suggestion of cloud-white and faintest-blue. She was hatless, her parasol hung low over her shoulder, and her brown hair gleamed in the sun.

Ferrier watched her coming toward him between two rows of La France rose-bushes in full bloom. He was sure that she would stop there where she was and sit beside him upon the bench. Which was exactly what she did; but, lest any one should suppose that she was not a thoroughly nice girl in every way, he it said that—it was not by any means the first time that she and Ferrier had met. They had spent mornings together upon the heath, and afternoons upon the verandas of the hotel, and their intimacy was just one degree short of where Ferrier thought it necessary to make her acquainted with any of his purely personal affairs.

"Shall I tell you?"—said Eve, and her voice, like the voices of the poem, was thin and far away—"shall I tell you what you were thinking about? You were thinking that all the ties of the past are as frail as cobweb strands, are nothing stronger now than a thread of mist—like that up there." She raised her eyes to one faint line of cloud that lay upon the sky.

"Yes," said Ferrier, drowsily, as one who is under a spell, "but how does it happen that you know?"

For answer she turned the eyes to him. After which that happened which happened in heaven once; there was silence for the space of half an hour, or rather less, perhaps.

A blackbird, hunched and glowing till its wings and breast flashed prism hues again, lighted among the pink branches of an oleander-tree, and preened its wings and considered them. A mocking-bird sang from far away in the heart of the orange-grove. Then Ferrier spoke at last. "Why should it matter to either of us," he said, "that there has been a yesterday?"

Her hand was lying upon the hench. His own closed gently over it, and she did not draw away. He drew her closer to him, so close that it lay, at length, against his shoulder, the head with the glinting brown hair. He looked at the lips. They were warmly red, and it is with lips, even as with wine, there is danger in looking upon them when they are red—

There was a cheerful, human whistle, the scrunch of clumsy feet upon the gravel of the walk. The bell-boy from the hotel—glaringly out of place in his red and brass-button trimmed uniform—came into sight. He was bringing a telegram and shrilling "I'll Leave My Happy Home for You-ou-ou." He smiled appreciatively. For Ferrier was reading his tale of love, and Eve was poking a praying beetle with the ferule of her parasol, and it was not well chosen from the point of view of likelihood.

The telegram was for Ferrier. The boy delivered it, resumed his tune, and went his way. Eve was watching Ferrier's face.

"Is it bad news?" she said. She moved a little nearer again. Ferrier folded the telegram hastily, and put it in his pocket-hook.

"No," he told her, "the news is distinctly good." His scent-drugged sense of duty was coming to life again, and he felt that he should feel it to be so. There followed a pause. She was waiting to hear the rest, and Ferrier was wondering what would be the best thing, in the long run, that he could do; how he could come out of it all, not with flying colors—he had no hope of that—but with even the smallest tatter of shred of decency.

He turned upon her that unflinching gaze attributed by the moralist to the conscience-clear. "There will be a friend of mine here this afternoon," he said. He stopped.

"Yes," murmured Eve.

"I may as well tell you, I suppose," said Ferrier, "that she is the girl to whom I am engaged."

She rose slowly up from the seat and stood looking at him without a word. Her head was contemplatively upon one side, and there was a smile upon her lips, but back of her eyes there was a hint of strain. It was a long half-minute before she spoke.

"I am not sure which I think is the more to be congratulated, you—or the girl," she said.

Ferrier sat where he was and watched her going down the walk between the rows of La France roses in full bloom. He was not under any spell or enchantment now, and he knew that he had behaved himself surprisingly like a cad.

But no normally constituted man with whom a charming girl is in love can continue for long in any such unpleasant frame of mind. It does not argue that Ferrier was more light than most, because, by the end of a fortnight, he had very nearly forgotten the entire affair. Eve had done her best to that end by vanishing from the hotel and from his field of vision without word or sign; and so had Miss Babbington—by other means. Who would look back upon the garden from the threshold of paradise.

The threshold of paradise, in this case, was the railroad office, and Ferrier was getting the tickets for his wedding trip. Miss Babbington was with him—it was one of the advantages to be reaped from Western unconventionality that she might do such things. But she left Ferrier to the settlement of dollars and bits and walked about the office, observing the pictures that hung against the walls. There were the Yosemite and Shasta, the Grand Cañon and the Yellowstone. There were views of an ostrich farm and of several Coast hotels—of the hotel where she and Ferrier and her mother were, more especially. She stopped before this. In the centre was the big photograph of the hotel itself, and at the four corners, set in medallion-wise, were smaller views of the attractions around the place. The carnation garden was one of these. Now if that particular photograph had been in one of the upper corners of the frame all would probably have gone well, and this story would never have been told. But it was in the right-hand corner, and directly upon a level with Miss Babbington's eye. She went quite close and examined it.

When Ferrier came up to her she was examining it still. There was a smile of satisfaction with life and things upon his face. Upon Miss Babbington's there was nothing of the kind. Unfortunately, Ferrier failed to notice either that or the curiously shaking quality of her voice as she asked him if he had bought the tickets yet. He tapped the pocket where they were. "San Francisco and the Yosemite," he said.

"I'm sorry," said Miss Babbington, "that I shall not be going with you—that you will have to take the trip alone."

"Alone—" repeated Ferrier. He started to laugh, but he saw that whatever else it might be, the matter was not a joke.

"Unless"—went on Miss Babbington, making a struggle to keep calm that turned her white—"unless you can get another girl to go with you—some one as obliging, for instance, as that girl in the picture there."

She pointed with a gloved finger, which shook perceptibly, to the medallion in the lower right-hand corner of the frame. Ferrier did not understand, but he went a little nearer and bent down to look.

The photograph was very small, but it was also very clear. The carnations in the foreground might have been counted one by one, and, though it was hardly more than an inch in size, there could be no possible mistaking the figure of the man upon a bench half hidden by the heliotrope-vine, of the man upon whose shoulders a girl had laid her uncovered head, of the man who was, plainly and beyond any hope of denial, kissing that girl. By no stretch of fancy could it be imagined as any but Ferrier himself.

He waited a moment longer, studying the picture closely, by way of gaining time. Then he nerved himself to the ordeal and faced about. "Mighty poor sort of joke on the part of that photographer," he began.

But the plate-glass doors of the railroad office had already swung shut behind Miss Babbington, and he was speaking into empty air.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1901.

## IN THE ENGADINE.

Among the Alps—Crowded Villages and Hospices—Picturesque Peasants—The Glories of Classic Lake Como—Nature's Resources Exhausted.

Poets have written and hardy have sung, from time immemorial, of the real or fancied glories of this classic place; but there are poems unwritten and songs unsung of Lake Como, and of its marvelous beauties. From the little village of Colico, situated at the head of the lake, by steamer to this place, is a ride of three hours. Within that brief period, one beholds an area of picturesque nature, enhanced by the labor of many generations, unequaled in Europe. The lake, of a light-blue, lies between ranges of mountains on either side, that rise to peaks of eight thousand feet, and whose outline is reflected upon the mirrored surface of the water. In this genial climate, the mountain-sides are clad in verdure to the very summit. The lower levels, above the villages, and often to an astonishing elevation above them, are set in vineyards, interspersed with chestnut-groves. The lake—on an average of four miles in width—follows the tortuous windings of its glacial bed, revealing at every turn new pictures of surpassing beauty. White, semi-transparent *tumuli* hover over the lofty summits, obscuring or partly revealing the frowning peaks in fantastic settings. At the zenith, the sky is deep, serenely blue, and cloudless.

Villages in red tiling cluster on the mountain-sides in bewildering numbers, and one wonders if they, like the vines, are rooted to the rugged steep, or maintain their footing by gravity or some mechanical device. On a jutting promontory, or a green plateau thousands of feet above the water, may now and then be seen some sacred edifice, its spire pointing heavenward, mutely suggesting to the faithful the way of eternal rest. The hay-makers are at work in the little meadows and on the steep declivities, in picturesque groups. The women, with red head-gear and bodice to match, closely follow the cutters, and scatter the hay thinly to the noon-tide sun. They pause as we pass, and, shading their bronzed faces with their hands, they gaze after us in silence; others, with huge baskets filled with the dried hay, toil slowly down the mountain-side into the village.

As the August sun sinks toward the west, a soft blue haze gathers over the lake and mountain base, deepening into shadow as it descends, while higher up it glows in purple, blue, and gold. Night closes this glorious pageant of nature with its sable mantle; the constellations appear in silent procession; voices are faintly wafted across the lake from the village of Bellagio, four miles away, and the *Angelus* rings from the neighboring church tower, and darkness and silence settles upon a scene of wondrous beauty.

About Lake Como nature has exhausted her resources in the exhibition of the grand, the stupendous, and the picturesque, in unique association, and added to this is the labor of a civilization of centuries, wherein the hand of man has vied with nature in artistic and harmonious embellishment. But the serpent lurks in this paradise—poverty oppresses, and ignorance degrades the children of the soil. "What is a man if the chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and eat, and labor?—a beast no more." Such is the condition of this people. Their day begins at 4 A. M., and ends with darkness. No leisure nor time for self-improvement, no books to read, no journals or newspapers. The impress of hard fare, unremitting toil, unreasonable tasks, and grinding poverty is indelibly stamped on form and feature of this peasantry. The civic structure rests on these poor peasants, whose backs break with an overwhelming burden of taxation, in order to sustain a useless army and navy and an extravagant administration.

Sixty miles through the Engadine Valley, over the Albula Pass to Samaden, traveling leisurely in a private carriage, stopping at any hospice where night overtakes you, is a rare and serene pleasure. The Engadine is one of the most scenic regions of the high Alps. The villages of San Moritz and Pontresina are the most important. The former attracts invalids from all parts of the world by reason of its baths, famous since the Roman invasion. Both places are filled to overflowing at this season with foreigners, the English and American contingent being in the ascendant. The Alps in this region are bold, rugged, and precipitous; the peaks are broken and tumultuous, as though nature was a seething, bubbling caldron when they spouted upward and then congealed. The so-called peak or *pic* is for the most part a resident of the clouds, and his garment is of eternal snow. At his base the glacier, "rock-ribbed and ancient," has its form and being. The glaciers here are numerous, and attract the curious. The most interesting one is a few miles from the Bernina Hospice and thirteen from St. Moritz. From the hospice one ascends the so-called Salsal Masone Alp, by a not difficult path to the summit, a height of seventy-eight hundred feet. At a stone hut, inhabited by an Italian peasant, you find refreshment. A wide and unbounded prospect lies before you. To the right hand is the Pali Glacier, extending up a deep gorge or rift for miles to the snow that covers and extends down from the lofty summit of the Salsal Masone mountain, as in friendly greeting. Below are villages, green valleys, and blue lakes. In front, a Swiss canton and the kingdom of Italy shake hands over snow-capped peaks and mountain torrent. To the left, an interminable chain of snow and rugged granite bound the sight. In the presence of this appalling grandeur one is silent and subdued. The stupendous forces of nature impress you with a sense of your own utter insignificance. Verily,

"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms,  
She speaks a various language:"

And that language has taught us our place in nature, and that in this temple there are "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

W. S. THORNE.

MENAGGIO, LAKE COMO, August 11, 1901.



## CAREER OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

His Sterling Qualities—Success as a Ranchman, Author, Legislator, Reformer, Soldier, and Politician—Some Characteristic Anecdotes.

Theodore Roosevelt, the successor of William McKinley as President of the United States, is the youngest American citizen who has ever been called to the head of our nation. He was born in New York City, October 27, 1858, his father, after whom he was named, being a prominent merchant, a patriot, a philanthropist, and a moving spirit in the Civil War. The elder Theodore Roosevelt went to Washington after the first Battle of Bull Run, and warned President Lincoln that he must get rid of Simon Cameron as Secretary of War, with the result that Mr. Stanton, the "organoizer of victory," took his place. When the war was fairly under way, it was Theodore Roosevelt who organized the allotment plan, which saved to the families of eighty thousand soldiers of New York State more than five million dollars of their pay; and when the war was over he protected the soldiers against the sharks that lay in wait for them, and saw to it that they got employment. Through his influence the New York newsboys' lodging-house system and many other institutions of public benefit and helpful charity were established. There were four children in the Roosevelt family, of whom Theodore was the second. There were two boys and two girls. A younger brother was killed in a railroad accident, and the hopes of the father were centred on Theodore. At the age of five or six, Theodore gave little promise of maintaining the prestige of the Roosevelt family line:

He was a puny, sickly, delicate boy. Some one who knew him in those days of the Civil War described him as a "weak-eyed, pig-chested boy, who was too frail to take part in the sports of lads of his age." When he arrived at the age of six, he was sent to the famous old McMullen School, where he remained for eight years. It was not, however, in New York that the boy Roosevelt spent with most profit the months to which he looks back with pleasure. The elder Roosevelt believed that children best thrive in the country. He selected a beautiful spot near the village of Oyster Bay, on the north shore of Long Island, and erected a country house which well deserves its title, "Tranquillity." Here it was, among the hills which border the sound and the bay, that Theodore Roosevelt and his brother and sisters spent the long summer months. At fourteen, Theodore was admitted to the Cutler School, a private academy in New York conducted by Arthur H. Cutler. Here he took the preparatory course for Harvard University, making rapid advancement under the careful tuition of Mr. Cutler, and graduating with honors.

By careful attention and plenty of gymnasium exercise and out-of-door life, his frame became more sturdy and his health vastly improved. It thus happened that when young Roosevelt entered on college life at Harvard, in 1875, he suffered little by comparison with boys of his age. While he did not stand in the front rank of athletes, he was well above the average, and had no reason to be ashamed of his physical prowess. Says Frederick Upham Adams:

"Theodore Roosevelt was popular with his classmates at college. He was a find for study and for work. Never for a wakiog moment was he idle. It was either study or exercise. In addition to his regular studies and special courses, he took upon himself the editorship of the college paper, and made a success of it. He was democratic in his tastes and simple in his mode of living. Theodore Roosevelt was graduated from Harvard in 1880 with high honors. In spite of severe study, his health was but little impaired, and he at once started on a foreign journey in search of instruction, pleasure, and adventure. He distinguished himself as a mountain climber, ascending the Jungfrau, the Matterhorn, and many other peaks, and was made a member of the Alpine Club of London."

On his return to America, he studied law, and in the fall of 1881 he was elected to the State assembly from the twenty-first district of New York, generally known as Jacob Hess's district:

By reflection he continued in the body during the sessions of 1883 and 1884. He introduced important reform measures, and his entire legislative career was made conspicuous by the courage and zeal with which he assailed political abuses. As chairman of the committee on cities he introduced the measure which took from the board of aldermen the power to confirm or reject the appointments of the mayor. He was chairman of the noted legislative investigating committee which bore his name. In 1884 he went to the Bad Lands in Dakota, near the "Pretty Buttes," where he built a log-cabin, and for several years mingled the life of a ranchman with that of a literary worker. From his front door he could shoot deer, and the mountains around him were full of big game. Amid such surroundings he wrote some of his most popular books. He became a daring horseman and a rival of the cowboys in feats of skill and strength. In 1886 Mr. Roosevelt was the Republican candidate for mayor against Abram S. Hewitt, United Democracy, and Henry George, United Labor. Mr. Hewitt was elected by about twenty-two thousand plurality. In 1889 Roosevelt was appointed by President Harrison a member of the United States Civil Service Commission. His ability and rugged honesty in the administration of the affairs of that office greatly helped to strengthen his hold on popular regard.

Roosevelt continued in that office until May 1, 1895, when he resigned to accept the office of police commissioner from Mayor Strong. He found the administration of affairs in a demoralized condition, but he soon brought order out of chaos. Says James A. Riis, who is an intimate friend of President Roosevelt:

"We had been trying for forty years to achieve a system of dealing decently with our homeless poor. Two score years before the surgeons of the police department had pointed out that herding them in the cellars or over the prisons of police stations in festering heaps, and turning them out hungry and inhuman. Since then grand juries, academies of medicine, and committees of philanthropic citizens, had attacked the foul disgrace, but to no purpose. Pestilence ravaged the prison lodgings, but still they stayed. I know what that fight meant, for I was one of a committee that waged it year after year, and suffered defeat every time, until Theodore Roosevelt came and destroyed the nuisance in a night. I remember the caricatures of tramps shivering in the cold with which the yellow newspapers pursued him at the time, labeling him the 'poor man's foe.' And I remember being just a little uneasy lest they wound him, and perhaps make him think he had been hasty. But not he. It was only those who did not know him who charged him with being hasty. He thought a thing out quickly—yes, that is his way; but he thought it out, and, having thought it out, suited action to his judgment. Of the consequences he didn't think at all. He made sure he was right, and then went ahead with perfect confidence that things would come out right."

Mr. Riis says he never saw Roosevelt to better advantage than when he once confronted the labor men at their meeting-place, Clarendon Hall:

"The police were all the time having trouble with strikers and their 'pickets.' Roosevelt saw that it was because neither party understood

fully the position of the other, and, with his usual directness, set word to the labor organizations that he would like to talk it over with them. At his request I went with him to the meeting. It developed almost immediately that the labor men had taken a wrong measure of the man. They met him as a politician playing for points, and hinted at trouble unless their demands were met. Mr. Roosevelt broke them off short:

"Gentlemen! I said—with that snap of the jaws that always made people listen—I asked to meet you, hoping that we might come to understand one another. Remember, please, before we go further, that the worst injury any one of you can do to the cause of labor is to counsel violence. It will also be worse for himself. Understand distinctly that order will be kept. The police will keep it. Now we can proceed."

"I was never so proud and pleased as when they applauded him to the echo. He reddened with pleasure, for he saw that the best to them had come out on top, as he expected it would."

It was on this incident that a handle was first made by Mr. Roosevelt's enemies in and out of the police board—and he had many—to attack him:

"It happened that there was a music-hall in the building in which the labor men met. The yellow newspapers circulated the lie that he went there on purpose to see the show, and the ridiculous story was repeated until actually the liars persuaded themselves that it was so. They would not have been able to understand the kind of man they had to do with, had they tried. Accordingly they fell into their own trap. It is a tradition of Mulberry Street that the notorious Seelye dinner raid was planned by his enemies in the department of which he was the head, in the belief that they would catch Mr. Roosevelt there. The diners were supposed to be his 'set.'"

Some time after that, Mr. Riis was in Roosevelt's office when a police official of superior rank came in, and requested a private audience with him:

"They stepped aside and the policeman spoke in an undertone, urging something strongly. Mr. Roosevelt listened. Suddenly I saw him straighten up as a man recoils from something unclean, and dismiss the other with a sharp: 'No sir! I don't fight that way.' The policeman went out crestfallen. Roosevelt took two or three turns about the floor, struggling evidently with strong disgust. He told me afterward that the man had come to him with what he said was certain knowledge that his enemy could that night be found in a known evil house uptown, which it was his alleged habit to visit. His proposition was to raid it then and so 'get square.' To the policeman it must have seemed like throwing a good chance away. But it was not Roosevelt's way; he struck no blow below the belt. In the governor's chair afterward he gave the politicians whom he fought, and who fought him, the same terms. They tried their best to upset him, for they had nothing to expect from him. But they knew and owned that he fought fair. Their backs were secure. He never tricked them to gain an advantage. A promise given by him was always kept to the letter."

Referring to Roosevelt's strict enforcement of the Sunday excise law, the *Argonaut's* New York correspondent, "Flaneur," wrote under date of September 2, 1895:

"The law is not a Republican law. It was passed by Tammany, as a means of black-mailing saloon-keepers who refused to yield up tribute. It is a Democratic law, was introduced at the instigation of Tammany, was passed by a Democratic legislature, and was signed by a Democratic governor, David B. Hill. Senator Hill is now trying to make political capital by abusing Roosevelt for enforcing the law, but he places himself in a very questionable position. When a man is the leader of a party in a State, when his party passes an excise law, and when he himself signs it as governor, he certainly studies himself when he embarks a political opponent, he fights against the enforcement of the very law which he himself passed. The opponents of enforcing the law are having a rather hard time. Nobody denies that the law exists, all that they say is that it is 'a hardship to enforce it.' But who is to decide on the relative severity or mildness of the laws? Commissioner Roosevelt himself frankly says that he does not believe in such a severe Sunday law, but as it is the law, he is going to enforce it. And he is certainly doing so. There is a good deal of humor in the American people, and in this great city there are many thousands who are smiling sardonically over the plight of Tammany caused by enforcing a Tammany law. For Tammany's revenues come largely from the black-mailing of liquor saloons."

Early in 1897 he was called by President McKinley to give up his New York office to become Assistant-Secretary of the Navy. His energy and quick mastery of detail had much to do with the speedy equipment of the navy for its brilliant feats in the war with Spain. It was he who suggested Admiral Dewey for commander of the Asiatic station:

Dewey was sometimes spoken of in those days as if he were a kind of fashion-plate. Roosevelt, however, had faith in him, and while walking up Connecticut Avenue one day said to Mr. Riis: "Dewey is all right. He has a lion heart. He is the man for the place." No one now doubts the wisdom of his selection, and naval officers agree that the remarkable skill in marksmanship displayed by the American gunners was due to his foresight. He saw the necessity of practice, and he thought it the best kind of economy to turn up ammunition in acquiring skill.

A characteristic story is told regarding Roosevelt's insistence on practice in the navy:

Shortly after his appointment he asked for an appropriation of \$500,000 for ammunition, powder, and shot for the navy. The appropriation was made, and a few months later he asked for another appropriation, this time of \$500,000. When asked by the proper authorities what had become of the first appropriation, he replied: "Every cent of it was spent for powder and shot, and every hit of powder and shot has been fired." When he was asked what he was going to do with the \$500,000, he replied: "Use every ounce of that, too, within the next thirty days in practice shooting."

Soon after the outbreak of the war, however, his patriotism and love of active life led him to leave the comparative quiet of his government office for service in the field:

As a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers he recruited the First Volunteer Cavalry, popularly known as the "Rough Riders." The men were gathered largely from the cowboys of the West and South-West, but also numbered many college-bred men of the East. In the beginning he was second in command, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, Dr. Leonard Wood being colonel. But at the close of the war the latter was a brigadier-general and Roosevelt was colonel in command. Since no horses were transported to Cuba, this regiment, together with the rest of the cavalry, was obliged to serve on foot. The regiment distinguished itself in the Santiago campaign, and Colonel Roosevelt became famous for his bravery in leading the charge up San Juan Hill on July 1st. He was an efficient officer, and won the love and admiration of his men. His care for them was shown by the circulation of the famous round-robin which he wrote protesting against keeping the army longer in Cuba.

Upon Roosevelt's return to New York there was a popular demand for his nomination for governor:

Previous to the State convention he was nominated by the Citizens' Union, but he declined, replying that he was a Republican. The Democrats tried to frustrate his nomination by attempting to prove that he had lost his legal residence in that State. That plan failed and he was nominated in the convention by a vote of 753 to 218 for Governor Black. The campaign throughout the State was spirited. Roosevelt took the stump and delivered many speeches. His plurality was 18,079.

As the campaign of 1900 drew near, the popular demand that Roosevelt's name should be on the National Republican ticket grew too imperative to be ignored by the leaders. The

honor of the nomination for Vice-President was refused time and time again by Roosevelt, who felt that he had a great duty to perform as governor of New York State. Says Cal O'Laughlin, apropos of the Republican National Convention, which was held in Philadelphia on June 19, 20, and 21, 1900:

"On the evening of the first day of the convention, Roosevelt saw Platt. 'My name must not be presented to the convention,' he told him. Platt was mad, and mad clear through; but he acquiesced, and Roosevelt returned to his apartment to run into the arms of the Kansas delegation. 'We do not request you to accept the nomination,' said State Senator Burton; 'we do not urge you to accept the nomination, but we propose to issue orders to you, and we expect you to obey them.' Throughout the delivery of Mr. Burton's remarks, Roosevelt stood, with shoulders square and feet at right angles, his chin occasionally shooing forward, as if he were on the point of objecting to the argument that he alone could rescue 'bleeding Kansas' from demagogism and populism. But he waited patiently until the address was ended, and then appealed to the Kansans to take his words at their face value, and vote for some one of the candidates. But his appeal was useless, for Senator Burton, grasping his hand, congratulated him 'in advance upon his nomination and election,' and the delegation enthusiastically approved the sentiments. So certain was Kansas that Roosevelt would be the choice of the convention, that it had printed a huge placard, bearing the words in large, black type:

'KANSAS DELEGATION  
FIRST TO DECLARE FOR  
GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT.'

And, when the nomination was declared to have occurred, triumphantly carried it about Convention Hall."

After his nomination, Roosevelt said:

"I held out as long as I could. I had to give in when I saw the popular sentiment of the convention. I believe it is my duty. Now that it is all over, I want to say that I appreciate fully the sentiment which accompanied my nomination. The unanimity and enthusiasm of the convention for my nomination never will be forgotten by me."

During the political campaign which followed, he traveled 16,100 miles, flashed through 23 States, delivered 459 speeches, containing 860,000 words, and made his appeal directly to 1,600,000 persons, with the result that on election day the Republican party won a glorious victory.

Mr. Riis says that the thing that heclouds the judgment of his critics is Roosevelt's amazing capacity for work:

"He can weigh the pros and cons of a case and get at the meat of it in less time than it takes most of us to state the mere proposition. And he is surprisingly thorough. Nothing escapes him. His judgment comes sometimes as a shock to the man of slower ways. He does not stop at conventionalities. If a thing is right, it is to be done—and right away. It was notably so with the round-robin in Cuba, asking the government to recall the perishing army when it had won the fight. People shook their heads, and talked of precedents. Precedents! It has been Roosevelt's business to make them most of his time. But is there any one to-day who thinks he set one wrong? Certainly no one who with me saw the army come home. It did not come a day too soon. Roosevelt is no more infallible than the rest of us. Over and over again I have seen him pause when he had decided upon his line of action, and review it to see where there was a chance for mistake. Finding none, he would issue his order with the sober comment: 'There, we have done the best we could. If there is any mistake we will make it right. The fear of it shall not deter us from doing our duty. The only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything.'"

President Roosevelt has been a student of political economy since boyhood. He has been an omnivorous reader, and has pursued his studies with the same zeal and energy that have characterized all his acts in civil and military life. He has found time also to make several noteworthy contributions to contemporaneous literature:

His "Essays on Practical Politics" is a thoughtful, logical discussion of a subject with which he familiarized himself thoroughly before he undertook to handle it, and his "History of the War of 1812" shows the painstaking research of an author possessed of remarkable powers of application and a wonderful degree of patience. The "Life of Gouverneur Morris" and the "Life of Thomas H. Benton" display no mean ability as a biographer. Had Colonel Roosevelt devoted himself entirely to literature, and made a specialty of tales of the chase, he would have rivaled the most noted authors in that particular line. "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" is a breezy, wholesome book full of action, and is typical of the author's high ideals of manliness and courage. And the same may be said of "The Wilderness Hunter" and the "Heroes from American History." The Rooseveltian idea of a hero is not of the namby-pamby, milk-and-water sort. He must needs have a man of red blood and intelligent brain to place on the pedestal of heroism. He doesn't want a make-believe or a counterfeit, for his own individuality is too marked to tolerate imposition, even in semi-fiction. There are a directness and a force in all his political works, and he does not mince words. In 1898 he collected a volume of essays, entitled "American Political Ideas." Since the Spanish war he has written a book on "The Rough Riders," "Episodes from the Winning of the West," "Oliver Cromwell," and "The Strenuous Life."

As a fitting conclusion to our sketch of President Roosevelt's brilliant career, we quote this tribute of his esteemed friend, Mr. Riis: "He is a man with red blood in his veins; a healthy patriot, with no clap-trap jingoism about him, but a rugged belief in America and its mission; an intense lover of country and flag; a vigorous optimist, a believer in men, who looks for the good in them and finds it. Practical in partisanship; loyal, trusting, and gentle as a friend; unselfish, modest as a woman, clean-handed and clean-hearted, and honest to the core. In the splendid vigor of his young manhood he is the knightliest figure in American politics to-day, the fittest exponent of his country's idea, and the model for its young sons who are coming to take up the task he set them."

There will probably be no inclusion of New Zealand in the commonwealth of Australia during the next fifty years, if, indeed, it ever takes place. The scheme has now been condemned by the commission appointed by the New Zealand government to study the federation question, and the commission's judgment seems well based. New Zealand is twelve hundred miles from Australia by sea, a fact that neutralizes the military argument drawn from the benefits of a joint defense in case of war. Again, should New Zealand be brought under Australian control, such a step would imperil the many economic and socialistic experiments being made under the auspices of the New Zealand government.

Los Angeles citizens, by a vote of about five to one, have decided to issue bonds to the amount of two millions of dollars for the purchase of the plant of the City Water Company. The advisability of purchasing the present plant has been discussed for several months.



## VENICE FROM THE SEA.

The Way to See the City at Her Best—Queen Anne Fronts and Mary Ann Backs—Labeling or Libelling a Classic.

Ragusa is counted to be the most picturesque of all the quaint cities along the coast. It was even the rival of Venice for many centuries, and lost its independence eight years after Venice surrendered to Napoleon. With its fortresses built upon the summits of rocks that drop precipitately into the sea, and its streets climbing almost perpendicular rocks behind, the appearance of Ragusa from the sea warrants its reputation for picturesqueness. The steamer lands at Gravosa, some two or three miles away, behind a wooded promontory. Gravosa, itself, would be famous for its beauty, if it were not so near to Ragusa. It is in one of a series of bays that deeply indent a mountainous and rocky coast. The blind river, the Ombla, flows out from under a mountain near to Gravosa, and is one of the natural curiosities of the world. Here we see the first cypress groves met on the trip. They mark, as usual, the presence of some convent, or of some ancient villa, for they require centuries of growth to arrive at a size to be imposing among the rest of the foliage.

Ragusa is being recommended as a winter resort, with considerable success. Its position is beautiful and warm in winter. Shielded from the *bora*, it hasks in the full winter sun that shines on it from the south. It has a modern hotel, built and run by friends of the Austrian Lloyd Company, and has appliances to attract visitors. But we are off for the Bocche di Cattaro almost before we know that we are in Gravosa, and it proves to be a fitting climax for a glorious trip.

In form as well as in size the Bocche di Cattaro resembles the Lake of Lucerne, in Switzerland, and its surroundings are equally imposing. Mountains that reach a height of more than six thousand feet rise abruptly from its shores and frame a warm Italian sky. All about Lake Lucerne the colors are cold and crisp, and the scene lacks what artists call "atmosphere." The greens are raw and the outlines sharp, when they are visible at all, and while the whole effect of Lucerne, and all of Switzerland for that matter, is cooling and refreshing in summer, it lacks the poetic quality that obtains to the southward of the Swiss Alps. The prevailing color of the Bocche di Cattaro is cobalt, while that of Lucerne is emerald-green. It is a five-forked tongue of the Adriatic that has licked its way into the mountain-sides and reflects the same sky as the Adriatic itself. Instead of the chilly greens that surround the Lake of Lucerne, those that border the Bocche di Cattaro are of olive tone, relieved occasionally by new growth that is as vivid as any seen in Switzerland. Above the tree line—not the climatic tree line, but a line formed by the precipitousness of the rocks of the mountains—the colors around the Bocche are much warmer and richer than near Lucerne. Instead of a lifeless gray and dull-brown, the grays and the browns of the frame of the Bocche are warm and variegated, ranging from an oxidized-silver to almost a pink, the latter tone being supplied by myriads of pink wild flowers that cling to the bare surfaces of the rocks, but remain too indistinct to be recognized as flowers. The varieties of these hardy wild flowers are numberless, so it seems when you come to climb up among them, and they are of every shade of the rainbow. When beds of mountain pinks and bluettes approximate, distance gives a tone of exquisite purple, bluish or reddish, as one or the other predominates, and it is these modest wild flowers, hanging to the barren rocks for dear life, that give the ineffable charm of color that graces the sides of the Bocche di Cattaro. Reflected in the waters of the Bocche, the oxidized-silver tone of the rocks and the warm greens of the foliage below the tree line softened by the tones lent by the wild flowers, the last æsthetic sense is satisfied.

While we are in the Bocche we are still in Dalmatia, but the contour lines of the mountains around mark the boundaries of Montenegro and Herzegovina. On the express excursion there is no time to climb up the confines of these most interesting countries, and, in not doing so, we miss some superb views of the Bocche di Cattaro from above, with the mother Adriatic stretching out toward Italy beyond. We reach Cattaro, the city and fortress, in the course of an hour or so after entering between the heads, and have time to inspect the interior of the town before the *Wurmbrand* whistles or moans her notice of departure with her musical siren. You have full two hours in Cattaro at the best time of day for seeing the place. The arrival of the express steamer, as at Zara, is the most important event of the week, and all the world of Cattaro and all its visitors assemble at the pier to celebrate the event. When we were there last we had with us an Austrian field-marshal and his suite, come to relieve the former commander of the post. A military band was stationed in a garden just across the *riva*, and a couple of hundred officers, representing all the picturesque uniforms of the Austrian-Hungarian service, were lined up to receive the greetings of the new *commandant*. When he went on shore, he saluted each in turn, shook a hand of each, and said a few words. There was no guard of soldiers, and no means taken to suppress the curiosity of the assembled crowd. In Austria everybody seems to know how to behave on all occasions, from the passage of a funeral to a reception of a field-marshal, so that police or military whipping into-place is not necessary. Leo got a kodakian shot at his excellency as he walked down the gang-plank, but no one minded it.

If the cliffs above Cattaro do not overhang the city, they almost do so, and the walls of the fortress cling to them and mount their sides for half a mile, supported at their bottom by the turreted walls of the city itself. The Lion of San Marco is conspicuous here, as everywhere along the coast, and much of the strength of the fortress is attributed to Venetian enterprise. The city is necessarily crowded into a wee bit of space, but it looks out on an extensive scene of rare beauty. The inhabitants of the Bocche are called

Bocchese, and they furnish the Austrian navy and mercantile marine with many of its officers and sailors.

In returning, the *Wurmbrand* touches at the same ports, at about the same time of day, missing again Spalato and Trau and Sebenico by passing them in the night; but the new consumption-cure resort, Lussinpiccolo, on the Island of Cherso, is favored with a call, and in Trieste the excursionist is again treated to a night of repose alongside the wharf before being returned to Venice on Sunday at noon. No one who has only entered Venice by way of the railway from Mestre can say that he has seen Venice at its best. It is a City of the Sea, the Bride of the Adriatic, and it does not turn its back upon its lordly spouse. It can hardly be said to have a Mary Ann back and a Queen Anne front, like many other cities and even many pretentious houses, but Venice looks out to sea, and should be approached from the sea. Were there nothing more than promise of that Sunday morning entrance into Venice from the sea, the excursion to Cattaro would be well worth while. After three hours of sailing under the pearly forms of the Venetian Alps, which climb up from the low shores of the Lidi at the north end of the Adriatic to a height of eleven to twelve thousand feet, Venice begins to lift her graceful outline from the sea. You have seen it in pictures until description of the form of her outline would seem like labeling a classic, and more like libeling one. San Giorgio and San Marco and La Salute, with the others, gradually lift out of the translucent haze and seem to be reflected upward into the sky as well as downward on the surface of the sea. There is sure to be a fleet of bright-sailed Chioggia fishing-boats in the picture, and possibly a yacht or a line of merchant steamers filing out or in, to add to the liveliness of the picture. Nothing ever detracts from it, but everything that enters into the composition of which Venice is the centre seems instinct with the picturesqueness of the occasion, and lends itself to the harmony.

You have undoubtedly been to Venice, perhaps half a dozen times—everybody who visits Italy visits Venice—but if you have not entered from the sea on a calm Sunday morning, when the Venetian Alps are reflected in the waters of the Adriatic, you have scarcely made her acquaintance at all. You have certainly never seen her at her best.

VENICE, August 15, 1901.

VAN FLETCH.

### "Lead, Kindly Light."

(THE LATE PRESIDENT'S FAVORITE HYMN.)

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on.  
The night is dark and I am far from home.  
Lead Thou me on;  
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!  
—(Cardinal) John Henry Newman.

### Mrs. McKinley's Favorite Poem.

God gives us love. Something to love  
He gives us; but when love is grown  
To ripeness, that on which it thrives  
Falls off, and love is left alone.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace I  
Sleep, holy spirit; blessed soul,  
While the stars burn, the moons increase,  
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet!  
Nothing comes to these new nr strange.  
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;  
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.—Tennyson.

It is a curious feature of our politics that no one actually holding a senatorial position has ever been elected President, though the Senate is a very good place in which to make a reputation that puts one into the ranks of Presidential aspirants. The list of senators who attained that rank and yet failed to reach the coveted prize includes the names of Burr, Crawford, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Cass, Dallas, Douglas, Thurman, Hendricks, Blaine, Sherman, Conkling, Cameron, Logan, Edmunds, and Bayard. A considerable number of Presidents had served in the Senate before being elected to the Presidency:

James Monroe was senator previous to 1800, and was not elected President until 1816. John Quincy Adams was a senator from 1803 to 1809; but he was not chosen President until 1825. Andrew Jackson was senator from Tennessee from 1823 to 1825, and was elected President in 1828. Martin Van Buren was senator from 1821 to 1828, and was elected President in 1836. William Henry Harrison was a senator from Ohio from 1825 to 1828, but was not chosen President until 1840. John Tyler was senator from Virginia from 1827 to 1836; he was elected Vice-President in 1840, and succeeded to the Presidency on the death of Harrison. Franklin Pierce was a senator from New Hampshire from 1837 to 1842, but was not elected President until 1852. James Buchanan was a senator from Pennsylvania from 1834 to 1845, and was elected President in 1856. Andrew Johnson was a senator from Tennessee from 1837 to 1863. He was elected Vice-President in 1864, and succeeded to the Presidency upon the death of Lincoln, in April, 1865. Garfield became President on the day he would have taken his seat in the Senate. Benjamin Harrison's term in the Senate expired March 4, 1887, just two years before he was inaugurated as President.

There are some things which seem household necessities in the United States for which there is no market whatever in France or Southern Europe. One of these is the range with a hot-water hack, another is the refrigerator, and a third is the rocking-chair. Americans living abroad often want these articles so badly that they even send home for them, but among the French there is no demand for them whatever, and American manufacturers only waste time in trying to create a market for them. France will cling to the old-fashioned chairs for another hundred years.

## CARRIE NATION IN NEW YORK.

Untiring Efforts of the Kansas Reformer—Police Headquarters, Democratic Club, Music-Halls, and Saloons Invaded—On View at Coney Island—Reviling the President.

Mrs. Carrie Nation has contracted with an astute business-manager, but he has secured an intractable performer. There was method in his arrangement for her appearance in New York, as the free advertising that resulted proves, but at the very last the vigorous but erratic woman has destroyed the effect of the prominent position so easily won. The Kansas reformer arrived in the city a little over a week ago, to make preliminary arrangements, and took a little whirl through the town with an eye to newspaper notice. She said she wanted to see the mayor, but Van Wyck was not in town, and reluctantly she turned her attention to police headquarters. Commissioner Murphy received his visitor with some trepidation, and indignantly denied her soft impeachment that the city was full of hell-holes. He refused to discuss the infraction of Sunday laws, and other irregularities, and Mrs. Nation was obliged to accept the escort of a policeman from the office. But one object was accomplished. The colloquy made several lively paragraphs for the newspapers, as the reporters were almost as numerous in her train as the curiosity-seekers.

A visit to John L. Sullivan was on her programme, but at the door of his place she was told the ex-pugilist saloon-keeper was ill. Mrs. Nation recalled his belittling reference to her, and his threat to drop her into the sewer, and expressed her regret that she could not meet him face to face. She gave away a dozen or more miniature hatchets as souvenirs to newly found friends, talked temperance to the waiters at a restaurant where she took a hasty meal, then had the newspaper men in attendance good-by, and hoarded a train for Ohio, where she had been billed to lecture. But she did not fail to announce a speedy return, saying she knew that the metropolis needed her.

Four days later the reformer appeared once more in New York. Her face beamed with satisfaction and expectancy, in spite of its determined lines, and her gold-rimmed spectacles aided in producing a somewhat unusual expression of benignancy. A poke bonnet covered her head, its wide strings tied in a bow under her chin, but locks of gray hair escaped at each side and strayed across her face when stirred by the breeze. Her hands were thrust into the pockets of her long, tight-fitting linen duster, but she withdrew them quickly as the carriage-drivers recognized her, and extended them to clasp the hands stretched out to her in friendly greeting. It was half-past ten Sunday morning when she reached her hotel, and twenty minutes later she sallied out into the streets, ready for the variegated experiences that fringe her path. Her costume had been changed for one of white cloth, stiffly starched, its cape standing out aggressively, and a small black bonnet crowned her head. St. Patrick's Cathedral was visited first, and devout attention marked her stay through the service. From the church she went to the Democratic Club and tried to force an entrance, but the doorkeeper successfully resisted her efforts, declaring that no women were admitted on Sunday. One or two music-halls, and some saloons whose side doors were unlocked, were entered on the journey toward the hotel, and harkeeps and drinkers had to stand for short but emphatic lectures against whisky and tobacco, but there was no smashing.

In the evening, Mrs. Nation's lecture at Carnegie Hall, though not well advertised, drew an audience that filled nearly one-half of the seats, and as tickets for the parquet floor were sold at one dollar and a half, the receipts were worthy of consideration. Corsets, liquor, and tobacco were denounced, and the speaker's voice was easily heard in the galleries. There was almost continual applause and laughter, and some cheers that were evidently not altogether sincere.

"God told me to use the hatchet," she declared. "He said: 'Ye shall break down the idols.' He didn't say smash them down, but He meant it. Moses was a good smasher. Look how he smashed the golden calf. Hatchetation is a mighty good thing sometimes."

Monday morning the reformer was taken to Coney Island, where her manager had made arrangements for her appearance at one of the amusement parks every day for a week. Crowds followed her into the gates, spectators paying unhesitatingly the dime charged for admission, accepting without question the vociferous harker's repeated declaration that Carrie Nation was the greatest show on earth. From one attraction to another Mrs. Nation toured the grounds, interested herself, and still the greatest attraction of all to the pleasure-seekers. But her lecture in the auditorium, at twenty-five cents admission, was not a spectacular success. There were not many hearers, and her denunciation of cigars, cigarettes, and rum had little weight.

The curtain fell unexpectedly upon her exhibition Sunday night, however, as an ominous interruption. She had completed her week at Coney Island, and was speaking to the usual audience of perhaps two hundred. Suddenly she referred to the stricken President, and cried savagely that she was "glad he had been shot and hoped he would die. He was a friend of the brewers and rum-sellers and did not deserve to live." A storm of hisses and angry protests broke out, and the lecturer stopped in alarm. A leader of those who had risen to their feet proposed three cheers for President McKinley, and they were given with a will. Then the audience left the room in disgust.

In the newspaper comments on the affair there is a significant reference to Mrs. Nation's connection with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and it is asked whether that organization will notice her fanatic expression and repudiate it, or continue its indorsement. At all events her drawing power as a freak or lecturer has been seriously damaged.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, September 10, 1901.



REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

General Cox's Important Contribution to Military Literature—Anecdotes of McClellan, Grant, and Rosecrans.

A notable contribution to the literature relating to the Rebellion is General Jacob Dolson Cox's posthumous work, "Military Reminiscences of the Civil War." The manuscript of this work had been completed and placed in the hands of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, several weeks before General Cox's untimely death at Magnolia, Miss., last August, and the work of reading and revising the proofs and preparing an index was undertaken by his friend, William C. Cochran. The aim of the author, as outlined in his preface, has been to reproduce his own experiences in the Civil War "in such a way as to help the reader know just how the duties and problems of that great conflict presented themselves successively to one man who had an active part in it from beginning to the end." His relations to many prominent officers, such as McClellan, Rosecrans, Fremont, Pope, Grant, and Sherman, were such as to give opportunities for intimate knowledge of their personal qualities as well as their public conduct, and his observations and experiences, which abound in entertaining anecdotes, will be read with interest.

General Cox, at the outbreak of the war, was a member of the State senate of Ohio, and, as he held a commission as brigadier in the State militia, he was at once called upon to give his services to organizing the troops enlisted under the President's first call. McClellan had been put in command in West Virginia, and Cox was assigned to serve under him in the Great Kanawha district. Later, when he was summoned with his troops to Washington, D. C., to cooperate in the defense of the capital, he saw much of McClellan, whom he found a bundle of contradictions. In the early West Virginia days, he says, the turgid rhetoric and exaggerated pretense of his dispatches, proclamations, and correspondence were in unaccountable contrast with his kindly and modest bearing. Here, too, he showed the same astonishing tendency to excessive caution, to overestimate his enemy, to interpret unfavorably the sights and sounds in front that worked such injury with the Army of the Potomac. It was no lack of personal bravery, for he was cool and unconcerned under fire. McClellan's fiction as to the strength of Lee's forces in Virginia General Cox calls "the most remarkable in the history of modern wars," and he adds:

Whether McClellan was the victim or the accomplice of the inventions of his "secret service" we can not tell. It is almost incredible that he should be deceived, except willingly. . . . The reports of the Peninsula campaign reveal at times the difficulty there was in keeping up the illusion. . . . McClellan's arts of military popularity were such that his army accepted his estimate of the enemy, and believed (in the main) that he had shown great ability in saving them from destruction in a contest at such odds. They were inclined, therefore, to hold the government at Washington responsible for sacrificing them by demanding the impossible.

The fallen general hunched morbidly over his dismissal for twenty years, and then wrote his "Own Story":

It was a most curious piece of self-exposure, in which he unconsciously showed that the illusions which had misguided him in his campaign were still realities to him, and that he had made no use of authentic facts which Confederate as well as national records had brought within his reach. He had forgotten much, but he had learned nothing. . . . It is difficult to deal leniently with the exhibition of character in his private letters, which were injudiciously added to his "Own Story" by his literary executor. In them his vanity and his ill-will toward rivals and superiors are shockingly naked; and since no historian can doubt that at every moment from September, 1861, to September, 1862, his army greatly outnumbered his enemy, while in equipment and supply there was no comparison, his persistent nutcracker that he was sacrificed by his government destroys even that character for dignity and that reputation for military intelligence which we fondly attributed to him. The reference which he made to suggestions that the army would follow him in a *coup d'état* is supported by what he formally declared in his memoirs. He there tells us that in 1861 he was often approached in regard to a "dictatorship," and that, when he was finally removed, many in the army were in favor of marching upon Washington to take possession of the government. It would seem that reasonable notions were rare about him to an extent that was never suspected, unless he was made the dupe of pretenders, who saw some profit in what might be regarded as a gross form of adulation. He must be condemned for the weakness which made such approaches to him possible; but we are obliged to take the fact as he gives it, and to accept as one of the strange elements of the situation a constant stream of treasonable suggestions from professed friends in the army and out of it.

An anecdote, which came to General Cox in a way to make it more than ordinarily trustworthy, tells that in the summer of 1861 McClellan was riding with an older officer of the regular army, and said to him:

"I understand there is a good deal of talk of making a dictatorship?"

"Ah!" said the other, "Mr. Lincoln, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied McClellan, "it's me they're talking of."

Bits of evidence from many sources prove that there had been from the first too much talk about Washington, and, while McClellan can not be held responsible for it, there is no proof that he rebuked it as he should have done. It was part of the fermenting political and military intrigue which is found at the seat of government in such a time, if anywhere, and I take satisfaction in testifying that away from that neighborhood I never even heard the thing mentioned or referred to, that I can recollect. Washington would be spoken of in a general way as a place of intrigues, but I never knew this to have a wider meaning given to it than the ordinary one of political schemes within lawful limits and personal ambitions of no criminal character.

General Cox was a great admirer of General Rosecrans. His standard of soldierly excellence was high, and he was earnest in insisting that his brigadiers and his staff officers should cooperate vigorously in trying to attain it. His impulsiveness, however, led him sometimes into personal efforts at discipline where the results were at least doubtful:

He would sometimes go out through the camps in the evening, and if he saw a tent lighted after "taps," or heard men singing or talking, he would strike loudly on the canvas with the flat of his sword and command silence or the extinguishment of the light. The men, in good-humored mischief, would try different ways of "getting even" with him. One that gave much amusement to the camp was this: The men in a tent thus attacked pretended to believe that their regimental wagon-master was playing a practical joke on them, and shouted back to him all sorts of rough camp chaff. When the exasperated general appeared at the door of the tent, they were, of course, overwhelmed with the most innocent astonishment, and explained that that wagon-master was in the habit of annoying them, and that they really had not heard the "taps." I have been with the general in approaching a picket, when he would butly lecture a sentinel who showed ignorance of some of his duties or inattention to them. I thought I could see in all such cases that it would have been wiser to avoid any unnecessary collision with the privates, but to take the responsible officer aside and make him privately understand that he must answer for such lack of instruction or discipline among his men. An impulsive man is too apt to meddle with details, and so weaken the sense of responsibility in the intermediate officers, who hate to be ignored or belittled before the soldiers. But if Rosecrans's method was not an ideal one, it was at least vigorous, and every week showed that the little army was improving in discipline and in knowledge of duty.

General Cox repeats an anecdote told at his table in 1890 by the Rev. Dr. Morris, long professor in Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, which he says was very characteristic of Rosecrans:

After the Battle of Stone's River (January, 1863), Dr. Morris, who was then minister of a Presbyterian church in Columbus, was made by Governor Todd a member of a commission sent to look after the wounded soldiers. He called on General Rosecrans at his headquarters in Murfreesboro, and among others met Father Tracy, the general's chaplain, a Roman Catholic priest. During the visit Rosecrans was called aside (but in the same room) by a staff officer to receive information about a spy who had been caught within the lines. The general quite excited over the information, talked loudly and hurriedly in giving directions concerning the matter, using some profane language. It seemed suddenly to occur to him that the clergymen were present, and from the opposite side of the room he turned toward them, exclaiming apologetically: "Gentlemen, I sometimes swear, but I never blaspheme!"

General Cox says they were fortunate in General Sherman's army in having, in the popular chief and in the three commanders next in rank, examples of courteous treatment of subordinates, coupled with steady insistence upon the prompt and right performance of duty. Under such a régime intelligent men grow sensitive to the slightest indication of dissatisfaction, and a superior officer had to weigh his words lest he give more pain than he intended. An amusing incident of this occurred during the great swing of the army south of Atlanta:

Late one evening my division was directed to make a movement at sunrise next day, and the camp was quiet in sleep before my orders were sent out to the brigade commanders. He who was assigned to lead the column was an excellent officer, but irascible, and a little apt to make his staff officers feel the edge of any annoyance he himself felt. Some strain of relations among his assistants at his headquarters happened to be existing when my order came. Not fully aroused, he made a rough and bluff reply to the call, really meaning that the staff officer should issue the proper orders to the brigade, but in firm it was a petulant refusal to be bothered with the business. The adjutant took him literally at his word and left him. Next morning I was in the saddle at the time set, and with my staff rode on the brigade to accompany the head of the column, when, lo! his command was not yet astir, though in the rest of the camp breakfast was over, the tents struck, and officers and men were awaiting the signal to fall in. I rapped with my sword-hilt on the tent-pole, and when the disheveled head of the colonel appeared, his speechless astonishment told the story of some great blunder. I did not stop for particulars, but only said: "Your brigade, colonel, was to have had the place of honor in an important day's work; as it is, you will fall in at the rear of the column. Good-morning, sir." He stood, without a word, till we rode off, and, then, turning to an aid who had come to him, exclaimed: "I wish to God he had cursed me!"

Grant did not lack the sense of humor, and, while he took little part in military discussions at meetings with his subordinates, he enjoyed telling a story,

simply, though without failing to bring out its points. His voice lacked volume, and seemed rather dim and high-keyed. It was half deprecatory in tone, with an air of shyness, and he had a way of glancing quickly from one to another, as if looking for signs of response to his venture into talk. As he went on, this wane off to some extent, and he laughed quietly over the reminiscences he was telling.

Here is an amusing story of an experience he once had in the West Point riding-school where the riding-master in his time was an amusing sort of tyrant:

Grant's strong point was horsemanship, and the riding-master, whether seriously or as a joke, determined in "take down" the young cadet. At the exercise Grant was mounted on a powerful but vicious brute that the cadets flung shy of, and was put at leaping the bar. The bar was raised higher and higher as he came round the ring, till it passed the "record." The stubborn rider would not say enough, but the stubborn horse was disposed to shy and refuse to leap. Grant gritted his teeth and spurred at it, but just as the horse gathered for the spring, his swelling body burst the girth and rider and saddle tumbled into the ring. Half-stunned, he gathered himself up from the dust only to hear the strident, cynical voice of the riding-master calling out: "Cadet Grant, six demerits for dismounting without leave!"

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than between the natures of Grant and Sherman. The latter's was one of intense, restless activity, both physical and mental:

In conversation he poured out a wealth of original and striking ideas, from a full experience, observation, and reading; his assertions would be strong and confident, highly colored by the glow of momentary feeling. . . . His practical work in the field was never reckless, but his holdest outlines of plan were worked out with thoughtful caution in detail and full provision for possible disappointment. When discussing a situation with his familiars, after strongly stating his own view, he would add: "Now what is Joe Johnston's game?" and he would analyze his adversary's possible moves with a candor and insight that left no doubt of his full comprehension of the problem before him.

General Cox gives a very different picture of Frederick, when it was entered by the Northern troops, than is contained in Whittier's poem of "Barbara Frietche." He writes:

Frederick was a loyal city, and, as Hampton's cavalry went out at one end of the street and our infantry came in at the other, and while the carbine smoke and the snell of powder still lingered, the closed window-shutters of the houses flew open, the sashes went up, the windows were filled with ladies waving their handkerchiefs and national flags, while the men came in the column with fruits and refreshments for the marching soldiers as they went by in the hot sunshine of the September afternoon. Although at the head of the column, the "truth of history" compels me to say that I saw nothing of Barbara Frietche, and heard nothing of her till I read Whittier's poem in later years. When, however, I visited Frederick with General Grant in 1869, we were both presented with walking-sticks made from timbers of Barbara's house, which had been torn down, and, of course, I can not dispute the story of which I have the stick as evidence; for Grant thought the stick set me up from any denial, and established the legend.

General Cox's bulky volumes are supplemented with several appendices, an elaborate table of contents, an index, and two frontispieces showing the author as he looked at thirty-four and at sixty.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price (two volumes), \$6.00.

The famous pearl necklace of the Countess Castiglione, which has just been sold by auction to a French jewelry dealer for \$84,300, is one of the most beautiful things of its kind in existence. The piece consists of 279 pearls, which are threaded on five strings. Each string was put up separately and knocked down to different bids. Grunberg, of Paris, succeeded in securing all of them, thus giving him possession of the beautiful necklace in its entirety. The countess was an eccentric character. To punish France for having become a republic she shut herself up in her house and never let the light of day shine on her, contenting herself with candles and gas. At the same time she abolished mirrors from her apartments, and thus spared herself the pain of looking at her face as it aged. She was immensely rich.

The translations of twelve select masterpieces of nineteenth-century French fiction, which are to appear soon, are to have some excellent introductions. Henry James will discuss "Mme. Benvary"; Andrew Lang, Hugon's "Notre Dame de Paris"; George Moore, Balzac's "Les Deux Jeunes Mariées"; Maurice Hewlett will prepare an introduction for Stendhal's "La Chartreuse de Parme"; Mrs. Craigie, that for George Sand's "Mauprat"; Arthur Symonds, one for Merimee's "Carmen" and "Colombia"; and Henry Harland, that for Feuille's "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre."

Lady Jersey is reputed to be the best lady platform speaker in England, and she has a variety of other talents. She has traveled, and has described her travels in magazine articles. The happiest years of her life were the three during which her husband was governor of New South Wales, she says.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Winston Churchill, the author, has been appointed a member of the New Hampshire Commission for the St. Louis Exposition.

W. S. Gilbert has lately confided to William Archer that his little play adapted from the French, and called "The Wedding March," was written in a day and a half, and brought him in the pleasant sum of twelve thousand five hundred dollars.

The biography of himself contributed by Governor McLean, of Connecticut, to "Who's Who in America," is said to be the shortest in the book. It reads: "McLean, George P., governor Connecticut, 1901-'03. Republican. Address, Hartford, Conn."

Lieutenant-Commander Nathan Sargent, now in command of the gunboat *Machias* at Columbia, has been selected by Admiral Dewey as his chief of staff. He will also be assigned to membership on the general board of the navy, of which Admiral Dewey is president.

The King of Italy's cousin, Prince Louis, Duke of the Abruzzi, who has achieved fame as an Arctic explorer, and who holds the record of "furthest north," besides having been the first to make the ascent of Mt. St. Elias, will be much in the United States during the fall and coming winter. He has just been appointed second in command of the Italian cruiser *Giovanni Bausan*, which is shortly expected in American waters.

John George Milburn, in whose home President McKinley passed away at Buffalo, has for twenty years been known as one of the ablest lawyers in the western part of New York State. He was born in the North of England fifty years ago, and started in life as a mechanical engineer. But the work was not to his taste, and when he came to America in 1869, he soon found an opportunity to study law in the office of Wakeman & Watson, at Batavia, N. Y. In 1873, after four years of preparation, he passed the bar examination, but was not permitted to practice because it was discovered that he had not been in the country long enough to gain citizenship. His case was taken up by a number of influential men in New York, and a bill was introduced in the legislature to waive his alienage and give him the privileges of full citizenship. The introduction of the bill aroused intense opposition, and, after a protracted storm of anti-British rancor in the senate, the measure was passed, and became chapter 7 of the laws of 1874.

Emma Goldman, from whom Czolgosz says he received the impulse to murder the President, is about thirty-five years old, the daughter of a Russian tailor. Without education, she was brought up in a hot-bed of anarchy near Konna, in Russia. She came to this country seventeen years ago, and married a man of the name of Gruenebaum, with whom she lived in Rochester. She deserted him after a year and a half, and followed Louis Bernstein, an anarchist, to New York. Since then she has had many partners, disregard of the marriage-tie being part of her doctrine. Assuming the name of Goldman, she joined an anarchistic group known as the Pioneers of Liberty. Her language was so violent that they expelled her. She associated herself later with the German anarchists, and wrote signed articles for *Der Freiheit*, John Most's paper. She quarreled with Most, and, on December 18, 1892, lashed him with a whip as he was about to speak in Odd Fellows' Hall in New York. She was arrested for inciting to riot in 1893, and served a year's term on Blackwell's Island. While there she began to study medicine, and, upon her release, went to Vienna, where she took a course in massage and midwifery. Since her return to America, she has made her living by speaking.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Notable Irish Romance.

William Barry's romance of Italy, "Arden Mas-sister," was worthy of praise, but it has been excelled in every way by his latest story, "The Wizard's Knot." This is a romance of Ireland such as only a true son of the green isle could write. The story it tells is an absorbing one, its characters are humanly real, and its episodes are pictured with dramatic power; but over and beyond all is the poetic charm of the author's expression, a Celtic gift that has been exhibited infrequently in his earlier books. In no other land does the witchery of legend and poetry lie upon cabin and castle alike; among her people alone are music, romance, and comedy in the midst of poverty and lowering prospects—and Dr. Barry represents these elements with unstudied art.

Renmore Castle, on the Atlantic coast, for generations the home of the Liscarrolls, is the scene of the events that introduce the prominent figures bound by "The Wizard's Knot," and this and a neighboring estate, Airgead Ross, the property of young Miss O'Connor, hold all the varied interests of the story. At Renmore the master is Sir Phil Liscarroll, and with him lives his cousin Edmund. With the opening of the story, Lady Liscarroll returns to the castle, though she had chosen to leave it ten years before, deserting and disgracing her husband and son. Her welcome is a cold one, for Sir Phil knows that his father's death came of her shameful flight. The son receives her, but shuts her up in a high room of the tower, and installs Joan O'Dwyer, the beautiful daughter of an old school-master, as her companion.

Lady Liscarroll's plots to regain her freedom and her old position, to compromise Lisaveta O'Connor and induce her to accept Sir Phil, are the impelling motives from this time on, but there are numerous complications. Edmund, who is to be Sir Phil's heir, is in love with Miss O'Connor, and Sir Phil becomes infatuated with Joan. The school-master, O'Dwyer, who is looked upon as a wizard by many of the people, through his knowledge of fairy lore and ancient rites and charms, raises Sir Phil from a sick-bed, and afterward endeavors to bind the mystic influences in favor of the Liscarrolls. There is a tragedy before the happy conclusion for Edmund and Miss O'Connor is reached, for the wicked mother drags down more than one in her fall.

Incidental to the story are pictures of Irish peasant life that are truthful though they are drawn with a sympathetic touch. The coming of the potato blight for the third successive year, and the certainty of the famine in its train, give an opportunity for powerful description that has not been lost. Seldom has the despair of the people, the utter helplessness of kind-hearted land-owners, been so impressively shown. And in the portraits of Cathal O'Dwyer and his daughter Joan, the fair O'Connor, and the two Liscarrolls, the art of a master is apparent. The book is distinctly notable in every way.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## The Political Schemer of Fiction.

The great novel of American politics is yet to be written. In "The Autocrats," by Charles K. Lush, is found a valiant attempt at eminence in this field, but not a successful one. It is the work of a beginner, and its crudities are innumerable, yet its central idea is suited to the purpose, and might have been worked out to a logical conclusion. The irrelevant and incongruous material used to pad out the real story could not have been chosen by one skilled in writing fiction. Henry Bidwell, the daring and unprincipled manipulator, who plans to force an ordinance through the city council and secure a street-railway monopoly for fifty years, is a plausible figure. But in the last scene, the seeming requirements of the novelist bring about a change of character that is hardly acceptable. The hero is not altogether out of drawing, but the friends he discovers in time of need are little better than wooden models. A mysterious recluse who lends twenty thousand dollars without security to a frank and honest young man the second time he meets him, belongs in Bagdad rather than in Chicago.

There is reality and vigor in the description of Bidwell's methods, and many of the episodes are well sketched. The heroine, Edith, is a consistent creation, and her chaperon, Mrs. Warrington, may be accepted with few reservations. But with these merits, there is still too much to be said on the other side. Mr. Lush may write a better novel when he is willing to devote more care to the details of the plan.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Complete Works of John Keats.

It is eighty years since John Keats died, in the flush of early manhood, hoping for the honor of being enrolled among English poets, and the flight of time has not dimmed the light of his genius. His place in literature is fixed, and with the admiration of most readers of his poetry there is mixed a sense of personal sympathy and affection such as is given to few of the poets.

A new edition of the complete works of Keats, edited by H. Buxton Forman, presents many attractions, among them a number of manuscripts that

have come to light recently, and including notes on books, essays, and letters. The edition is in five volumes, beautifully printed on thin paper, carefully annotated, and containing all possible helps to a study of the poet. The memoir is critical as well as biographical, and many details of the first publication of the poet's works have been collected with painstaking care by the editor.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$3.75.

## One of the Early Daughters of Virginia.

There is enough of historical flavor in "His Great Self," by Marion Harland, to warrant its republication now, when popular favor is most easily won by stories that bear on remarkable periods of American progress. This romance presents figures and scenes of Virginia in early colonial days, and they are drawn with skill, even if the manner is a bit old-fashioned. Its heroine is a charming figure, beautiful, of proud descent, and educated in Paris. Her father, Colonel Byrd, was Receiver-General of His Majesty's revenues in Virginia, and his estate was one of the finest of its time. Here, most of Evelyn's sorrows and joys were experienced, and, unfortunately for her, there was more of pain than happiness in her career. Her father's secretary, for love of her, planned much evil, and his plans nearly succeeded. How the plot failed at last forms the conclusion of the story, yet there might have been more of sunshine with its confounding.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It seems that Edward Noyes Westcott, author of "David Harum," left another story finished at the time of his death, and this is now to be published by D. Appleton & Co. immediately. It is called "The Teller," and is a story of life in a bank, with which Mr. Westcott's business relations had much to do. A number of portraits of Mr. Westcott and a picture of his home illustrate the book.

A new volume from the pen of Captain A. T. Mahan is announced for early publication. The work is entitled "Types of Naval Officers: With Some Remarks on the Development of Naval Warfare During the Eighteenth Century." The officers referred to are six in number—Hawke, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, Saumarez, and Exmouth.

It may be recalled that a few years ago a book was published by the Macmillan Company, called "Pirates and Buccaneers of Our Coast," by Frank R. Stockton. One chapter in it concerned itself with a "Greenhorn Pirate." It is understood that this amateur pirate, otherwise Major Stede Bonnet, has given Mr. Stockton inspiration for a new story, which has just begun its serial publication in *Collier's Weekly* under the title "Kate Bonnet; or, The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter."

E. W. Hornung's second series of "Amateur Cracksmen" stories will appear within a fortnight from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, under the title of "Raffles," the name of the gentlemanly burglar himself, with the sub-title "More Adventures of the Amateur Cracksmen."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just published a romance of the sea, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, called "The Quiberon Touch." It is an eighteenth-century story of an American serving in the English navy, and introduces "the great Lord Hawke" for the first time, the publishers believe, in fiction. The title is derived from the culmination of the story in the great sea-fight off Quiberon, on the Brittany coast.

Dr. Sven Hedin, who expects to return to Europe next spring, is now gathering a mass of valuable geographical, geological, and other material in Central Asia. Two big volumes will be the result of the expedition, which he regards as decidedly successful.

In spite of the assurances of the publisher to the contrary, most readers had not progressed far in "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" before they dismissed the idea of their authenticity, and regarded the whole book as a piece of literature of no mean order. The announcement, therefore, that another book, entitled "A Modern Antæus," is shortly to appear from the gifted pen of the anonymous author comes not unexpected and will destroy no illusions.

William J. Stillman's "Life of Francesco Crispi" is to be published soon by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Stillman was peculiarly fitted for his task as biographer, not only because his position in Rome as correspondent of the London *Times* gave him rather exceptional opportunities for acquiring an inside knowledge of Italian politics, but because he also enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with the late premier.

The plot of a novel by F. Marion Crawford, as yet unwritten, but announced for several years past as "in preparation," will be used in a play that he has written and arranged for Sarah Bernhardt and to be produced by her. It is expected to be seen during the next season. The title is said to be "The Harvest of the Sword."

"Stephen Calinari," a modern novel by Julian Sturgis, author of "My Friends and I," is to be published soon by Charles Scribner's Sons. Its scene is laid in England and Constantinople during

the period of the Russo-Turkish War, some incidents of which have their part in the development of the character of the hero of the story.

"While Charlie Was Away," the new novel by Mrs. Poultny Bigelow, which will shortly be published by D. Appleton & Co., deals with the vanity of a woman in London's "smart set," and with types of London society with which the author is familiar.

Lord Rosebery, it appears, has followed the fashion of the time in writing a novel. He is said to have taken such pains with it as to destroy and rewrite the manuscript two or three times.

"The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," from the original manuscript discovered by John Bigelow, with an introduction by Professor Woodrow Wilson, will be the next volume in the Century Classics Series.

## MEMORIAL VERSE.

## O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

## But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

## Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

## Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

—From Walt Whitman's "Memories of President Lincoln."

## On the Death of Garfield.

Fallen with autumn's falling leaf  
Ere yet his summer's noon was past,  
Our friend, our guide, our trusted chief,—  
What words can match a woe so vast!

And whose the chartered claim to speak  
The sacred grief where all have part,  
Where sorrow saddens every cheek  
And broods in every aching heart?

Yet Nature prompts the burning phrase  
That thrills the hushed and shrouded hall,  
The loud lament, the sorrowing praise,  
The silent tear that love lets fall.

In loftiest verse, in lowliest rhyme,  
Shall strive unblamed the minstrel choir,—  
The singers of the new-born time,  
And trembling age with outworn lyre.

No room for pride, no place for blame,—  
We fling our blossoms on the grave,  
Pale, scentless,—faded,—all we claim,  
This only,—what we had we gave.

Ah, could the grief of all who mourn  
Blend in one voice its bitter cry,  
The wail to heaven's high arches borne  
Would echo through the caverned sky.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Not ours the verdict to decide  
Whom death shall claim or skill shall save;  
The hero's life though Heaven denied,  
It gave our land a martyr's grave.

Nor count the teachings vainly sent  
How human hearts their griefs may share,—  
The lesson woman's love has lent,  
What hope may do, what faith can bear!

Farewell! the leaf-strown earth enfolds  
Our stay, our pride, our hopes, our fears,  
And autumn's golden sun beholds  
A nation bowed, a world in tears.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## The Smart Set for October.

"The Career of Mrs. Osborne," a novelette of the English smart set, by S. Carleton and Helen Mil-cete, has the place of honor in the *Smart Set* for October. Among the notable short stories are "The Household God," by Richard Le Gallienne; "By Way of Wager," by John Tompkins; "A Bouquet of Illusions," by Edgar Saltus; "The Black Swan," by Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger; "A Brief Widowhood," by Laura Cleveland Gaylord; "Comedy of the Ruined Gentleman," by Clinton Ross; and "Une Anglaise" (in French), by Charles Foley. Verse is contributed by Anne Tozier Prince, Theodosia Garrison, Katharine La Farge Norton, Charles G. D. Roberts, Curtis Dunham, Clinton Scollard, and Myrtle Reed.

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LITERARY NOTES.

An American Wooses a Princess.

When the first oovel of an unknown writer achieves success, ooe is predisposed to believe that popular approval has been woo through merit alooe. Hence it is with a prejudice in its favor that the reader takes up "Graustark," the maiden effort of George Barr McCutcheon in the domain of novel-writing.

Modeled after "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Graustark" is a tale of romantic adventure in an imaginary kingdom in the Old World, whither a venture-loving young Americao has found his way in search of the princess of the realm, of whom he is enamored. The location of this imaginary kingdom is a two days' journey in an easterly direction from Paris, plus seven hundred miles to a large city, and then two hundred miles farther through mountainous lands sparsely populated with Slavs and Huns. The ardent lover is from Washington—young, handsome, and rich. On an overland train, between Denver and St. Louis, he falls in love with a very beautiful foreigner, who is traveling under the oame of Miss Goggeslocker. She is io reality the Princess Yette, ruling sovereign of the Kingdom of Granstark, who is making a tour of the United States *incognito*. The infatuation proves mutual before the acquaintance is twenty-four hours old, and the princess in disguise throws a kiss at parting to her "Ideal Americao" as the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* floats away from the dock in the New York harbor.

The "Ideal Americao," being quite human, before many months have passed undertakes the arduous journey in quest of the beautiful Miss Goggeslocker. His distress knows no bounds when he reaches Granstark and finds that the object of his adoration is a princess and therefore beyond his reach. By chance he overhears a vile plot for her seduction. He makes his way into the innermost recesses of the palace, even to the chamber of the princess; he saves her from the kidnapers; he receives a blow on the head, and he falls insensible at the feet of her whom he adores. Such is the romantic and fantastic setting of the tale. Whether or oot the further adventures of the young Americao lover in the court of the princess will prove of interest, the reader must judge for himself. Suffice it to say, for those who love pure romance, that the tale has not an iota of the probable from beginning to end. It has been dramatized for Miss Mary Manning in the United States and for Miss Julia Neilson in Eogland, and will probably be produced in both countries in the fall. We venture the opinion that the plot of this story of a love behind a throne is better suited for a play than for a book.

Published by Herbert D. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Engravings of Royal Academy Paintings.

Critics have said that the pictures in the Royal Academy of 1901 did not make so remarkable a showing as in former years, and the fact is admitted generally, but the survey of art presented was a notable one, nevertheless, and its great value in illustrating the originality and vitality of thought, and the tendency and progress of British painters and sculptors, is hardly to be overestimated. As usual, Cassell & Co. have issued, as a supplement to the *Magazine of Art*, a volume of fine engravings illustrating the one hundred and thirty-third exhibition, under the title "Royal Academy Pictures—1901." Next to a visit to the galleries and a view of the paintings is an examination of this carefully prepared and well-executed volume. No less than two hundred and fifty of the pictures are represented in the reproductions from photographs, and the engravings in many instances give no mean idea of the spirit and charm of the originals. Notable among the reproductions are those of Edwin A. Abbey's "Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem," J. MacWhirter's landscape, "A Fallen Gaiot," and the historical group, "The Clouds That Gather Round the Setting Sun," by J. Seymour Lucas. The Sargent portraits of the "Daughters of A. Wertheimer," described in Geraldine Bonner's letter from London to the *Argonaut*, are fairly suggested by the half-tone engraving.

Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

New Publications.

In the Library of Useful Stories Series the latest issue is "The Story of Books," by Gertrude Burford Rawlings. It traces the history of printing from the earliest records, and presents many details that have not been made familiar. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 35 cents.

"The Story of Sarah," by M. Louise Forslund (M. Louise Foster) is a story of humble sea-side people for the greater part, but it has interest and force. In artistic values it deserves to rank above most of the novels of the year. Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.50.

William H. Boardman is a sportsman who has studied the higher woodcraft, and he writes for his overworked friends who loog for outings that come but rarely. His volume, "The Lovers of the Woods," contains eleven sketches, and they are all chapters of life in the forest, filled with the zest of outdoor joys and remembrances. There is more of

the practical than the fanciful io them, but they are pleasing if not pretentious. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Manasseh," by Maurus Jókai, is a romance of Transylvania, traslated from the Hungarian by Percy Favor Bicknell. In common with all of this novelist's works, it is rich in incident, and it has an historical background—the stirring days of 1843. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

The fourth edition of Oscar Fay Adams's "A Dictionary of American Authors" contains more than a thousand names not included in the earlier volumes. Some errors and misprints have been corrected, and the work is oow brought up to date. Published by Houghtoo, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$3.50.

"Monsmé," by Clive Holland, though complete in itself, is the sequel of "My Japanese Wife," and has all the charm of that unconventional romance. It will delight those who were pleased with the earlier work, and make many oew friends for both stories. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"A Pacific Coast Vacation," by Mrs. James Edwin Morris, illustrated from photographs, describes a trip from Chicago to Alaska and return by way of California. It is chiefly remarkable for its wealth of misinformation, evidently taken from all sources without question. Published by the Abbey Press, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Constructive Process for Learning German, Combining Grammar and the Cumulative Method, Adapted to School and College Instruction," is the comprehensive title of a new work by Adolphe Dreyprig, Ph. D., author of numerous text-books of German and Eoglish. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, \$1.25.

A somewhat fantastic grouping of Italian legends and experiences, with saints and priests filling all the foregrounds, is offered under the title "In His Own Image," by Frederick Baron Corvo. As an appendix, six stories first published in the *Yellow Book* are reprinted at the ood of the volume. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

An edition with numerous illustrations in colors of "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," by F. Schnyler Mathews, has been brought out. The work has been a favorite since its first publication, five years ago, and the additions to its attractive features will be appreciated. Over two hundred drawings of foliage hy the author, reproduced by wood engravings, demonstrate the learning and labor which has been given the volume. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

Not only those interested in race records, but all lovers of driving will find much of interest in "A Short History of the American Trotting and Pacio Horse," by Henry T. Coates. Good eogravings of Goldsmith Maid, Dexter, France's Alexander, Trinket, Harry Wilkes, and Saladin illustrate the book, and there are some thirty tables of pedigrees, many hints, suggestions, and opinions on training and drivio, and minor topics of interest. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, 75 cents.

An illustrated practical course of instruction and complete guide to the conventions of the game, is offered in "The Bridge Manual," by John Doe. The author, who has modestly veiled his identity with a pseudonym, is, nevertheless, well known in Eoglish society, and his book has been accepted at ooe as the most lucid of all works on the game. The first edition was exhausted on publication by the London trade, and the second is now put before Americao readers, who will not be slow to appreciate its merit. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The third volume in the Portrait Series of Short Stories is a collection of golf sketches by Van Tassel Sniphen, reprinted from various papers and magazines under the title "The Nineteenth Hole." The author is a humorist of gentle quality, yet does not depend entirely upon his wit to carry his stories. His knowledge of the royal game adds interest to the social complications which he chooses to exploit, and golfers will find incidental amusement in these "tales of the fair green" that merit approval as stories for non-players. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.15.

Professor John C. Van Dyke, whose works on art and nature have found appreciation in a wide circle of readers, offers an attractive and pleasio study of the impressive solitudes of Colorado and California in his latest volume, "The Desert." The cliffs and cañons of the Colorado River, the sands and silence of the desolate plains, the animals and birds of the wilderness, the plants and flowers, the air, the sky, the colors and scents of all the region traversed—these are his topics, and his thoughts and records are those of the true nature-lover. Published by Charles Scribner's Soos, New York; price, \$1.25.

Alfred J. Church has earned the gratitude of many readers who can not know the original verse, hy presenting in Eoglish prose some fifty of the striking episodes in the "Iliad," "Odyssey," and "Æneid." Even if much of the freshness, simplicity, vigor, and

splendor of style of the two great poets is necessarily sacrificed io this presentation, there is more than a suggestion of their emioent qualities and the glory of their themes in the abridged translation. "Stories from Homer," the first volume, contains fifteen selections from "The Iliad" and twelve from "The Odyssey." The second volume, "Stories from Virgil," gives twenty-six adventures from "The Æneid." Both books are illustrated from photographs of paiotings. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 60 cents each.

Five topics of special interest to public-spirited citizens are discussed with ability and knowledge in "American Diplomatic Questions," hy John B. Henderson, Jr. First in the list is "The Fur Seals and the Bering Sea Award," and the sixty pages devoted to the disturbing problems connected with this subject are packed with pertinent quotations from official documents and lucid statements of the conditions. "The Ioteroceanic Canal Problem," "The United States and Samoa," "The Mooreo Doctrine," and "The Northeast Coast Fisheries" are taken up in turn and considered in their various aspects. There is much of our ootioal history io this volume, and, in addition, the opinions, well expressed, of a legislator who has had nrexcelled opportunities for securio deoite information. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.50.

An Interview with Bret Harte.

Bret Harte, who objects to being interviewed in England, broke his rule the other day and allowed a correspondent of London *M. A. P.* to have a few moments' conversation with him. He is described as a medium-sized, broad-shouldered figure of a man, with gray mustache, and voluminous gray hair framing a healthy red-brown complexion. "I was interviewed once in America, and the result nearly ruined my health as well as my reputation. But in England I feel safer. If I did my writio drunk or wrote standing on my head, that would no doubt interest an interviewer. But I have no peculiarity of the kind," Mr. Harte said in English which had no trace of an Americao accent. "I write because I like it—that's about all I can say. You see, my father was a professor of Greek, so that my atmosphere was more or less literary right from the beginning. I had from my earliest boyhood a love of reading which, as I grew older, led to a love of study of various subjects. This presently developed into a fondness for writing. And I wrote, as everybody with literary instincts writes, because he is impelled to do so.

"My first success was with 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.' Never was such a sensation. I couldn't get it published in America, oot even in California; it was thought to be too realistic by the intellectual Puritans. So (as I was never worried, as so many poor authors are, by want of means) I published it on my own account. The success was unprecedented. I had forced my way 'against all prejudice,' and a look of pride illumined Bret Harte's sensitive features. "And now that I am getting old, I feel that I am doing my best work. I have more skill and confidence than when I was in callow youth; I have now a command over my instrument which I had oot then. To say that a man's best work is dooe in youth is the greatest mistake. Does it oot seem obvious that the more you practice a trade, the more yoo must know about it?"

Richard Harding Davis's latest story, "The Derelict," which was published in August *Scribner's Magazine*, has excited a good deal of comment, owing to the general belief that the character of Channio, the brilliant, drunken, o'er-do-well oewspaper man, is drawn io part at least from Stephen Crane. The *Bookman* says: "There can be no doubt that in drawing the character of 'The Derelict' Mr. Davis had Stephen Crane in mind. Channing, drawn from life, could not possibly be any one else, and Mr. Davis, in a perfectly legitimate way, made use of a thousand little details of a peculiar career and a striking personality. Yet, if he so wished, Mr. Davis would be quite justified in denying flatly that Charles Channing was Stephen Crane, and it is almost superfluous to say that the story of the great 'beat' on the destruction of the Spanish fleet, and Keating's consequent prosperity, is all pure fiction."

The following rules, which Sir Walter Besant drew up for his own guidance, have just been given to the public:

1. Practice writing some original thing every day.
2. Cultivate the habit of observation.
3. Work regularly at certain hours.
4. Read no rubbish.
5. Aim at the formation of style.
6. Endeavor to be dramatic.
7. A great element of dramatic skill is selection.
8. Avoid the sin of writing about a character.
9. Never attempt to describe any kind of life except that with which you are familiar.
10. Learn as much as you can about men and women.
11. For the sake of forming a good natural style, and acquiring command of language, write poetry.

# JUST OUT!

Full of the brightest stories and poems by the brightest writers—a veritable "Horn of Plenty"—is the OCTOBER NUMBER, published to-day, of

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A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

The enormous popularity of the September number, of which it was necessary to print three editions in order to supply the sensational demand, invests the October number with special interest. The success of this magazine is to-day a topic of discussion throughout the reading world. Not only in this country, but in England, on the Continent, and in Australia, *The Smart Set* has attained a prestige unprecedented in the history of Americao magazines. There must be a reason for this, and it is not far to find—its 160 pages are filled with the contributions of the smartest and cleverest of the world's writers, selected with a view to entertainment, and entertainment only.

Some features of the October number may be cited as an illustration of the magazine's interesting character:

A novelette of London society,

## THE CAREER OF MRS. OSBORNE

By S. CARLETON and HELEN MILECETE.

THE HOUSEHOLD GODS.....By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE  
THE SPLENDOR OF DEAD DAYS.....By MARVIN DANA  
THE BLACK SWAN.....By JULIEN GORDON (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger)  
A BOUQUET OF ILLUSIONS.....By EDGAR SALTUS  
COMEDY OF THE RUINED GENTLEMAN.....By CLINTON ROSS  
SONNETS TO A LOVER.....By MYRTLE REED

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It is profoundly significant of the vitality, rapid growth, and wide popularity of the new, and essentially modern drama, that the old heroic or romantic rôles are all but abandoned by the lights of the stage. Actors who still feel a lingering interest in presenting characters of that type are generally players of the old school, whose style and methods largely unfit them for success in the drama of the day. Such men, however, as Frederick Warde, Louis James, and Robert Downing may always count on a following, for they appeal to the boundless interest and curiosity felt among the ever-renewing ranks of youth for the great dramas and characters whose fame was evolved before our time.

Mr. Joseph Haworth is another member of the little band who still revere and cling to the traditions of other days, and, as Mme. Modjeska's leading man, he demonstrated to a marked degree his ability to sustain, with dignity and ability, characters that the memory has associated only with men of genius. Judging from his repertoire, his tastes still lie pronouncedly in that direction, although I remember seeing him present in "Magda" the character of the indomitable old father with a subordination of individuality and a carefulness of detail that, as compared with his conception of Macbeth, for instance, showed him to be possessed of considerable versatility.

This week he presents "Richelieu"—an ambitious undertaking, for, although abounding with obvious theatricalism, the character demands many lofty qualities for its ideal expression. An ideal Richelieu should possess the personal majesty of the ruler, the intellect of the scholar, the distinction of the noble, the grace of the courtier, the fascination of the leader, the tenderness of the father, the austere authority of the priest. And with the expression of these qualities, that so inevitably demand great illuminating powers in the actor, there should be cast a number of little side-lights, by which we may discover the great cardinal to be wise, crafty, dissimulating, grimly humorous, playfully romantic, and, while weak with age, still full of valor and throbbing with an inexhaustible passion for power and preeminence. This is a pretty large commission to fill, and at present there is no one on the American stage who can fill it. Each one who essays the part must, according to his lights, express whatever qualities of that dominating and dauntless soul his own temperament and style are best able to portray.

Mr. Haworth rather failed to convey an idea of the intellectual grandeur, mingled with the compelling majesty and authority of manner, which enabled Richelieu to mold the creatures around him to his will. Haworth's cardinal was depicted with energy, sincerity, a due share of tenderness, some slight deficiency of humor, and a generally good air of dignity and command. On the whole, he was more a character of prose than of poetry, for he lacked in the romantic qualities which touch the imagination and impel us to enshrine the characterization in a little niche of memory. Mr. Haworth's voice is ample, but not musical, and his delivery is at times indistinct. He failed to sustain an air of physical feebleness in both voice and movement, and this lack detracted from the dignity of the conception. But, on the other hand, he made his cardinal a very human old man, who claimed and kept the sympathy and interest, and he never failed to strengthen the dramatic effectiveness of each scene. In the course scene, too, he showed commendable judgment in holding back reserves of strength that he might rise to each higher climax.

The remainder of the cast consisted of players of rather negative merit, yet they put sufficient strength and earnestness in their acting to win sympathy and faith from those in the audience to whom the play is a novelty. That is the point of view to which it is hard to attain. How enviable a state, never to have seen the play of "Richelieu" before! Perhaps, under such circumstances, one could discover some reality in Julie de Mortemar and De Baradas. The audience were so deeply interested that they actually succeeded by energetic hisses in hushing the millinery outburst which generally precedes the most interesting moments of the last act. I really heard a man behind me request his wife, in the tarest of tones, to take her hat off. I had the curiosity, while the man was loudly hissing down some rustlings and movements that disturbed him, to turn around for the purpose of discovering whether she had obeyed the marital injunction. She had not.

Miss Florence Roberts is billed as the leading attraction at the Alcazar; but in putting on "The

Taming of the Shrew," the greater prominence of the rôle of Petruchio becomes patent. Many famous actors have anticked through the madcap humors of the young wag of Verona, and probably numbers of people here remember to have seen Edwin Booth in the part. A number of judicious cuts are made, however, that result in placing the two title-rôles more on a level of equal importance, and make the comedy go with the rush of a modern farce.

It was odd in a Shakespeare comedy to hear such a steady gush of laughter from the house, but the infrequency with which "The Taming of the Shrew" is played, preserves for it in the eyes of new generations the charm of novelty. Shakespearean revivals always attract to the theatre numbers of young people, still at the boy-and-girl stage, who have come to make their first acquaintance with the play produced. No doubt, in the judgment of these youngsters, the play was presented in quite the proper spirit, and one need not cavil particularly at the rapid gallop with which the actors dashed through their lines. It was impossible to realize that we were listening to poetry, but nobody cared particularly. Miss Roberts and Mr. Whittlesey, however, having each had a good deal of experience in Shakespearean rôles, showed a perception of the presence of rhythm, and, in the superiority of their delivery, occasionally reminded us of the fact.

Miss Roberts did not entirely succeed in investing Katherine with the charm which even a termagant may have if she is young and pretty, and which incited the rollicking Petruchio to attempt her mastery. I thought, too, that the outcries of rage with which she rebuffed the playful importunities of her suitor were too similar to porcine vocalism to be quite pardonable on the lips of a pretty woman.

Neither Mr. Whittlesey nor Miss Roberts were lacking in vivacity or physical animation, but the finer mental exuberance of nature possessed by the spirited pair, and which can be felt rather than described, escaped them both. Mr. Whittlesey has furthermore acquired an objectionable habit of being too conscious of his audience, and in his stage conversation looks at the house far more frequently than he does at his interlocutor.

William Archer has expressed amazement—albeit well-tempered and disciplined by long observation—at the "sheer hideousness" of the music-hall *mdlange* served up to London patrons of that form of entertainment. Evidently a taste for the coarse and the brutal stage entertainment exists among the lower orders of the English capital that, happily, does not attain to equal dimensions on transatlantic shores. The harshest term one can apply to the usual matter offered for our diversion in the American vaudeville houses is that of sheer idiocy. But it is harmless, good-natured, and often amusing idiocy. It inspires a sentiment of resignation, frequently of mild surprise, occasionally even of gentle toleration, in the bosom of the professional observer of theatrical entertainment, and rarely, if ever, shocks or revolts even the most disapproving auditor.

Indeed, they occasionally catch a genuine humorist at the Orpheum, and by the superiority of the real article, demonstrate how weak and watery is the fibre of his frequent imitator. But such a catch is rare, and there are none on the programme of this week. Mr. George Leslie seems to have possibilities; but although the little play in which he appears is billed as "The Herald Prize Play," its humor is of the ordinary, machine-made quality peculiar to the one-act vaudeville play. Ernest Hog'n, the colored humorist, is successful in rousing laughter, but his methods are as primitive as the taste that approves them. He shoots out his jaw, makes pin-wheels of his sparkling white teeth, and emits delighted bursts of childlike, chuckling laughter, half-genuine, half-assumed, when the house applauds.

It is amazing, too, how long the popular taste continues to approve songs about coons, chickens, and water-millions. One would have thought these mighty subjects long since exhausted; but no—men, women, and children, ranging in age from five to fifty, continue to jerk across the stage, wrapped in the transports of the crooning spasm that is commonly known as a cake-walk. The dances of the Marsh and Sartella couple and Stella Lee come nearer to Terpsichorean art. Indeed, the latter, a young lady with a squeezed voice and petticoats like tissue-paper frills, is a dancer by instinct, with her untiring elasticity and the perfect accuracy and time with which her small, active legs describe arcs through the air.

Miss Dorothy Morton—small, dark-eyed, plump, Spanish-looking, and prettily gowned—sang something first in a full, opera-bouffe voice, to show that she knew how to sing, and then deliberately made her tones harsh while she croaked and *staccatoed* her way through the weary old stereotyped cake-walk.

Then the stage was hung with drops of tinsel-embroidered gauze, as a decorative background for Mr. and Mrs. Karsy's myriophone, a unique but uninteresting instrument, which looked something like a tamed devilfish, and emitted, by dint of very lively gymnastics on its designers' part, endurable but not beautiful harmonies.

There were two or three little plays, generally delivered in that characteristic Orpheum English, which consists of the original tongue of the speaker with its natural idiosyncrasies, struggling boldly through a thin theatrical varnish to the light of day.

The best musical feature of the programme was the singing of Libby and Trayers, each of whom has a sizable voice of agreeable quality. The biograph, always entertaining, save for two or three presumably comical pictures, made a good close to a performance that was otherwise rather below par.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Two Lovelace Lyrics.

In the new play built up by Laurence Irving around the figure of Richard Lovelace, the cavalier and poet of the seventeenth century, which is being presented at the Garden Theatre, New York, by E. H. Sothern, use is made not only of his adventures but of his works. We reprint two of the lyrics which have given him immortality, and which have been embodied in the fabric of the drama:

#### TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore;  
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,  
Loved I not Honor more.

#### TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When Love with unconfin'd wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fetter'd to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts go free—  
Fishes that tinkle in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

When, linnetlike confin'd, I,  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my King;  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage;  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

Fritz Williams, the popular light comedian, who has been seen in San Francisco on many occasions with the New York Lyceum Theatre Company and in several Frohman farces, has just scored the hit of Weber & Fields' new burlesque, "Hoity-Toity," with a song-and-dance specialty called the "The Pullman Porters' Ball." Acton Davis says: "Of course, Mr. Williams can't sing a little bit; but that doesn't matter—he dances deliciously, and he brings a distinction and freshness to his work which are irresistible. Ably seconded in his dance by Bonnie McGinn and Mayme Gehrue, he carried the crowd by storm. He fills the one vacant niche in the remarkable company of Weber & Fields, and it is not paying Mr. Williams too high a compliment to say that his work suggests the late Fred Leslie strongly. Mr. Williams' baby apprenticeship as Sir Joseph Porter in a juvenile 'Pinafore' company has stood him in good stead now that he has returned to musical work. Only, French farces will know him no more."

Camille Saint-Saëns' new opera, "Les Barbares," for which Victorien Sardou has arranged the text, is preceded by a long overture, and contains an elaborate ballet, in which the ancient music of the Romans is combined with an old Provence measure called to-day the "Farandole." The last act will show a Roman sacrifice, and the stage is to be crowded with beasts and chariots. It is probable that Albert Saléza will create the leading rôle when the work is sung at the Paris Opéra next winter.

The Sedan chair still exists in Orleans, a bustling town not far from Paris. In this pretty city, says a Paris newspaper, especially on Sundays at the hour of mass, the classic Sedan chair, as it was known to the gallants of the eighteenth century, is borne through the streets by robust carriers, its occupants being aged people and invalids, to whom the jolting of a carriage is intensely disagreeable.

London has declared war upon music as a dining-room feature of hotels and restaurants. It is asserted that it is destructive of that important accompaniment of a pleasant dinner—easy talking.

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Week of September 23d. To-Night, "Fanny." Sunday Night, "Carmen." Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, Verdi's Great Biblical Opera.

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(Nehuchadnezzar). First Production in this City Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday Nights, and Saturday Matinée, "Carmen." Great Cast, with Collamarini.  
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To-Night, Sunday Night, and for a Second and Final Week, Commencing Next Monday, Thomas Q. Seabrooke in Sydney Rosenfeld's Comic Romantic Play,

— A MODERN CRUSOE —  
Every Night, Including Sundays. Matinées Saturdays, September 30th—"Florodora."

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinées To-Day and To-Morrow. Last Two Nights of "Richelieu." Week Starting Monday Evening Next, Joseph Haworth in Richard Mansfield's Favorite Play,

— DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE —  
Popular Prices—10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Good Orchestra Seats, All Matinées, 25c. Branch Ticket-Office, Emporium.

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## — SAPHO —

Special Souvenir Matinée Thursday, September 26th. Only Regular Matinée Saturday. Seats on Sale Six Days in Advance. Prices—15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Next—The New Stock Company Will Open September 30th, in "Liberty Hall."

## Orpheum

Week Commencing Sunday Matinée, September 22d. The Svengalis; Press Eldridge; the Parrós Brothers; Dorothy Morton; the Misses Delmore and Company; Mr. and Mrs. Karsy and their Giant Myriophone; Stella Lee; Marsh & Sartella; and New Pictures on the Biograph, Including One of the Late President and Mrs. McKinley and Friends on the Observatory at Mt. Tom, Easthampton, Mass.  
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Seabrooke in "A Modern Crusoe."

In a pretended telephone conversation in the first act of "A Modern Crusoe" at the Columbia Theatre on Wednesday night, Thomas Q. Seabrooke good-naturedly acknowledged his poor reception here when he asked the person supposed to be speaking at the other end: "How's the weather in 'Frisco?" and immediately repeated the terse reply: "Frost, eh? Snow and ice? Well, well!" These words were laughingly received by a meagre audience, who, though kindly disposed and willing to laugh at the slightest provocation, soon settled back in their seats, and were ready to admit that the performance was slow. Nevertheless, Mr. Seabrooke has had many things with which to contend. He has been launched in what is practically a comic-opera libretto, which, without lyrics, tuneful music, and a bevy of pretty chorus girls, is dull, disjointed, and, for the most part, devoid of humor; he has been provided with an inferior company, and he comes to us at a time when San Francisco is in mourning for the death of President McKinley.

Despite all these drawbacks, Mr. Seabrooke is a droll comedian, and it must be said to his credit that he gets every possible iota of fun out of the deadly commonplace lines provided by Sydney Rosenfeld. It takes no great stretch of the imagination to understand his vogue at the New York Casino, where he has been very popular for several seasons, for he has a magnetic personality and a resonant baritone voice which he displays to fair advantage in a catchy topical song, "When Mr. Shakespeare Comes to Town." This was practically the only thing in "A Modern Crusoe" which was enthusiastically applauded, and one could not help marveling why Mr. Seabrooke does not introduce a few songs in each act to relieve the dreary wastes of inane dialogue with which Mr. Rosenfeld is so lavish.

But all the singing would, doubtless, fall on the comedian's shoulders, for none of the other members of his company seem especially qualified. It is true that Isabelle Evesson, in a decidedly unconvincing simulation of high spirits, gives vent to her feelings by warbling the chorus of that much-abused ag-time ditty, "My Tiger Lily"; but one is glad it is only the chorus, for it is rendered in a voice and manner which would easily land her in the third row of the Tivoli chorus. Miss Evesson, however, is still a handsome woman, and is far more acceptable in "A Modern Crusoe" than when she was last seen here in the disrobing act of that risky trench play, "The Turtle." In the third act of Rosenfeld's comedy, where Drexel Ward, the multi-millionaire, and his friends, who have been wrecked on a coral reef in the Pacific Ocean, are living by the sweat of their brows, Miss Evesson wears a very unique costume. Perched on her head is a snowy-white sea-gull, whose wings flap coquettishly as she moves about, while her buckskin dress is ingeniously decorated with red flowers, green leaves, and a huge, bite crane. The whole get-up is very fetching, and would surely capture a prize at a masquerade all.

None of the other members of the cast does anything worthy of especial praise, but this is not entirely their fault, for most of the rôles are mere joads. Let us hope that the next time Mr. Seabrooke visits us he will have a comedy better worth his time and efforts, and a company which can at least boast of a few clever people.

"Florodora," the great New York Casino success, with William T. Carleton, Frances Graham, Lauraillard, Philip W. Ryley, and Grace Dudley in the cast, will be presented on Monday evening, September 30th.

Verdi's "Nabucco" at the Tivoli.

"Nabucco," Verdi's first great success, is to be given its initial performance in this city on Monday night at the Tivoli Opera House. The plot is taken from the biblical record of the Babylonian King Nebuchadnezzar, his conquering of the Jewish king, his assumption of godship, and the plot against his power by his alleged daughter, Abegilella. Director Steindorff has taken every care to give the *ensemble*, with which the score abounds, a first-class rendition, and the stage-settings, by Mr. McCreer, will be quite elaborate. Salassa will appear as the king, an intensely dramatic part; Barbareschi will be the slave, a rôle similar to that of Norma, in which she was recently at advantage; Dado will be the Zaccaria; Mettini, the Fenena; Napoleoni, the Priest of Al; Cortesi, the Ismaele; and Sannie Krüger, Anna.

"Nabucco" will be repeated on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights. On the alternate evenings, and at the Saturday matinee, Bizet's "Carmen," with Collamarini and Russo in the leading roles, will be the bill.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at the Grand.

For the fourth week of Joseph Haworth's successful engagement at the Grand Opera House, beginning Monday evening, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will be the attraction. This powerful drama, made on Robert Louis Stevenson's weird story, in four acts, with the scenes laid in England. It is one of Richard Mansfield's favorite plays, and has been produced in this city at the Baldwin Theatre

some five or six years ago. The dual rôle of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is a most exacting one, but Mr. Haworth has proved his versatility during the past few weeks by his widely different impersonations of Elliott Gray, Vincinics, and Richelieu, and an interesting revival is assured.

The main interest of the story, it will be remembered, centres about Dr. Jekyll, a student, scholar, dreamer, and humanitarian. He has a fondness for the occult sciences, and, in his experiments, discovers a potion which enables him to separate the good from the bad element housed in his own body. It permits him to transform himself into Mr. Hyde, a monster of depravity, and thus gratify all the vile passions and cruel impulses without fear of detection. By its use he is also enabled to restore himself to his proper person. Little by little he yields to the influence of the powerful drug, as one may yield to liquor or an opiate, until, at last, the power of the drug is exhausted, and Jekyll can not supply the peculiar property which the original potion possessed. When he is finally transformed against his will into the brutal Hyde, he sees no escape, and ends a suicide.

The Mysterious Svengalis at the Orpheum.

If the much discussed Svengalis—two gentlemen and one lady—are able to perform half the remarkable feats of telepathy with which they are said to have mystified the patrons of Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Garden in New York during the past ten weeks, they will score a great hit at the Orpheum next week and become the talk of the town. Their *pièce de résistance* is thus described. One gentleman stands on the stage with his back to the audience, while the lady seats herself at a piano with her back also to the audience. The second gentleman goes among the spectators and requests any one to whisper the name of some celebrity. Instantly the performer on the stage begins his make-up, and in a moment faces the audience as the character named, his representations being marvelously accurate and true to nature. The title of any popular song or piece of music may also be whispered to the man in the audience, and immediately the lady on the stage will perform the desired composition on the piano. Press Eldridge, the droll monologist, and the Parros Brothers, clever acrobats, complete the list of new-comers.

Those retained from this week's bill are Dorothy Morton, who will sing a new budget of songs; the Misses Delmore and Walter Caryll, in "The Bridegroom's Reverie"; Mr. and Mrs. Karsy, whose playing on the "giant myriophone" is a pleasant novelty; Marsh and Sartella, in a singing and dancing act; Stella Lee, the *chic* comedienne; and new pictures on the biograph, one of which will show the late President and Mrs. McKinley and friends on the observatory at Mt. Tom, Easthampton, Mass.

Farewell Week of Florence Roberts.

Florence Roberts will devote the last week of her engagement at the Alcazar Theatre to an interesting revival of "Sapho," in which she has scored one of her greatest successes. Her version of Alphonse Daudet's much-discussed romance gives her an excellent opportunity for some powerful emotional acting, and, although revived repeatedly, still possesses the power to draw crowded houses. White Whittlesey will again be the Jean, and the remainder of the cast will be practically the same as when "Sapho" was last produced here. A notable feature of the revival will be the gorgeous new ball-room scene which Edward Williams, the artist, has provided for the first act, where the fascinating coquette first meets her peasant lover.

On Monday evening, September 30th, the new stock company, headed by Alberta Converse, Carrie Lamont, M. L. Alsop, and George Tracey, will open its season in R. C. Carton's "Liberty Hall."

The gavel which Admiral Dewey is using as president of the Schley court of inquiry was made from a piece of teak taken from the *Reina Mercedes*. Commander G. W. Baird, of the navy, presented the memento to Dewey a day or two before the court met at the Washington Navy Yard, and Admiral Dewey acknowledged it in a little note, in which he said he would make use of it during the inquiry and "afterward keep it among my already large collection of souvenirs."

Sir Henry Irving has been appointed by the Royal Institution of Great Britain as its representative at Winchester in connection with the national commemoration of King Alfred. He will give a reading from Teunyson's "Becket."

Do not fail to make a trip up Mt. Tamalpais before the rainy weather sets in. The beautiful scenery and the incomparable view from the summit and veranda of the Tavern of Tamalpais make it a delightful objective point.

M. Maeterlinck has nearly finished a new play, the action of which takes place in an Italian city in the fifteenth century.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

A Workman on the Argonaut.

FULTON, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL.

August 29, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Allow me a word in praise of the *Argonaut's* just and logical comments on the American laborer (skilled and unskilled) and his present unreasonable and uncomfortable position. Your remarks of a few weeks ago about the reenactment of the Geary Chinese Exclusion Bill (or something equally protective against a debasing Asiatic immigration) were the "proper thing" from end to end; and I regret that the *Argonaut* is not more generally read by a class for whom it shows so much sincere friendship, and to whom its counsel would be vastly beneficial.

For a number of years I was a "constant reader" of the *Argonaut*, but fortune's wheel not running in my favor, for several years past I have not at all times had access to it. However, things are "coming my way" now, and I am enabled to purchase a copy pretty regularly as the weeks go by. I am well pleased with its sustained editorial excellence and unaltered typographical superiority. It does not waver in its literary superiority, logical clearness, and dignified honesty. Put me down as a warm admirer of the *Argonaut*, and an interested reader when I can get it. Respectfully yours,

A WOODCHOPPER.

BIG INSURANCE TRANSFER EFFECTED.

Regular Policy-Holders in the Pacific Mutual Greatly Benefited by the Change.

The largest transaction that has ever occurred in local insurance circles has just been consummated, by which the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of California transfers its industrial (weekly payment) business to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York. The magnitude of the transaction can scarcely be realized by those not familiar with this branch of insurance.

Its industrial business, in which it has been engaged for the past six years, has always been profitable, but with the advent of the Metropolitan, the largest industrial company in the United States, competition would have been very keen, and the management of the Pacific Mutual, knowing its industrial policy-holders would be fully protected in the policies of the Metropolitan, thought it wise to realize a handsome amount by transferring its business and devoting its entire attention to its life and accident departments.

The Pacific Mutual has been engaged in business over thirty years, has paid over twelve millions of dollars to its policy-holders, and is now doing a larger business than ever before. With the money realized from this transfer it has been advanced to the foremost rank of life insurance companies in the United States. Its percentage of surplus to the policy-holders now is larger than that of any other company doing business here.

The holders of regular policies in the Pacific Mutual have been greatly benefited by this transaction, and the industrial policy-holders, by being transferred to the Metropolitan, noted for its liberal dealing, will undoubtedly be well cared for.

Within sixty days all regular passenger trains on the Southern Pacific railway line will be vestibuled, and fifty new chair-cars will be put into service. Among the new improvements now under way is the adding of 103 engines, 102 passenger-cars, and 4,850 freight-cars to the rolling stock of the road. The Pullman Company is building 1,000 of the box-cars; the Barney & Smith Company is constructing 1,000 flat-cars; five hundred flat-cars are being built at Sacramento, and 1,000 at Houston, Tex., and Algiers, La., in the company's shops; 250 furniture-cars are being built by the American Car and Foundry Company; the Barney & Smith Company has under way 500 stock-cars; and the American Car and Foundry Company is building 500 oil-tank cars, with a capacity of 6,500 gallons each. Twenty-five thousand tons of eighty-pound steel rails have been purchased for use on the Central Pacific, Coast Division, Tucson Division, and lines in Texas, including 175 miles of new road. The company has 116 locomotives in Southern California now burning oil, and the number is being increased rapidly by additions elsewhere. The ferry-steamers *Piedmont* is to burn oil, and the suburban trains to Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley are to use oil exclusively. On passenger-trains it bids fair entirely to supplant coal.

Bitterly cold weather prevailed throughout England two weeks ago. Snow fell August 27th at Birmingham and violent storms of wind and rain were reported from all quarters. In London overcoats were the rule, and people wished they were in New York or Egypt. This bitter cold, coming directly upon a season of almost unprecedented drought and tropical heat, had a serious effect upon crops not harvested.

Sada Yacco, the Japanese actress, who was regarded here as an oddity merely, says she will play "Portia" in English, being encouraged thereto by London's acceptance of her as a veritable artist.

Some plays for which Robert Buchanan could not find a market are now offered in England by his heirs to managers.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 18, 1901, were as follows:

|                            |        | BONDS.          |  | Closed. |         |
|----------------------------|--------|-----------------|--|---------|---------|
|                            |        | Shares.         |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.....      | 4,000  | @ 106           |  | 106     | 106 1/4 |
| Los An. Ry 5%.....         | 4,000  | @ 118 1/2       |  | 118     | 120     |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.....     | 1,000  | @ 122           |  | 121     |         |
| N. R. of Cal. 6%.....      | 1,000  | @ 112 1/2       |  | 112     |         |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....     | 14,000 | @ 106 1/4       |  | 106     | 107     |
| Oakland Transit 6%.....    | 2,000  | @ 120           |  | ....    | 121     |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....     | 1,000  | @ 102 1/2       |  | 102 1/2 | 103     |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley       |        |                 |  |         |         |
| Ry. 5%.....                | 1,000  | @ 123           |  | 123     |         |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912..... | 17,000 | @ 122           |  | 121 1/4 |         |
| S. V. Water 6%.....        | 5,000  | @ 111 1/2       |  | 111 1/2 |         |
| S. V. Water 4%.....        | 17,000 | @ 103 1/2       |  | 103 1/2 |         |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d....      | 30,000 | @ 101 1/4       |  | 101 1/4 |         |
| STOCKS.                    |        |                 |  |         |         |
| Water.                     |        | Shares.         |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra Costa Water.....    | 100    | @ 77 1/2        |  | 76      | 78 1/2  |
| Spring Valley Water.....   | 346    | @ 87 1/4-88 1/4 |  | 87      | 88 1/4  |
| Gas and Electric.          |        |                 |  |         |         |
| Equitable Gaslight.....    | 150    | @ 3 1/2         |  | 3 1/4   | 3 1/2   |
| Pacific Gas.....           | 10     | @ 40 1/4        |  | 37      | 40 1/4  |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....  | 540    | @ 41 3/4-42 1/4 |  | 41 1/4  | 42 1/4  |
| S. F. Gaslight Co. ....    | 20     | @ 4 1/4         |  | 4 1/4   | 4 1/2   |
| Banks.                     |        |                 |  |         |         |
| Bank of Cal.....           | 5      | @ 405           |  | 405     |         |
| Street R. R.               |        |                 |  |         |         |
| Presidio.....              | 25     | @ 34 1/4        |  | 30      |         |
| Powders.                   |        |                 |  |         |         |
| Giant Con.....             | 100    | @ 73 1/4-74 1/4 |  | 73      | 74      |
| Vigorit.....               | 400    | @ 4             |  | 3 1/2   | 4 1/4   |
| Sugars.                    |        |                 |  |         |         |
| Honokaa S. Co.....         | 535    | @ 11 1/2-12 1/2 |  | 10 1/2  |         |
| Hutchinson.....            | 480    | @ 15 1/4-15 1/2 |  | 15      | 15 1/2  |
| Kilauea S. Co.....         | 75     | @ 10-10 1/2     |  | 9 1/2   | 10      |
| Makaweli S. Co.....        | 1,650  | @ 24-25         |  | 24      | 24 1/2  |
| Onomea S. Co.....          | 5      | @ 24 1/2        |  | ....    | 24      |
| Paaunah S. Co.....         | 645    | @ 11-12 1/2     |  | 10 1/2  | 11 1/2  |

The sugar stocks, on sales of 3,600 shares, broke from one-fourth to two points, the latter in Kilauea, which sold down to 10. The Makaweli Sugar Company, after this month, will pay no more dividends until February, 1902. The directors of this company have taken this course on account of the low price of raw sugar at the present time, and the scarcity of water and labor.

San Francisco Gas and Electric has been in good demand, and advanced one and one-half points on small transactions, closing at 41 1/4 bid and 42 1/4 asked, for small lots.

The powders have been traded in to a small extent—Giant selling off three-fourths of a point on sales of about 200 shares. It is said this stock has been sold to protect other holdings, on account of the general depression in the market. There were also sales of 400 shares of Vigorit at 4, the stock closing at 4 bid and 4 1/4 asked.

Oceanic Steamship Company advanced three and three-fourths points, it is said, on buying to fill short contracts on transactions of 250 shares.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Quite as impressive as anything else in the developments of the past week has been the clear light in which the countless obituary notices of the press show how President McKinley's personal charms and qualities as a man won the affection of the country. Everybody who went to the White House came away pleasantly impressed, whether he was a Republican, Democrat, Populist, or Anti-Imperialist. In fact [says the Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*], when the secretary of the Anti-Imperialistic League first visited Washington, the President came out of a Cabinet meeting to receive him—a most unusual courtesy. One of McKinley's predecessors steadily refused to see, during his term of office, an eminent doctor of divinity who several times called on public business, because he had, as a preacher, alluded to his alleged Sabbath-breaking propensities. It will be recalled how enthusiastic the Democratic South became when McKinley visited that section and allowed a Confederate badge, pinned playfully on the lapel of his coat, to remain there all day, and how he recommended that the federal government join with the Southern States in the care of the cemeteries in which were buried the Confederate dead. Wherever he has gone—North, East, West, or South—he has fallen in so acceptably with the prevailing views and aspirations of the people as to win their most marked favor. E. F. Eggers, a former army nurse, relates a little incident which occurred at the time of our war with Spain, and which reveals to some extent the very affectionate and considerate disposition of McKinley: "Disease, especially typhoid fever, was epidemic among the soldiers at Camp Alger, Va., and the barracks at Fort Myer (the most convenient and suitable buildings obtainable) were being used for hospital purposes, where more than three hundred patients were being cared for. Very unexpectedly one day President McKinley, accompanied by Adjutant-General Corbin and Major Davis, made the rounds of the hospital. From patient to patient he walked, speaking words of cheer and comfort to all, at the same time clasping the hands of all those able to extend theirs, and those too weak to do this he gently patted and addressed them with words of utmost sympathy. To the sick and discouraged soldier this visit proved electrifying, a better tonic than any physician could have prescribed. He had taken a personal interest in them and told them that they would be given a month's furlough and free transportation to and from their homes as soon as they were able to make the journey. After the President had left the hospital the patients eagerly inquired one of the other what he had said, and continued discussing the visit until required by the nurses to cease talking and remain quiet." Practically the same thing occurred in San Francisco, when the President last May visited the hospital at the Presidio, where many a suffering soldier was made happy by his sympathetic words of praise and encouragement.

It used to be "just the thing" for returning Americans to bring back several suits of clothes from London; but, according to a prominent New York tailor, this is no longer the rule. "Men were sure then," he says, "to have the latest English styles, but they really were fashioned after American models. Well-dressed men have given up the habit of buying clothes abroad, especially since the highest priced European tailors advertise American styles, and their first call when they return from the other side is usually at the tailor's shop. They have the advantage over us in fabrics, although the man who can not be suited in American goods is hard to please; but we have the European cloths in stock, and we make them up to suit our customers better than the tailors on the other side. One reason why men like American-made garments so much better than they do the foreign article, is because nearly every man has something to say about the cut of his clothes. The general idea comes from the tailor, who receives it from the makers of fashions; but our customers are independent enough nowadays to change, modify, and even disregard the set fashions. This was well demonstrated in the case of the short sack-coat which became very popular last spring and summer. All the fashion-plates showed the coat short, but not extremely so; but a few young men—college men, I think they were—went the fashion-plates a few inches better, and before the season was well started the short coat was 'fashionable,' and it will remain so all winter."

In almost every city which the Duke and Duchess of York and Cornwall have visited on their tour of the antipodes and Canada, there have been rows and heated discussions as to who should manage the various receptions, what persons were eligible to be presented to the royal couple, the proper dress to be worn at the various functions, and who should foot the bills. The civic committee, which has charge of the reception to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in Montreal, has discharged its social censor and given up the idea of making the civic reception an exclusive affair. The committee has decided that all reputable citizens, who send in their names beforehand, and conform to the regulations regarding proper dress for the occasion, shall be permitted to attend the reception. The rules as to dress will be strictly enforced. The first decision

to limit the invitations to eight hundred caused bitter protests, and the unpopularity of the committee increased when it decided to give to each of the thirty-four aldermen fifteen invitations to distribute. The pressure became so strong that the aldermen had to give way. An acrimonious discussion has also been waged in Halifax, where, it seems, Governor Jones, General Briscoe, and Admiral Bedford have been trying to run the whole thing, allowing the citizens to do nothing but decorate the streets and pay the bills. Three thousand dollars was voted by the city for a citizens' reception, and, as an attempt was being made to make it a "select affair," at which only a chosen few would be present, a motion to cancel the appropriation was made and then withdrawn on the understanding that the Hon. W. S. Fielding, Canadian minister of finance, would have the government order a change in the plans so that every person, respectfully dressed, could get a view of their future king and queen. At Moncton, a political issue has grown out of the elaborate preparations made by the Canadian Government to entertain the royal visitors. The grievance of the people is that the department of railways has been too liberal a patron of the United States industries, having spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in that country for locomotives, cars, coal, and supplies. The Intercolonial Railway has had constructed at Dayton, O., an elegantly equipped car for the use of the royal party in traveling over its lines. The critics point out that the heir-presumptive to the British crown will travel in an American-built car, drawn by an American locomotive, using American coal.

The question of dress to be worn at the various functions given in honor of the duke, provoked, curiously enough, more debate in New Zealand than anywhere else in the antipodes. A Mr. Seddon made a characteristic deliverance on the subject, which is worth putting on record. The royal visitors, he said, would receive a most cordial welcome, but, he added: "I hope for the credit of the colony there will be no toadying, but that they will receive an enthusiastic and manly welcome. Already, I believe, the question has been raised that no one will be permitted to enter their presence unless attired in evening-dress. On the West Coast the interpretation of 'evening-dress' by many of our housewives would be such that it would not permit them to enter their royal presence. Looking back at the good old days, I can speak personally, and say that I enjoyed a social evening and a dance much better in my moleskins and Crimean shirt and nigger boots than ever I have done in Windsor uniform or dress suit. Our sons in South Africa are of the hull-dog, and not of the claw-hammer breed, and it is not claw-hammer coats or dress-suit wearers who uphold the British Empire."

A correspondent of the *Cri de Paris* has ascertained certain facts in regard to President Loubet's wardrobe which are being copied with extraordinary avidity by the Parisian and provincial press. It seems that M. Loubet has five Prince Albert coats—two for summer, two for winter, and one extra for grand occasions. This last one has been worn only three times—at the opening of the exposition of 1900, at the reception of the King of Sweden, and at the garden-party in honor of the Shah of Persia. This "gala" coat differs from the others in that it has heavy silk lining and lapels. M. Loubet invariably wears a plain, black-satin tie—not tied by hand, but sewn together and attached with a clasp. M. Loubet used formerly to wear false cuffs, but one day, while making a sudden gesture, the right-hand cuff slipped off and rolled on the floor. This happened at the Luxembourg Palace, when M. Loubet was president of the senate. Since then, M. Loubet's shirts have been made with permanently attached wristbands. M. Loubet's trousers are very peculiar. They are black or gray in color, but their cut is of the old-fashioned pattern, with the top of the trousers coming up as high as the armpits. M. Loubet has always worn trousers of this quaint type, and is so accustomed to them that he has an inveterate dislike for evening-clothes, which, with low-cut, open waistcoat, render the armpit trousers impossible. The president's wardrobe is, however, provided with several pairs of evening-trousers suitable for low-cut, open waistcoats.

"At the Grand Hotel in Stockholm is an 'American bar' similar to those to be found in London, Paris, and Berlin," says William E. Curtis. "It is attended by a young man, who mixes what are alleged to be American drinks. An impression prevails that Americans require a mixture of liquors, and the hotel-keepers endeavor to meet their demands. Over the bar are two large silk flags, presented by Colonel Scott, of St. Louis, as an expression of gratitude and gratification upon finding a bottle of Bourbon whisky during his visit to Stockholm about a year ago. You can always get plenty of Scotch and Irish whisky, but the product of Kentucky and other American distilleries is almost unknown, and those who are accustomed to use it find the Scotch and Irish brands very poor substitutes, as Colonel Scott will testify. Upon arrival each American guest is handed a printed repertoire of the bartender, with a handsome electrolyte of the hotel upon the cover. The drinks are classified, and there is a sufficient variety to satisfy the most fastidious and comprehensive taste. Sixteen different

kinds of cocktails are offered, and thirty-two 'fancy drinks,' which the barkeeper assured me were all American specialties, commonly served in the fashionable clubs of New York, Chicago, and other cities. I am not well up in the liquor business, and may not be capable of judging, but such drinks as 'prairie oysters,' 'white plush,' 'morning glory,' 'knock-me-down,' 'pick-me-up,' 'kiss-me-quick,' 'Columbia skin,' and others in the list were entirely new to me. Among the list of thirty-one 'long drinks' for summer refreshments, and twelve 'hot drinks' for winter solace, are similar names, all said to designate those commonly used by the epicures of the United States. My curiosity being aroused, I interviewed the barkeeper, who declared that there was no mistake or misrepresentation; that each drink was exactly what it was represented to be and an undisputed American invention, in proof of which he produced a book entitled 'The Barkeeper's Companion,' published in New York, and offered to show me the formula for every one."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Confident Sir Thomas.  
Sir Thomas feels full confident  
He'll lift the good cup from us;  
Whatever else this man may be,  
He's not a doubting Thomas.  
—*Brooklyn Life*.

## Mr. Wu.

You, too,  
Oh, Wu?  
Indeed 'twould grieve us  
If you should leave us.  
Stay, Wu. We need you.  
What Chinaman  
Is there who can  
Succeed you?  
Brightest of the diplomatic gang,  
A bigger Chinaman than Chang  
Are you,  
Our Wu  
Ting-fang!  
To you,  
Oh, Wu,  
Whene'er you ope your lips  
Depew  
His colors dips.  
Counselor,  
Orator,  
Without a peer,  
Whose tawny skin  
Hides a true gentleman within,  
Stay here.  
You go?  
No, no!  
Spare us that pang.  
Let's hope it isn't true,  
Oh, Wu  
Ting-fang!—*Chicago Tribune*.

## Her Reward.

I tell the cook just what to cook  
And how to cook it, though  
I feel her fixed, indignant look  
As if she did not know!  
I re-arrange with loving care  
The table's furnishings,  
And lay some roses, here and there,  
Among the spoons and things.  
My prettiest waist I don, and dress  
My hair in dainty trim,  
Prizing my own attractiveness  
As offering joy to him—  
And then he comes! "Oh, hello, dear!  
Dead tired. Turn down that blaze.  
No letters? Any company here?  
Where is the dog?" he says.  
—*Madeline Bridges in Life*.

## In Praise of Kipling.

'E's a gittin' waxed most awful in the papers near an' far,  
'E is classed with Halfred Haustin, think o' that!  
They makes fun of 'is hopinions on the way to fight the war,  
An' they say that 'es a talking through 'is 'at;  
But as long as T. Mulvaney tells o' fightin' Pay-thens, where  
The fightin' was the kind to read about in 'is mossy jungle lair,  
Little Rudyard's reputation won't give bout.  
Then 'ere's to you, Mr. Kiplin, you're a 'as-been, it may be;  
But the things you've done already's plenty good enough for me.—*Ex*.

## Beware of Imitations.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chaffing, Sunburn, and all affections of the skin. You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON IS THE COAL for your range.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

522 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; Vice-President, JOHN LLOYD; Second Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Rnss, N. Ohlandt, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,973,540  
Paid-up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOYELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES.....President  
WILLIAM BARCOCK.....Vice-President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. I. McCatchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,681,497.63  
July 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
ALEX. M. CLAY.....Secretary  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank  
Boston.....The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
Philadelphia.....First National Bank  
St. Louis.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Paul.....Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
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Australia, and China.....Australia, and China  
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BRANCHES—New York, H. B. PARSONS, Cashier  
SALT LAKE, J. E. DOOLY, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. LEA BARNES, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

ASSETS.  
Loans.....\$10,642,400.6  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants 2,191,727.1  
Real Estate..... 1,665,030.7  
Miscellaneous Assets..... 12,415.5  
Due from Banks and Bankers 1,104,308.1  
Cash..... 3,973,676.0  
\$19,589,558.1

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up.....\$ 500,000.0  
Surplus..... 5,750,000.0  
Undivided Profits..... 3,311,290.2  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers 1,124,165.2  
Individual..... 8,904,102.6  
\$19,589,558.1

General Banking Business in all its branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.  
411 California Street

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work, done promptly and well. Also Pe-  
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Newspapers Printed, Folded, Pasted, at  
Trimmed.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is said that the Iodians gave to the first Eastern emigrants who came into California the name of "Wo'hah," formed from "whoa-haw," the sound they heard the drivers produce when they shouted to their oxen.

When Oliver Goldsmith was one day asked, "Who is this Scotch cur at Johosoo's heels?" the author of "The Good-Natured Man" characteristically responded: "You are too severe. He is not a cur, he is only a burr. Tom Davies flung him at Johosoo to sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."

An English alderman of one of the new boroughs to the provinces, meeting a friend who occupied a similar position of dignity and usefulness in a neighboring district, said: "We have provided our mayor with a splendid chain; what are you doing for yours?" "Oh," replied his friend, "we are going to let our boulder run loose."

During General Sherman's famous "march to the sea," both North and South were completely mystified as to what point the general was striking for, and one day an old Georgia planter, who had called at his headquarters and enjoyed his good cheer, asked him boldly if he had any objection to ellow where his army was bound. "Not the least," said Sherman. Then, leaning over, he whispered in his guest's ear, but so loudly that everybody else to the tent overheard it: "We are going pretty much where we please!"

Once, two gentlemen attended a temperance meeting, and, on returning home by a dark and oar-oo laze, were thrown out of their conveyance. The incident was reported in the local paper, and the account closed with the words: "Fortunately, both oos were sober." The editor received an aogry etter from one of the gentlemen coceroored, with a request for an apology. He was equal to the occasion. "To our account of the unfortunate accident o Messrs. —," wrote the editor, "we stated that fortunately both meo were sober. It appears his statement has given great offense. We therefore eg to withdraw it."

A well-known English inspector of schools spent good quarter of an hour in impressing upon the title girls of a school near Birmingham the beauties of nature, the wonderful nature of flowers, of trees, and of running streams. At the end of his discourse he thought fit to put a few questions. "Now, who is it," he asked, "who made these wonderful things? Who is it who made each blade of grass?" "Joseph Chamberlain!" was the prompt answer of the little girl who was top. "Surely," said the inspector, after taken aback, "surely Mr. Chamberlain could not make a blade of grass?" "Oh!" said the little girl, "you must be a pro-Boer!"

At an annual dinner of the St. Nicholas Society, ambassador Joseph H. Choate was down for the toast "The Navy," while Senator Depew was to respond. "The Army," Depew began by saying: "It is all to have a specialist; that's why Choate is here to speak about the navy. We met at the wharf once, and I never saw him again till we reached Liverpool. When I asked how he felt, he said he thought he would have enjoyed the trip over if he had had any ocean air. Yes, you want to hear hoard on the navy." Choate responded: "I've read Depew hailed as the greatest after-dinner speaker. If after-dinner speaking, as I have heard described and as I believe it to be, is the art of saying nothing at all, then Dr. Depew is the most marvelous speaker in the universe."

Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, in the Massachusetts campaign of 1878, was making his first run for governor against General Ben Butler, who had captured the Democratic nomination, and Judge Josiah G. Abbott, who was the candidate of the old-line Democrats. The late Judge Thompson was making a speech for Abbott before his big Democratic audience, and, after praising the candidate as a jurist and a statesman, asked, sarcastically: "And now, who is this John L.-Long?" to ooe answering, he proceeded: "They say he is made a translation of Homer's 'Iliad'! What good is that to us? All Democrats read Homer the original." At this the person to whom the dge was telling the story laughed, but the judge continued: "Th-th-that's not the real joke at all! The real joke is that not a m-m-man in the audience much as smiled!"

The newspaper men who accompanied President Roosevelt during the campaign last fall say that whenever they heard an unusual volume of laughter in the compartment of the Vice-Presidential candidate, they knew he had got hold of a batch of wspapers containing uproariously idiotic cartoons himself. The cartoonists' accentuation of the sportions of his teeth particularly amused him, though when he was a police commissioner in New York, and in that capacity came in for a good deal of caricaturing, he was at first sometimes surprised to discover that his teeth formed so striking a

feature of his physiognomy. "I will tell you anything proper for the public to know," he would say to newspaper interviewers at that time, "if, in heaven's name, you will only leave my teeth out of the stuff you write. What have my molars got to do with the conduct of the New York police department?" And then he would smile so that his really foe, if prominent, teeth would flash out, and the newspaper men would have a lot of difficulty to restrain their chuckles.

President Porfirio Diaz galloped onational prom-icee and woo his spurs at the Battle of Puebla, where the Liberal forces made a gallant but ineffectual stand against the French who had invaded Mexico for the purpose of erecting a throne for Maximilian. Notwithstanding the fact that the Mexican forces were defeated, their defense against superior numbers was so gallant that the anniversary of the battle of the fifth of May became a national holiday in Mexico. A brusque American once asked the president: "Why do you Mexicans celebrate a defeat, when you know that the French finally took Puebla?" President Diaz, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "Perhaps we have imitated the Americans even to the extent of celebrating our defeats, for I have been told that the British defeated the Colonoists at Bunker Hill, and yet you built a monument to commemorate the event."

A pathetic incident is related apropos of the day of fasting and prayer which was appointed by all the governors of the United States at the time President Garfield was removed from Washington, D. C., to Long Branch, in the hope that the change might help him to recover from the bullet wounds inflicted by Giteau. "Crete," said the President to his brave little wife, about eleven o'clock that Thursday morning, as the ringing strokes from the belfry of the Episcopal church, almost across from the cottage, reached his ears, "what are they ringing that bell for?" "That?" said Mrs. Garfield, who had been waiting for the surprise—"that's the church where we were when you first came down. They're all going to pray for you to get well;" and, falling on her knees, she said, "and I'm going to pray, too, James, that it may be soon; for I know already that the other prayer has been heard." From where he lay Garfield could see the carriages draw up, and group after group go in. He could even hear the subdued refrain of "Jesus, lover of my soul," as it was borne by his own heavenward way. Thrilled with emotion, a tear trickled down the President's face. Then he closed his eyes and turned his face as a sweet woman's voice arose, singing from one of Sir Michael Costa's oratorios. "Turn Thou unto me, and have mercy upon me," sang the voice, "for I am desolate; I am desolate and afflicted; the troubles of my heart are enlarged. Oh, bring Thou me out of my distresses, out of my distresses, my God!" The people in the church sat almost spell-bound under the voice, for the singer was affected deeply, and made it seem to all, what it must have been to her, a prayer in music.

## A Singapore Snake-Charmer.

During the autumn of 1869, while awaiting the arrival of the steam-frigate *Colorado*, to which he had been assigned, Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans spent four months at Singapore. With four companions, he hired a bungalow which was situated on the edge of the jungle. It was the headquarters for all officers when on shore, particularly for those who had to remain ashore all night. "One morning," says Admiral Evans, in his autobiographical volume, "A Sailor's Log," published by D. Appleton & Co., "as five of us sat taking our morning fruit and coffee, the Chinese attendant broke into the room, almost paralyzed with fear, screaming, 'Cobra! cobra!' In a moment we had located a large, vicious-looking reptile in the back yard, and the happy thought came to some one to send for a snake-charmer, and test his qualities on this specimen, which had evidently just crawled out of the jungle. In five minutes, or possibly less, the charmer appeared, and proceeded to do the oatest trick I ever witnessed. He was a Mohammedan, about forty years of age, stripped to the waist, and carrying a sealskin bag, with the fur on the inside, in which he had a large collection of cobras and other snakes. He stood quietly watching the newcomer for a few moments, evidently sizing him up, and then, producing a small reed pipe, began blowing it, making a sharp, monotonous noise. At the same time an assistant, some yards behind him, beat slowly on a small tom-tom, or drum. The two advanced slowly to the middle of the small inclosure, and, when fifteen or twenty feet from their quest, seated themselves on the ground, and continued their music, or, more properly speaking, noise.

"The cobra in the meantime was much excited, and showed signs of fight. He rapidly coiled himself, raised a foot or two of his body vertically, spread his hood, and generally looked very ugly. The monotonous noise of the performers continued, and the cobra shifted his position first to the side, and then directly toward the charmers, always watching them closely with his keen, scintillating eyes. After half an hour of this play he was almost between the feet of the Mohammedan, and, as he raised himself and spread his hood, we all expected to see him strike and end the performance; but, instead, the man reached out his hand, slowly seized the

cobra by the neck, and, rising with him, held him limp in the air for a moment, and then deposited him in the bag with the other snakes. The Chio-mao had in the meantime bolted; nothing could induce him to stay longer in such a dangerous spot. The assistant took his departure, and the charmer, with his bag of snakes, stepped into our dining-room for a parting drink.

"The unfortunate thought came to one of our meo that it would be an idea to get the Mohammedan drunk, to see what he would do; so he prepared a dose for him that was very effective. He poured a good stiff drink of brandy into a beer glass, and then filled it with gin instead of water. The charmer took kindly to the drink, and in a short time rolled out of his chair on to the floor very drunk, and was soon fast asleep. The bag of snakes had not been thought of up to this time, but it also fell, and the inhabitants quickly spread over the floor. In the meantime five American officers took to the table, and, drawing their feet up carefully, remained there until the snake-charmer slept off his dose. He snored quietly while the snakes crawled over and around him, but it was a long time before he finally came to himself, secured his pets, and took them away. We did not repeat that experiment."

Admiral Evans also relates an amusing anecdote of Captain Trenchard, who, when he commanded the *Rhode Island*, had a very accomplished steward, a colored man, who had become so expert in catching flies off the captain's bald head that he was ever annoyed by them: "Admiral Lardner also had for his steward a large, heavy-headed Irishman, who watched the colored man with great envy while his master, undisturbed, enjoyed his meals. Pat's master thrashed at the flies, and swore roundly as they lighted on his close-cropped hair. The colored man went on catching flies with a quick, dexterous movement of his right hand until Pat could stand it no longer. Drawing back, he made a vicious swoop at a fly, but instead of catching it, he caught the admiral an awful blow on the back of the head. The admiral, thinking there was a mutiny, grabbed the carving-knife, and made after Patrick, who retreated to the spar-deck, and there was a hurdle race fore and aft—the officer of the deck and the orderly trying to catch the admiral, who was doing his best to put the carving-knife in the back of Pat, who finally escaped, but never bothered any more about flies on the admiral's head."

George's duplicity: "Did George write to you every day while he was traveling around?" "Yes, every day." "What regularity!" "Yes. But I discovered that every one of the letters was written here in his office before he started, and all he had to do was to drop one in the post-office wherever he chanced to be." "And how did you find that out?" "The e in his office type-writer is broken."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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are eagerly studying the problem of baby feeding. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is recommended by the leading family physicians. It is always safe and reliable. Send for "Baby's Diary," 71 Hudson St., N. Y.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
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Scotch Whisky

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FOR HEALTH AND PLEASUREROUND THE WORLD  
(Via Japan, China, India, Egypt, etc.)From San Francisco, Oct. 15th,  
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From Vancouver, Sept. 9th.

EGYPT AND PALESTINE  
(Via Athens and Constantinople)

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Illustrated descriptive programmes on application. Sailing lists of Nile steamers for ensuing season now ready.

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Fastest Twin-Screw Passenger Service.

Boston to Liverpool via Queenstown  
S. S. COMMONWEALTH, 13,000 Tons, Length 600 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, September 25th.S. S. NEW ENGLAND, 11,600 Tons, Length 575 ft.  
Sailing Wednesday, October 3rd.Portland, Me., to Liverpool  
S. S. VANCOUVER, sailing Saturday, October 5th.  
S. S. DOMINION, sailing Saturday, October 13th.For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast,  
621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.It is so easy to get an  
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Our monthly payment plan that we are almost overwhelmed with orders. We build to order, care for, and repair automobile parts and

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GREAT BARGAINS.  
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## STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) ... Tuesday, October 15  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) ... Thursday, November 7  
Doric. (Via Honolulu) ... Tuesday, December 3  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) ... Saturday, December 28

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Nippon Maru, ... Friday, September 27  
America Maru, ... Wednesday, October 23  
Hongkong Maru, ... Saturday, November 16  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
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S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and  
Sydney, Thursday, October 3, 1901, at 10 A. M.

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Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Sept.  
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company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11  
A. M., Sept. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30  
P. M., Sept. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Oct. 4.

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For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San  
Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo),  
Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San  
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Corona—Saturdays, 9 A. M. Bonita—Tuesdays, 9 A. M.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
For further information obtain company's folder.

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New York and Southampton (London, Paris),  
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St. Louis, ... September 25 | St. Louis, ... October 16  
Philadelphia, ... October 2 | Philadelphia, ... October 23  
St. Paul, ... October 9 | St. Paul, ... October 30

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New York and Antwerp. From New York every  
Wednesday, 12 noon.

\*Zeeland, ... September 25 | \*Vaderland, ... October 16  
Friesland, ... October 2 | Kensington, ... October 23  
Southark, ... October 9 | \*Zeeland, ... October 30

\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.  
International Navigation Company, CHAS. D.  
TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery  
Street.



## NOTES AND GOSSIP.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Dodge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Dodge, of Alameda, and Mr. George A. Innes. The date of the wedding has not been set.

The wedding of Miss Edith Stubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, to Mr. Harrison Parker will take place on Monday, October 23d, at the First Presbyterian Church. Dr. J. E. Stubbs, an uncle of the bride, will perform the ceremony, and Miss Helen Stubbs, the bride's sister, will act as maid of honor. The bridesmaids will be Miss Gertrude Parker, Miss Irene Baker, Miss Ethel Parker, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Charlotte Field, and Miss Margaret Salisbury. Mr. Crawford, of Chicago, will be the best man.

The engagement is announced of Miss Francis Bruce, niece of Mr. A. H. Washburn, and Lieutenant Joseph Irving McMullin, U. S. A. The wedding is to take place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Thursday, October 3d, and a reception will follow at the Washburn residence, 2525 Fillmore Street. The ceremony will be performed at four o'clock, by Rev. William M. Reilly. Lieutenant McMullin is at present stationed with the Fifteenth Cavalry at Wawona, guarding the Yosemite reservation.

The wedding of Miss Ida Belle Palmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Palmer, and Mr. George S. Wheaton, son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wheaton, will take place at the home of the bride's parents, on Jackson Street, Oakland, on Tuesday, October 8th. Miss Bessie Palmer will be her sister's only attendant.

The wedding of Miss Mary Page Hathaway, daughter of the late Dr. Edmund Valentine Hathaway, and Mr. George Ravenscroft Greenleaf, son of Colonel Charles Greenleaf, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. N., took place at the residence of the bride's mother, 2427 Channing Way, Berkeley, on Tuesday, September 10th. The ceremony was performed at high noon by Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, of the First Unitarian Church, of Berkeley. Miss Sara Blanchard, of Santa Paula, was the maid of honor. Only relatives and intimate friends were present at the ceremony, but a large reception followed from one to three o'clock. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf departed for Southern California, where they will travel for a month. Colonel and Mrs. Greenleaf, accompanied by their eldest son, Dr. Harry Greenleaf, arrived from Manila a fortnight ago to attend the wedding of their son, and have since departed for Washington, D. C.

The wedding of Miss Violet Rulofson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rulofson, to Mr. Zadoc J. Riggs, of Salem, Or., took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening, September 18th. The ceremony was performed at half-after eight o'clock by the Rev. W. M. Reilly, rector of the church. The bride's sister, Miss Gladys Rulofson, was the maid of honor and Mr. William D. Carlisle acted as best man. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 2428 Pine Street, and on Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Riggs departed for the North-West on their wedding journey. They will make their home at Salem, Or.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a tea at her home on Saturday afternoon, September 14th, in honor of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, at which she entertained Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Edson Arthur Lewis, Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop, Mrs. Johnson Van Dyke Middleton, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. John B. Bahcock, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. James Malcolm Henry, Miss Voorhies, Miss Elizabeth Cole, Miss Elizabeth Young, and the Misses Parrott.

## An Unfortunate Accident.

Templeton Crocker, the only son of the late Colonel Fred Crocker, met with a severe accident in a runaway on Saturday, September 14th, and had both his legs broken above the knees. Young Crocker is thirteen years of age, but had learned to ride and drive well, and it was during one of his drives in the vicinity of the "Uplands," the beautiful country home purchased by his father, a mile or two from Burlingame, that the mishap occurred. Just what was the cause of the accident has not been learned, but it is supposed that the horse must have shied at some obstacle, and thrown the boy out of the buggy and against a telephone post. He was found lying there some time later in an unconscious condition. The fact that the horse returned to the stable gave the attendants warning of what had happened. Dr. Beverly MacMonagle was summoned from San Francisco, and Dr. Norris from

San Mateo, and both were at the bedside of the patient with all possible haste. The bones were set, and, with youth in the boy's favor, it is thought that he will, in a few months, recover the full use of his limbs. He was to have departed for the East on Monday with his grandmother, Mrs. Easton, and Miss Jennie Crocker, on a visit to his married sister, Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison. By the will of his father, Templeton Crocker was left a fortune estimated at between \$3,000,000 and \$5,000,000, which is being invested by Henry T. Scott and C. E. Green, the executors of the estate, chiefly in San Francisco realty.

## In Memory of William McKinley.

Impressive services in memory of President William McKinley were held at the Mechanics' Pavilion on Thursday afternoon, September 19th. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Melpomene," Chadwick, full orchestra, August H. Rodemann, conductor; introduction, Mayor James D. Phelan; funeral march, "Götterdämmerung," Wagner, full orchestra, Paul Steindorff, conductor; hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," Newman, chorus and orchestra, J. W. McKenzie, conductor; prayer, Rev. S. D. Hutsiniller, D. D.; chanting of the Lord's Prayer, California Quartet, Elks' Quartet, Knickerbocker Quartet; hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Adams, chorus and orchestra and audience, J. W. McKenzie, conductor; soprano solo, "Ave Maria," Gounod, Signorina Nice Barbareschi; overture, "Edgmont," Beethoven, full orchestra, Paul Steindorff, conductor; eulogy, General W. H. L. Barnes; funeral march, second movement from symphony "Eroica," Beethoven, full orchestra, August H. Rodemann, conductor; hymn, "America," Smith, chorus, orchestra, and audience, J. W. McKenzie, conductor; benediction; "Star Spangled Banner," Key, chorus, orchestra, and audience, Paul Steindorff, conductor.

For the benefit of the many who were unable to gain admittance to the pavilion, a concert by the Third Artillery Band from the Presidio was given at Golden Gate Park between half-past two and four o'clock, at which music of a sacred and patriotic nature was furnished.

## An Afternoon with the Homeless Children.

The board of managers of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children will be "at home" to their friends to-day (Saturday), September 21st, at the nursery, 1534 Mission Street, from two to six o'clock. A good musical programme will be given, and the following ladies of the board hope to provide a pleasant afternoon's entertainment for their friends: Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. E. F. Preston, Miss S. E. Cowell, Mrs. J. Bertz, Mrs. Albert Denham, Mrs. W. S. Leake, Mrs. F. V. Wright, Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Mrs. William Frank, Mrs. A. H. Martin, Mrs. J. L. Gould, Mrs. O. B. Burns, Mrs. Guy E. Manning, Mrs. James Elder, Miss C. V. Truslow, Mrs. S. B. McLeneagan, Mrs. H. E. Osborne, Mrs. William Hollis, and Mrs. W. E. Jackson.

## A Philippine Song.

A member of the Bohemian Club, who has recently returned from a three months' trip to the Philippines, says that he has heard the following song sung almost constantly since he left San Francisco. It has come to be called "The Philippine National Anthem." It is sung to the tune of "O' Lanagan the Lodger":

Now I've been having a hell of a time  
Since I came to the Philippines,  
I'd rather drive a bob-tailed car,  
Than live on pork and beans.  
They call me governor-general,  
I'm the hero of the day,  
But I have troubles of my own,  
And often have to say:

Oh, am I a boss, or  
Am I a tool,  
Am I a governor-general or a hobo,  
Now I'd like to know,  
Who's the boss of this show,  
Is it me or Emilio Aguinaldo?

Now the rebels up at old Tarlac,  
Four men to every gun,  
Some say the trouble's at an end,  
I think it's just begun.  
My men go out to have a fight,  
The rebels fade away,  
I cable home the trouble's o'er,  
But to myself I say:

Oh, am I a boss, etc., etc.

A woman in the British capital who took out a summons against her husband recently for assault, stated that she possessed twenty-eight hospital cards as souvenirs of their matrimonial disputes.

## "COCKAIGNE'S" LETTERS CRITICISED.

LYTHNAGER, LISS, HANTS, ENGLAND.

September 2, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As I had been out West for a great many years and read your excellent paper when I had the chance, and always thought what a fair paper it was, I was greatly surprised to read an account of the Henley regatta signed "Cockaigne" in a recent number of the *Argonaut*. "Cockaigne's" account is not very fair to the Leander men. Pennsylvania's crew, who were thought to be an excellent crew before they met Leander in the final, were a heavier crew than Leander, and had rowed together for months before they came to Henley. You know what that means. Take a base-ball team or a cricket team, and what are they if they do not play together? Leander, on the other hand, had rowed together for two weeks only.

They did not have "Samson muscles" or necks "like bull," with arms "like fifty-pound clubs," as "Cockaigne" states in his account. He says the Pennsylvania boys were striplings! that they ought to have rowed against Eton. The Pennsylvanians knew whom they would meet in the race for the Grand. Eton don't row in the Grand. As a rule, they always manage to beat the Oxford or Cambridge men at Henley, and Eton are boys pure and simple who go to the 'varsity after. The Leander men were not "pumped out" and like a "pulp" after the race, as "Cockaigne" stated. All the Leander men have rowed in the 'varsity race, which is four and one-half miles. You will see by my notes that "Cockaigne" is not very truthful in his remarks. Americans are not disliked here as are Englishmen in America. Our papers don't run down America like the American papers run down England. I have read your paper for eight years, so I know something about it. We are not at all sore against the Reiffs over here. Lots of Englishmen employ the Reiffs. There is no more popular rider than D. Maher. Volodyovski, who won the Derby, is an English-bred horse, trained by an English trainer, and ridden by L. Reiff. Mr. Whitney has leased it. American jockeys did a great deal of good here, because they made our men race from start to finish. Volodyovski has just been beaten for a stake of ten thousand dollars.

"Cockaigne" states things which are not quite correct. Signed, H. CAMPBELL NELSON.

London *Vanity Fair*, in commenting on "Cockaigne's" letter on the Henley International Race, says:

"The San Francisco *Argonaut* is no catchpenny, jaundiced gutter print, but a remarkably well-written and generally fair-spoken journal—yet it is from 'Cockaigne,' writing in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, that I culled these pretty things about the last contest for the Grand Challenge Cup. 'The splendid crew came over to win the Grand Challenge Cup, and fetch it home with them across the Atlantic, and at one time it looked as if they were going to do it.' That is a matter of opinion, though as Leander insisted in rowing the effete English stroke, no English experts in rowing, generous and sportsmanlike as they were toward the carefully nursed hunters from Philadelphia, felt more than an academic anxiety as to the result. The difference of physique strikes our 'Cockaigne' (who surely must be a member of the fair sex) as unsportsmanlike; for she proceeds to observe that 'it would have been far more fair and even had the Eton crew, who raced for the Ladies' Plate, been Pennsylvania's competitors.' To which the obsolete Britisher would reply that competitors who fly at high game must not expect the standard to be lowered to meet their youth or their faulty theories of oarsmanship. As a matter of arithmetic, there was a difference of seven stones between the two crews.

"After the race, this epicene scribe depicts the winning crew as 'a mass of panting, steaming human pulp,' while the Pennsylvanians were 'smiling and as fresh as paint as they turned and paddled back up the course.' If Ellis Ward, the Pennsylvania coach, ever said 'I wish it had been four miles instead of one; we would have had you there,' he stamped himself as had a coach as the style is faulty against the pulpy crews' swing and drive. The cruel, heffy men who were rude enough to heat those lovely hoys, know what a four-mile race is, but when they have to row a mile they row it. The Pennsylvanians lads should take a wrinkle not only from the English style, but from the English spirit. The panting, steaming human pulp; rowing in the effete style, at least rowed for all they were worth till they got the measure of the interesting young creatures who ought to have had Eton put on—on purpose for them—and they wouldn't find that very comforting seven years out of eight. You never see a crew of English gentlemen fresh and smiling at the end of a losing race. They never grudge the other side the honest victory, but they would bitterly grudge their own smiles and freshness if they had any self-respect or love for 'varsity or club whose colors they wear."

Stephen Phillips is making rapid progress with his new play, "Ulysses," for Beerbohm Tree. He has finished the prologue and the first act. Mr. Phillips has already given proof of his capacity in "Herod" and "Francesca and Paola," and his new play will easily be the most important dramatic event of the coming London season. He is said to be engaged also upon a Joan of Arc drama for Julia Marlowe, and a play for E. S. Willard.

## Just Returned from Europe.

Annie L. Stone, 221 Post Street, is now ready to show the latest importations in Fall Millinery.

"THE ETERNAL CITY," HALL CAINE'S latest novel, for sale at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

## Pears'

Agreeable soap for the hands is one that dissolves quickly, washes quickly, rinses quickly, and leaves the skin soft and comfortable. It is Pears'.

Wholesome soap is one that attacks the dirt but not the living skin. It is Pears'.

Economical soap is one that a touch of cleanses. And this is Pears'.

Established over 100 years.

G. H. MUMM & CO  
EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importation in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O/R, Rhin and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.

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Sole Agents in the United States and Canada.

E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

## CONGRESS SPRINGS.

The gem of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An ideal summer and winter resort. Always open. No management. Table unsurpassed. Best mineral water on the coast.

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P. O. Saratoga, Cal.

## Hotel Rafae

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CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## HOTEL PLEASANTON

Cor. Sutter and Jones Sts.

The Leading Family and Tourist Hotel in San Francisco, situated in a warm and pleasant part of the city, near the Theatres, Churches, and Principal Stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the Hotel Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries and Golden Gate Park and other points of interest. All modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service a leading feature, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel. Rates for board and room, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day for one person. Special terms by the month. Guests desiring room without board will be accommodated.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

## THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco  
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee  
San Francisco, Cal.

## HOTEL GRANADA

THE NEWEST AND FINEST-EQUIPPED FAMILY HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO

N. W. Cor. Sutter and Hyde Sts., S. F., Cal.  
MRS. J. C. LEVY, Proprietor.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and family, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon in Paris, arrived in New York last week and are expected here in a few days.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling when last heard from had returned to Stuttgart.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker have closed their cottage at Newport and, accompanied by Miss Emma Rutherford, have departed for Goshen, N. Y., where they will spend the autumn months.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood, who have been visiting relatives in the British Isles for several months, arrived in New York last week, and are expected home within a fortnight.

Mrs. E. F. Preston and the Misses Edith and Norma Preston returned from the East on Tuesday, after an extended European tour, and took apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson and family expect to remain in San José until November.

Miss Celia Tobin, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Edward Tobin, arrived in New York last week from Europe. Since May she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval, in Paris.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, accompanied by her son, Mr. Frederick C. Hotelling, left for New York last Friday morning.

Mrs. Boalt and Miss Alice Tevis have been the guests of Mrs. Hugh Tevis at Monterey.

Miss Daisy Van Ness will spend a portion of the winter with Mrs. James Follis.

Dr. D. Ernest Melliss, a prominent member of the Bohemian Club, returned last week from a three months' trip to Japan and the Philippines.

Mr. M. H. de Young arrived in New York from Europe last week.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis Blanding was at Lucerne the first week in September.

Mr. Charles F. Mullins arrived in New York last week from Europe, and is expected home soon.

Mrs. Edward Barron was in New York last week.

Mr. John W. Mackay arrived in New York last week from Europe, after having spent several months on the Continent with Mrs. Mackay and the Princess Colonna.

Mrs. Avery McCarthy and Miss Helen Wagner expect to leave in a fortnight for the East, where they will spend the winter months.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and Miss Delmas were at the Palace Hotel for a short stay early in the week.

Chief Justice and Mrs. Melville W. Fuller and Bishop and Mrs. Whitaker will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua at their home at Piedmont during the Episcopal convention to be held in this city next month.

Mr. Douglas Waterman has returned from Nome. The Misses O'Connor have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Miss Susie Blanding returned from Lake Tahoe early in the week.

Mrs. Edward Stanly and Miss Garber, who returned from Napa Soda Springs last week, will spend the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy and Miss Mabelle B. Toy have returned from their Eastern trip, and have taken apartments at the Hotel Wenban for the winter.

Mr. Truxton Beale was at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gaston, of New York, who will spend the winter in San Francisco, are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Jane Sather has returned to Oakland from Los Gatos, where she spent the summer months. Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Black have taken apartments at 900 Sutter Street for the winter.

Mrs. G. L. Bradley has returned from Lake Tahoe, and is again at the Hotel Pleasanton.

General and Mrs. Oscar Long and family and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua have returned to Oakland after a short sojourn at Aetna Springs.

Mrs. M. Hyman and Miss Agnes Hyman expect to leave on an extended Eastern trip on Sunday, September 29th.

Mrs. Richard W. Davis left for Boston last week, and will be absent for three months.

Professor David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Mrs. Robert Halstead and her daughter, Mrs. Lackland, of Honolulu, are among those registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Among the week's arrivals at Congress Springs were Mr. and Mrs. J. Ghirardelli, of Oakland, Mrs. George Letcher, Mrs. F. A. Baumgarten and Mr. H. J. Edwards, of San José, Mr. H. L. Warburton, of Santa Clara, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hammer, Dr. and Mrs. H. Sichel, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Marston, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Christ, Mr. W. N. Thomas, and Mr. C. T. Green.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. H. Jackson and Mr. P. J. Maguire, of Pittsburg, Mr. Alf Bordin and Mr. F. C. Armstrong, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hughes, of Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Grovernor, Mr. and Mrs. P. St. John, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. William Finch, Miss Harrington, Miss H. Anthony, Mr. F. W. Hammond, Mr. W. J. de Bruhl, Mr. S. S. B. Schloss, Mr. George Fritch, and Mr. W. H. Draper.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Morse, of Santa Clara, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Neslin, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. W. Skeels and Mr. H. S. Kirk, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hachheimer, of Bakersfield, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Crane, of Santa Cruz, Mr. D. S. Edwards and Mr. R. A. Bray, of Piedmont, Mr. G. L. Peaslee, of Portland, Mr. S. A. Dunbar, of Toledo, Mr. R. S. Sloan, of New Orleans, Mr. E. C. Merritt, of Santa Rosa, and Mr. George H. Cowir, of Stockton.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tam-

alpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. England, of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Clark, Mrs. H. J. Stevens, and Mr. J. W. Bowen, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. David Hockstadter, Miss Corinne Hockstadter, Miss K. M. Donough, and Mr. DeWitt Lockwood, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Dunbar, of Riverside, Mrs. C. E. Ellsworth, of Stockton, Mrs. James Canning, of Philadelphia, Mr. G. L. Bishop, of Portland, Mr. Mark Sam and Mr. Sydney M. Hodgkins, of London, Mr. Ora L. Hug, Mr. R. L. White, and Mr. J. M. Hug, of Mill Valley.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and his party, including Brigadier-General Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., Mrs. Maus, and Mrs. Miles, were prevented from visiting San Francisco owing to the death of President McKinley. They had reached Portland, Or., en route to California, but started for the East on Friday, September 13th, on being notified that the President's death was expected at any moment. General Miles will make his visit of inspection to San Francisco at a later date.

Commander T. S. Phelps, U. S. N., now stationed at Mare Island, has purchased the old Flint residence, at Orange and Perry Streets, Oakland, which his family will shortly occupy.

Surgeon-General George M. Sternberg, U. S. A., who recently went to the Philippines on a tour of inspection, is at present at Nagasaki.

Judge James F. Smith, of the supreme court of the Philippines, former colonel of the First California Volunteers, arrived from Manila on Wednesday, on a three months' leave of absence. He took apartments at the California Hotel for a few days.

Captain B. P. Lamberton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lamberton have returned to Washington from Massachusetts. Their daughters are visiting the family of Judge Claybaugh, in Maryland.

Miss Helen Chaffee and Mr. Adna R. Chaffee, Jr., the daughter and son of Major-General A. R. Chaffee, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the transport *Grant* on Wednesday.

Lieutenant-Colonel O. C. Berryman, U. S. M. C., sailed for Manila on the transport *Warren* on Monday, September 16th.

Captain William G. Haan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the transport *Grant* on Wednesday, after a service of three years in the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Commander F. M. Bostwick, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Oregon* to command the *Nipic* at the Puget Sound Navy Yard.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles A. P. Hatfield, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., who sailed for Manila on the transport *Warren* on Monday, September 16th, was at the Occidental Hotel during his stay in San Francisco.

Lieutenant William Forse, U. S. A., and Mrs. Forse, Lieutenant H. G. Bishop, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bishop, and Captain J. E. McMahon, U. S. A., were at the California Hotel during the week.

Dr. John R. Clark, U. S. A., who has been attached to the general hospital at the Presidio during the last two years, has gone East to report for annulment of contract and to visit his relatives in Maine. When he returns, in about six weeks, he will practice medicine in San Francisco.

Congressman Hull, of Iowa, had some disagreeable experiences in the Far East, which, it is said, will not be forgotten by him. If we may trust the *Manila Times*, he was presented with only one ticket to the official tribunal on the occasion of the inaugural exercises of the first civil governor of the Philippines. That the other distinguished guests also received only one ticket apiece is no excuse. So Mr. Hull explained to the officer in charge when he demanded seats for his family, and received some close to but just outside of the stand of notables. "They put me down here among a lot of clerks, as if I were nobody," he said. "Do you know who I am? I am Congressman Hull, and chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs." The officer again explained that nobody had been given preference over him; but, Mr. Hull said, loud enough for all to hear: "I have made lots of officers and can unmake them. I find the army very different here to what I thought it was. This is only in line with the way I've been treated ever since I came to the Philippines."

Dr. Morton A. Aldrich, former assistant professor in economics at the Leland Stanford University, has accepted a call to Tulane University. Dr. Aldrich was born in 1874, was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1895, and received his doctor's degree at Halle.

In Sweden strawberries are grown in pots. In the fall, after they finish bearing, and before the frost comes, the pots are carried down cellar and kept in a sheltered place over winter. In the spring they are taken out and set in the garden.

Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs announces that the wedding of her daughter, Miss Lily Oelrichs, to Mr. Peter D. Martin will not take place in Newport, but in New York. The date has not been decided upon.

— LADIES' "KNOX" FALL TRIMMED HATS arrived. Eugene Korn the Hatter, 726 Market Street.

— THERE IS ONLY ONE REASON WHY YOU shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky—that's because you have signed the pledge.

Passing of Our War Heroes.

The death of General William Ludlow is the third among the prominent generals of the Spanish war, General Lawton and General Henry having passed away before him. In the navy, too, several of the important figures have already gone—Rear-Admiral Philip, the commander of the *Texas*; Captain Gridley, of the *Olympia*; Commander Wood, of the *Petrel*; and Admiral Dewey's flag-lieutenant, Thomas M. Brumby. It is an interesting fact that the Spanish war was one fought largely by officers of middle age and in the early sixties. In this respect (points out the *New York Evening Post*), it differed greatly from the Civil War, in which men commanded brigades and divisions at twenty-one and armies at thirty-five. As a result, the prominent figures that survive the Spanish war are rapidly going on the retired list, and giving up their active duties to the younger men in both services, who have profited, particularly in the army, by the phenomenal promotion of the last two years.

Thus General W. R. Shafter, General Joseph Wheeler, General Fitzhugh Lee, General J. Ford Kent, General Marcus P. Miller, and General Thomas M. Anderson have already retired, and will be followed this year by General H. C. Merriam and General Robert H. Hall, and next year by Major-General Otis, of Philippine fame, Major-General Brooke, the first governor of Cuba, and Major-General Wheaton, whose part in the Aguinaldo capture made him a major-general. Prominent among approaching navy retirements are those of Rear-Admirals Sampson and Schley, in February, 1902, and October, 1901, respectively, next to Admiral Dewey, the two most important naval figures. Admiral Dewey, with his rank, received the privilege of remaining on the active list as long as he desires.

A Musical Evening at Byron Mauzy Hall.

The opening concert of the series of musical evenings to be given at Byron Mauzy Hall this fall and winter will take place on Thursday evening, September 26th. The admission is by invitation. Mr. William Pintti, the well-known artist, will render the following programme:

Sonata in G-minor, op. 22 (four movements), (1) so rasch als moeglich, (2) andantino, (3) scherzo, sehr rasch und markirt, (4) rondo, presto, Schumann; variations (19) and fugue on a theme by Handel, op. 24, Brahms; barcarolle in G-minor, Rubinstein; "Chant d'Amour," Paderewski; gavotte in B-minor (transcribed for piano by Saint-Saëns), Bach; prelude, op. 28, No. 17, Chopin; etude, op. 10, No. 3, Chopin; nocturne in F-sharp major, Chopin; impromptu in F-sharp major, Chopin; "Love's Dream" (nocturne), Liszt; "Faust Valse" (transcription of Gounod's "Faust"), Liszt.

An incident occurred during the last voyage of the army transport *Hancock*, which will not soon be forgotten by the distinguished party of American officials then en route to Manila. It all came about through the speed of the trim transport and the accepted laws laid down in the Gregorian calendar. The *Hancock* made a record run from San Francisco and arrived at the one hundred and eightieth meridian on the night of July 3d, and, as usual, one day was lost in the crossing thereof. In this case the day lost was Independence Day, July 4th, and therefore no celebration could be held.

A party of Bedouin Arabs, with camels, horses, and donkeys, which camped for some weeks at the Zoological Gardens in Vienna, took with them, when they left for Trieste, seven Viennese brides, to whom they will be married with Arabian rites upon reaching their destination. All the women had property. Thirty others who wanted to take up a desert life were rejected because of their poverty.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has agreed to pay all the expenses of a department of anthropology at the University of California, which will be devoted especially to the study of Indians on the Pacific Coast. The cost will be about fifty thousand dollars a year.

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| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey.  | 7:55 P.     |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.   | 6:25 P.     |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.  | 7:25 P.     |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.   | 12:25 P.    |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.  | 7:25 P.     |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.   | 4:55 P.     |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.   | 7:55 P.     |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.                                    | 4:25 P.     |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.   | 4:25 P.     |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.  | 11:55 A.    |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.   | 12:25 P.    |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.                                       | 7:25 P.     |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.   | 7:55 P.     |
| 10:00 A.   | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.  | 6:55 P.     |
| 11:00 A.   | Sacramento River Steamers.   | 15:00 A.    |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.  | 7:55 P.     |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.   | 10:55 A.    |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.   | 9:25 A.     |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.  | 12:25 P.    |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore, San Jose, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.   | 12:55 A.    |
| 5:00 P.  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanger for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.  | 8:55 A.     |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.   | 12:25 P.    |
| 5:00 P.  | Yuba City.   | 12:25 P.    |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Fresno, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.                         | 7:5 A.      |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.  | 7:55 P.     |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo.   | 11:25 A.    |
| 6:00 P.  | Ogden—Ogden, Cheyenne.   | 11:25 A.    |
| 6:00 P.  | Omaha—Chicago.   | 12:25 P.    |
| 6:00 P.  | Oregon Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.   | 4:25 P.     |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Peget Sound, and East.                               | 8:55 A.     |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.   | 11:25 A.    |
| 18:05 P.   | Vallejo.   | 7:55 P.     |
| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).                                     |  |             |
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| 17:45 A.   | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.   | 18:05 P.    |
| 8:15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Palmdale, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.  | 5:50 P.     |
| 12:15 P.   | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.                     | 11:50 A.    |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.   | 18:50 A.    |
| 4:15 P.  | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.   | 4:50 A.     |
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| 6:10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.   | 6:30 A.     |
| 17:00 A.   | San José and Way Stations.   | 1:30 P.     |
| 17:00 A.   | New Almaden.   | 4:10 P.     |
| 17:30 A.   | Sunday Excursion from San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.   | 18:30 P.    |
| 9:00 A.  | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Mendota, Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.  | 7:30 P.     |
| 10:30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.   | 6:30 P.     |
| 11:30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.   | 5:30 P.     |
| 12:45 P.   | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove. | 11:45 A.    |
| 3:30 P.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations.   | 4:10 P.     |
| 14:15 P.   | San José and Principal Way Stations.   | 9:45 A.     |
| 15:00 P.   | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.   | 11:00 A.    |
| 5:30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.   | 8:36 A.     |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.  | 10:05 A.    |
| 6:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.   | 8:05 A.     |
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Was he on his knees when he proposed to you?" "No; I was!"—*Life*.

"Man wants but little here below," remarked the foodlady. "And here is the place to get it," continued the facetious boarder.—*Ex*.

All the more reason: *She*—"Let's sit out the next one." *He*—"Why, I thought you were fond of dancing?" *She*—"I am."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Sentimental: The capitalist colored when he spoke of the check that *he* "to" "frame over his desk. "A bit of sentimentality," said he; "the first billion I ever made!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Fleeing from danger: "Where are you going?" asked the house-breaker. "Up to detective headquarters," said the safe-cracker; "I have reason to believe the police are on my trail."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

A heated discussion: "At this point," said the narrator, "she broke down and wept scalding tears." "My goodness!" exclaimed the listener, "she must have been boiling over with rage."—*Chicago News*.

Disadvantages: "Doo! you love the great, beautiful ocean?" said the sentimental girl. "Yes," answered the unromantic man; "but I'd like it better if it were not so full of watermelon-rinds, lemon-peels, lurch-boxes, and things."—*Washington Star*.

Only an item: *Stranger* (looking at State building at great exposition)—"And it cost seventy-five thousand dollars to put up this insignificant structure! You astonish me." *Attendant*—"Oh, dear, no! That was merely the sum the State paid for it."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Patience: "Is your preacher sensational?" *Patrice*—"I should say so! Why, he preached a sermon last Sunday, and he took for his subject 'It's Hard to Keep a Good Man Down.'" *Patience* "Well?" *Patrice*—"Oh, it was all about Jonah and the whale."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Quick work: "You," said the angry customer to the clerk, "said that this cloth was fast color, and it faded out within two weeks after it was made up." "Well, madam, replied the clerk, "I don't think you ought to have expected it to fade any faster than that."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

"What a wonderful painter Rubens was!" remarked Mr. Jones at the art gallery. "Yes," asserted Mrs. Jones; "it is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke." "Why," spoke up little Johnnie, in disgust, "my school-master can do that!"—*Ex*.

One day a thief was brought up before the sheriff for stealing a bag of coal. When asked what he had done it for, he answered: "Oh I just for a joke." He was asked how far he had carried it. "Two miles," he replied. "That was carrying the joke too far," replied the sheriff; "sixty days."—*Tribune*.

"Hal hal!" exclaimed the Turk, with a sinister gleam of his eye; "the Sultan may insult me today, but retribution is in my own hands." "Who are you that dare talk of vengeance on the Sultan?" "One who knows whereof he speaks," was the haughty answer; "I am his dentist."—*Washington Star*.

Giggly (at the club)—"Eliminate from the average woman all her fiery—her clothes and jewels—rob her of the power to talk of the latest and lightest books, and a few other trivial subjects, and have you anything left?" *Whipton*—"Yes, sir." *Giggly*—"Then what is it?" *Whipton*—"A lot of unpaid bills."—*Life*.

What he wanted: "Yes," said the labor leader, "I can see now that we made a mistake, but I can't very well own up to it." "Why not?" asked the employer. "I would lose prestige. Don't you suppose you could make some trifling little concession that would enable me to surrender gracefully without jeopardizing my official position?"—*Chicago Post*.

An opportunity: "Supposing I give you your supper," said the tired-looking woman; "what will you do to earn it?" "Madam," said Meandering Mike, "I'll give you de opportunity of seein' a man go t'roo a whole meal wit'out fiodin' fault wit' a single t'hog." The woman thought a minute, and then told him to come in and shed 'er the table.—*Washington Star*.

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Little Ethel—"Mamma, I know why it isn't safe to count your chickens before they're hatched." *Mother*—"Why, dear?" *Little Ethel*—"Coz sum of 'em might be ducks."—*Ohio State Journal*.

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VOL. XLIX. No. 1281.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1901.

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Fortunate, indeed, it is at this critical period that the people of the United States can turn from the hier of McKinley to contemplate with well-founded hope the opening administration of his successor in office. It has been the misfortune heretofore that Vice-Presidents succeeding to the executive chair have been too anxious to carve out a personal career for themselves. On taking the oath of office, President Roosevelt announced that it would be his "aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the

peace and prosperity and honor of our beloved country." President Roosevelt recognized that McKinley had been elected by the people; that his policies were their policies; that he had the confidence of the whole country; that the tragedy at Buffalo created a natural apprehension; and that confidence could best be restored by the simple declaration which he made.

Knowing the policies of McKinley, we may predict those of Roosevelt in the light of his declaration. He will be loyal to sound finance, gaining the full confidence of business whose interests it will conserve, and the support of the poor whose savings it will safeguard. On the question of tariff liberalization his attitude has not been made clear. The problem of either reciprocity or reform of tariff duties must be taken up. Mr. McKinley had come to view the question in the light of foreign relations, and, in consequence, had prepared eleven reciprocity treaties which will probably be pressed at the coming session of Congress. Some of these reciprocity treaties will meet with opposition in California.

The new President will assuredly strive to continue and improve our amicable foreign relations, and adopt the McKinley policy of conciliation toward our new possessions, with the understanding that "our authority can not be less than our responsibility."

His previous record makes certain his adherence to the principle of the merit system in the civil service, of which he has always been a steady advocate. As an expansionist he has been in perfect accord with McKinley, and may be expected to advance the pending purchase of the Danish West Indies as rapidly as possible. He has had close relations with both the army and navy, and knows the needs of both. It is probable that he will stand for a permanent increase of the army to the limit of one hundred thousand, and certain that he will urge continued growth of the navy. It is believed that the strength of the administration will be given to the support of a bill to encourage the growth of the merchant marine by legislation and government aid. McKinley favored a neutral canal; the retention of Mr. Hay in the Cabinet gives color to the belief that negotiations will go on without a shock. The construction of a Pacific cable, connecting our mainland with Hawaii and the Philippines, was favored by McKinley and will be urged by President Roosevelt.

The new President has great opportunities and a bright outlook. He is the representative of no faction, and is unhampered by obligations or affiliations. His start is most auspicious, and he has only to do his duty to retain the hearty support of the nation.

The attempt of Governor Gage to avoid responsibility in connection with the strike at Port Costa has called forth a reply from General N. P. Chipman, president of the California State Board of Trade, that can hardly be pleasant reading to the chief executive of the State. General Chipman says to the governor that he has entirely misunderstood the purpose and contents of the memorial addressed to him; whether the misunderstanding was intentional or not he leaves an open question. He points out the fact that an examination of the memorial will disclose no suggestion whatever that the militia be called out, and therefore Governor Gage's wordy discussion of that subject is entirely uncalled for. In fact, no mode of action was suggested, but merely a request that the governor investigate the situation and determine what course of action it would be best to follow. It was an unwarranted assumption, continues General Chipman, for the governor to imagine that he was expected forthwith to call out the militia. In the same way the governor's elaborate discussion of the duties of the executive, and the limitations placed upon him by the constitution and the laws of the State, was wholly gratuitous, since nothing in the memorial called for such treatment. The board expressed absolutely no opinion as to who are responsible for the present situation. It respectfully invited the governor's attention to the condition and not to its origin. It is to be regretted,

concludes General Chipman, that the substitution of military for civil authority, wholly of the governor's own creation, took such possession of his mind that he entirely overlooked the prayer of the memorial. In the meantime, the committee appointed by the Sacramento farmers convention has presented its report on its investigation of the situation. They found the strikers at Port Costa ready and anxious to return to work; they want no reduction of hours and no increase of wages; but they are kept out of work by the orders of the San Francisco strikers. When they struck for higher wages last spring, the labor-unions of this city helped them to carry the strike to a successful issue, and now they feel bound to return the favor. As has already been stated, the committee accomplished nothing by its call on the labor leaders in this city, and recommends that the farmers go to Port Costa in sufficient force to protect those who are ready to move the crops. As General Chipman suggests, it is to be hoped that if the officers of the law can find no justification for securing the safety of men who desire to work, they will at least find no warrant for interfering to prevent those from working who desire to work and stand ready to protect themselves.

Recent reports from the seat of war in South Africa have not been such as to re-assure the British people. The Boers have made a series of sudden and unexpected attacks upon the British outposts, and have inflicted a succession of defeats indicating that the power of the Boers to assume offensive operations is by no means broken. On September 17th, a body of Boers ambushed three companies of mounted infantry with three guns. The British were overpowered, and lost their guns, but destroyed their usefulness before giving them up. Two officers and fourteen men were killed, and five officers and twenty-five men were wounded. Even more serious in its consequences is the fact that five officers and one hundred and fifty men were taken prisoners. General Kitchener announced, some time ago, that the Boers who remained in the field after September 15th were to be banished from the country. It is evident that the Boer leaders are prepared to make counter tactics to this latest British move, and to hold the prisoners as hostages to prevent the carrying out of Lord Kitchener's programme. They also evidently intend to make raids into Cape Colony and Natal, and make reprisals on the British inhabitants if the decree of forfeiture and banishment is carried out. The recent movements of the Boers prove that they have the ability to carry out this programme, and the situation of the British is therefore much more serious than was generally supposed. As to the final outcome of the struggle there is little room for doubt. The correspondence between the Boer leaders, that was made public a few weeks ago, proved that they realize they are now fighting for a lost cause. They are determined to fight to the bitter end, however, under the orders of President Kruger, who said, in reply to a proposal for surrender from General Kitchener: "Continue fighting. Alleviation will be sent when needed. Enough for the present." The war has been a heavy burden to Great Britain, but increased efforts will have to be made if it is not to be continued for an indefinite period.

The shock of the assault on the late President at Buffalo spread in widening circles until, within a few hours, it commanded the attention and anxiety of the whole earth. In centres of population abroad, particularly those of Continental Europe, the anxious waiting for news was similar to that in our own. In London, crowds stood outside newspaper offices with keen anxiety for news from Buffalo. Englishmen identified themselves with Americans in the hour of national trial. The American embassy was besieged with inquiries from the officers of empire and city. Messengers arrived from Lord Salisbury, the foreign office, the lord mayor, and a telegram from King Edward, who was at Copenhagen. The papers were full of tender references to McKinley, and, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* expressed it, "the whole Anglo-



Saxon race knelt at his bedside, clinging to hope as long as hope exists."

After McKinley's death the signs of foreign sympathy were even more evident and more numerous. London papers appeared in mourning. Telegraphic dispatches poured in, showing that the whole civilized world mourned with the United States. On the day of the funeral, services were held in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, where the lord mayor and city corporation attended in state, offering an unprecedented tribute to a foreign ruler.

There were memorial services in Brussels attended by representatives of the king and queen. Similar exercises were conducted in Peking. The day was observed as one of general mourning in Bombay and all the central cities of India, where offices, banks, and stores were closed. At Gibraltar flags were half-masted and salutes of twenty-one guns were fired by the English squadron, the German flagship, and the land batteries. The tribunes in the houses of congress in Mexico were ordered draped in mourning.

The universal display of interest and grief indicates the marvelous drawing together of the nations, and the advance of the United States in the estimation of the world since the martyrdom of Lincoln. There was then respectful solicitude and properly worded sympathy from the rulers of the earth. There was not the sudden shock nor the signs of common mourning. While the high character of Lincoln soon came to be generally acknowledged, we were just emerging from a war which many nations had regarded with doubt, and in which we were denied the sympathy of a large proportion of our own race. We were then a nation of thirty millions; isolated by position and interest. We are now a nation of eighty millions, in close touch with every foreign shore. Then we accepted humbly the crumbs of trade dropped as our share from the marts of the world. Now our commerce has expanded, and is expanding, until we feel the close touch of all nations, and the whole earth is expecting to see the United States take a leading position in the commercial world.

For a number of days there has been talk in San Francisco of another vigilance committee. Let it stop. No more vigilante talk. San Francisco has had three vigilance committees, and that is several more than she ought to have had. Any body of men leagued outside the law to discipline other men is a mob. It matters not whether made up of high or low, it is a mob. We have one vigilance committee in San Francisco now. It is designed to prevent other men from working, and to beat and maim them if they do. It is a vigilance committee. It is also a mob. If another body of men were organized to punish them outside the law, it would be another mob.

It is an open question if the civic disorder, the strikes, the riots, the mob law to which San Francisco has been subjected for so many years, are not due to the old "vigilante" sentiment. This community has always upheld the overthrow of the law by the old vigilance committees. Clergymen, school-teachers, public speakers, newspapers, school-books—all have sung the praises of the early vigilance committees. Of the present strikers, the sailors are mostly foreigners, but the teamsters are most of them Americans, and many of them born in California. Have they not had their present contempt for the law carefully instilled into them by the praises of the old vigilante times as chanted by pulpit and press? They are only doing what their fathers did in the 'fifties—taking the law into their own hands. Let good citizens put down this vigilante talk, and help the officers of the law to put down the present law-breakers.

We are glad to see that the employers at whom this strike is leveled have gone to work now on right lines. They have subscribed one hundred and eighty thousand dollars with which to equip and pay one hundred and eighty additional police officers for the remaining nine months of the fiscal year. After that it is believed that the city will assume the burden of paying them. The city ought to do so. The present carnival of crime by the strikers and their sympathizers, has convinced the law-abiding citizens that the present police force is too small to cope with the criminal element.

Physical development is not usually considered an important qualification for a teacher. The ancient idea, that the first requisite for one who aspired to train the young was the ability to thrash the largest boy in school, has become obsolete, and the ability to impart knowledge has taken its place. Nevertheless, physical soundness is an important consideration, and it has remained for the school department of Chicago, which has recently introduced a number of innovations under the impetus of the Chicago University, to give due prominence to this qualification. Muscular exertion is generally not necessary in the management of a school, but the physical condition of the teacher reacts upon the pupil to an unusual extent. In the family, the influence of the parent is strongly felt, but

there is not that continuous mental friction that exists between teacher and pupil in a school. Neurasthenia in the teacher has a decided and deleterious effect upon the pupil, and it is against this that the Chicago rule was adopted. Every applicant for a teacher's certificate must pass a medical examination similar to that required of candidates for enlistment in the army or navy. In addition to this, the capacity for endurance, the nervous condition, the accuracy and the acuteness of the senses are measured. The rule has been in operation in Chicago under the direction of Dr. Julia Holmes Smith for one year, and already its influence is being felt. At the first examination a number of applicants failed on the physical test—how many the authorities refuse to state. But the effect has been seen in the examinations this year. The candidates for examination have paid better attention to questions of diet, and have taken special exercises in physical training. The result is that they have gone through the work of preparation more successfully and are better prepared for the work of teaching. In a class of six hundred this year, it is not expected that more than twenty will fail to pass the physical examination. The rule operates more severely on women than on men; but the woman who takes up the work of teaching with her nervous system weakened is certain to break down sooner or later. The Chicago rule might well be adopted with the new teachers about to be employed in San Francisco.

The newspapers and other defenders of the striking unions volubly disclaim all connection of the strikers with the present ugly gangs of garroters and thugs. How disingenuous this claim must be is shown by an extract from the proceedings of the Union Labor Party, which is made up entirely of union workmen and is pledged to nominate none but union workmen except for legal and judicial offices. When the convention reached the nominations for these offices this is what took place:

An excited discussion followed the motion of Delegate Roxburg, of the Allied Printing Trades Council, to pass the nominations of district attorney, city and county attorney, and police judges for the time being, "as it would be inimical," he said, "to the interests of the strikers." An amendment to the motion included the coroner. A substitute was presented by Ryan, of the Brotherhood of Teamsters, placing the five nominations as the last order of business.

"We beg of you," said Ryan, "on behalf of the City Front Federation to take this action, and select these judicial officers last. It is absolutely essential to the success of the strike. If you fail to do this, our cause may be lost."

Ryan's appeal was effective, and his substitute was carried by a vociferous vote.

This can have but one meaning, namely, that the labor-unions are holding up the offices of city attorneys and police judges in order that the incumbents of those offices may free the strikers arrested for beating and maiming non-union men, and let them go unwhipped of justice. It is evident that the strikers know the character of the men they are thus attempting to bribe. They practically promise them support if they will promise to be corrupt.

It must be admitted that the police judges show marked signs of leniency toward the strikers arrested for murderous assaults. We hope the honest men in San Francisco will remember these police judges when they come up for reelection. Apparently they believe in slugging. Let every honest voter slug them at the ballot-box.

A grim touch is given to the action of this Union Labor Convention by the addition of CORONER to the held-up nominations. Judges have to deal with live men. Coroners deal with dead men.

Our new insular possessions seem to have a capacity for attracting public attention inversely proportionate to their size. Hawaii, with only the population of a third-class American city, has for the last three years cut a pretty wide swath through the crop of legal troubles raised by expansion. Since July, 1898, the island courts have been concerned with the problem whether the constitution of the United States arrived with the flag, and out of it quite a strife has grown because the courts do not agree. The supreme court of the islands, one judge dissenting, recently handed down a decision to the effect that during the period between annexation and the establishment of a Territorial government persons accused of crime could lawfully be prosecuted without the intervention of a grand jury, and could be convicted by the verdict of nine out of twelve jurors. During the interregnum, seven defendants had been so tried and convicted under the Hawaiian law. They were released on *habeas corpus* proceedings by Judge Gear in the circuit court, on the ground that the provision in the Newlands resolution that the laws of Hawaii "not contrary" to the Constitution of the United States "remained in force," meant that laws which were contrary were abrogated and annulled.

On appeal, the supreme court held that it was not the intent of Congress to repeal the laws under which these prisoners were tried. The prisoners were remanded to jail, and

*habeas corpus* proceedings brought before Judge Estee, of the United States court, on the claim that the defendants are held in custody without having had trial according to American law. It brought up directly the question of the legality of the late decision of the Territorial supreme court. Judge Estee issued a writ in one of the cases, and has now handed down a decision which supports the decision of Judge Gear. Judge Estee holds, in opposition to the supreme court of the Territory, that the constitution came with the resolution annexing the islands, and that since that time no person could be lawfully convicted of a capital or otherwise infamous crime except upon the indictment or presentment of a grand jury and the unanimous verdict of twelve jurors. He also held that the petitioner, never having had a constitutional trial, had never been in jeopardy. Upon which the prisoner has been re-arrested, and initial proceedings begun before a committing magistrate, from which it is expected they will proceed to indictment and regular trial on the American plan.

The charges against Judge Humphreys, of the circuit court, which were laid with a demand for his removal before the President, have been reported upon adversely by United States Attorney-General Knox. The charges were: Editing a partisan newspaper; activity in bitter political controversies; using his position for personal ends; harsh and vindictive treatment of the bar; and bringing his high office into disrepute. The report finds no evidence to sustain any of the charges, some of which are characterized as "utterly without justification, and reckless and intemperate," or "based so entirely on vague suspicion and unfair innuendo as to merit rebuke." It concludes by crediting the judge with great courage and unquestioned integrity, and recommending that the petition for his removal be denied.

The police department of San Francisco has acted admirably during the present strike. The state-ments that the police officers have "taken sides with the employers" are foolish lies. What they have done is to attempt to preserve order, and that it is their duty to do. But they have been balked, brow-beaten, and harassed by the police judges. These gentry, hoping to carry favor with the strikers, have been dismissing their cases with nominal bail, nominal fines, or no fines at all, for many weeks. The police department, in despair, finally hit on the expedient of arresting all the foreign ruffians who, posing as pickets, have been terrorizing the water front, and abusing and heating non-union men on their way to work. For the past week the officers have been going along the water front in plain clothes and arresting all of these over-seas scoundrels who were threatening or assaulting passers-by. They were at once taken to jail charged with being "drunk"—which was true, as most of them were full of water-front whisky—and left over night to cool their heels in the tank. Their friends, the police judges, being gentlemen of elegant leisure, do not get down town until ten o'clock—a little too late to make an early delivery of their jail-bird pets. So from nightfall until the next day thirty or forty "pickets" have spent the night in jail, where they could do no harm, and probably thirty or forty honest men have been in consequence unassailed. As it was hopeless to expect the police judges to hold any of these rascals, they were all herded out after a night's imprisonment. But a night's bloody work was thus saved.

It is almost beyond belief, but Furuseth and the other labor leaders had the effrontery to appear before the city authorities with this demand: "We ask the mayor to see that men who do not molest anybody shall be permitted to walk the streets in peace, even though they be strikers."

This Scandinavian dictator of ours wants his Scandinavian scum to be permitted with impunity to beat American citizens into a bloody pulp with slung-shots and bludgeons.

It is Lieutenant Price's squad (acting under direct orders from Chief Sullivan, Captain Dunlevy having attempted to squelch Price) that carried out this crusade on the Scandinavian gang. In one night they made one hundred and twenty-three arrests, eighty-five of whom were sailors, and nearly all the sailors were Andersons, Nielsons, Nelsons, Larsons, Hansons, Gundersons, Petersons, Gustafsons, Mattsons, Johansons, Christensons, Ericsons, and other kinds of Scandinavian "sons."

For a long time the merchants of Los Angeles have been casting longing eyes upon the trade of the San Joaquin Valley. Heretofore they have been unable to compete with the San Francisco merchants, on account of the differences in freight rates in favor of this city. The people of the southern city, however, are not the kind to sit down and wait for things to right themselves. A petition was sent to the railroad company, asking for a reduction of rates. The railroad company promptly informed them that any change in the rates

ATHLETES  
FOR  
TEACHERS.



from San Francisco and Los Angeles was out of the question. Then an attempt was made to carry the matter into the courts. Here an obstacle was met, in the person of the attorney-general, who decided against the suit being brought, and it was annulled. The Jobbers' Association of Los Angeles then appointed a committee, and a few days ago they had a lengthy consultation with the railroad officials. The result was a compromise by which Los Angeles is considerably the gainer. The point of equilibrium between San Francisco and Los Angeles is moved about fifty miles north of Bakersfield. In many lines Los Angeles will be able to compete almost with equality as far north as Visalia and Porterville. For first-class commodities, the reductions range about twelve per cent. From this point the reduction runs down to about three per cent. for fifth-class shipments.

Recently, in writing of Theodore Roosevelt as governor and police commissioner, Jacob Riis tells of a time when there were ugly labor strikes in New York State:

"Mr. Roosevelt" [says Mr. Riis] "with his usual directness, sent word to the labor leaders that he would like to talk it over with them. At his request I went with him to the meeting. It developed almost immediately that the labor men had taken a wrong measure of the man. They met him as a politician playing for points, and hinted at trouble unless their demands were met. Mr. Roosevelt broke them off short:

"Gentlemen!" he said—with that snap of the jaws that always made people listen—"remember, please, before we go further, that the worst injury any one of you can do to the cause of labor is to counsel violence. It will also be worse for himself. Understand distinctly that order will be kept. The police will keep it. Now we can proceed."

The labor leaders looked at Roosevelt. They sized him up. They saw he meant what he said. There was no violence.

Suppose Theodore Roosevelt, instead of Henry T. Gage, were governor of California. Does any one believe, when American citizens are violently attacked while peaceably pursuing their callings, that Governor Roosevelt would seek refuge in pettifoggery, as has Governor Gage? Would Roosevelt "indignantly deny a demand for the militia" which never had been made? Would Roosevelt stand by in silence while gangs of foreign "union" ruffians heat and stamped on a "non-union" American men?

We do not think he would.

If Theodore Roosevelt were governor of California today instead of Henry T. Gage, do you believe that any American citizen, living under California's laws, and with the flag of our country floating over the public buildings of the United States, would not dare to go to his honest work for fear of being thugged and slugged and sand-hagged by foreign scoundrels?

What do you think?

On the second day of next month, the national convention of the Episcopal church will convene in this city. The convention this year is of unusual interest, on account of the importance of the questions to be discussed. One of the leading questions that will come up is the change of the present name of the church. The name Protestant-Episcopal is thought by some to be confounding and misleading, when it is considered that the church is a branch of the general or catholic church. A suitable name designating the true position of the church will be discussed. Another question concerns the marriage of divorced persons. The church has heretofore recognized divorces as valid only when granted for one cause, and has consented to solemnize a second marriage of the innocent party only. It is now proposed to withdraw even this exception, and to solemnize no marriages of divorced persons. This is going counter to the popular tendency, but it is, perhaps, a wholesome policy to register this condemnation of the increasing frequency of divorce. A change in church government will also be discussed. It is proposed to divide the country up into ecclesiastical provinces, each under the direction of a presiding bishop. Some of the more advanced are in favor of following the lead of the Church of England, and creating the office of archbishop. The business of the convention will not occupy all of the time, and there will be entertainments of a lighter character. Bishop and Mrs. Nichols will give a reception to the visiting bishops, and a general reception will be held later. A sail around the bay is also one of the proposed entertainments, President Hays having placed a steamer at the disposal of the committee for the purpose.

The Union Labor party is losing no time in putting its candidates in the field. For mayor, E. E. Schmitz, of the Musicians' Union, has been nominated. For sheriff there were two candidates, Robert J. Loughrey, of the packers, porters, and warehousemen, and H. M. Burnett, of the Machinists' Union. The former was nominated. The Hackman's Union carried off the prize of county clerk by the nomination of P. H.

Coyle. For recorder, Thomas F. Eagan, of the Longshoremen's Union, was nominated. I. Less, of the Barbers' Union, was nominated for auditor, and J. J. Daughney, of the Teamsters' Union, was nominated for tax collector. William J. Kenney, of the Machinists' Union was the nominee for public administrator. Nominations for district attorney, city and county attorney, coroner, and police judges were placed at the foot of the list as a warning to the present incumbents to deal gently with the strikers who get into trouble. Governor Gage's "manly, wise, and just" action in refusing to maintain order at Port Costa was strongly commended.

The return of E. O. McCormick, passenger traffic manager of the Southern Pacific Company, has been made the occasion for an announcement of some of the plans of the company. He has been in the Eastern States for two months discussing with the officials the adoption of colonist rates during the present year. The establishment of these rates last year brought more than twenty thousand people to this State over the Southern Pacific, and the Santa Fé line also did considerable business. How many of these remained it is impossible to say, but the railway officials estimate that at least one-half became permanent residents here. The division of the rates between the Southern Pacific and the Eastern lines has been satisfactorily adjusted, and a much larger travel is looked for as soon as they are put in operation. Not only this, but a considerable increase in tourist travel is also expected. This travel has heretofore been largest during the winter months. Daily temperature reports have been telegraphed East and published in the Eastern cities. The result has been that people there begin to realize the fact that California offers a refuge from the enervating heat of summer as well as from the snow-storms of winter. The advantages of the Coast for conventions are also beginning to be realized. The Episcopal convention of next month will bring between six thousand and seven thousand visitors to this city. The Women's Clubs convention will be held in Los Angeles next May, bringing about five thousand visitors to the State. The triennial conclave of the Knights Templar will be held here in 1904. Some idea of the benefits resulting from these conventions may be gathered from the fact that when the Mystic Shriners, who will meet here next year, met in Toronto recently, the local banks did a business of one million five hundred thousand dollars in excess of their usual amount. The meeting of the Knights Templar in Louisville brought more than eight hundred thousand dollars to that city.

During the funeral services of President McKinley, on September 19th, New York City inaugurated a tribute of respect for the dead, which was followed by Chicago and other large cities. It was simply a general cessation of business during the five minutes corresponding to the time at which the President's body was consigned to its final resting-place, and a universal dedication of that short period to silent grief and meditation. So unique a tribute was never before paid to the memory of any man. In New York, all business, street-cars, steamboats, ferries, cable lines, and several railroads obeyed the suggestion, tying up for a space all industrial activity for hundreds of miles around the city, while the millions of population gathered in spirit around a vault in Canton, O., where the solemn words, "dust to dust," were being pronounced over the nation's illustrious dead. In Chicago, the methods of expressing the common grief were practically the same. Business stopped, processions halted, people stood silent with uncovered heads. A great hush fell upon the bustling city, broken only by the tolling bells, or in places where reverent thousands intoned the music of the late President's favorite hymns. Imagination alone can cope with the stupendous effect of those fleeting moments—the silence, the grief, the thought, and the awakening, when "all the short-pent stream of life dashed downward in a cataract."

Reflections have been cast upon the Secret Service since President McKinley's death, involving the question both of its efficiency and alertness. A report has been sent out that President Roosevelt is impressed with the charges and will investigate the service and reorganize it, if the result shows it to be composed of tyros, political castaways, or placeholders. Speaking after the event, it is easy to criticize the personal protectors of the President in allowing any unknown man with his right hand hidden, as was the assassin's, to approach him without question. There surely was a fatal oversight, but it is scarcely sufficient to condemn the whole Secret Service. Investigation will be proper, in order to establish confidence. If we support a Secret Service, it should be of the ablest elements at command; but we doubt the reflection of antagonism on the part of President Roosevelt which

colors the report, partly because in several instances of late he has indicated by his freedom of movement that he does not intend to employ a secret-service *entourage* for his personal protection.

The following, undated and unsigned, has reached the *Argonaut* office by mail. It is post-marked "Spokane, Wash." We print it exactly as it is written:

TO EDITOR OF ARGONAUT: Look at this with your best sense. You know the Cause of Anarchy you know it laws were administered to all alike and all taxes were equal there would be no Cause for Anarchy you look on both sides of the Questions McKinley done a suicidal act when he pardoned 45 Bank wreckers and McKenzie of Nome all Republicans not a poor man got a pardon he sought his own Destruction nothing but a Political Demagogue he never done one act only to strengthen his party what does the Public Care about his family affairs all Criminals are good to their mothers and wives. If he had of shown his love to the whole people by acts but he was a tyrant like Napoleon a two faced tyrant never had a policy but he Changed like the wind any person that Can be flattered Can be led astray and he was Nozed around by Hanna All of our Judges ought to be served like tyrant McKinley was If you have any sense you know McKinley was no friend of the Common people but evry thing to the rich why did he Pardon McKenzie why A Plain Duty when a person Changes give a good reason not hide behind Hanna or Mat Quay be ought to have got it to years sooner

While this is evidently from an ignorant and illiterate man, it is also evident that he has had his weak mind stirred up to criminal suggestion by those superior to him in intellect. Listen to his litany: "That the laws are not administered to all alike"; "that taxes are not equal"; "that McKinley pardoned rich criminals"; "that McKinley never pardoned a poor criminal"; "that McKinley was only a political demagogue"; "that he, like all criminals, was good to his wife"; "that he was a tyrant like Napoleon"; "that all of our judges ought to be served like tyrant McKinley was"; "that McKinley was no friend of the common people." Is there not a strong resemblance in the vicious invective of this ignorant anarchist to the vicious editorials which have been appearing for so long in the *Journal* and *Examiner*?

We learn that ex-Governor Gage doubts that there have been extraordinary disturbances on the water front of San Francisco; doubts that there is any need of extraordinary measures to preserve the peace; doubts that Governor Furuseth has been issuing extraordinary passports, permitting American citizens to pass unmolested along the San Francisco water front. We advise ex-Governor Gage to put on a workman's jumper and overalls, and then to take a stroll along the San Francisco water front. But before doing so—as we entertain no ill-will toward the ex-governor—we advise him to secure a passport from Governor Furuseth. A number of these passes are in circulation on the water front. They read as follows:

This is to certify that the bearer..... is entitled to courteous treatment by all union men. A. FURUSETH, Secretary of the Sailors' Union.

Thus shielded by the potent name of Furuseth, present governor of California, the ex-governor may inspect with safety that part of the chief city of California where he believes there is no trouble. We hope he may find none.

A new stock company, headed by John W. Mackay, announces its intention to begin at once the laying of a submarine cable from San Francisco to Manila, by way of Honolulu. Application has been made to the government for landing rights in California and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. No subsidy or guaranty is asked, and the company believes that its requests will be granted without delay. It is hoped to have the portion of the cable connecting San Francisco and Honolulu in operation within nine months, and the line completed within two years. All telegrams from the Philippines, Japan, and China come by way of Europe at this time. The new cable will not only give direct communication under the waters of the Pacific, and shorten the time of transmission, but will reduce present cable rates from one-third to one-half.

At a meeting of representative San Francisco business men, including delegates from the Merchants' Exchange, the San Francisco Produce Exchange, the San Francisco Board of Trade, the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association of California, the Shipowners' Association, and the Merchants' Association, held on Thursday, September 26th, the following resolution was adopted:

"WHEREAS, The daily *Examiner* of San Francisco has, through its columns, for a long time past been inciting class against class, thus sowing seeds of discord among our people, tending eventually to create discontent, disorders, riots, and finally leading to anarchism, all of which are inimical to the best interests of the State and nation; and WHEREAS, The fomenting of such disorders and strikes encourages the depraved and lawless, causing anarchists to stop short of no crime, even to the assassination of the President of the United States; therefore be it

Resolved, By the representatives of the commercial bodies here present that they strongly condemn the attitude of the said *Examiner*, and that they recommend that the said newspaper be henceforth excluded from the files of the said bodies, and of all other organizations in this State, and that the members of all such organizations and all law-abiding citizens be requested at once to withdraw and withhold all patronage from said paper, and that they refuse to give any information to the representatives thereof."

COMPLETING THEIR TICKET.



## HOW THE VOICE CAME BACK.

The Haunting Melody of "La Golondrina."

Moises of the shambling gait; Moises of the straggling hair and strange eyes. His habitation was a room like a hole in the walls of Galeana Street. To enter he must descend five ancient steps. Within, the air was stale, the light was very dim. There was only one window in the old street wall, and this was narrow, without glass, with only rickety shutters, seldom opened. The floor was hrick, black as shadow, and unclean. There was no furniture, save a table and two chairs, and boards on trestles. The boards were covered with a faded purple blanket, and thereon slept Moises and his daughter, Magdalena.

In the farthest corner of the room the table stood, where there was very little light. Through chinks the sun came for half an hour, and the table was seen to be stained. At all other hours a candle burned on it, and a flute and a trombone lay there, and dirty sheets of music.

"Magdalena!" whispered Moises, with that shrill, uncanny whisper which pierces.

She sat up quickly on the boards. She linked at the candle. It was night. His young-old face, withered but intense, was looking hungrily at her. His hair straggled down his cheek. She was ten years old, and looked like him, a queer creature, with scintillating eyes and sweet lips. Her hair, too, straggled down her cheek, and she was thin.

"She's haunting me to-night, Magdalena. I saw her a little while ago—down there." He pointed to the floor.

"Was she singing it?" asked she. Her voice was hoarse.

"She was. Magdalena, it all comes back heavily. Do you see the candle flame, waving that queer way? It did that when she was lying on the boards. That was the first week that I was leader of the band, and Cuernavaca was new to us. You were two days old; and she died—and she died." His voice was droning, but laden with meaning that seemed half-savagery. He looked young again. He was only thirty years of age, but bent. "She sang 'La Golondrina' while she died. The *tortillas* lay here. There was a piece of meat in a blue dish. You cried once, but not loud. And it was eleven o'clock at night. While I was sitting, thinking that maybe I, too, could die if I tried, a wind came in and the flame waved. And then she opened her eyes and she sang 'La Golondrina.' Ah—soul of my soul—'La Golondrina!' And, singing it, she died."

They were gazing into each other's eyes, with wild fascination.

"I hear it, too," she said, and rose, looking like a ghost. She stood in the old room's centre and gazed at the floor. "Mother!" she cried.

Moises, as though in fear, was watching her. Slim, with short skirts and long hands, she was. He had imparted his wildness to her.

"Play it!" he suddenly cried, and fell back in his chair, stretched out.

She sat down by the table and took the flute, and, staring strangely at the wall, played the haunting, sad melody of "La Golondrina."

On Sunday and on Thursday the band plays in the central garden from eight till eleven at night. Thither shamled Moises, his hair straggling down his cheek. The high kiosk, airy, fantastic in shape, which was the bandstand, looked ever, in the electric light, a figment of vapor. And round the outer walk marched all the people of Cuernavaca. The music of Moises held them in an ever-deepening enchantment.

Every time, every time the music played, the last piece was "La Golondrina." With this, the music ceased; with this, the night wrapped herself up and slept.

Moises came home crazily, alone. He walked always as though sunk in reverie. He sat for an hour by the candle and then went to bed; or sometimes it was very late before he came in. Magdalena, awaking at three o'clock of the morning, feeling the cold breath of dawn blow in through the shutters, would gaze about. The candle, almost gone, sputtered. The shadows danced. Moises was not returned. He had gone down in the deep cañon which hounds the town, and up again on its other side in the moonlight. And over there where the graves are, there was he.

Once Magdalena was ill. She lay on the boards. This night a mighty change had come.

The hand had ceased to play at ten. At two o'clock Moises came gliding in. The door was closed. He lit a second candle, and the flute and the trombone glistened. He looked crazy, and his hands were holding one another. An old black hat was pulled about his ears. He listened, and was trembling. He put his fingers on his daughter.

"Magdalena!" whispered he, shrilly.

She started up, but was ill. She saw his eyes, like steel piercing her.

"My God! My God!" cried he. "I can not hear her. For eighteen hours she has not sung to me. Get up! Has God carried her yet further? Call her back! Play!—or I am mad!"

She seemed frozen with horror. She arose. She was dressed in the short skirt. She, too, stood listening, the sweet lips drawn, the child seeming a child no more. And the dead morning was silent.

She kissed Moises, terrified.

"Play!" shrieked he.

She clutched the flute and stood there in the centre of the room, slim little legs in shadow, long hands on the instrument, hair ragged. She played. The notes were shrill and soaring. "La Golondrina" floated in the streets. Moises lay stretched out in his chair.

She paused to listen. The dead morning yet was silent. She played again, more tremulous and savagely. And, because she was ill, she fainted and fell down, and the flute rolled under the table. Moises lay stretched in his chair. The day at last came dimly.

From that night on the heart of the hand-master was tumultuous, and life was ghastly to Magdalena. For the voice sang to Moises no more. God had removed it yet a little further off. At all hours he made her play, striving frantic to win back the voice from God. And she, too, grew to love the music maniacally. Many times at midnight when he was not there, she sprang up from sleep, and sat her down before the candle and played the flute, stopping ever and anon to listen. And he, having wandered the streets, or lingered yonder by the cañon in wild heart-appeal, would stagger in at two o'clock of the morning, and drag her from bed, and cry out: "Play! Play!" So that she played till she fell down.

She grew to look unearthly. She lay at length in a fever on the boards. Moises was grown yet madder. It was Sunday night. The central garden was fantastically alight. Round and round, from shadow to shadow, from gleam to gleam, marched the people, waiting for the music, while tropic plants cast rich darkness and sweet odors. Moises was gone.

They came and heat upon his door. Magdalena, in the fever, heard with confused ear. They heat again and tramped in. She looked out of the purple blanket with unholy visage on which the candle-light played. Though half out of her mind she could yet reply. Moises was not there. They went away, somehow, chilled; the music, after long delay, went on without him.

But she, lying in the fever, was racked. Always there was the need to rise, to go and fill the vacancy. The night advanced, the life of all the world hung waiting. Round and round marched the people of the earth, grown anguish-stricken, where tropic plants cast rich shadow. There was no music. God had moved it all a little further off. The soul of Magdalena struggled. To save the world; to save Moises; to bring the music back. She tossed in pain upon the boards, and by and by the candle sputtered.

The hours advanced. The music had ceased in the central garden. The night had wrapped itself up and slept. Moises had not appeared. At two o'clock of the morning, the fever roused her from her bed. She was dressed in the short skirt. The flute and the trombone glistened. She stood in the middle of the room, listening, straining her ears, her soul in anguish, to hear the voice that God had removed a little further off. The dead morning was silent. Moises was not returned; the music was needed yonder in the central garden, and the life of the world hung waiting. She seemed to hear him cry: "Play—or I am mad!" The candle sputtered, going out. She lit another, knocking it down. She set it upright, forgot, and lit a second. The two tall candles, in brass candle-sticks, stood burning on the end of the table. She took the flute and went out. The hand would be waiting, for Moises had not come back.

The half-dead moon hung her decaying body in the sky, and the light that fell down therefrom was whitely weird. The streets were still as tombs. The central garden, where tropic plants cast rich darkness and sweet odors, lay as in a gentle dream, or a memory come faintly back.

There was only one *gendarme* near the garden, and he sat beneath a laurel-tree and slept. She went walking in among the plants. She ascended the steps, into the phantasmal kiosk where the hand had played. She may have seen the musicians, shadowy, standing there, and believed that the ghost company went round and round; or else she had forgotten all, save to play, and bring back the voice that God had removed.

The high globe of the electric light was dark. Only the half-dead moon threw in its beams. And she stood in the centre of the kiosk, and raised the flute, and played. The early breath of dawn came stirring the hair that straggled down her cheek. The pale light showed that the skirt was flapping round her little slim legs. She looked almost tall. Her face was terrible to see. She paused, and listened. Yonder under the laurel-tree the *gendarme* slept on, but moved a little in his sleep. The dead morning was silent still. She played again, more tremulous and savagely. And never, in all the life of Cuernavaca, had that strange melody, "La Golondrina," rung out with pathos so heart-breaking.

From the place where the graves are, came Moises, through many narrow streets, shambling. He had been listening all night, straining his soul's ear. But he had not heard anything. Now, he was coming toward the central garden, in the moonshine, listening still. And now he paused, hearing.

He stood in a distant street, alone. He was not able to move any more. The light shone silvery from his eyes. His hands held one another. Floating on the breath of dawn came the flute's notes, "La Golondrina"; and they were heart-breaking, like the notes of a human voice—the voice that God had removed a little further off.

Moises at length moved on, slowly; and his hands still held one another. Going forward, listening, he walked faster. After a time he was walking as one in panic. Thus he came into the central garden, where were the tropic plants. He paused. He gazed. Mad and hungry in heart, he shamled to the kiosk, then leaped up.

The music had ceased, and Magdalena was swaying in the hand-stand. His cry was smothered as he seized her. Convulsed, he dragged her down the steps. "My wife, my wife," he was muttering, grief-stricken and bewildered, and somehow angry, but with raging hunger for her. She was not conscious any more. Out among the plants and odors, and down into the tomb-like streets he dragged her, frenzied because she could not walk. And all the way, after each ten spasmodic steps, he paused and held her out in the light of the half-dead moon and gazed at her.

In at the door and down the five ancient steps he dragged her. The room was still. The two tall candles burned upon the end of the table. He was shaking like the cane when summer storms come. Great drops of sweat fell down on her.

He saw the candles. He said, hoarsely, like a madman, dragging her thither: "Here they are. This is the way they were—at your head. Why have you sung no more? My God—my God—will he take you away again? Sing—

soul of my soul—or I am mad. Lie here again—and if you must die—sing as you sang it then, and die as you died."

He cast her body on the table, so that the candles were at her head and she lay on her back. He folded her hands across her breast. Her slim little legs were still. Her hair was ragged. He put a chair behind the table, and sat down, with his head over her. He took the flute, which had been grasped in her hand all the way. Then he cried: "Sing!" And he raised the instrument to his lips and played.

So long, so strangely, did the music float out into the night, that after a time a neighbor came to see, opening the door and peering down into the black room where shadows leaped.

Magdalena, with her hands upon her breast, and the candles at her head, lay dead. And over her body, very close to it, shining in the light, his hair straggling down his cheek, gazed forth the face of Moises, a maniac, as he played that haunting, sad, and savage melody, "La Golondrina."

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1901.

## UNGUARDED GATES.

[The sentiment expressed in this poem by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, that unrestricted alien immigration brings with it anarchy, is even more pertinent to-day than when the lines were first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1892.—E.N.S.]

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,  
Named of the four winds—North, South, East, and West;  
Portals that lead to an enchanted land  
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,  
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,  
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past  
The Arab's date palm and the Norseman's pine—  
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,  
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year  
The red rose blossoms somewhere—a rich land,  
A later Eden planted in the wilds,  
With not an inch of earth within its bound  
But if a slave's foot press, it sets him free!  
Here it is written, Toil shall have its wage,  
And Honor honor, and the humblest man  
Stands level with the highest in the law.  
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,  
And with the vision brightening in their eyes  
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,  
And through them press a wild, a motley throng—  
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,  
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,  
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,  
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;  
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,  
Those tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.  
In street and alley what strange tongues are these,  
Accents of menace alien to our air,  
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!  
O Liberty, White Goddess! it is well  
To leave the gate unguarded? On thy breast  
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,  
Lift the down-trodden, but with the hand of steel  
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come  
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care  
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn  
And trampled in the dust. For so of old  
The thronging Goli and Vandals trampled Rome,  
And where the temples of the Caesars stood  
The lean wolf unmolesied made her lair.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The Canadian Government is taking unusual precautions to guard against any attempt upon the lives of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, who will shortly cross the continent to the Pacific Coast. Two trains will convey the party from Montreal, and each will be preceded by two special pilot engines. Arrangements have been made for the employment of about ten thousand guards, who will patrol the three thousand miles of railroad that intervene between the old Quebec city and Vancouver. Each of these men will be in sight of the patrols in front of and behind him, and several hundred superintendents will see to it that none of the men forsake their posts. A small army of American detectives and secret-service men from cities on the Pacific Coast has been employed by the railway company and by the Canadian Government to watch the entire system, and already the arrest of several suspicious characters has taken place.

The Southern Pacific Company is pushing on its work of local improvements, not the least important of which is the construction of a double track between this city and San José. Between San Francisco and San Bruno no work will be done until the hay shore cut-off is constructed. The grading between San Bruno and Burlingame has been completed, and it will be continued beyond that point as soon as some rights of way are secured. On that part of the road where grading has been completed the rails will begin to be laid as soon as they arrive here from the East—probably early in November. The entire road will be completed as expeditiously as possible. The traffic upon this line has increased to the point where it is absolutely necessary for the work to be done to handle the passenger and freight business.

By November next thirty-eight of the fifty-four submarine vessels which the French admiralty have decided to build will be ready. Twenty of them are now complete, and the remaining eighteen are being hurried on to completion, seven at Cherbourg, seven at Toulon, and four at Brest. They are of the *Gustave Zédé* type, with certain modifications. The recent trials with two of the boats—the *Française* and the *Algerien*—have proved remarkably successful. The *Française* was first tested last April, and during the four months the trials have lasted the engineers have not reported the slightest accident or failure.

The River Jordan is the "Descender." During its course it falls over twelve hundred feet. At no point is it navigable, even by small craft, to any considerable distance, and it presents the unique spectacle of a river which has never been navigated flowing into a sea which contains not one living creature.



# CONTRASTS OF THREE CITIES.

Geraldine Bonner Writes of London, Paris, and New York Sights and Scents—Historic English Buildings—Primitive Buses and Rude Conductors—American Beauties.

Every great city seems to have its own particular, individual fragrance, scent, aroma—what is the word to indicate something that "smell" is too strong for, and "scent" is too pretty for? London, for example, is enveloped by a singularly penetrating and acrid odor. It is compounded of bitumen and moisture, with a dash of smoke. It is at once sharp in your nostrils and pleasant—part of the dark, stimulating, and intimate charm of that boary old town.

There is something intoxicating in the smell of Paris. It has the scent of horse-chestnuts in it in the spring, and in the winter a sweet, sharp fragrance of wood fires. It is a trifle heady, as the sunshine is in Paris. As you drive along in an open carriage having it blow into your face, you feel uplifted and inspired as though by strong wines.

The smell of New York in September is not inspiring or uplifting, but it has a delightful, familiar quality that makes one feel the soothing touch of home. It is hard to analyze, though it is heavy on the air. But humid asphalt is a powerful ingredient, and the suggestion of escaping gas is delicately hinted at. Then the New York heat has its own soporific, heavy, damp odor. Just the plain, unadulterated smell of hot air, impregnated with the myriad essences of a city's teeming life.

After London and Paris, the most striking feature about New York is that it looks so clean and uncrowded. There is a sort of vast, unencumbered airiness about it—a look as of a great, fair city of cool stone buildings and straight-walled, long, draughty streets. The impression is almost like that of a large house, swept and garnished, with windows set wide for the air, and with few people in its empty, echoing chambers. It struck me all the more forcibly, as a Frenchman I had met shortly before I left told me New York seemed to him so dirty after the tree-lined boulevards of Paris.

Paris has a sort of elegant, coquettish prettiness that makes one overlook the mud on the boulevards, and the sombre uselessness of little, furtive streets. But London despises prettiness of any kind. It has magnificent bits that New York can never rival: the river down from Westminster Bridge, with barges trailing along its swollen surface, the fairy spires of the Parliament buildings pricking the sky, and the old arch of the bridge spanning the lazy current; the encrusted flanks of the Abbey rising from their green lawns in the heart of the city's sweating traffic; the mossy centenarian trees in Kensington Park—the trees that once made "the Kensington Woods," where Anne Boleyn rode in the early spring to gather the first branches of the May.

No—New York has nothing to offer in rivalry with these historic remains. Its very air of cleanliness comes from its newness. Compared to its magnificence of granite and marble and brown-stone, London looks soot-begrimed and dingy. In the purlieus of Threadneedle and Lombard Streets, where the land is said to be the most valuable in the world, the buildings are not comparable in general air of triumphant prosperity with those about lower Broadway and Wall Street. In fact, Europe has nothing to offer in rivalry with the huge modern splendors of this part of New York. This is the stronghold of the great American city—the place where its life is at the highest pressure, where it realizes itself, and its voice speaks loudest.

When you go up higher and come to where "the Mile of Millionaires" begins, you again find the same suggestion of extraordinary wealth and shining cleanliness. Every building is gorgeous in its fleckless freshness. I saw no place in Europe where there were so many fine houses so close together, unless it might be the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris. London has individually what I should call finer houses—finer, that is, in their suggestions of a ripe antiquity, colored by time into a mellow richness of tone, like a meerschaum pipe. I know no house in New York that strikes me as quite so eloquent of stately uses, as having housed princes in a princely way, as Devonshire House on Piccadilly. Yet it is grimed with soot, and fronts frowningly on a gravelly court that looks like a stable-yard. A few dreary laurels in tubs deck the balcony over the entrance. I have several times wondered if I had seen it in Chicago would I have regarded it with the same respect. I showed it to a friend of mine as my ideal of the mansion of nobles, and she said, scornfully: "That old barrack! It looks like somebody's stable."

But the place where New York is far ahead of London, or any other Continental city, is in its surface transportation. It is superior in every way to any system abroad. The cars run quicker and oftener, and they are better appointed. It is simpler to get to places, and cheaper. And what is important is that the New York cars stop when you want them to. Never shall I forget the times in London when the spirit of economy was roused in me, and I decided to meekly ride in 'buses and lunch at A. B. C. shops. I always regretted both good impulses as among the most ill-inspired of my life. The 'buses would never stop when I wanted them to, either to take me on or let me off. Sometimes when the conductor was amiable he stood on the receding back platform beckoning encouragingly to me. At first I could not grasp the situation. Then a policeman came to my aid, and broke the news to me that I was expected to run. It was a shock, and I walked away cogitating how such things could be, and for a week took nothing but hansoms.

Then, one desperate day I thought I would run, and I ran and jumped on. When the conductor saw me, he shouted excitedly, and told me to get off. Being proud of my prowess, I refused, and asked him why I should. Still more excitedly he cried: "Don't you see we're full up?" I didn't see it at all, and said placidly that it didn't matter; I would stand on the platform. One doesn't run and jump on

an omnibus often, and one likes to enjoy the sensation to the full. The conductor then became distracted, and cried his woes to the surrounding air. I was evidently infringing a rule that was of life and death importance, but I could not get off when the omnibus was going at full speed, and I told him so. He appeared to think differently, for, in the midst of our parley, he took me suddenly by the arm and pushed me off. Why I was not broken into pieces or run over, I can't imagine. The providence that takes care of drunkards and young children must have had me in its especial care. The conductor looked on me triumphantly as he rolled away, evidently confident that he had done his duty. After that, I tamely succumbed, and never more aspired to omnibuses. There was a trick about it I couldn't understand. Only once again did I trust myself to their care. I got on decently and in order at the starting-point, where they have to stand for a time. Then, when the place came where I was to alight, I descended from the roof, and said to the conductor: "I want to get off."

"Well, get off," said he, as we continued to roll forward at full speed.

Altogether the London omnibus is not a thing for an unsophisticated American to make free with. You have to be born to it.

But there is one thing in which the Londoners beat us hopelessly and ignominiously—the policemen. When you look at those rubious and rotund Irish gentlemen, whose sole occupation in life seems to be to lounge across Broadway, holding a lady by the arm as if they were going for a walk together, and compare them to the tall, clean, intelligent, and well-mannered Bobbies in London, the mind, as the novelists say, sinks back baffled from the task. Even the Paris *sergeant de ville* is a superior being to his New York brother. He is so Irish, so beefy, so redolent of whisky. If you ask a London policeman any question relative to the direction of an omnibus, or the shortest way of getting to a certain point, he will not only answer you intelligently, but like a gentleman. He thoroughly knows his business, and he respects his position by bringing to it good manners. The dominance of the Irish in New York is nowhere more evident than in the police on Broadway. There they seem to have gathered their biggest and brightest and most Hibernian stars. I asked one of them if the Fifth Avenue stages had stopped running. He looked me up and down as if doubtful as to whether he ought not to arrest me for addressing him without an introduction, then, turning away on his heel, he flung a single word over his shoulder—"Naw."

In fact, in New York one feels that one is back in one's democratic native land. The only thing that jars is that it isn't one's fellow-Americans who are democratic, but one's Irish brothers and sisters. After being away for over a year, the Empire City breaks upon the returning traveler as being more Irish than Dublin. I expected to see the "barp" that once through Tara's Halls" flying from every flagpole, and began to have feverish anticipations that I would find my family all talking with brogues. The air was thick with brogues; almost the only people who didn't have them were the people who didn't speak any English at all, or spoke it like the eminent German violinist who, after a friend of mine paid him an extravagant compliment, produced, with much travail, three words: "I English nod."

But it is when you encounter the pampered menials of the city that you feel you've got face to face with triumphant democracy. The Irish servant is a fearsome figure in our free and enlightened land. On the other hand, the English woman-servant is a triumph of her class. We have nothing here to compare with her. She is gentle, soft-voiced, noiseless in her movements, respectful in her manner. If she is rude or disobedient, she is bundled off without question or comment. An English housewife would not put up for one day with the impertinence that an American will stand unmurmuringly for months. They still have preserved over there their old attitude of regarding the servant as a chattel, a piece of furniture. This old monarchical superstition of classes is strong in every breast. They have a manner with their domestics that forces them into the place they have made for them. Men-servants, however, are very objectionable. Ours are much superior. The man-servant in England has a manner that is repulsively slavish; that seems almost cringing to an American. He appears an unmanly creature in his fawning politeness. And under it all there is something ironical—a gleam in the eye, a twist of the lip, that tells of a smirking, almost sneering, observation that is continually alert. The English never talk on matters of moment before their servants; and when you see the men, you know why.

Just before I left England, I read an article somewhere which said Americans were becoming the fattest people in the world. This struck me as matter for scoffing till I landed in my native city and found it in the possession of a race of Amazonian women. I couldn't decide whether they looked so large because I had just left the country where the women are the slimmest creatures to be imagined, or whether New York women are really becoming female Sandows. Certainly, the English type of beauty—which is near upon six feet in height, and the same width all the way up, with extraordinarily slender arms, long, cool throats, and narrow feet in high-beeled slippers—has nothing like the suggestion of vitality and almost aggressive robustness that marks its American sisters. These New York women must be almost twice the weight, and very nearly the same height, as the English beauties I had seen in Hyde Park and Bond Street. A comparison is hardly fair, as they were not of the same class, New York being void of its fashionables, of which London was full. I am inclined to think that the aristocratic Englishwoman has a more beautiful face—she certainly has more regular features. But there can be no comparison in the matter of figure and carriage. In this respect the Amazonian New Yorker has no rival.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, September, 1901.

# ANECDOTES OF McKINLEY.

The death of President McKinley has been the means of bringing to light a number of characteristic anecdotes which are of more than ephemeral interest. One which the late President himself was fond of relating, concerned the theft of one of his speeches by a fellow-campaigner during a hot political fight:

A well-known general of the Civil War, who has since become prominent in United States politics and is now a senator from one of the Western States, was going to speak at a political meeting at Marlboro, and so also was McKinley. They drove down from Canton together. As they were driving along, the general asked his companion for some pointers, and the latter kindly explained the situation and advanced arguments in support of the position of the Republican party. Mr. McKinley, as usual, had his subject well in hand, but in addition was fortified with notes giving certain statistics in corroboration of his argument. He told the general about what line of thought he intended to pursue in making his speech at Marlboro, and the latter, when he spoke first, agreed that he would say very little and would leave the bulk of argument to McKinley. The general duly made his bow to the audience, and began his speech. As he became warmed up, the recollection of what Mr. McKinley had been talking about on the way to the meeting became stronger, and he began pursuing the line of argument that McKinley had prepared for himself. The general laid down his proposition just as the major had done in the carriage, and finally said: "And I can prove all this; major, just hand me those documents," and then proceeded to read at length from McKinley's notes. When the general had finished there was little left for the major to say.

Once, while visiting Philadelphia, his host timidly suggested that Pennsylvania's metropolis would be an excellent place for the chief executive to live. The President replied:

"Excellent? That word scarcely describes the place." Mrs. McKinley sat close to him in a reclining-chair. He turned to her, and clasping her hands between his own, said merrily: "Well, I would dearly love to live here. But, I have a dear girl who guides me always right, and she thinks our home town of Canton is the Eden of the world." His eyes sparkled and his whole countenance was aglow with smiles as he looked into his invalid wife's face and said: "And strange, but true, ladies and gentlemen, I always think as that girl does." The conversation was suddenly ended by Mrs. McKinley lapsing into one of those conditions which made her frail most of her life. She seemed unconscious, and a commotion followed. Every one present was alarmed except the nation's chief. Calmly and composedly the President gently clasped his wife to his breast with his left hand, while with his right he caressed her forehead and eyes—as he had done a thousand times before—and lowly whispered with a trembling voice: "Now, dearie, I am here. Look into my face." In a moment the first lady of the land clasped her husband, and nestling on his breast, said, unconscious of those about her: "Oh, Will, you are so kind!" Then she kissed him, and not one present at that scene will ever forget William McKinley's affection and care for his delicate wife. The conversation was then renewed as though nothing had occurred.

President McKinley was a great smoker:

He went to Oberlin, O., several years ago to make an address, and stopped with Professor Monroe, the head of Oberlin College. Every man who has been in Oberlin knows what a strait-laced town it is. There is no drinking, no chewing of tobacco, no smoking. After supper McKinley told the professor he believed he would go to the smoking-room to enjoy a cigar. "Why, we haven't such a thing as a smoking-room in the town," said Monroe; "nobody smokes in this town, but we'll find a place." He led the way to a secluded room, where no one could see the operation, and McKinley lit a good cigar and began to contentedly puff away. In a few minutes he looked around for a cuspidor; but, not seeing one, he inquired for one. "There is no such a thing in town," said the head of the college. "Well, I will see that you get some when I get back home," answered McKinley. True to his word, but more as a joke than anything else, McKinley wrote to a mutual friend of himself and Professor Monroe of the predicament of the latter. The friend immediately sent a quantity of cuspidors by express to Professor Monroe. Several months after the incident, McKinley again went to Oberlin, and, once more desiring to indulge in a cigar, called for a cuspidor. "My gracious, man, I'm sorry," said Monroe, "but my wife has used all of them for flower-pots, not knowing what they were for."

President McKinley was a shrewd man in a political fight. His successes before receiving the Republican nomination for President were largely due to his own political foresight:

In the campaign of 1890, when McKinley was beaten by three hundred and six votes for Congress, in a district which had been gerrymandered until it had nearly three thousand Democratic majority, he displayed wonderful generalship. Four days before the election McKinley and his managers knew nearly how every man in the district would vote. They saw the probability of defeat, but were plucky enough to put up the greatest fight known in the district. In figuring up the prospects McKinley decided that every vote was needed. Some one told him that one of his best friends, then absent on a bridal tour, would probably return if he (McKinley) sent a telegram. The young fellow had been married about a week, and was in New England with his bride. He had intended to be away a good while. McKinley sent him this telegram:

"It is right to be married, and I congratulate you with all my heart, but every man owes a debt to his country. That debt can best be paid by voting as his conscience dictates on election day."

Needless to say, the young friend returned in time to vote.

An amusing story is told of a good-looking, well-dressed man of middle age, who sauntered up to the White House door one afternoon in the second winter of President McKinley's first incumbency:

He had an unlighted, half-smoked cigar in his teeth, and said, pleasantly, to the tall door-keeper, who swung the door open for him: "Howdy! Bill!"

The door-keeper replied that the President was not driving.

"Too bad, too bad," sighed the man.

The door-keeper politely asked him if his business with the President was pressing.

"Yes," replied the visitor, mournfully, "it is. As you see," holding out his unlighted, half-smoked cigar. "My weed has gone out. I wanted Bill to give me a light. He promised me. In the year 1864, at the Battle of Hastings—which, as you remember, I won hands down—that if ever my cigar went out, all I'd have to do would be to drop in on him and get a light. Too bad, too bad!" And the man again sighed miserably.

"Wait a minute," said the door-keeper. "I hear the rattle of the President's carriage—he's coming in the back way. I'll see him," and, leaving another attendant to keep an eye on the man with the ineffaceable grin, he slipped into the passage, lighted a cigar, and, after waiting a moment, returned with it in his hand. "Mr. McKinley's renewed assurances of his most distinguished consideration," said the door-keeper, with great solemnity, holding out the cigar, "and here is his cigar, from which he begs that you will accept a light for your own."

There was an expression almost of rapture on the man's face as he took the cigar and applied the burning end of it to his own. He returned "the President's cigar," placed both of his hands upon his chest, and bowed deeply to the door-keeper, who returned the known as ceremoniously, and hacked out, saying: "Tell Bill to join me with the army in Flanders at twenty minutes past eight o'clock, moon time."

Then he passed out, puffing vigorously at his cigar, and he never appeared at the White House afterward, contrary to the expectations of the door-keepers, who had figured that the unbalanced crank would be dropping in every day for a bit of the fire from the President's cigar.



## THE SNOW-CLAD MATTERHORN.

Perilous Steeps of the Mountain Monarch—Countless Glaciers—An Alpine Avalanche—Blotting Out a Village—The Simplon Tunnel—Crispi's Fate.

From Menaggio, on Lake Como, of which I have given a very imperfect description in a former letter, to Porlezza, at the head of Lake Lugano, across a narrow neck of land which separates it from Lake Como, and thence to Tresa by steamer, following the winding lake in its entire length, and from Tresa by rail to Luino on Lake Maggiore, and thence by steamer to Pallanza, a ride of five hours, is an excursion replete with the most beautiful scenery imaginable. The mountains inclosing Lake Lugano are wild, for the most part uncultivated, and their sides rise abrupt and precipitous from the water's edge. Between San Mamette and Lugano there are terraced vineyards, a few scattered villages, and occasional villas; but, in general, it more nearly resembles, in its wild and uncultivated aspect, the American lakes of Minnesota and California. Lake Maggiore (the *Lacus Verbanus* of the Romans) is a magnificent body of water, extremely picturesque with its many villages, its villas, its hamlets, and its churches and campanili. Terraced vineyards extend for miles along its sloping sides, and to an apparent height of several thousand feet above the surface of the water. The upper end of the lake is inclosed by lofty mountains, whose summits dwell in cloud, and whose flanks are wooded to the highest peaks. The eastern side of the lake is less precipitous, and its green sides slope gracefully down to embrace the fertile plains of Lombardy.

As I stood on the steamer's deck, I counted within the range of my vision no less than forty-eight villages and hamlets, and each moment brought others into view. The water in different portions of the lake varies from a deep blue to a dark-green, and its extreme depth is considerably above four thousand feet. Luxuriant gardens, terraced vineyards, the red-tiled villages, basking in the sunshine, envied by olive groves, fig, chestnut, or cypress trees, the green mountain-sides gracefully sloping to the water's edge, and the emerald lake, complete a landscape of wondrous beauty.

The little town of Pallanza is pleasantly situated on Maggioro opposite a group of cypress-covered islands, and commands from our hotel windows an extended view of the snow-clad Alps in the distance. To the charming views about Pallanza is to be added the rare treasure (in Italy) of an excellent hotel—clean, neat, and modern.

While yet in Italy there came the news of Signor Crispi's death, and I was curious to learn, so far as possible, the sentiments of the people touching this event. The peasantry are indifferent to any political occurrence which does not interfere with their privileges or increase their taxes. From local journals I glean that Crispi, the fellow-worker of Victor Emanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini, has at last gone out ingloriously. As prime minister, his colonial experiments are condemned, for they were disastrous; and he is held responsible for a scheme of taxation far beyond the resources of a country just emerging from centuries of tyranny and oppression. Indeed, his misfortune seems to be that he has lived so long; that while he was a fellow-worker with Cavour, Mazzini, and Garibaldi, they ceased their labors in the midst of success, and they could look forward to the morning of glorious promise, but it was Crispi's fate to live on, and to experience the middle day, when the shadows are shortest and things appear in their true perspective and disillusionment. He is charged with the disastrous consequences of "Adowa," with aping Bismarck and Gladstone, and with numerous scandals. In short, his death presents the melancholy spectacle of a statesman who had outlived those influences that raised him to power, and the gratitude of a people for whom he gave his life. The people of Sicily will receive his ashes and entomb them in its Walhalla, at Palermo.

A carriage ride of two days from Domo d'Ossola to Brigue over the Simplon Pass, and thence by rail to Zermatt, is to see the most impressive scenery and the most perfect mountain road in Europe. We passed the first night after leaving Brigue at the Simplon Hospice, near the top of the pass. The road reaches a height of nearly eight thousand feet at Bellevue, and affords the traveler a magnificent view of lofty crags, peaks clad in eternal snow, great glaciers from which spring tumultuous torrents, that is unequalled in Switzerland. The road has been cut out of the solid rock along the sheer and precipitous mountain-sides. In places it passes through long tunnels and under arched masonry. Glacier-fed streams dash madly down the mountain steeps, and, leaping through invisible channels, join the river below. From dizzy heights you look down upon green valleys, or your vision is lost in dark and fearful gorges that would have delighted the imagination of Gustave Doré.

At the Simplon Hospice we learned the details of the great avalanche of March 19, 1901. On the morning of that day, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, an avalanche overwhelmed a portion of the village, killing several people and engulfing thirty-four houses. Towering many thousand feet above the village is an Alpine range of which the Fletschhorn is the most conspicuous. The Ross-boden, a mighty glacier, extended from the summit of the Fletschhorn far down its sloping side. On this fatal morning it became loosened from its rocky bed, and rushed upon the village, detaching with its irresistible momentum an amount of granite rock sufficient to construct a large city.

As we emerged from the village we crossed the glacier, which covers the ancient road-bed to the depth of a hundred feet or more with solid ice. As we passed Brigue we were shown the Swiss end of the Simplon Tunnel, upon which work was begun three years ago. When completed it will be the longest tunnel in the world. It is another link between Switzerland and Italy—through the Alps between Domo d'Ossola on the Italian side, and Brigue on the Swiss side, a distance of twelve and one-half miles. It consists

of two parallel shafts, sixteen feet wide by seventeen and one-half high, fifty-six feet apart, connected at distances of two hundred and twenty feet by cross-cuts for ventilation and storage of essential machinery, and air and gas conduits. The cost of the work will reach two million seven hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling.

Zermatt, a village in the very heart of the Alpine fastnesses, is situated at the bottom of a well, about ten thousand feet deep. Walls of rock, miles of icy glaciers, and thousands of acres of snow, lie around the margin of the well; and on the edge of it, and looking down into its depths and the tiny creatures who move therein, rests the Matterhorn. The unparalleled boldness of this giant rock startles the beholder. It rises as an individual mountain directly from the plain of the village, and its stupendous proportions are emphasized by the absence of mountainous gradations in its vicinity, that impair the impression of immensity. From the village, the Matterhorn presents a sharp elevated ridge, or backbone, and two slanting sides, which fall away from it like the roof of a house. These plains are snow-clad from the top to far down the mountain-side. The barren ridge extends from the base at an angle of fifty degrees to within a few hundred feet of the top, when the mountain becomes almost perpendicular. The summit, even in fine weather, is generally above the clouds. To scale its perilous steeps is the goal of the foolhardy and the inexperienced. An unusual number of fatalities have occurred here this year, and the day following my departure from Zermatt two English tourists were reported lost.

The Matterhorn, while inferior in height to Mont Blanc, is by far the more grand and imposing. It looks down upon countless glaciers and illimitable fields of ice. It is the monarch of mountains, its crown is the storm cloud, its royal vestments the diamond-decked, eternal snow, its subjects the spirits of the air, its sceptre the thunderbolt, the earth its footstool, its domain the infinite.

I did not ascend the Matterhorn, but, instead, I visited the little churchyard at the end of the street. It is largely peopled by the fragmentary remains of those whose ambition had exceeded their certainty of foot, and the accuracy of their muscular coordination. I contented myself, therefore, with gazing on the Matterhorn from a distance, and my anatomy is whole.

W. S. THORNE.

PALLANZA, LAGO MAGGIORE, ITALY, August 14, 1901.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## The Burial of Stevenson at Samoa.

Where shall we lay you down to rest?  
Where will you sleep the very best?  
Mirthful and tender, dear and true—  
Where shall we find a grave for you?

They thought of a spirit as brave as light,  
And they bore him up to a lonely height,  
And they laid him there, where he loved to be,  
On a mountain gazing o'er the sea!

They thought of a soul afloat with song,  
And they buried him where, the summer long,  
Myriad birds his requiem sing,  
And the echoing woods about him ring!

They thought of a love that life redeems,  
Of a heart the home of perfect dreams,  
And they left him there, where the worlds aspire  
In the sunrise glow and the sunset fire!

—Florence Earle Coates in the Outlook.

## When You Come Home.

What golden suns will gild the happy skies,  
What incense from the meadow altars rise,  
What hymns fill all the groves with glad surprise—  
When you come home!

How memory-bells will softly ring and rhyme  
Amid the dear old ivied towers of time,  
As arm in arm we listen to their chime—  
When you come home!

At Joy's bright festal board shall we sit down,  
And Mirth and Music, each with myrtle crown,  
Will drive away the tear, the sigh, the frown—  
When you come home!

Suspense will quickly change to calm content,  
Desire with rare fulfillment will be blent,  
And meeting be one long, sweet sacrament—  
When you come home!

—Clarence Urmey in the Bazar.

## The Return.

After the day's long journey, I behold  
The Leicester hills touch evening's glorious sky,  
And the last valley twist us now doth lie,  
Wherein the village nestles as of old.  
The purple clouds are tinged with fading gold;  
The ancient pine, condemned, yet loath to die,  
Greets me as in lost boyhood. Thou and I,  
Old pine, were rooted in a common mold.

On through the valley, up the farther hill,  
To where she waits, my faithful lass so dear!  
The landmarks of old time are steadfast still,—  
I keep my vow that I would seek her here;  
Yet now her promised boon I may not crave:  
I only come to stand beside a grave.

—Frank Roe Batchelder in the New England Magazine.

The elaborate ceremonies that had been prepared for the inauguration of Governor Hunt in San Juan, Porto Rico, were not carried out, owing to the death of President McKinley. Instead, Chief-Justice Quinones, of the supreme court, administered the oath of office at the palace, September 16th, in the presence of the executive officials, judges, and representatives of the army and navy. The general public was not admitted. Governor Hunt made a brief address eulogizing Mr. McKinley, and omitting entirely his inaugural address, which had already been prepared.

Alaska has ten thousand square miles capable of cultivation, and the probabilities of successful farming there are receiving no little attention.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Edward has ordered the removal of the bronze statue of John Brown, the old Scotch servant who attended Queen Victoria so many years. It has been presented to Brown's relatives.

Leo the Thirteenth will, before long, begin the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, and a committee has already been formed in Rome, under the presidency of the cardinal-vicar, to make preparations for the event. There is to be another grand pilgrimage, and Catholics from all parts of the world are to be invited to visit the tomb of the apostles in April, 1902.

W. B. Ridgely, of Springfield, Ill., enjoys the distinction of being the first citizen appointed to office by President Roosevelt. He has been made Controller of the Currency. Mr. Ridgely, who is the son-in-law of Senator Cullom, was the choice of the late President for the position to be made vacant on October 1st, by the retirement of Charles G. Dawes. In fact, the commission was signed by McKinley just before the journey to Buffalo, but formal announcement of the appointment was delayed.

This is the last year that Queen Regent Christina of Spain will rule that country, as on May 17, 1902, King Alfonso will have attained his majority, and, according to the Spanish law, will take the reins of government into his own hands. The young king is now in robust health, and leads a very simple life, with no luxury or pretensions. The summer at St. Sebastian is always greatly enjoyed by the queen and her children, as there she leads an entirely family life of freedom from all court functions, and the king is delighted to have holidays. He has been extremely well trained, but in ten months his studies will be at an end, and he will be a reigning king. He speaks three foreign languages fluently—English, French, and German.

Tomas Estrada Palma, who will receive the indorsement of all the political parties of Cuba for election as first president of the republic, became well known to the American people as head of the Cuban Junta in New York in the trying period before the United States espoused the forlorn hope of his countrymen. Before he went to New York, Palma had lost a large fortune by confiscation, and had spent seven years in a Spanish prison for the part he took in a former uprising against misrule in Cuba. He refused to take the oath, as others did, that he would not bear arms again against Spain, although the refusal cost him all he had. He is a man of unusual intellectual attainments, and speaks five languages fluently. When he came to this country he opened a school for boys in Central Valley, Orange County, N. Y., which met with marked success until the duties of the Junta called him to New York.

Nearly every day the German newspapers contain proof that hard brain-work is conducive to longevity. A recent number of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* contains an article on Wilhelm Christ, the eminent historian of Greek literature, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday. Since 1860 he has been professor at the University of Munich, and the list of his pupils includes not a few eminent German and foreign scholars. The same number of the *Allgemeine* contains a review of the autobiography of the well-known artist, Carl Emil Doepler, entitled "Seventy-Five Years of My Life." Doepler is still living. He went to New York after the stormy events of 1848, but returned to Europe in 1855. He was one of the first contributors to the comic *Fliegende Blätter*, and made many illustrations for other periodicals and books. After 1870 he turned his attention to theatrical costumery, and made, among other things, over five hundred sketches for Wagner's Nibelung performances at Bayreuth in 1876.

Graham Balfour, who is to write the "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," in place of Sidney Colvin, is forty-three years of age, and a graduate of Worcester College, Oxford, of the class of '82. After leaving Oxford, Mr. Balfour went to Germany to study, and, two years later, was admitted to the London bar, but he cheerfully admits that from then on he spent more time with the literatures of France, Germany, and England than he did with his clients. He then began a long series of travels, one of which finally led him to Samoa, where he met Stevenson for the first time, and, as the biographer writes, "in a few hours we had established such an intimacy as is seldom reached except after years of acquaintance." The death of Stevenson occurred just after Balfour had left him, and the sad news slowly followed him, until it caught up with him in Ponape. He at once returned to Samoa, and then went to England with a large trunkful of literary material, which was arranged for Mr. Colvin, who, owing to the pressure of other work, was obliged to give up the idea of writing Stevenson's "Life."

Secretary John Hay has had the unusual and painful experience of living in close relations with three murdered Presidents. He was Lincoln's private secretary at the time the latter was shot. He was the intimate personal friend of Garfield, and more completely in his confidence than any man outside his official councils. He was acting as editor of the New York *Tribune* at that time, Mr. Reid being absent in Europe. Now comes the third assault and the third death, this time of his honored official chief and friend. Walter Wellman says that before the new executive had asked the Cabinet to remain, "Secretary Hay had definitely decided to retire almost immediately. But when the new President came at him with the most sincere and friendly proffers—when Mr. Roosevelt urged him to stay as a matter of public duty and in order to avert a break in the transfer of the McKinley administration to the new régime—Hay hesitated. He took the matter under consideration, and then signified his willingness to remain. He is not in the best of health, and is weary of public service. He has his family griefs to bear. He has long dreamed of a season of travel and study in various parts of the world."



## GUTEAU'S SENSATIONAL TRIAL.

Scoville's Desperate Fight to Save His Brother-in-Law—Guiteau's  
Blindly Prediction when Sentenced—Trial of the Lincoln  
Conspirators—Striking Court-Room Scenes.

Leon Czolgasz, the assassin of President McKinley, was found guilty of murder in the first degree, in the superior court of Buffalo, on Tuesday, September 24th. The whole court proceedings consumed eight hours and twenty-six minutes, and covered a period of only two days. This is in striking contrast with the trial of Charles J. Guiteau for the murder of President Garfield, which was a long-drawn-out affair, and included many sensational incidents well worth recalling. In his volume on "Two Hard Cases," Dr. W. W. Godding, who testified as a witness later on, tells how, by the merest chance, he happened to be present at the arraignment of Guiteau, which took place on October 14, 1881:

"Great care was taken that it should not generally be known on what day this would occur. Having occasion to see the district attorney on business, I called at his office, and was told that he was engaged in the criminal court. Stepping into the court-room I found it nearly filled with a crowd that was constantly increasing. There was a residue left behind from the audience of the Star Route cases, which had just been called, the usual assemblage of colored and white court-room loungers, and a few women; but the majority were persons who had come at a moment's warning, true minute-men—boys off the street, persons who had stepped in, passing by, workmen from the new court building, in their aprons and overalls—some on tiptoe, all straining their necks for a glimpse of a short, slight man, with cropped hair and head drooped to one side, who stood listening to the clerk of the court, as he read on for nearly half an hour the indictment of Charles J. Guiteau for the murder of James A. Garfield. . . . The long reading ended with the question: 'What say you to this indictment—guilty or not guilty?' There was delay in the answer, an attempt by the prisoner to read from a paper something he had prepared beforehand, which was objected to, and a plea of 'not guilty' entered; the judge saying to the request to make a statement that it should be at some other time. Then the district attorney arose and asked that the trial be set for the next Monday peremptorily."

Guiteau's brother-in-law, Mr. Scoville, when apparently no one else would, consented to assist in the defense of the prisoner, and by an eloquent plea succeeded in having the trial postponed for three weeks and afterward to four. Says Dr. Godding:

"There was no day of the ten weeks of the trial when the steps of the court-house and the sidewalks in the vicinity were not crowded with a mass of people, eager to see the greatest criminal of the century; a crowd that jeered and booed at him as he went shrinking from the court-house to the prison van. A detachment of United States troops guarded the jail to prevent attempts at lynching him; the best citizens feared that he might be taken out of the hands of the law. Twice he was shot at—once by one of his guards; once in the van, on his way back from the court-house. Express packages of hempen cord, letters and postal-cards, with all sorts of caricatures and threats, were sent him. Men and women throughout the country did this, and fiends, in human shape, inclosed small-pox virus to Guiteau and Scoville through the United States mails, risking, in their broadcast sowing of the seeds of pestilence, the innocent lives of thousands, only to demonstrate that they were demons, Guiteau having been protected by vaccination."

The case was called on the fourteenth of November, but as three days were occupied in the impanelment of the jury—one hundred and thirty-one men having been sworn and examined for this purpose—the commencement of the trial may fairly be dated from the morning of the seventeenth of November, when, in the hushed expectancy of the crowded court-room at Washington, D. C., the district attorney, Colonel George B. Corkhill, rose to open the case for the government.

As to the behavior of the spectators in the court-room, Dr. Godding refutes the newspaper statements that there was a great deal of "laughter and applause" at this trial:

"Defuries distributed through the room promptly silenced any whispering or moving about in the crowd. . . . Of applause there was but the slightest ripple; only one day did I hear anything noisy in that line, and this was by a conspicuous small boy, who was promptly ejected by the deputy-marshal. There were abundant occasions to provoke laughter, but the demonstration seldom amounted to more than a slight rustle. Once, when a medical witness held up to view, for the first time, the white plaster cast of Guiteau's head, the prisoner called out from the dock: 'That looks like Humpty Dumpty!' And the picture was so true to life that there was an audible smile through the room. So far from the court presenting the appearance of an amusement hall, as some sensational penny-a-liners would make us believe, I am sure that, excepting the prisoner, every one present, from the judge on the bench to the venturesome small boy clinging at the window, endeavored to maintain perfect decorum; and if any laughter or applause occurred, it was forced from them by the situation at the moment, and was, in a sense, involuntary. The interruptions by the prisoner were frequent, persistent, and of quite another character."

In his final argument for his brother-in-law, Scoville spoke for five days:

The burden of almost the entire labor of defense had developed on him from the first. The trial was entering upon its tenth week when he commenced his speech. It has been suggested that he prolonged his argument in order, by the limitation of time, to carry the execution of the sentence over another term of the court; but as Mr. Davidge occupied two, and Judge Porter nearly three days and then closed before he had concluded all that he originally intended to say, it is reasonable, at least, that Mr. Scoville, unfamiliar as he was with criminal law, found it impossible to go over the whole ground in less time than he took; indeed, as it was, he left his argument unfinished. There is a limit to the power of human endurance, and the wonder is, after three months of constant application and anxiety, day and night, in the conduct of the defense, in some respects the most difficult and embarrassing on record, that he was able to stand up before that jury, day after day, and not fall exhausted with his labor.

The morning of the twenty-first of January, 1882, dawned rainy and gloomy, but the court-room was more crowded than ever. The great day of the trial had come. Guiteau was to speak for his life:

"Curiosity was on tiptoe; the only drawback the lovers of novelty in sensation felt was that Guiteau, having been in the first instance refused permission to speak, had, with his usual enterprise, printed his speech in the New York Herald, so that most of the audience knew what he was to say. That, however, mattered very little; it was the man, and how he would appear, that most of the spectators came to see. 'How do I look?' was his question to the guard before entering the court-room. This man had not begun to realize the situation, but he had come with 'his show' to his benefit day, and he was anxious to present a 'high-toned' appearance. He took his place in the witness-box, and, seating himself, adjusted his glasses, and at the intimation of the judge began to read his manuscript, 'his theory of the defense.' . . . Though I have heard more brilliant men, the address was the most thrilling to which I have ever listened; a kind of oratory that remains with you ever after, though the scenery had probably something

to do with the dramatic effect. As the storm deepened without, the room grew dark, and the lamps brought in, while they shed a sickly light on the speaker's pale, smooth-shaven face, made the whole scene only more gruesome. I could see the shadow of the end falling over him, but he saw no such thing; he saw the 'chance at that jury, to give them the theory to settle this case.' He was flattered by the attention of the audience, so many 'high-toned' people, and for once the opportunity to do all the talking himself. His voice was rather thin, but distinctly heard. He did wonderfully well, for it was the one theme in which he was perfectly at home—it was the only lecture of his that could ever 'draw.'"

The final week of the long trial opened with the closing argument of Judge Porter, which lasted nearly three days, and then, as the jury decided to remain, Judge Cox commenced his charge. His final summary of the case was as follows:

"If you find from the whole evidence that, at the time of the commission of the homicide, the prisoner, in consequence of disease of mind, was laboring under such a defect of his reason that he was incapable of understanding what he was doing or that it was wrong, as, for example, if he was under an insane delusion that the Almighty had commanded him to do the act, and in consequence of that he was incapable of seeing that it was a wrong thing to do, then he was not in a responsible condition of mind, and was an object of compassion and not of justice, and ought to be now acquitted."

"On the other hand, if you find that he was under no insane delusions, such as I have described, but had possession of his faculties and the power to know that his act was wrong, and of his own free will deliberately conceived, planned, and executed this homicide, then, whether his motive was personal vindictiveness, or political animosity, or a morbid desire for notoriety, or fanciful ideas of patriotism, or the divine will, or you are unable to discover any motive at all, the act is simply murder, and it is your duty to find him guilty."

So at half-past four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, January 25, 1882, the judge gave the case to the jury, who at once retired. In that brief winter day the darkness was already gathering in the court-room; everybody waited, feeling that the end had come. After a little the prisoner requested permission to retire to the marshal's room, and a recess of half an hour was taken:

With the close of the recess it was whispered through the room that a verdict had been reached. Candles had been brought in, casting everything into flickering light and shadow; the dim forms of the jury were seen coming in, and a hush as of death went over that crowded room.

The foreman stood, and to the question of the clerk: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?" he answered:

"We have."  
"What say you? Is the defendant guilty or not guilty?"  
And on that yet deeper hush the answer came:

"Guilty as indicted, sir."  
And the agony of suspense was over, and from the audience came a burst of applause. The bailiffs shouted "Silence!" Mr. Scoville was on his feet, calling on the court, and Mr. Davidge insisting that the verdict be first recorded. This done, Mr. Scoville demanded that the jury be polled. As one by one their names were called, and, out of the darkness, "Guilty," "Guilty," came from each one, one man of all that assembly, apparently unmoved, sitting erect, sent back to the last response, in the old, familiar voice, the reply: "My blood be on the head of that jury; don't you forget it. That is my answer."

Of course there were the usual exceptions taken, and argued and overruled—the verdict was the end. On the fourth of February the district attorney moved that the sentence be pronounced:

In answer to the question if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, Guiteau made the following response: "I am not guilty, sir, of the charge set forth in the indictment. It was God's act, and not mine, and God will take care of it, and don't the American people forget it; and every officer, judicial or otherwise, from the President down to that marshal, taking in every man on that jury and every member of this bench, will pay for it; and the American nation will roll in blood, if my body goes into that ground and I am hung. I tell you, the mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind sure. Those Jews put the despised Galilean into the grave, and they had their way for a little time; but at the destruction of Jerusalem, forty years after, the Almighty got even with them. I tell you I am here as God's man. I have no fear of death; I kill me to-morrow, if you want to. I am here as God's man, and have been from the start. I care not what men shall do with me." And then solemnly, with fitting words, the judge pronounced the sentence, closing with the usual impressive words, "And may God have mercy upon your soul." On the hush of that court-room came back, like a weird but solemn echo, "And may God have mercy upon your soul."

A few days later Dr. Godding saw the prisoner. He was already showing a relief from the tension of the trial, was markedly gaining in flesh, was happy in the sale of photographs and autographs, was making money at last, was calm and apparently content. On July 1, 1882, Guiteau bravely went to his death. On the scaffold he read a prayer in which he again declared that he had assassinated Garfield at the inspiration of God, chanted a hymn, and, as the black cap was being adjusted, shouted: "Glory, glory, glory!"

According to Noah Brooks, in his volume on "Washington in Lincoln's Time," the court-room in which were tried, in May, 1865, the eight conspirators arraigned for being concerned in the plot against the lives of Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet, was a place of fascinating, and, perhaps, morbid interest. The trial was arranged to be secret, but it was finally opened to those who could procure passes from the president of the court. The room in which the trial was held is a part of the great United States arsenal establishment, to which is attached the penitentiary in which the conspirators were confined. It is on the banks of the Potomac, in the suburbs of the city:

Entering an old-fashioned brick building, one was shown into a large, bare room on the ground floor, where sat a couple of staff officers receiving the credentials of those who applied for admission; they sent these up to the court, where an officer inspected them, and returned them, if satisfactory, with the desired card of admission. A narrow flight of stairs brought the visitor to a small chamber in the second story, where a knot of orderlies were lounging about, and an officer inspected one's pass; after another flight of stairs, another inspection of the pass permitted one to enter the court-room, which was in the third floor. It was an apartment about twenty-five feet wide and thirty feet long, the entrance being at the opposite end of the penitentiary. Looking into the room, one saw that it was divided lengthwise into two parts, the portion on the right being occupied by the court, sitting around a long, green-covered table, General Hunter at one end and Judge-Advocate Holt with his assistants at the other. The part of the room which was not occupied by the court was raised off, and was taken up with a few seats for reporters and spectators generally, who were crowded confusedly about, and rested as best they could against the bare, whitewashed walls of the room. At the farther end of the apartment was a wooden railing, behind which, on a narrow, raised platform, sat the accused men, all in a solemn row with an armed soldier sitting between every two persons. At the left-hand corner behind them was a heavy iron door opening into the corridor, along which were the cells of the prisoners.

Each one of the accused was manacled hand and foot, and sat grimly against the wall, facing the court and the wit-

nesses, the witness-stand being a raised box in the centre of the room:

On the left, in the line of prisoners, sat Mrs. Surratt, deeply veiled, with her face turned to the wall, slowly and constantly fanning herself, and never raising her head, except when ordered to show her countenance for the purpose of identification by witnesses. She was a dark-looking, fleshy, placid, and matronly woman, apparently about forty-five years of age. She was accused of being privy to the plot, assisting both before and after the assassination, and secreting in her house the arms and other implements to be used in the conspiracy.

Next to the guard who sat by Mrs. Surratt's side was Herold, a small, dark man, about twenty-five years old, with a low receding forehead, scanty black hair and whiskers, a stooping figure, protruding teeth, and a vulgar face. . . . This man was Booth's intimate companion, and left him only when he was burned out in the Maryland barn.

Next was Payne, the assassin detailed for the murder of Seward. He sat bolt upright against the wall, looming up like a young giant above all the others. Payne's face would defy the ordinary physiognomist. It certainly appeared to be a good face. . . . He was apparently not much over twenty-four years old, and his face, figure, and bearing bespoke him the powerful, resolute creature that he proved to be. It was curious to see the quick flash of intelligence that involuntarily shot from his eyes when the knife, with which he had done the bloody work at Seward's house, was identified by the man who found it in the street near the house in the gray dawn of the morning after that dreadful night. The knife was a heavy, horn-handled implement, with a double edge at the point and a blade about ten inches long, thick at the back, but evidently ground carefully to a fine point.

Next in order sat Atzerodt, who had been assigned, it was believed, to the murder of Vice-President Johnson, but whose heart failed him when the time came to strike the blow. . . . It was observed that when any ludicrous incident disturbed the gravity of the court, as sometimes happened, Atzerodt was the only man who never smiled, although the others, Payne especially, would often grin in sympathy with the auditors.

O'Laughlin, who was supposed to have been set apart for the murder of Stanton or Grant, had the appearance of the traditional stage villain. . . . A California vigilance committee in 1849 probably would have hanged him "on general principles."

Spangler, the stage-carpenier of Ford's Theatre, was about forty, heavily built, sandy complexion, slovenly in appearance. He held Booth's horse at odd times, kept clear the way to the rear of the theatre, and was suspected of being his lackey. The poor creature, more than any other, appeared to be under the influence of imminent bodily fear.

Dr. Mudd, the companion and associate of Booth, who received the flying assassin into his house on the night of the murder and set his fractured limb, sat in his shirt-sleeves, with a white handkerchief knotted loosely about his neck, and attentively regarded the proceedings with the air of a man who felt sure of himself.

Last in the row was Arnold, the "Sam" of Booth's correspondence, who, writing from Hookerstown, Md., informed the assassin that he had concluded to "give up the job," and was tired of keeping up appearances. This man was as sneaky as a caged whelp.

The appearance of the court, Mr. Brooks says, was neither solemn nor impressive:

The members of the commission sat about in various negligent attitudes, and a general appearance of disorder was evident. Many ladies were present, and their irrepressible whispering was a continual annoyance to the reporters who desired to keep track of the evidence. . . . The witnesses were brought in without regard to any particular criminal, all being tried at once. Occasionally an attorney for one prisoner would "develop" the witness under examination in such a manner as to injure the cause of another of the defendants, and then a petty quarrel would ensue between the different counsel.

Of the sentences of the eight prisoners at the bar, Mr. Brooks says:

"Payne, Atzerodt, Herold, and Mrs. Surratt were declared by the court to be guilty of murder, and were hanged on July 7, 1865. O'Laughlin, Arnold, and Dr. Mudd were found guilty of being accessory to the conspiracy, and were sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life. Spangler was sentenced to six years' imprisonment, and, with O'Laughlin, Arnold, and Mudd, was sent to the forts of the Dry Tortugas. Dr. Mudd was pardoned by President Johnson in February, 1869, and Arnold and Spangler about a month later in the same year. O'Laughlin died of yellow fever while in prison at Fort Jefferson, Fla."

"A painful and distressing feature of this tragical business," concludes Mr. Brooks, "was the ease with which many well-meaning but unreasonable people not only appeared to forget the awfulness of the crime committed, but made objection to the finding of the court as well. Judge John H. Bingham, who assisted the judge-advocate in the trial, was unjustly, even wickedly, pursued by some of these wrong-headed persons for the part he took in the conviction of Mrs. Surratt. All the evidence in her case pointed unerringly to her guilt as an intelligent accomplice of the assassins. Her sex seems to have confused the judgment of many who did not follow the trial with attentiveness."

Seth Low, president of Columbia College, has been nominated for mayor by the New York City Republican convention. The platform adopted arraigns Tammany Hall as "a band of conspirators against the public welfare" and as "an organization devoted to public plunder." It charges the administration of the police department with "huying and selling license to break the law," and the machinery designated for the administration of justice as "being employed to promote vice and protect criminals"; and it pledges its nominees to "extirpate the police black-mail iniquity and the system of political jobbery, maintained in the interests of the Tammany boss, who, though a foreign resident and a British tax-payer, yet rules the city of New York by virtue of his control of Tammany Hall."

Speaking recently of the idea of the leaders of the new railroad combination on this subject, E. O. McCormick, general passenger traffic manager of the Southern Pacific, said:

"The little stream of trade that started from the Pacific practically with the opening of the Philippine campaign is beginning to increase to such an extent that it will rapidly develop into a mighty river. We believe that we have made such provision for this magnificent trade as will at least take care of its beginnings. We have the Occidental and Oriental line of steamers, the Pacific Mail, and the Japan line, and vessels equal to anything on the Atlantic will soon be added to each of these fine fleets. Our agents are now traveling all through the Orient, seeking trade in every city and hamlet, and planting the seed of what we believe will soon be a vastly important commerce."

The officers of the Mexican Central Railroad have been notified that a big excursion party will leave Mexico on October 1st, in special cars, and, at points between that city and El Paso, others will join in numbers sufficient to warrant the use of a special train. The party will visit San Francisco, and then go across the continent to New York, stopping at all the principal cities on the way.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Swaggering Rascal of Gentle Birth.

More than two hundred thousand copies of Robert Neilson Stephens's novels have been sold, and of these the fifth, "Philip Winwood," is the most popular, though "An Enemy to the King" is not far behind in the race. A new book from his pen may be expected to win greater success, providing only that it show no sudden change of style or lack of power. "Captain Ravenshaw," accordingly, comes under good auspices. In the preface to this, his latest work, Mr. Stephens has a few words in defense of the romantic in fiction, and a brief reference to his care in avoiding anachronisms in the story that follows. He styles his book "mere story, the sort of thing Mr. Howells can not tolerate," but asks: "Who shall deny that all kinds of fiction have equal right to exist?" His argument is able, and his historical and literary allusions are cleverly suited to his plea.

With most of his readers there was need of neither defense or apology. They read his books for the stirring adventures he describes so well. The interest of the tale, its unexpected turns of fortune, its contests for love or glory, its ingenious evasions of unconquerable foes, furnish the distractions which they most favor. The skill of the true story-teller holds some indefinable qualities, and Mr. Stephens tells a story well. His audience will increase.

Still, "Captain Ravenshaw" is not his most admirable work. The captain is a swaggering soldier-of-fortune, without money or friends, in the London of Queen Elizabeth's time. Living by his wits, he gambles and cheats, and evades his debts, and fights, until his name is a reproach to the city. Then he chances to save a goldsmith's lovely daughter from serious consequences of a night adventure. Later he is led into a plot against her, but turns and defends her when he realizes that she is being wronged. And in the end she gives her hand to this doughty warrior of doubtful virtues. That he is of good family seems hardly a sufficient guaranty of his sudden and permanent reformation. However, the goldsmith's daughter was in great distress at the time, and may be forgiven for believing a poor husband better than none.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Negro Characteristics and Prospects.

William Hannibal Thomas writes of his own race in "The American Negro: What He Was, What He Is, and What He May Become," and his book is a severe arraignment of his people. There has been no such sweeping condemnation of the impulses and conduct of the negroes, from any source. Yet Mr. Thomas calls his work a "critical and practical discussion." It is declared to be his desire to awaken his brethren of color to the weaknesses that beset them, to stir them into activity in laudable ambitions; but it is doubtful if his efforts will have such beneficial results. It is most probable that their only effects will be general resentment and denial by those he wishes to help.

There is presented in the first chapters of the volume the fruit of no little research, and the divisions entitled "Alien Chattelism," "Decretal Freedom," and "Industrial Freedom" contain many striking statements from history, and a logical development of the problem which he attacks. But in the chapters that follow, particularly those devoted to "Moral Lapses" and "Criminal Instincts," there is such a hopeless view of present conditions, and statements so sweeping in character that the reader hesitates to accept them. In the preface of his work he anticipates disbelief and antagonism from the freedmen, but declares his ability to substantiate all his charges. He follows it with the suggestion that "it is the highest duty of every man to preach the gospel of immediate and unconditional race redemption." But this is indefinite, and not impressive beyond the mere sound of the words. He tells the negro that he must "part forever with his savage inheritance or be eternally submerged by American vigor and determination." The advice is good. Many white men could accept and act upon it with advantage. But those who would lead should not discourage the led. Even if the most of Mr. Thomas's book is true, it is ill-advised. With the best of intentions his force is not well directed. Many readers will incline to the belief that the author enjoys the rhetoric of his denunciation more than the brightest prospect of any moral regeneration to grow out of it.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

## The Romance of Castle Finn.

Katherine Tynan pictures satisfactorily the customs and surroundings of "the Quality" in Ireland, and her dialogue has always some humor and many natural graces. Her heroines are unfailingly attractive and numerous, and her heroes, grave and gay, are winning figures. Though sunshine and shadow may alternate with many sudden changes in her stories, there is never a doubt that the curtain will fall in a glow of rose-color and gold. Her latest novel, "That Sweet Enemy," is in no way to be distinguished from those that have preceded it, unless it is for a glimpse or two of the "Moonlighters,"

the young Irishmen whose fervid but misdirected patriotism brought nothing but sorrow to all around them. It is a pleasing story, nevertheless, and sketches some figures that are worth the little time they hold the stage.

A spendthrift, O'Doherty, was forced to sell Castle Finn, the home of his fathers, and for a generation the survivors of the family had kept up an unreasoning yet pardonable hatred for the English purchaser's descendants. There are five of the O'Dohertys left; two sisters, Sheila and Decima, and two brothers, Sir Phil and Shawn, all of the romantic age, and all in charge of their great-aunt, Lady Theodosia. Of course, the English heir to the estate, Sir Giles Dennistoun, is brought to the neighborhood to captivate one of his hereditary enemies and heal the feud, but he has a difficult time of it. Sheila is the bitterest hater, but even she forgives in the end—and marries the Englishman. Decima lives a love-story, too, but the chronicle is from her pen, so there is none too much of this. An American heiress enriches Sir Phil, though she has to throw poor Shawn over to do it, and then all is happiness.

A masked ball, a ring lost by a sleep-walking damsel, a horse-race, a meeting of conspirators with an unseen witness, and a midnight attack and repulse of the young patriots—these are some of the incidents, and, though they are not unique, they are far from being uninteresting. There is no reason why Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson may not write many more such novels, and her stories will never lack readers, for there is much to admire in her art.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

B. K. Benson, whose story of the Civil War, "Who Goes There?" attracted attention last year, has written another war story, the scene of which is in the Virginia campaign of Grant and Lee. The Macmillan Company has just published it under the title of "A Friend with the Countersign."

The title of Gorky's much-talked-of novel, "Fomá Gordyeff," published by the Scribners, means "Thomas the Proud," Fomá being the Russian form of the English name, Thomas, and Gordyeff signifying proud. The name Gorky itself is a *nom de plume* signifying "the bitter one," and was chosen by the author to indicate his early attitude toward life.

Lafcadio Hearn's forthcoming book is called "A Japanese Miscellany."

The publication, this month, of Charles Major's new story, "The Bears of Blue River," brings to light some new sides of this popular author's life. Mr. Major announces that this will represent his entire literary output on the publishers' book-lists this year.

"The Barbarians," Ian Maclaren's new book, has just been brought out by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Three stories and a play will be included in Mrs. Craigie's new book, "A Study in Temperaments." The stories are called "Prince Tots," "The World That God Prepared," and "Tis an Ill Flight Without Wings." The play is "A Repentance," which was produced in London two years ago.

Lieutenant Ellicott, U. S. N., of the Naval War College, has written a life of Rear-Admiral Winslow, the commander of the *Kearsarge* in her famous fight with the *Alabama*, which is soon to be published.

The name of the late Sir Walter Besant's last novel, announced under the title of "The Way Out," has been changed to "The Other Way," as "The Way Out" had already been appropriated by another novelist.

"Tales of Dunstable Weir" is a new volume by Gwendolen Keats, who writes under the pseudonym of "Zack," which Charles Scribner's Sons have in active preparation. It is a collection of short stories, each of which is said to have a distinct individuality of theme and style.

In view of the death of the President, and in deference to the author's wishes, the publication of General Alger's work, "The Spanish-American War," has been postponed.

Another Polish novelist is to appear before us, bearing the name of Eliza Orzeszko. Her book, which the Scribners will publish, is called "The Argonauts," and is translated by Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of Sienkiewicz's books into English.

Paul Jones is a figure that can never lose its interest for Americans, and one of the most vivid portraits of him is to be found in Miss Jewett's "Tory Lover," which has just been brought out in book-form after running as a serial.

The Century Company is about to issue two new volumes in The Thumb-Nail Series, one being passages from Lincoln's speeches and letters, with an introduction by Richard Watson Gilder, and the other a collection of translations of the "Odes of Horace" by various authors, edited by Benjamin E. Smith.

Jacob A. Riis, whose autobiography will shortly appear from the Macmillan Company under the title of "The Making of an American," presents the

experiences of a Dane who has lived a long and observing life in the country of his adoption. The book will be illustrated, both by scenes of the author's former home in Denmark and by pen-sketches of his life in America, which are believed to set off the text in a striking manner.

The Putnam's edition of "Chesterfield's Letters to His Son," which they are going to publish in their Library of Standard Literature in two volumes, is said to be the first American edition of that book. It has been carefully edited by Charles Strachey and A. Calthorp.

## IN MEMORIAM.

September 6, 1901.

'Tis not the President alone  
Who, stricken by that bullet, fell,  
The assassin's shot that laid him prone  
Pierced a great nation's heart as well;  
And when the baleful tidings sped  
From lip to lip throughout the crowd,  
Then, as they deemed their ruler dead,  
'Twas Liberty that cried aloud.

Ay, Liberty! for where the foam  
Of oceans twain makes out the coast,  
'Tis there, in Freedom's very home,  
That anarchy has maimed its host;  
There 'tis that it has turned to bite  
The hand that fed it; there repaid  
A country's welcome with black spite;  
There, Judas like, that land betrayed.

For 'tis no despot that's laid low,  
But a free nation's chosen chief;  
A free man, stricken by a blow  
Base, dastardly, past all belief.  
And Tyranny exulting hears  
The tidings flashed across the sea;  
While stern Repression bugs her fears,  
And mouths them in a harsh decree.

Meanwhile the cloud, though black as death,  
Is lined with hopes, hopes light as life,  
And Liberty that, scant of breath,  
Had watched the issue of the strife,  
Fills the glad air with grateful cries  
To find the sun no more obscured,  
And with new yearnings in her eyes  
Climbs to her watch-tower—re-assured.  
—London Truth.

William McKinley.

Kingdoms, the pride of dust, to dust return,  
As History's dying hand lets fall the scroll,  
But flaming through eternal paths will burn  
The Godward fire of an heroic soul.  
—Louise Morgan Sill in Harper's Weekly.

## Returned.

He is given back to his native soil,  
The soil whence giants come!  
The kind, true eyes are closed,  
The lips, once eloquent, are dumb.  
But though he speaks no more  
The spirit of his love for men  
Is singing through a great grief-stricken land!  
That friendly hand  
Will never clasp another's hand again,  
And myriad hands are reaching now  
In loving rivalry to place  
The laurels on his brow.

Once more he lies on his mother's breast—  
That mother of the wise and brave.  
She cradled him, and now  
She furnishes his grave.  
She saw him rise, and she was glad;  
She freely gave  
The fairest gifts she had  
To him she styled her best-beloved!  
She heard him called and bade him go,  
And as she saw his glory grow  
Her heart swelled with the pride  
That only loving mothers know.

Back, past the fair, green hills  
O'er which he used to roam,  
The son whose proud career she watched  
Has wandered home!  
Ah, stricken mother, weep away,  
Thy heart is sorely tried to-day,  
But through the cycles yet to be  
Thy pride shall grow,  
And all the world shall rate  
Thy glory great

And ever greater as the great years come and go,  
Since he is given back and now is part of thee.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Appleton Fall Announcements.

Among the notable fall publications of D. Appleton & Co. are Hall Caine's "The Eternal City"; "The Quiberon Touch," a romance of the sea, by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "The Teller," by Edward Noyes Westcott, author of "David Harum"; "Shackleton," a story of American politics, by Walter Barr; "A Nest of Linnets," by F. Frankfort Moore; "Shipmates," by Morgan Robertson; "The Wage of Character," a story of modern New York society, by Julien Gordon; "While Charlie Was Away," by Mrs. Poultny Bigelow; "The Devastators," by Ada Cambridge; "General McClellan," by the late General Peter S. Michie; "The Private Life of the Sultan," by Georges Dorys, son of a former minister of the Sultan; "Other Worlds," by Garrett P. Serviss; "Dragons of the Air," an account of extinct flying reptiles, by H. G. Seeley; "The Adventures of Marco Polo," edited by Edward Atherton; "Harold's Discussions," by J. W. Troeger; "Student Life and Customs," by Henry D. Sheldon; and "An Ideal School," by Preston W. Search.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A New French Dictionary.

The "French and English Dictionary," compiled by Hjalmar Edgren and Percy B. Burnet, has been prepared by the authors especially for students who desire to make their study of living languages as thorough as that of the classical. But it makes no pretense to completeness. It claims to be only what it is—a portable, convenient, French-English and English-French dictionary for the every-day use of students. Founded upon the latest, as well as the best-established, authorities, the dictionary is at once scholarly and practical; a useful reference volume for the library of the layman and philologist, as well as for the college student. Its good points are many, and among them its clear, open typography stands at the head of the list. Few dictionaries of so limited size and bulk equal it in legibility. Its size is that of the ordinary octavo, and it contains twelve hundred and fifty-two pages, with the words in double columns.

By a method of derivative grouping great prominence is given to the catch-words. This is unquestionably an aid to the eye, and facilitates the ready use of the dictionary. Much space is also thus saved by the avoidance of a needless repetition of etymologies. To the advanced student there is no detriment in finding kindred words grouped together, where the grouping is accomplished without the sacrifice of alphabetical order—as in this case; but to the beginner or to the very young the grouping might prove puzzling. However, it is the more satisfactory method of arrangement, all things considered, and allows of condensation from what would otherwise be a bulky volume. By this arrangement also a certain philological value is imparted which is lacking in many dictionaries. The etymological derivation of each source-word is given in brackets, where known, and the century of each word's earliest occurrence in the language is indicated in small numerals.

That the etymology is an aid may be shown by a single word. Take *cognassier*, quince-tree. The derivative *coing*, given in parentheses, indicates the word for quince.

Another word: Take *rasta* or *rastacouère*. At a glance one sees that it is from the American-Spanish, *rastra-cuero*, npstart rich, from dealing in hides; hence, "any lavish foreign adventurer."

The derivation of the word *maritorne* is given succinctly in a few words. "Maritornes" is the name of the servant-girl at the inn where Don Quixote experiences so many woes. From this name the French have made a common noun, *maritorne*, meaning an ill-shaped or untidy woman.

As for definitions, the authors have aimed to give the distinct varieties of meaning rather than synonyms, and the less obvious uses more fully than the ordinary meanings. Condensation along these lines appears to be without detriment to those for whose use the dictionary is primarily intended. Some English-speaking people in reading French sometimes fail to grasp the true sense of the text, for the reason that words which are apparently identical in the two languages have different shades of meaning. For instance, *trivial*, in French, is not quite our "trivial." According to Saintsbury, in his notes on Gautier's "Voyage en Espagne," it has a certain additional connotation, both of hackneyedness and vulgarity. This is made quite clear by Edgren and Burnet, who define the word thus: "Trivial (vulgar, trite)."

The pronunciation of each word is denoted by subscript diacritical marks which may be plainly distinguished from the French accents and the cedilla, and may be readily interpreted by reference to a concise key to the plan of marking, to be found in the preface.

Our authors do not follow Littré—as who does in practice?—in the pronunciation of *fil*, a son. They indicate that the *s*-shall be sounded. This is the common pronunciation, but Littré tells us that it is wrong, and that we should say "un *fi*." Under *gars*, "lad," an old nominative of *garçon*, and now almost entirely restricted to popular use, they again give the popular pronunciation, in which the *r* and *s* are both silent. Briefly they indicate when the *s* sound in *six* and *dix* should be omitted and when sounded:

"Before vowel, *dis*; before consonant, *di*; *dix-huit*, *x=2*; *t* silent before consonants; *dix-neuf*, *x=2*; *dix-sept*, *dis-set*.

Here are the exceptions stated, with the rule for pronunciation, so that one may grasp the whole in a moment's time; so readily is the bold-faced type of the catch-words distinguished from the many explanatory words and symbols denoting derivation, pronunciation, and definition.

Translation and explanation of the idiom are by no means sacrificed to brevity. For instance, under *trier* we find *à franc drier*, "at full speed"; and under *ventre*, *ventre à terre*, which has the same meaning. Nor are obsolete and archaic words omitted without cause. In the selection of their words the authors have followed the old standard Littré and the recently completed Hatzfeldt-Darmesteter-Thomas "Dictionnaire Générale," which bids fair to be the coming standard dictionary of France. They claim that very few words contained in the latter work have been omitted from their less bulky lexicon. We have found but few words missing, and those seem to be mostly colloquialisms, such as *gosse*,

meaning urchin. The old word *tapabor*, meaning a broad-brimmed slouch hat worn by the French peasantry, mentioned in Victor Hugo's "Quatre-Vingt-Treize," is defined by Edgren and Burnet as "rain-hat"; *rebouteur*, another obsolete term from the same classic, is defined "bone-setter":

"Je suis un peu rebouteur, un peu médecin, je connais les herbes." . . .

In the preface the authors have wisely included a table of French money, measures, and weights, reduced to the American standards; while at the end of the volume there are lists of personal and geographical names in English, with their French equivalents. Another excellent feature which we must not omit to mention is the ease of finding irregular forms, which appear alphabetically in the dictionary. In addition, the full conjugation of each irregular verb is given where the verb occurs, as under *falloir*:

Ind.: Pr. *il faut*. Ip. *il fallait*. Pret. *il fallut*. Fut. (cond.) *il faudrait* (it).—Subj.: Pr. *il faille*. Ip. *il fallût*.—Part.: P. *fallu*. Other forms wanting.

A curious blunder has crept in under "suit." For definition the Spanish form, *solicitation*, has been given in place of the French *solicitation*.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

New Publications.

"The Manager of the B. & A.," by Vaughan Kester, is a story of life and labor on the railroad and in a lumber centre of Michigan, realistic, but with some high lights. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Tennessee Sketches," by Louisa Preston Looney, is a volume of short stories, though the first of the seven in the collection—"The Member from Tennessee"—fills the first half of the book. All are gracefully told, and even in the least of them there is evidence of dramatic power. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"Hirsh's Tabulated Digest of the Divorce Laws of the United States," is the self-explaining title of a work in the form of a chart, prepared by Hugo Hirsh. Much labor was required to bring the mass of information into so small a space and in so convenient a form for reference. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Most of the stories by Dr. Maurus Jókai are so long that translators make abridgments for English readers. "The Corsair King," the latest to be brought out in this country, is given more complete, as it is not long. It is a striking story, and its translator, Mary I. Safford, has done her work with discrimination. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"A History of Philosophy," by Thomas Hunter, is a concise text-book for high schools and academies, giving succinct accounts of the doctrines of philosophers in ancient and modern history. A list of questions for review, a vocabulary, and a pronouncing index are added to the biographical and metaphysical chapters. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 35 cents.

Two professors of history have collaborated with good results in producing a new text-book for grammar schools on civil government, presented under the title, "The Government of the American People." Professor Frank Strong, president of the University of Oregon, and Professor Joseph Schafer, of the same institution, are the authors. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 65 cents.

Fifteen monologues by a slow-spoken but determined English domestic make up the little volume bearing the laconic title, "Mrs. Green." The author, Evelyn Elsie Rynd, is a humorist, and something more, for there is excellent character-drawing and many minor points of artistic detail worthy of praise in her amusing series of observations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

Experiences in a French music-hall that destroyed many fond illusions on the part of the young singer who is the heroine of the story, make up the opening chapters of "When Love Flies Out of the Window," by Leonard Merrick. There were happier days in store, however, for the girl, and the young playwright who wins her contributed his share of the happiness. It is a novel written from more than a superficial knowledge of stage life. Published in paper covers by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

In that admirable series, Macmillan's Library of English Classics, edited by A. W. Pollard, the latest issues are new editions of Isaac Walton and Thomas de Quincey. The first volume contains Walton's "Complete Angler," and the "Lives" of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson. The second volume presents De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," "The Daughter of Lebanon," "On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," "The Spanish Military Nun," and "The English Mail-Coach." The work of the editor, the printer, and the publisher is notably excellent in these works. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

Tolstoy's Teachers.

Tolstoy, in an interview recently published in the *Temps*, declares that his two main sources of inspiration were Rousseau and Stendhal—Rousseau for doctrine, Stendhal for technique:

"For my own part, I know what I owe to others—to two above all, Rousseau and Stendhal. We have not done justice to Rousseau. We have misunderstood the nobility of his thought; and we have slandered him in every fashion. I have read all of Rousseau; yes, the whole twenty volumes, including even the 'Dictionary of Music.' I gave him better than admiration; I fairly worshiped him. When I was only fifteen, I wore on my neck his miniature portrait, as if it were a saint's. Certain pages of his touch me to my innermost being. I believe that I would have written them myself.

"Stendhal? In him I can see only the author of

the 'Chartreuse de Parme' and of 'Le Rouge et le Noir'—two incomparable masterpieces. And I am under obligations to him as to no other. It is to him I owe my understanding of war. Re-read in the 'Chartreuse de Parme' the story of the Battle of Waterloo. Who before him had described war like that, that is to say, as it really is? Do you remember Fabrice passing through the battle and understanding 'just nothing at all,' and how quickly the hussars lift him clear of his fine 'horse fit for a general'? Later, in the Caucasus, my brother, an officer before I was, assured me of the truth of these descriptions of Stendhal; he loved war, but was not ingenious enough to believe in the bridge of Arcola. 'All that,' he used to say to me, 'is mere flourish! And there is no flourish in war.' Very little later, in the Crimea, I had only to look about and see with my own eyes. But, I repeat, in all that I know about war my first master was Stendhal."

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It is a grave mistake to lay a book aside permanently, when once read, with the feeling that because the story is familiar one has exhausted all possibility of future enjoyment from that special source. If the writer has style, one can read, and re-read, and read yet again. If the tale is striking, unusual, ingenious, or has some special trick of charm, keep it on your list, and try it again after some years. You will generally discover, unless you are gifted with an inconveniently retentive memory, that you have remembered only the predominating idea, and that the greater part is as fresh and novel to you as the latest book from the press.

For this reason, I regret having re-read "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" before, instead of after, seeing the play. Every one is familiar with the main idea of the story, but thoroughly to re-acquaint one's self with Stevenson's working out of his strange and striking motive is to lose some of the effect of the play. Whosoever, knowing the original tale, goes to see it in dramatic form, is prepared to feel, or, rather, deliberately courts the sensation of horror.

Electric lights and universal education have banished bogies, and the authors of our time are obliged to have recourse to such prosaic circumstances as burglaries and accidents to arouse a sentiment of foreboding or fear. But Stevenson had an imagination that roamed fearless and unconfin'd beyond the threshold of actuality, and the wild Pegasus of his fancy, controlled by the sure touch of its master, brought back strange spoils from those distant cloud-lands.

Mao, in spite of civilization, telephones, gas ranges, and trolley-cars, still has an ineradicable hankering after the supernatural. That is, within bounds. He longs to set an investigating, tentative toe over the threshold of the unknown, while still maintaining a sure foothold on this most excellent, familiar earth. And that is the reason why the two tales of "Tribby" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," inspired such universal interest. In each case a human soul broke through its fetters of clay, and, while wandering far afield, still remained in the flesh and tasted the delectable flavor of life.

The psychological element in Stevenson's story, however, is lost in the stagio of it; the moral significance likewise is partially obscured, and the leading motive of the play is mystery, dread, and horror. The seasoned theatre-goer usually finds it difficult to surrender himself to these sensations. The main idea—that of the incarnation of the evil of one's soul—is so powerful that it wrought its effect, even through the faulty and imperfect stage form, for the additional scenes and characters that the dramatist has foisted on the original material are lamentably incongruous. Anything so inane and unnecessarily long-drawn-out as the dialogue and love-tiffs between Enfield and Alice it is impossible to imagine. One could not but consider it as a patching of a choice garment with scraps of calico. Fortunately, the dramatist has adhered as closely as is possible to the text of the story, using word for word the exact dialogue, and introducing a number of original scenes in their entirety, even when it necessitated frequent changes of stage-setting.

The adapter is evidently aware of stage traditions, since he insists on lovers and the "comic relief," but he is as innocent of the art of composing stage dialogue as a Digger Indian is of the aroma of champagne. One's sense of decorum, too, is offended by the placing of the scene of Poole's love-making to the impossible Sarah just outside the room where Dr. Lanyon lies dying; and, after that shock is over, there follows directly a scene between the detective and Enfield, in which the two have a merry chat, and indulge in bursts of jovial laughter.

When all's said and done, however, the desired effect has been gained. We feel toward Hyde what Dr. Lanyon described in the book as "disgustful curiosity." We sympathize with the better movings in Dr. Jekyll's storm-tossed and guilt-weighted soul, and the not too satiated theatre-goer is fascinated and appalled by the dark unfolding of the mystery.

I felt much curiosity about the means used by Hawthorne to gain the appearance of Hyde as described in the book. Hyde, it will be remembered, is described as having something "abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence"; he is dwarfish in stature, with a suggestion of deformity, pale, with a "displeasing smile," and a "husky, whispering, so newhat broken voice." All these characteristics are successfully assumed by Mr. Hawthorne, the effect of a greenish and unpleasant pallor being gained by persistently casting a sickly ray of light over his face. His teeth are bared in an insolent leer, his body is carried with a crouching trot, and wild, disordered

hair gives the last touch to a figure that is unpleasant enough to disseminate the seeds of a flourishing crop of nightmares. For my part, I plead guilty, after having spent an evening in Mr. Hyde's society, to a pronounced distaste for the dark.

Many scenes in the play transpire in the dark, or in a dim light that is fearfully suggestive of dark deeds. I noticed a number of times that half-hysterical quaver of laughter that runs through a theatrical audience sometimes when sensibilities to supernatural fear are stirred. Loudest in the chorus were the shrill, excited cackles of the soiled little cherubs that sit up aloft in the front row of the gallery. They are a well-toughened lot, with already a good deal of precocious outlook on the realities of life, but I think the little chaps felt a fearful joy in seeing these uncomprehended mysteries enacted before them, and yielded to that mingling of laughter and terror which children feel for the bugaboo whose existence they half doubt and half believe in.

I wonder what Stevenson himself would have thought of it. Something fine, remote, indefinable, has vanished from the tale in its incarnation on the boards of a theatre, and I think that he would have felt that the child of his fancy was coarsened and cheapened by its melodramatic materialization. Yet it is far from being classed among his finest works, although it was the means of bringing him the first fruits of his fame. It is still, however, a name to conjure with, for in spite of the fact that Hawthorne has only a fair company, the numerous circles in the Grand Opera House were well filled by a curious and interested crowd.

But, indeed, what theatre is not well-filled nowadays in the most pleasure-loving of cities. The Orpheum is usually crammed to the doors; during Miss Roberts' engagement the Alcazar is in a similar state of prosperity; and the grand-opera season at the Tivoli was never more successful.

"Nabucco" is the only opera which I have seen that has not been the means of filioing the theatre. It is, however, although composed during Verdi's barbarous period, when his librettist was his humble slave instead of his intelligent partner in art, a very beautiful work, abounding in the sweet, fluent melodiousness from which time and altered standards can not quite steal away the charm. The story does not matter. The story in Verdi's earliest operas never mattered. But the overture was a joy. Salassa was in good voice again, and he, Dado, and Barbareschi sang the dramatic music with a whole-hearted fervor that roused the house to lusty cheers.

There were some spectacular features about the production, for Salassa made his first appearance on an accommodating charger that raised its ears in mild inquiry at the preliminary roar that came forth musically from Salassa's massive throat. There was a good deal of glitter among the costumes, and an electric thunderbolt that was billed to appear and rather missed fire, on the first sight, is no doubt by this time in full working order, doing its duty in dis-crowning the haughty Nabucco.

The Orpheum audiences are almost as animated as the performers this week, in their interest over the mind-reading tricks of the Svengalis, a group of three, consisting of a pretty young woman with a taste for music, and two men. The leader of the trio finds himself unconsciously in the position of a humorist, on account of the choice quality and the rich and luscious flavor of his foreign accent, and delighted murmurs of repetition and imitation can be heard over the house after each particularly toothsome lingual morsel. This slight break in the usual routine filled the house with vast satisfaction, and when the speaker requested the audience to volunteer names of celebrities for counterfeit presentation by his assistant on the stage, people hurled themselves into speech with a cheerful unanimity that seemed to threaten his ascendancy and control of his audience; a thing very essential to the success of the juggler or trickster. The act went with a rush, for the pair on the stage who, theoretically at least, do the mind-reading, are invariably as accurate as well-oiled machinery in the correctness of their divinations. A popular conclusion was reached by selecting a member of the audience to be represented in the same way by the unerring diviner on the stage.

The trick is reminiscent of the mind-reading performances presented in former years by the noted magician, Robert Heller, with the assistance of his wife, and the workings of which were detailed later in his memoirs. Heller would station himself at various points in the auditorium, with some object, a coin, a watch charm, or opera-glasses in his hand, and his wife, blindfolded and seated on the stage, would, in response to a few questions on his part, name and describe the object he held. Thousands accepted the trick as mind-reading pure and simple, while the doubters were unable to discover the clue which would lead to the unfolding of the mystery. The solution, however, as revealed later, was an elaborate and ingeniously constructed means of communication between Heller and his wife, in which every new form of interrogation, each word, syllable, emphasis, inflection, had some special significance—a date, a color, a shape, a use, an ornamental design, could be told her concerning the object described, under the very ears of the audience. Greater ease was also gained from the necessarily

limited nature of objects usually carried in the pockets.

In the act by the Svengalis it is probable that the main performer, by a good deal of adroit management, succeeds, while remaining artfully deaf to unwelcome suggestions, in drawing forth special names from individuals in the audience. The performer who does the make-up manifestly has his representations limited to the number and character of the facial helps in the boxes before him. Hence it is to the interest of the main performer on the floor to elicit the suggestion of certain names only. He probably has some verbal signal for the name of each person represented or melody sung. As for the individual in the audience who is represented by the artist in make-up, it is necessary to fall back on the well-worn, but generally reliable, theory of a confederate.

The tricks are all excellently done, showing great concentration and quickness on the part of the couple on the stage. The resemblances, however, are exceedingly dubious, the performer showing little of the flexibility of feature necessary for facial versatility, and being altogether too dependent on wigs and false heads. About the best likenesses were those of Li Hung Chang, the Pope, Carnot, and Admiral Schley. Lincoln, George Washington, and the late President were practically unrecognizable.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

On October 26th, a concert will be given in Berlio, in Beethoven Saal, that will be of considerable interest to Californians. On that occasion Hugo Mansfeldt will present his little pupil, Alma Stenel, to the Berlio public, and she will play three concertos, accompanied by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, under Rebeck's direction—concerto in E-minor, by Emil Sauer; concerto in E flat, by Liszt; and concerto symphonique, by Liszt. On November 8th, she will give her second recital, also in Beethoven Saal. The repertoire of little Miss Stenel, who is not yet fourteen years old, is sufficient to give four entire piano recitals, and it is expected in Berlio musical circles that she will duplicate her successes of last winter in Vienna and Budapest. Hugo Mansfeldt will leave Berlin for San Francisco immediately after the first concert.

Next Tuesday, October 31st, will be the tenth anniversary of the opening of Stanford University to students. All college work will be suspended, and the programme, including the re-reading of the addresses given by Senator Stanford, President Jordan, and others on the day of opening, will be rendered in the Assembly Hall. Rev. Robert MacKenzie will offer prayer and pronounce the benediction.

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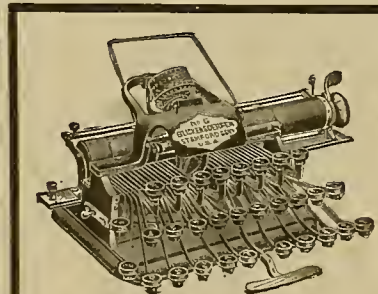
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LONDON'S NOISY FIRST-NIGHTS.

Gillette Hooted by the Lyceum Gallery—Mrs. Craigie's Experience—Rebukes by Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde.

The riotous reception accorded William Gillette, in his latest drama, "Sherlock Holmes," at the Lyceum Theatre in London, has been the subject of countless paragraphs of severe criticism in the United States, and of sincere expressions of regret in England. Nevertheless, the run of the play does not seem to have been affected. In an interview, C. E. Hamilton, Gillette's business manager, referred to the "booming of the gallery" as a "trivial" demonstration. "I caused investigation to be made," he said, "and I found that there were only five people in the gallery who objected because they could not hear. There was no objection to the piece or to the manner of Mr. Gillette's presentation of it; it was simply a question of not being able to hear. Some persons sent down a card to me after the first act, asking the actors to speak louder, and they spoke up in the second act. You must remember that the Lyceum is a large place, and requires a lot of filling; the theatre at Liverpool where we have been playing recently is much smaller. The greater part of the noise at the end of the play was, I think, caused by the people, who wanted to shout down the little knot of discontented ones. Mr. Gillette, as you know, has had already two seasons here, and has got on very well, so it is certainly not any objection to him as an actor. Perhaps it was a mistake to take the 'call,' but one never knows in a business of this sort. It might have been a mistake not to take it. The piece will not be affected. There are not twelve seats unlet for this evening's performance, and we have excellent bookings up to November 1st."

Lyman Glover, in commenting on Gillette's treatment, in the Chicago Record-Herald, says:

"I wonder what these near-sighted Englishmen who tolerate such outrages would think if Mr. Hare, Mr. Willard, Mr. Wyndham, or any other important English actor should be subject to such treatment in the United States. Suppose the gallery at the Knickerbocker or the Illinois should howl down Mr. Irving or spew out venom upon Mr. Willard—that a righteous howl would go up from the English press and public. The writers in London would cry havoc, and let loose the dogs of war. But, happily, we manage things better in this country. Neither he gallery nor any other portion of a theatre is permitted to be disorderly. People who buy tickets understand that they must keep within bounds or be scolded from the house by a husky policeman. Patrons of the gallery are not given to understand that they own things, and can raise a riot at will. If he play pleases them they can applaud within reason, if it does not they are privileged to keep quiet or go out."

The popular English actor, George Alexander, once tried to check the noisy, unfavorable demonstrations on first nights, and was abused for it. After the curtain had gone down on "The Wisdom of the Wise," the stalls called for the author, despite the fact that the comedy had been an undoubted failure. Mr. Alexander brought Mrs. Craigie to the footlights, and the cheaper parts of the house booed and hooted. Silently the actor took the affront to the wings, and returned alone, though called for. He read to the yelling men and boys a lecture on the proper treatment of a woman, whether she had written a good or a bad play. The hunk was justifiable. However, the public opinion as against Mr. Alexander, and some of the London newspapers even condemned him editorially for trying to rob Englishmen of the right of free expression of opinion. Mr. Alexander finally retracted his offense of a woman, a thing that seems extraordinary to Americans.

London first nights have long been a disgrace, remarks Franklin Fyles, in the New York Sun. When "The Christian" was produced at the Duke of York's the audience called for the author with the usual purpose of abuse. A stage-manager came out and said that Hall Caine was not in the city, but before he could make his explanation the eager audience sang not only verbal abuse at him, but actually threw material things at the supposed author in their anger. These hoodlum critics do not always wait till the end of a play to express their disapproval. Indeed, they frequently interfere with its progress. A favorite trick is to call attention to a mis-opera composer's lack of originality by whistling an old tune while a new one that resembles it is being played. Almost every American production has had to fight its way in London. Even "The Belle of New York" was hooted at half through the first act, and it was well along in "Laza" before the prejudiced spectators would stop still enough to be impressed by Mrs. Carter's

Bernard Shaw treated an English gallery cleverly, mingling before the curtain to hearty applause after one of his plays, he started to speak his thanks. A few upstairs yelled: "Say that show was rotten!" Shaw looked up quickly and said: "I agree with you perfectly, young man, but what chance do you think I stand against all these others?" and he repeated his remarks to the applauding assemblage. Shaw has had only one rival in impudent posing among recent English dramatists. On the first night of "Lady Windermere's Fan," there were enthusiastic calls for Oscar Wilde. The curtain at the St.

James used to separate from the middle, and instead of coming between them, the dramatist had them drawn aside, revealing him in a studied pose, a green carnation in his button-hole, and a gold-tipped cigarette between his fingers. He told the audience that he was glad of the success of his play, not so much for his own sake, as for theirs. It showed an amount of brain and an appreciation of the artistic that he did not think English first-nighters possessed. He congratulated them on their ability to appreciate his great play.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Florodora" at the Columbia.

The long-heralded musical comedy, "Florodora," which has enjoyed a long run at the Lyric Theatre, in London, and is now playing to crowded houses at the New York Casino for the second season, is to be given at the Columbia Theatre for three weeks by a road company, which, while it can not be compared with the present New York company, ought to give an enjoyable performance. Not a few of the principal members have been received with favor here. William T. Carleton, who for many years came to the Pacific Coast at the head of his own opera company, and with the McCaull and Lillian Russell organizations, will have the leading rôle, that of Cyrus Gelfain; Laura Millard, for several seasons a favorite soprano at the Tivoli Opera House, will be the Dolores; and Philip N. Ryley, who appeared here with Matthews and Bulger, in a series of Hoyt revivals last year, has the most important comedy rôle, Anthony Tweedlepinch. The remainder of the large company includes a number of other noted principals and a bevy of pretty chorus-girls. George E. Lash, another California favorite, is the stage-manager, and, although he will not be seen before the curtain, his excellent handling of the chorus and stage pictures, it is said, will be appreciated by the audience.

Among the catchy musical gems, which will doubtless be whistled all over town in a few weeks, are "The Shade of the Palm," "The Queen of the Philippine Islands," "The Fellow Who Might," "Tact," "Phrenology," "I Want to be a Military Man," "The Silver Star of Love," "I've an Inkling," and "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden."

The Tivoli's Double Bill.

Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" are to be given at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights and at the Saturday matinée. In the former opera, Barbaresi will appear as Santuzza; Agostini as Turridu, Ferrari as Alfio, Polletini as Lola, and Miss Boston as Lucia. Salassa will have the rôle of Tadeo, the clown, in "Pagliacci," and the others in the cast will be Montanari as Nedda, Castellano as Canio, Polletini as Pappe, and Zani as Silvio.

On the alternate evenings Bizet's "Carmen" will be repeated. Collamarini is still a great drawing card as the fascinating Spanish cigarette girl, and those who have not yet seen her should avail themselves of this last opportunity, as the management announces that this will positively be the last week of "Carmen."

"Liberty Hall" at the Alcazar.

Florence Roberts will make her farewell appearance at the Alcazar Theatre on Sunday night, in her successful version of Daudet's "Sapho," and on Monday night the fall stock season will be inaugurated, with R. C. Carton's powerful drama, "Liberty Hall," as the opening attraction. M. L. Alsop, the new leading man, made his last great hit in William Gillette's war play, "Secret Service," and is expected to become a favorite with the Alcazar clientele. Alberta Converse, who is said to be of the Leslie Carter type, with a wealth of the same Titian-colored hair, will be the leading lady, and Carrie Lamont and Royal Dana Tracy will be intrusted with the principal soubrette and juvenile rôles, respectively.

Among the other plays which will be produced at the Alcazar this season will be "Christopher, Jr.," in which Mr. Alsop made a decided hit in the East; "The Iron Master"; "The Gilded Fool," Nat Goodwin's comedy drama; "The Bauble Shop," in which John Drew and Maude Adams were seen here; "Under the Red Robe," which deals with the Richelieu period; and a number of equally strong attractions.

Haworth in "The Merchant of Venice."

Joseph Haworth will follow his weird performance of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with an elaborate revival of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice." The character of Shylock provides extraordinary opportunities of histrionic expression, and will enable Mr. Haworth again to demonstrate his versatility. A charming story is told in "The Merchant of Venice," deeply passionate in feeling, potent in dramatic suspense, wonderfully harmonious in the adroit blending of the tragical and comical, exceptionally clear and direct in action, and glorious with poetic eloquence. Many noted actors have succumbed to the fascination of the rôle of Shylock, and inasmuch as Mr. Haworth's taste seems to lie in the line of the heavy legitimate, it is no surprise that he should want to revive this popular Shakespearean comedy, which, although its central charm, no doubt, revolves about

the radiant Portia, has, as its dominant, propulsive figure, the crafty, treacherous, cruel Jew.

The play will be elaborately mounted and appropriately costumed, and the full strength of the Grand Opera House company will be utilized in support of Mr. Haworth.

At the Orpheum.

At the head of the Orpheum programme next week will be the Wilfred Clarke Company in an amusing skit, entitled "In the Biograph." Mr. Clarke is a son of the late John Sleeper Clarke and a nephew of Edwin Booth, and his support is far above the average. It includes Theo Carew, formerly with the Angustin Daly Company; Annie Woodward, who has recently been acting in May Irwin's company; Lionel Hogarth, last seen here in James Herne's rural drama, "Sag Harbor"; and Margaret B. Maunde, who hails from London, where she was a member of Mr. Clarke's company when he managed the Strand. Royce and Wilson, black-face comedians; Madge Fox, a coon-hall singer and acrobatic dancer; and little Aroold Grazer and Blanche Trelease, in a dancing specialty, are among the other new-comers.

Those retained from this week's bill are the mysterious Svengalis, Press Eldridge, Dorothy Morton, the Parros Brothers, and the biograph.

Sihyl Sanderson Terry will sail from Europe for New York to-day (Saturday) to join the Gran Grand Opera Company, which will remain in San Francisco for three weeks this fall. The California prima donna will be heard here in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and Massenet's "Manon," and perhaps "Thais."

American Institution Honored by France.

In recognition of the great services rendered to linguistic science by Professor M. D. Berlitz—founder of the Berlitz schools and author of methods for teaching languages—President Loubet of France bestowed upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the Academy Dante Alighieri of Italy elected him honorary president. Professor Berlitz, though foreign born, has been a citizen and resident of this country for over thirty-five years. He made his method known in Europe as the American method. The first of the Berlitz schools of languages was established in 1878, and there are now over one hundred and seventy-five schools in the principal cities of Europe and America. His head office is in New York, the school in that city being located at Madison Square; a San Francisco branch has lately been established in Liebes Building, 139 Post Street. They are all under the personal supervision of Professor M. D. Berlitz, seconded by most capable directors, themselves experienced teachers of languages. The pupil is surrounded, as nearly as possible, by all the conditions of residence in a foreign country. During school hours he hears and speaks nothing but the tongue he is acquiring. His teachers are natives of the country whose language they teach. The fee is very reasonable, and lessons paid for are never lost, as the course, if interrupted, can be transferred to a later period or to any other branch.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 25, 1901, were as follows:

| BONDS.                    |        | Shares.             |  | Closed. |         |
|---------------------------|--------|---------------------|--|---------|---------|
|                           |        |                     |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra C. Water 5%.....   | 1,000  | @ 108 1/4           |  |         |         |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.....    | 2,000  | @ 121 3/4           |  |         |         |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%.....     | 8,000  | @ 124               |  |         |         |
| Oakland Transit 6%.....   | 10,000 | @ 120 3/4           |  | 124     | 121     |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....    | 5,000  | @ 103 1/4           |  | 103     | 103 3/4 |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909    | 57,000 | @ 112 1/4           |  | 112 1/4 |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910    | 5,000  | @ 113 1/4           |  | 113 1/4 |         |
| S. P. Branch 6%.....      | 8,000  | @ 113 1/4           |  | 113 1/4 |         |
| S. V. Water 6%.....       | 5,000  | @ 111 1/4           |  | 111 1/4 |         |
| S. V. Water 4%.....       | 1,000  | @ 103 1/4           |  | 103 1/4 | 103 3/4 |
| STOCKS.                   |        | Shares.             |  | Closed. |         |
|                           |        |                     |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Spring Valley Water.....  | 184    | @ 86 1/4 - 87 1/4   |  | 86      | 87      |
| Gas and Electric.         |        | Shares.             |  | Closed. |         |
|                           |        |                     |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Oakland Gas.....          | 60     | @ 51                |  | 50      | 40 3/4  |
| Pacific Gas.....          | 50     | @ 40 1/4 - 41       |  | 38 3/4  | 40 3/4  |
| S. F. Gas & Electric..... | 620    | @ 42 1/4 - 43 1/4   |  | 42 3/4  | 43      |
| Street R. R.              |        | Shares.             |  | Closed. |         |
|                           |        |                     |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Market St.....            | 170    | @ 81                |  | 81      | 81 1/4  |
| Powders.                  |        | Shares.             |  | Closed. |         |
|                           |        |                     |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Giant Con.....            | 25     | @ 73                |  | 73      | 74      |
| Vigor.....                | 325    | @ 4                 |  | 4       | 4 1/4   |
| Sugars.                   |        | Shares.             |  | Closed. |         |
|                           |        |                     |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Hana P. Co.....           | 200    | @ 5 1/4 - 6         |  | 5 1/4   | 6       |
| Honokaa S. Co.....        | 1,125  | @ 10 - 12           |  | 11 1/4  |         |
| Hutchinson.....           | 3,000  | @ 14 1/4 - 15 1/4   |  | 15      | 15 1/4  |
| Kilauea S. Co.....        | 205    | @ 11 - 11 1/4       |  | 11 1/4  |         |
| Makaweli S. Co.....       | 350    | @ 23 1/4 - 24 1/4   |  | 23 1/4  | 24 1/4  |
| Onoona S. Co.....         | 35     | @ 23 1/4            |  | 23 1/4  |         |
| Paahau S. Co.....         | 270    | @ 10 1/4 - 12 1/4   |  | 11 1/4  |         |
| Miscellaneous.            |        | Shares.             |  | Closed. |         |
|                           |        |                     |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Alaska Packers.....       | 160    | @ 137 1/4 - 139 3/4 |  | 139     | 140     |
| Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....   | 25     | @ 65                |  | 66      | 97      |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....       | 20     | @ 87 1/4 - 88       |  | 88 1/4  | 90      |
| Oceanic S. Co.....        | 20     | @ 48 - 48 1/4       |  | 48      | 50      |

The sales of sugar stocks for the week amounted to about 2,500 shares, and the market declined from

one-quarter to two points, the latter in Honokaa, but at the close, on reports of rain on Paauhau and Honokaa plantations, most of the losses were recovered, and the market closed fairly strong, with all these stocks in fair demand.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand, and on sales of about 700 shares advanced one point to 43 1/4, notwithstanding the persistent hammering of the bear interest, and closed strong at 42 3/4 hid and sales; on street, 43 3/4 90.

Alaska Packers has been in good demand, and on sales of 160 shares advanced two and three-quarter points to 139 3/4, closing at 139 hid and 140 asked.

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## VANITY FAIR.

With the occupancy of the White House by the family of Theodore Roosevelt, there necessarily will be many changes in the social conditions of official life. Mrs. Roosevelt never has courted social prominence, but she has been equal to every demand which the rapidly changing conditions of her husband's career have made upon her. By birth, education, and cultivation she is fitted to stand by her husband in the high place which Fate has assigned to him, and she possesses the ready tact and sympathy which are so essential to the successful hostess, especially in public life. The days of mourning which are upon the land will cast their shadow for a long time over the White House, but when the time comes for the doors to be opened in hospitality the womanly sweetness, simplicity, gentle dignity, and fine intelligence of Mrs. Roosevelt are sure to win the admiration of the American people. Before her marriage, she was Miss Edith Kermit Carow. She was born in New York City of a well-to-do family, and, as a girl, knew young Theodore Roosevelt. It has been said that a boy and girl sentiment existed between them before he went to college; but soon after his graduation from Harvard he married Miss Alice Lee, of Boston. Miss Carow went abroad to supplement her education by a course of study and travel. When Roosevelt had lost his girl wife and was seeking solace in a European trip, he met Miss Carow. Their engagement followed some time after their return, and they were married in 1886. The Roosevelts have gone into society little in New York City. In Washington, when Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, they took part in the social life, and, when he was governor, they entertained in the executive mansion in Albany.

Their home life at their country house at Oyster Bay, Long Island, is said to be ideal. Here Roosevelt ceases to be the public official, and becomes husband and father, the companion of his children, who treat him more like their big, overgrown brother. The house is on Cove Neck, three miles by carriage from the village of Oyster Bay. It is approached by a steep, winding roadway, which takes the visitor through a dense wood before revealing to him the house itself. Once on the crest of the little hill which Roosevelt selected for his home, the visitor has a beautiful view in every direction, especially to the north and east, where the waters of the sound and Cold Spring Harbor are seen. Around the house on all sides is a closely cropped lawn, studded with shade-trees, big and little, and of many kinds. The main entrance to the house, on the south, is under a beautiful *porte-cochère*, laden with heavy vines and bearing a pair of spreading antlers. The walls of the dwelling are of red brick to the second story, and above that of wood, painted in many colors. A broad porch runs around three sides of the structure, covered, except in front, by a shingled roof, and shaded here and there by a luxuriant Virginia creeper. Within, the house is beautifully furnished from cellar to attic. In nearly every room are trophies of Roosevelt's life on the Western plains, and not a few relics from his Cuban campaign. Just at the right of the front door is Remington's bronze of the "bronco buster," which was presented to their colonel by the Rough Riders at Camp Wikoff. In the library, on the ground floor, are many long shelves, well filled with books, and a collection of bronzes and hunting trophies. A fireplace of old-fashioned proportions is at one side of the room, and near the windows is the desk at which the President has done most of his literary work and correspondence. On the walls of the study are portraits of Washington, Grant, and Lincoln, and photographs of Henry Cabot Lodge and of Roosevelt himself, holding in his arms the heir to his name and fame, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

According to the *New York Press*, Mrs. Roosevelt will have the assistance of a charming girl, Miss Alice Roosevelt, when she takes up her social duties at the White House. Miss Roosevelt is about eighteen years old, and the only child of Mr. Roosevelt's first marriage. She has been bridesmaid at the wedding of a Boston cousin, and on several other occasions has been seen in society, but she has not been introduced formally. That probably will be a White House affair. She has been educated by governesses, and has fought the proposal to send her to school with something of her father's doggedness. Until recently she has been something of a tomboy, and preferred sharing her father's rides and tramps and her brother's sports to anything else. Now, however, she has put on long skirts, and her pretty light hair is done up according to the fashionable mode for young women. She inherited quite a fortune from her mother and, according to a recent dispatch from Washington, D. C., was bequeathed one hundred thousand dollars in the will of Nathaniel Hawthorne Cusack, the millionaire, who died on August 23d. She was a great favorite of Mr. Cusack, who had known her father since his boyhood days, and who was very intimate with him during his term in Washington as Assistant-Secretary of the Navy. President Roosevelt has two sisters who will also be prominent in the new administration circle. The elder one, Mrs. Cowles, lives in Washington. She is Miss Anna Roosevelt, widely known for her charitable work. It was when on a visit to her

cousin, J. R. Roosevelt, secretary of the American embassy in London, that she met Commander W. S. Cowles, of the American navy, to whom she was married in that city. Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Roosevelt's other sister, lives at No. 422 Madison Avenue, New York. As the Roosevelts have not had a town house in the metropolis for several years past, they have made this their home with Mrs. Robinson when in town, and have entertained their friends there.

One of the problems which the President will have to face when he takes up his residence at the White House is how he will be able to find room for the members of his personal household. Besides Miss Alice, his children, in the order of their age, are Theodore, Jr., Ethel, Kermit, Archibald, and Quentin—the largest family of children of any President who ever entered the White House. As there are only five sleeping apartments in the Presidential residence, and there are eight in the Roosevelt family and several assistants will be added to the household, it can readily be seen that the White House is hardly adequate for their needs. It is a large building, but more than half the interior space is devoted to public offices and reception-rooms, and other Presidents, with smaller families, have never had room to spare. During his second term, President Cleveland was confronted with much the same problem as will require solution now. He then had three young children, and, in addition to them and Mrs. Cleveland, there were six women of the household, including nurses, maids, and others who had to be provided with sleeping accommodations. In order to make room for all, a storeroom in the basement was converted into an extra bed-chamber. This was not a satisfactory arrangement, but there was no alternative. On the ground floor is also a large billiard-room, which was not used during McKinley's administration. This apartment may be brought into requisition in the present emergency, although the new President is said to be very fond of billiards.

Only those who have lived in Europe can appreciate the compliment contained in King Edward's orders for court mourning for President McKinley (points out the *New York Tribune*). It is the first occasion on record of mourning being thus commanded for any personage who did not happen to be of what is known as blood royal. No such tribute of regard was paid by either England or any other European monarchical state at the time of the assassination of the French president, Sadi Carnot, or in connection with the tragically sudden death of Félix Faure. While there were many royal expressions of sympathy because of the murders of President Lincoln and of President Garfield, there was no court mourning ordered in Europe. These commands by King Edward, therefore, mark a departure which is worthy of note, as it indicates a vast growth in the prestige of the United States abroad—that prestige which the lamented President contributed so much to augment. It must be thoroughly understood that the ordering of court mourning in England for the late executive of this great country by King Edward, does not mean the mere expression of a desire, but is in the nature of a full-fledged decree, disregard of which entails in England not merely royal displeasure, but fine and imprisonment. In this country public mourning is dictated not by royal decree, but by a sense of individual propriety and patriotism.

"If no better reason can be found, a decent consideration for the comfort of others should prevent one's talking of ailments," says Dr. John K. Mitchell in *Harper's Bazar*. "Besides being bad manners, the subject is wholly without interest for any but the speaker; the hearer only listens more or less perfunctorily in hopes presently to seize the chance of telling her own melancholy condition. Besides, to talk of ills, mental or bodily, helps to fix them in the mind, to intensify them—and is all too apt to suggest the exaggeration of them in order to make a good round tale. Moreover, if you talk about them too much or too often, even the long-suffering physician may grow tired of being battered with symptoms whose catalogue he has heard recited a hundred times over, and thus the very means taken to impress them will bring about its own defeat. Still more determined, if you are nervous yourself, should be your stand against letting others talk of their ills to you. Even the healthy can not stand the continual presentation of disease to them without liability to imaginary infection therefrom."

Interest in the ultimate disposition of the large estate left by Louis C. Hamersley is now revived by the death of J. Hooker Hamersley, poet, real-estate operator, and a member of a distinguished New York family. Louis G. Hamersley died in 1883, leaving a large estate received from his father, Andrew Gordon, to his widow, the daughter of Commodore Price. The estate was then valued at about \$7,000,000. Under the provisions of his will his widow was to enjoy all the revenues of the property during her lifetime. As there was no male issue in his family, Louis stipulated in his will that his fortune should go to the male issue of his cousin, J. Hooker Hamersley, who was then a bachelor. Five years after the death of Louis, J. Hooker married Miss Margaret Willing Chisolm, of College Point, Long Island. No children brightened their

home until 1892, when, to the joy of all, a son was born. The Hamersley boy became widely known as "the seven-million-dollar baby." When two years old, the boy was seized with a serious illness and nearly died. Now the lad is said to be robust. Mr. Hamersley's death leaves apparently dependent on the single thread of his nine-year-old son's life, the succession to the fortune of Louis G. Hamersley, which amounted to \$7,000,000 in 1894, and is now estimated at more than \$9,000,000. The former Mrs. Louis Hamersley, who is enjoying the income of the fortune, has been thrice widowed. After the death of her first husband she married, in 1889, the Duke of Marlborough, father of the present duke. On his death she married Lord William Beresford, who died a year ago.

Professional shoppers are employed by a certain large firm of drapers to test the abilities of shop assistants. This firm owns over thirty large shops, and employs nearly one thousand assistants. To find out whether every customer is politely served, a number of lady customers are employed to call at the various shops. They are told to give as much trouble as possible, and sometimes to leave without making a purchase after looking at nearly everything in the shop. Should the unfortunate assistant's temper not be equal to the strain, or should a single word be said that might offend, a report will infallibly reach head-quarters and lead to the dismissal of the sorely tried handler of silks and ribbons.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

To Make or Break.  
The laziest of lawyers,  
They said he was, and still  
He always was quite anxious to  
Be working with a will.  
—Philadelphia Press.

## Logic.

I met a goat, and said to him,  
"The question, pray, excuse,  
"Why do you always wag your chin?"  
Quoth he, "Because I chews!"—Life.

## Good-By.

Good-by, my summer hat, good-by!  
I fain would keep you still  
I can not part without a sigh,  
But you won't fill the bill!  
Although the price I paid for you  
Was really pretty steep,  
Although they're still on view,  
Just like you, very cheap,  
Your straw is black, your ribbon soiled,  
You're rather crooked, too;  
Alas, your whole appearance's spoiled;  
My summer hat, adieu!  
They've called you in, so *au revoir*!  
I bow to fashion's code,  
I mustn't wear you any more,  
A cloth hat's now the mode!  
—New York Sun.

## Decayed Domesticity.

Houses are gone; in flats one dwells,  
Flats higher than St. Paul his dome.  
The orchestras of new hotels  
Drown the old strain of "Home Sweet Home."

Only the nurse by baby stays,  
Only the club our food can dress;  
We from a cookless kitchen gaze  
Upon a nursery motherless.

Reckless, the modern woman throws  
Her high prerogative away;  
Forth to the market-place she goes,  
And does man's work—for woman's pay.

Yet if some palliation's sought  
For woman's error—nay, her crime—  
There is at least the simple thought,  
This has been going on some time.

Domestic arts whose loss we grieve  
Have been decaying every year  
Since Adam first observed to Eve:  
"Your cooking's not like mother's, dear."  
—London Daily Chronicle.

## An Old-Fashioned Woman.

No clever, brilliant thinker she,  
With college record and degree,  
She has not known the paths of fame,  
The world has never heard her name,  
Home is her kingdom, love her dower—  
She seeks no other wand of power.  
Around her childish hearts are twined,  
As round some reverend saint enshrined,  
And find all purity and good  
In her divinest motherhood.  
She keeps her faith unshadowed still—  
God rules the world in good and ill.  
This sad old earth's a brighter place  
All for the sunshine of her face;  
Her very smile a blessing throws,  
And hearts are happier where she goes,  
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,  
To whisper love—thank God for her!  
—L. M. Montgomery in the *Congregationalist*.

Mr. Manhattan—"Are the divorced women in Chicago called widows?" Mrs. Wabash—"Not for any length of time."—Town and Country.

—IN THE SICK ROOM OR ON YOUR SIDEBOARD  
Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky is indispensable.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,280,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11  
OFFICERS—President, E. A. Becker; Vice-President, JOHN LLOYD; Second Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.  
Deposits, July 1, 1901..... \$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St., SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL..... \$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES..... President  
WILLIAM BABCOCK..... Vice-President  
S. L. ARROT, JR..... Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital..... \$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000  
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

## OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG..... President  
W. A. FREDERICK..... Vice-President  
H. BRUNNER..... Cashier

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,681,497.64  
July 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President  
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary  
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON..... Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS..... Assistant Cashier

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
Baltimore..... The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Boston..... The National Exchange Bank  
Chicago..... The National Savings Bank  
Philadelphia..... First National Bank  
St. Louis..... The Philadelphia National Bank  
Virginia City, Nev..... Boatmen's Bank  
London..... Agency of the Bank of California  
Paris..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Berlin..... Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
China, Japan, and East Indies..... Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK.

President, JOHN J. VALENTINE. Manager, HOMER S. KING. Cashier, H. WADSWORTH. Asst. Cashier, F. L. LIPMAN. 2d Asst. Cashier, H. L. MILLER.

BRANCHES—NEW YORK, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. Dooly, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901.

ASSETS.  
Loans..... \$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants..... 2,191,727.10  
Real Estate..... 1,665,030.77  
Miscellaneous Assets..... 12,415.53  
Due from Banks and Bankers..... 1,104,308.12  
Cash..... 3,973,676.04  
\$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up..... \$ 500,000.00  
Surplus..... 5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits..... 3,311,290.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers..... 1,124,165.27  
" Individual..... 8,904,102.62  
\$19,589,558.17

General Banking Business in all its branches. Correspondents throughout the world. Accounts received on favorable terms.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.18; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.

411 California Street.

## TYPEWRITERS.

GREAT BARGAINS  
We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A story is going the rounds in London of a literary aspirant who recently offered a sonnet to an editor with the accompanying message: "I have tried to catch the Greek spirit; pay me as liberally as you can."

The late Dowager-Empress Frederick once asked Bismarck to bring her a glass of water, and, as he handed it to her, she said to a lady-in-waiting, who sat near: "He has cost me as many tears as there are drops of water in this glass."

Once, while Daniel Webster was speaking in the Senate on the subject of internal improvements, the Senate clock began to strike, but instead of striking twice at 2 P. M., it continued without cessation more than forty times. All eyes were turned to the clock, and Mr. Webster remained silent until it had struck about twenty, when he thus appealed to the chair: "Mr. President, the clock is out of order! I have the floor!"

On one occasion, just previous to opening in one of the large Eastern cities, Joseph Jefferson discharged his property man, Bagley, for humiliating him before a number of friends by familiarly addressing him as "Joey." Bagley got drunk right away, and that night paid his way to the gallery to see Mr. Jefferson present "Rip Van Winkle." The angry *fraz* had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turned, and, with a world of pathos, asked: "Den haf I no interest in dis house?" The house was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice responded: "Only eighty per cent., Joey—only eighty per cent."

In the 'seventies, the artist, Anton von Werner, was appointed to perpetuate the German imperial proclamation. He first made a sketch, to submit to the old Emperor William. In this, the various personages were grouped in the same order as during the ceremony at Versailles, William the First standing on a raised platform, with Bismarck at his left, on a lower step, and on his right the Crown Prince, whom the artist had represented with one foot on the upper level. The emperor examined the sketch, and at once noted the position of the Crown Prince Frederick. He frowned, took his pencil and made a thick, rapid stroke through his son's right leg. "Not yet!" said he.

General John H. Littlefield, who studied under Abraham Lincoln, says that all clients knew that, with "Old Abe" as their lawyer, they would win their case, if it was fair; if it was not, that it was a waste of time to take it to him. After listening some time one day to a would-be client's statement, with his eyes on the ceiling, Lincoln swung around in his chair, and exclaimed: "Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time while talking to that jury I'd be thinking, Lincoln, you're a liar, and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."

Beau Nash, who, like Beau Fielding and Beau Brummel, expiated his contemptible vanity in an old age of obscurity, want, and misery, was reduced to strange expedients between 1695 and 1705. A favorite resource was the acceptance of extraordinary wagers. Belong at York, and having lost all his money, some of his friends promised to equip him with fifty guineas upon this proviso, that he would stand at the great door of the minster, attired only in a blanket, as the people were coming out of the church. To this he agreed, but the dean passing out knew him. "What!" cried the divine, "Mr. Nash in a masquerade?" "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," said Nash, pointing to his companions.

The Sultan of Turkey recently played an amusing oke at the expense of some medical experts at Constantinople. When the plague broke out in his capital, the Sultan asked if anything was known as to the cause. On being informed that it was to be found in the state of the drinking water, he called at once for six empty bottles, which he had filled in his residence, all from the same one of the palace wells, laced his own seal upon them, and then, without divulging their community of origin, handed all six to a prominent analyst. To his amazement, the report sent in was that four of the samples contained laque microbes. The fifth was merely putrid water, and the sixth was quite pure. Abdul Hamid calmly shrugged his shoulders, and kept his thoughts to himself.

One day, when returning to Rome from Posillipo, the company of his wife and Morelli, Italy's great artist, Verdi was seriously annoyed when the people recognizing him began to cheer. "I want to drive myself home," he said, hastily; "Morelli, place yourself beside my wife," and jumping out of his own carriage, he went on to the box of one near, thus, of course, escaping notice. Meanwhile, Signora Verdi and Morelli pursued their way, and, as the latter wore a large hat just like that of

the *maestro*, they were acclaimed everywhere: "Viva Verdi!" "Viva il maestro!" The artist, embarrassed, returned the salutes, but every moment became more overcome, while his companion enjoyed the joke to the full. On arriving at the hotel they were met by Verdi, to whom his wife said: "You would have choked to see Morelli bowing and smiling to the crowd as you could never have done. He has made your reputation for amiability." At which the composer shouted: "I really had you there. I knew what would happen!"

Gladstone was fond of loitering around the second-hand book-shop windows, and fidgeting the volumes which were there displayed. If he picked up a book that interested him, he frequently became quite oblivious to his surroundings. On one of these occasions, a loafer, who must have carefully studied Mr. Gladstone's habits, whispered quietly: "Half a crown, please, sir." Without raising his eyes from the book, Mr. Gladstone put his hand in his pocket, and handed over the half-crown. A few minutes later he was going off with his prize, when the book-seller, who knew him well by sight, stopped him with a demand for one shilling, the price of the book. "But I have already given you half a crown," said Mr. Gladstone, and explanations followed.

In a saloon in Chicago, the late Eugene Field once announced to his friends that he was broke—a fact which did not surprise them, as he was generally "hard up." There happened to be a hanger-on in the crowd, one of those whose considerable ambition is to say they have shaken hands and touched glasses with a celebrity. Calling the poet to one side, he said: "Now I hope you'll take one offense, but I understood you to say you had run short of money. If that is true, I would be glad to oblige you with a ten." "How dare you," snapped Field, affecting great indignation; "I don't even know your name." "Beg your pardon a thousand times," responded the other; "I meant no offense, I assure you. I thought maybe you might be able to use the money. Please forget it." Field was silent for a moment, as if in deep thought, and then slowly drawled: "Forget it! All right, I will, on one condition." "On what condition?" "On condition that you make it fifteen."

A TOUCHING TALE.

To the *Argonaut* there recently came one of the cheap newspapers which will doubtless fall before the Postmaster-General's "second-class matter" proclamation. There is a reaper whose name is Smith, and with his sickle keen he doubtless will knock out many a journal. Among them may fall the *Home Queen*—for such is the name of the periodical we have been reading—and it is a "Magazine for Women, yearly subscription 50 cents." Most of it is made up of advertisements about "opium habit, whisky habit, and other bad habits cured"—which seems to reflect upon the personal habits of the ladies who read the *Home Queen*. There are also advertisements on "How to make any one love you," which seems to reflect on their powers of fascination. But the advertisements are not the most interesting portion. The literary matter is certainly unique. We find in it a thrilling story, in which the movement is more rapid than in any novel or play with which we are acquainted. It is called

THE STORY OF AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

"Please, do you need a model?" asked a sweet voice, and an instant later Ralph Orton saw the loveliest face framed in by dancing golden curls. He stood an instant lost in rapt admiration; then the overwhelming desire to paint her, his ideal, seized him. "Return in half an hour," and she turned away, a bright, winsome light on her face. Orton, with wealth and friends on every hand, had chosen art as his profession, and was now in the zenith of his fame.

His fiancée, Irene Howard, was posing for him, but her face lacked the delicate feeling which he sought. For, while Irene was beautiful, still, under her charming exterior, there lurked a heart that was cruel and hard.

Ah! but now he had seen the "Marguerite" of his dreams!

With consuming anxiety Ralph waited. Why did she not come? But at last his impatience was rewarded.

Winifred Grey was an orphan, and the sole support of an aged grandmother. She was well loved in the studios, where her gentle ways woo her many friends as well as engagements.

As the sittings went on, the picture progressed rapidly; so also did the acquaintance, and from mere friendliness Ralph soon found that he loved as never before; but, too honorable to break his plighted vows, he suffered in silence.

Winifred arriving first at the studio one day, smelled smoke; turning to retrace her steps, she heard the door closed and the key turned, and a low, exultant laugh startled her.

"Ha, ha, my pretty bird; trapped at last! Now will you steal my lover? Beat your dainty wings and cry, but it will be in vain. Ha, ha!"

A week later Winifred came out of a period of unconsciousness. The surroundings were all strange; so was the kind-looking lady who smoothed back her hair. To Winifred's inquiry the gentle answer came:

"I am Ralph's mother and you are at his home. Now rest, dear," and with a kiss she left her.

Strength is quickly regained to pleasant environments, and soon Winifred heard of the fire and Irene's treachery; also the old, sweet story (which is ever old, but ever new) of Ralph's love for her.

Winifred is now married and the happy mistress of a dainty home.

The place of honor in her parlor is filled by the "Marguerite," and as the firelight falls softly on the husband draws his wife to him, and, glancing at the picture, murmurs softly:

"My 'Marguerite,' I found, but almost lost you, now you are mine forever and ever."

If Postmaster-General Smith can sit down on the *Home Queen* after reading that story, he is a man without a heart.

Commenting on Lord Kitchener's proclamation to the Boers, F. Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley says:

"Lord Kitchener's a good writer. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he says, 'this war as a war is now over. Ye may not know it, but it's so. Ye've broke th' rules, an' we've got th' fight to ourselves on a foul. Th' first principle in a war again England is that th' infantry shall wear red or purple coats, with black marks, fr to indicate th' location in vital organs be day an' a locomotive head-light be night. They shall thin gather within aisy range, an', at the word 'Fire!' shall fall down dead. Anny remainin' standin' afterward will be considered as spies. Shootin' back is not allowed be th' rules, an' is severely discontenanced be our ladin' military authorities. Anny attemp at cooalminit is treachery. Th' scandalous habit in pluggin' our gallant sojers from behind rocks an' trees is a breach in international law. Rethreatin' when pursued is wan iv our copy-righted manœvers, an' all infriugements will be prosecuted. At a warnd fr'm us the war is over an' we own ye'er country.'"

An English teacher, commenting on the "woodenly funny" answers given by his pupils to questions, cites the following specimens:

A boy, aged ten, thus answers a question as to the cause of the Transvaal disturbances: "Kruger and Kannerbulism is one. He is a man of blind. Mr. Chamberliog has wrote to him sayin' come out and fite or else give up the blind of the English you have took. He is a boardnitchman and a wickid heethin. lord Kithener has sent for his goary huld and to hriog back his scanderlus hed ded or alive."

An essay on Gladstone, by a boy of eleven, states: "Mr. Gladstone lovd everybody. He lovd publicans and cinners and lishmen. He wanted the Irish to come to Eogland and have home rool, but Mr. Chamberlin says, no, no. so alars he got his blud up and killd Mr. Parnel. Mr. Gladstone died with great respect and is burried in Westminster with pieceful ashes."

Pure Cow's Milk, made sterile and guarded against contamination, from beginning to baby's bottle, is the perfection of substitute feeding for infants. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has stood first among infant foods for more than forty years.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; ORDER from any coal-dealer.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS (LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

VVO Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

ROUND THE WORLD FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

Last party of the season (limited to 12 members) leaves San Francisco, Thursday, Oct. 31st. Illustrated descriptive programme mailed free.

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market Street, San Francisco

DOMINION LINE

Fastest Twin-Screw Passenger Service. Boston to Liverpool via Queenstown S. S. NEW ENGLAND, 11,600 Tons, Length 575 ft. Sailing Wednesday, October 9th. S. S. COMMONWEALTH, 13,000 Tons, Length 600 ft. Sailing Wednesday, October 23d. Portland, Me., to Liverpool S. S. VANCOUVER, sailing Saturday, October 5th. S. S. DOMINION, sailing Saturday, October 19th.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast, 621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

UNDERWEAR

Is a necessity. Good form-fitting Underwear is a luxury. We are making perfect, form-fitting Underwear out of a quartet of pure fabrics

LINURET—Pure Linen, XYLORET—Pure Lisle, BOMBYRET—Pure Silk, and VILLURET—Pure Wool.

You have your choice of fabrics and stitch. We take your measure and make a garment to fit YOU. The price is purse-fitting.

J. J. Pfister KNITTING CO. 60 GEARY STREET SAN FRANCISCO.

Our booklet, "Underwear and Comfort," sent free.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901 Coptic. (Via Honolulu)....Tuesday, October 15 Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)....Thursday, November 7 Doric. (Via Honolulu)....Tuesday, December 3 Coptic. (Via Honolulu)....Saturday, December 28 Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901. America Maru.....Wednesday, October 23 Hongkong Maru.....Saturday, November 16 Nippon Maru.....Wednesday, December 11 Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First. W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6200 Tons Sonoma, 6200 Tons Ventura, 6200 Tons

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Anckland, and Sydney, Thursday, October 3, 1901, at 10 A. M. S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, October 12, 1901, at 2 P. M. S. S. Australia, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Thursday, October 24, 1901. J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.: For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Sept. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle. For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Sept. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., Sept. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Oct. 4. For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles); Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M. State of California—Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Caycos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport (Corona Bay). Corona—Saturdays, 9 A. M. Eureka—Tuesdays, 9 A. M. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month. For further information obtain company's folder. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice. Ticket Office, New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 100 Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg Westbound. Philadelphia.....October 2 Philadelphia.....October 23 St. Paul.....October 9 St. Paul.....October 30 St. Louis.....October 16 St. Louis.....November 6

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon. Friesland.....October 2 Kensington.....October 23 Southwark.....October 9 Zealand.....October 30 Vaderland.....October 16 Friesland.....November 6 \*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## NOTES AND GOSSIP.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. J. C. Wilson and Dr. Walter M. Thorne, son of Dr. and Mrs. Walter S. Thorne.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maybelle Stone, daughter of Mr. W. W. Stone, and Mr. N. P. Cole, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Cole. The date of the wedding has been set for October 16th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Violet Carey, daughter of Captain Carey, of the British ship *Moana*, and Mr. Daniel Callaghan, son of Mrs. Daniel Callaghan and brother of Mr. Arthur Callaghan, who was married to Miss Edna Van Wyck some months ago. The wedding will take place at Vancouver, B. C., on Tuesday, November 12th, and after a wedding journey Mr. Callaghan and his bride will take up their residence in San Francisco.

The marriage of Miss Mahel Tretheway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Tretheway, and Mr. William McDonald will take place at the home of the bride's parents on Tenth Avenue, East Oakland, on Tuesday, October 8th.

The wedding of Miss Katharine Dennier Anderson, daughter of Mrs. Lois S. Anderson, to Mr. William Ede, son of the late William Ede, took place at St. John's Episcopal Church on Thursday evening. The ceremony was performed at half-after eight o'clock by the Rev. L. C. Sandford. Miss Helen M. Anderson, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Miss Louise Ede, Miss Myra Jeffers, Miss Montgomery Duncan, Miss Ethel Wagner, Miss Edith Gaskill, and Miss Louise Childs were the bridesmaids. Mr. William H. Houston was the best man, and Mr. H. Walter Gibbons, Mr. Benjamin P. Upham, Mr. Ralston L. White, Dr. Percy Gaskill, and Mr. Oliver Dibble served as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother, 31 Guerrero Street.

The wedding of Miss Belle Gardner Marion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Washington I. Marion, and Mr. Howard Corland Rowley, took place at the Plymouth Congregational Church on Wednesday evening, September 25th. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. F. B. Cherington. The bride's sister, Miss Edythe Marion, was the maid of honor, and Miss Lillie Rochat, Miss Mildred Rolph, Miss Fannie Jackson, and Miss Montgomery Duncan acted as bridesmaids. Mr. Adolph E. Graupner was the best man, and Mr. George Whitney, Dr. H. Edward Gedge, Mr. Lloyd Rowley, and Mr. George U. Hind were the ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 1958 Bush Street. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley will reside in Alameda.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin recently gave a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett (*nee* Schneely), at which she entertained Miss Elizabeth Young, Miss Elizabeth Cole, Miss Jolliffe, Major-General S. M. B. Young, Mr. Parchal, and Mr. Barclay Henley.

Miss Margaret Salishury gave an informal tea at her home, 2112 Steiner Street, on Wednesday afternoon, September 25th, at which she entertained Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, the Misses Beulah and Edith Stuhls, Miss Molly Dutton, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Azalea Keyes, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

Mrs. Linda H. Bryan gave an informal luncheon on Wednesday in the Grill Room of the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Polly Dunn, who will leave in December for Honolulu, where she is to be married to Mr. Harry Macfarlane. Mrs. Bryan's other guests were Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Laura Taylor, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Gertrude Dutton, and Miss Mamie Polhemus.

Miss Elizabeth Mills will give a tea in honor of Miss Lurline Spreckels on Saturday, October 5th.

Mrs. George H. Wheaton gave a dinner at her Oakland home, 154 Lake Street, on Friday evening, September 20th, in honor of Miss Ivy Belle Palmer, and her son, Mr. George S. Wheaton, who are to be married on October 8th. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Edson F. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus S. MacDonald, Miss Berenice Landers, Miss Bessie Palmer, Mr.

Richard M. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Samuel Bell McKee.

The patronesses of La Jeunesse Cotillion Club this year will be Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William H. Mills, Mrs. William H. McKittrick, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. J. W. McClung, and Mrs. R. W. Foster. The dates for the three cotillions, as at present arranged, are November 29th, January 11th, and February 7th.

## Winter Sports at Burlingame.

The members of the Burlingame Country Club anticipate much pleasure from the high-class sports which they have in prospect during the forthcoming winter season. President George A. Newhall still has hopes of the horse show, and the prospects for polo are excellent. There will be three fields available for practice and match games. Francis Carolan's turf field will be ready soon. Walter S. Hobart's field is already in condition for play, while the club field is always available. Assurances have already been received that Lawrence and Walter McCreery and Menzies, who were here last winter, will again cross the Atlantic to play at Burlingame. In addition, George J. Gould and other Eastern polo enthusiasts have renewed their promises to bring their favorite ponies West to play here.

The San Mateo drag hounds will be hunted regularly after the early rains have rendered the ground safe for the horses to gallop over.

## Wills and Successions.

Judge Coffey has signed an order directing the final distribution of the \$1,000,000 estate of John H. Baird, who died November 12, 1880. Under the terms of Baird's will three-fourths of the estate, consisting of eight blocks of land located south of the park panhandle, and embracing a great many lots and parcels of land in the neighborhood of the Chutes, was to be held in trust until his youngest child, David Jennings Baird, became of age. Baird named, as trustees, his wife, Veronica Baird, Adam Grant, and Ebenzer Scott. Grant resigned his trust a short time after the will was filed for probate. At the time of the death of Baird his family consisted of Mrs. Baird, Marie V. (now Mrs. Barry Baldwin), John Rush, Miles, Thomas, and David J. Baird. The last-named child was but three months old, and until August 22, 1901, when he became of age, the estate was held intact, except that certain portions were sold to raise money to defray the cost of street improvements, and for the maintenance of the family. The property has greatly increased in value, and at present is worth more than \$1,000,000. The pre-set location of the Chutes is part of the estate.

An order has been signed by Judge Kerrigan providing for the payment of \$22,892.72 into the city treasury by the estate of Jacob C. Johnson for collateral inheritance taxes on legacies. The estate was appraised at \$806,268.37, but the executrix, Anna E. Johnson, sister of the decedent, said that for the purpose of estimating the tax a reduction of \$22,127 should be made in that amount, as some of the property was overvalued. The claims and expenses aggregated \$117,290.65. There were three legacies not subject to the tax, they being \$3,000 to the Maria Kip Orphanage, \$100,000 to Anna E. Johnson, and \$100,000 to Mary Marthis, the decedent's other sister. The tax was imposed on the other legacies, which were \$2,000 each to the three sisters-in-law of the deceased, Eliza Johnson, Sarah Johnson, and Maria Phillips, and an estimated sum of \$35,219.28 to each of his thirteen nephews and nieces, who were given the residue. These thirteen relatives were Edward H. Horton, Fannie F. Vogel-sang, Sarah E. Johnson, Frederick S. Johnson, Charles W. Johnson, Emilie H. Horton, Mortimer A. Johnson, George A. Johnson, M. Ida Burnet, Edgar H. Marthis, Minnie Brown, and Maitie Andrew, and George H. Johnson, who is now dead.

Walter J. Travis, of New York, champion golfer of the United States, again won the national championship by defeating Walter E. Egan, of Chicago, on the links of the Atlantic City Golf Club at Northfield, near Atlantic City, on Saturday, September 21st.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Colonel James L. Bell, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been appointed a brigadier-general, vice Brigadier-General Ludlow, deceased. General Bell will retire October 1st, thus leaving a vacancy for another appointment.

Lieutenant Daniel W. Wurtzbaugh, U. S. N., and Mrs. Wurtzbaugh spent a few days in St. Paul last week on a short visit to Mrs. Wurtzbaugh's aunt, Mrs. J. M. Hannaford, prior to taking up their residence at Annapolis.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry O. S. Heistand, assistant adjutant-general, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty on General Young's staff, and ordered to report at once to the adjutant-general at Washington, D. C.

Major Alexander B. Dyer, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been on duty here for the last two years, and Mrs. Dyer have departed for Vancouver Barracks, Wash., the major's new station.

Chaplain T. G. Steward, Twelfth-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., who has arrived from the East, where he spent a month's leave of absence with relatives, will sail for Manila on the transport *Hancock* on October 1st to resume his duties with his regiment.

Colonel Jared A. Smith, U. S. A., chief of the engineer corps of this harbor, has been ordered to Philadelphia, and will be succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel David P. Heap, U. S. A., who arrived from the East on Sunday last. Colonel Smith's Philadelphia address will be 815 Witherspoon Building.

Commander Harry Knox, U. S. N., has left Mare Island for his home in Greenville, O.

Lieutenant Raymond S. Pratt, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been attached to the Ninety-Fourth Company of Coast Artillery at Fort Flagler, has been ordered to join the Thirteenth Field Battery here, relieving Captain Holl S. Bishop, U. S. A., who is under orders to go to Fort Adams, R. I.

Mrs. Polhemus, wife of Captain Adrian S. Polhemus, medical department, U. S. A., is at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., with her children. Captain Polhemus sailed not long ago for the Philippines.

Colonel Edward S. Godfrey, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., will sail next week for Manila to rejoin his command. He has been visiting friends in Ottawa, O.

At a meeting of the members of the Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday, September 24th, the following resolution was all but unanimously passed: "Resolved, That the trustees of the Mechanics' Institute be and they are hereby directed and authorized to offer for sale and sell the property known as the Pavilion Block to the city, as a site for the public library, for such sum of money as may be determined and adjudged to be the marketable value thereof by at least three competent real-estate experts, to be by them selected and employed for that purpose, the amount so determined to be the value thereof, and the said offer of sale to be subject to confirmation by the members thereof at a special meeting, called for that purpose, eight days from date, said offer to be accepted before March 1, 1902." Before this property can pass into the hands of the city, several steps must be taken. If the price set by the experts is satisfactory to the supervisors, an ordinance will be passed and the measure placed before the people for ratification in the November election. If the people vote for it, another special election will be called for December, for a bond issue to cover the purchase price. This would be accepted by the institute some time before March, in order to save the six thousand dollars taxes on the property.

J. Pierpont Morgan and party left New York on Wednesday in his special car for San Francisco to attend the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which opens here next Wednesday. Mr. Morgan, who is a delegate, has rented the house of the late Charles Crocker, on California Street, and will entertain extensively. It has been Mr. Morgan's custom to lease a house when he attends a general convention, but this year more elaborate arrangements have been made than formerly. Besides the Morgan party, many prominent men from the East will attend. Dr. Seward Webb, it is expected, will bring a party in his special car, and Francis Lynde Stetson will also have a special car.

Beginning on Sunday, September 29th, the time table of the Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway will be considerably changed. See ad in next week's issue. To accommodate those desiring to remain over night, a train will be in waiting for those who leave San Francisco at 4:15 P. M. week days. This will bring you to the Tavern in time for dinner. You can then view the sunset, witness the night scene and magnificent cloud and fog effects, enjoy the sunrise the following morning, and arrive in the city at 9:45 A. M.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The handsomest collection of Mettlach steins and tankards ever brought to San Francisco, has just been unpacked at Nathan-Dohrmann Co.'s.

## Just Returned from Europe.

Annie L. Stone, 221 Post Street, is now ready to show the latest importations in Fall Millinery.

—YOUR MEDICINE CHEST IS INCOMPLETE IF IT is not stocked with Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky.

## Pears'

People have no idea how crude and cruel soap can be.

It takes off dirt. So far, so good; but what else does it do.

It cuts the skin and frets the under-skin; makes redness and roughness and leads to worse. Not soap, but the alkali in it.

Pears' Soap has no free, alkali in it. It neither reddens nor roughens the skin. It responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling; is as gentle as strong; and the after-effect is every way good.

Established over 100 years.

G. H. MUMM & CO.  
EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O/R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.

FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York  
Sole Agents in the United States and Canada.

E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

## CONGRESS SPRINGS.

The gem of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An ideal summer and winter resort. Always open. New management. Table unsurpassed. Best mineral water on the coast.

A. S. OLNEY, Manager.  
P. O. Saratoga, Cal.

## Hotel Rafael

Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Sixteen trains daily each way. Open all the year.

GUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## HOTEL PLEASANTON

Cor. Sutter and Jones Sts.

The Leading Family and Tourist Hotel in San Francisco, situated in a warm and pleasant part of the city, near the Theatres, Churches, and Principals Stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the Hotel Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries and Golden Gate Park and other points of interest. All modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service are leading features, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel. Rates for board and room, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day for one person. Special terms by the month. Guests desiring room without board will be accommodated.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee  
San Francisco, Cal.

## HOTEL GRANADA

THE NEWEST AND FINEST-EQUIPPED FAMILY HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO

N. W. Cor. Sutter and Hyde Sts., S. F., Cal.  
MRS. J. C. LEVY, Proprietor.

## THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

The United States Government Report shows ROYAL Baking Powder to be stronger, purer and better than any other.



# MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander departed last week for Tuxedo, where they will spend the autumn months.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin will be the guests of Mrs. Eleanor Martin during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Casserly have been staying in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharoo, Miss Blandig, and Miss Florence Breckenridge were at Carlsbad during the first few weeks of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolin, who departed for the East on Monday, expect to be absent several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott and the Misses Marie Louise and Daisy Parrott have departed for the East, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. John H. Boalt and her granddaughter, Miss Alice Tevis, who have been visiting Mrs. Hugh Tevis at Monterey, have departed for the East. Upon their return they will spend the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Telamon Cuyler Smith have returned to New York from Hempstead, Long Island, and are at the Waldorf-Astoria for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin were in San Francisco last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harris, after having spent the summer months at Bar Harbor, have returned to New York, where they have opened their new house on upper Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, who has been the guest of relatives in Boston during the summer months, is expected home shortly.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and the Misses Loughborough expect to spend the winter in San Diego.

Mrs. John Barton is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Telamon Cuyler Smith, in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bruguère (*née* Converse) are expected from the East shortly, and will spend the winter as guests of Mrs. E. A. Bruguère.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Perkins and Miss Alice H. Masteo have returned to town, and are residing at 1213 Hyde Street.

Mr. R. M. Tobin has been speeding a few days in San José.

Mrs. G. G. Norris will, as usual, spend the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. W. S. Thorne arrived in New York from Europe last week, and is expected home within a fortnight.

Miss Isabelle McKenna has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Barnes at Lennox.

Miss Charlotte Evans left for the East last week. She will spend the winter with friends in Washington, D. C., and New York, and, in the early spring, expects to leave for Europe for a year's stay.

Mr. C. Frederick Kohl was in New York a few days ago.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton have returned home from the East, and are occupying their residence on Franklin and Jackson Streets.

Mr. Karl Howard was at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Gross (*née* Gage) have returned from their wedding journey, and are now occupying their new home on Boulevard Terrace, Oakland.

Miss Lillie O'Connor was at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Mr. Paul R. Jarboe came up from Santa Cruz last week, and was at the California Hotel.

Mrs. John McMullin and Mrs. McMullin Belvin will spend the winter in San Diego.

Mr. W. R. Callender, of Providence, R. I., Mr. H. Blanchard, of Boston, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. Milton S. Latham, and Mr. Nat N. Wilson formed a party which visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Draper and daughter were at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Butters have returned to their home at Piedmont after an extended absence abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Kincaid, who arrived from Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Mariposa* last week, are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was in New York early in the week.

Captain and Mrs. Chamberlain are located at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the winter.

Mr. E. Fitzhugh and Mr. H. F. Allen were in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells have taken apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McNear, Jr., of Petaluma, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Miss Mary R. Jacks, of Monterey, has returned from San Rafael and taken apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt have returned to Berlin after having spent July and August in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Liebmann are at the Hotel Richelieu, where they will remain until November 1st.

Mr. John Birmingham, Jr., who has been touring the East, is now in New York.

Mrs. Emma Brown, who has been sojourning for some time in Geneva, Switzerland, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Cole, at their home at Colegrove, near Los Angeles. Mrs. Brown is accompanied by her three children and a brother, who is a miniature painter at Munich.

Mrs. M. A. Mesick and Miss Mesick have returned to town, and are staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. F. Marion Wigmore, of Los Angeles, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. P. Ewing, of Houston,

Tex., Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gerrish, of Michigan, Mrs. W. T. St. Ann, of Detroit, Miss Ethelyn Gerlach, Miss Lama Gerlach, and Mr. F. M. Noble, of Stockton, Mr. Charles Morgao, of Newport, Mr. Worthington Ames, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cutter, Miss Janet Bruce, Miss Bertie Bruce, and Mr. R. J. C. Irvine.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Humbert, Jr., of Boston, General and Mrs. W. H. Seamas, of Sacramento, Mrs. Thomas F. Foley and Mrs. A. Murphy, of New York, Mr. E. P. Williams, Mr. D. L. Morris, and Mr. Howard Ward, of Salt Lake City, Mrs. E. S. Howard, the Misses Feeney, Mr. J. E. Feeney, and Mr. B. W. Shogrest, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. John Barneson, Mrs. George Fritch, and Mrs. A. S. Ostrooke.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Daly, of Ventura, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. S. Nelson, of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kerry, of Norwich, England, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Meyer, Mr. N. C. Craig, and Mr. W. E. Clark, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bailey, of San José, Miss C. A. Caler and Mr. K. Caler, of Seattle, Mr. W. C. Smith and Mr. J. V. Ahern, of New York, Dr. C. Wiegands, of Berlin, Mr. R. Benjamin, of Napa, Mr. J. G. Scott, of Agnews, Mrs. J. B. Sutton, of Sydney, New South Wales, Mr. W. A. Fortescue, of Ben Lomond, Mr. N. L. Thomas, of Stent, Cal., Mr. M. M. Mathews, of South Bend, Mr. M. B. Harris, of Fresno, Mr. F. G. Burr, of Alaska, and Mr. T. C. Lowe, of Pasadena.

## Arrival of Parisian Costumes.

Tuesday afternoon was bright and warm with no threat of showers, and shoppers were out in force. At the White House the usual crush was exceeded, for the occasion was a special one. Messrs. Raphael Weill & Co.'s chief dressmaker, Miss Mulroney, has just returned from Paris, and many of her selections in that capital of the fashions were displayed for the first time. Not only the reception-rooms on the third floor, but the work-rooms as well, were filled with ladies attracted by the exhibition, and the models who served to bring out the thousand and one points of excellence of the latest creations of the *couturiers*, were the centres of admiring groups that changed constantly but never lessened in numbers while the sunshine lasted. Happy were those who secured an opportunity of examining more than two or three of the gowns with the care necessary to make their description, except in general terms, a matter of certainty. The visitor of the sterner sex frankly admits that the scene was one of hazy impressions. Costumes of varying delicate shades, adorned with laces, chiffon, and embroidery, artistic in color harmonies and distinctive in expression, were too numerous. And all the time there was a faint yet distracting chorus of admiring exclamations and appreciative criticism.

On the second floor, in the suit and cloak department, Mr. Kennedy, the manager, welcomed the visitor, who had meekly stolen away from the bewildering scene above. And here there was more opportunity for leisurely observation, though the procession of viewers and buyers was incessant. Imported costumes are no less plentiful in this department. Mr. Kennedy exhibited first, with pride, a beautiful creation in black lace, over white silk and chiffon, with embroidered iris ornaments in natural colors. Another was an evening costume in white panoe velvet, covered with ecru lace, and lined with white taffeta and chiffon. A new idea in evening dresses this season is a combination, allowing low-neck and short-sleeve effects, or without, as preferred. A variety in styles and shades is shown.

Some of the most striking triumphs of the cloak-maker's art were seen among the new wraps. A black-velvet coat, with the new Afong sleeves, trimmed with taffeta studded bands, and lined with white satin, was first shown. Then a long coat or Newmarket, appliquéd all over, trimmed with green and white net and bands of cloth. There were a number of similar designs in black, with satin bands, and trimmed in red and white. Kimono designs were numerous, some in black satin and silk, embroidered in velvet and jet, with feather trimming, and appliquéd. One most attractive garment was a white imported Kersey coat, with kimono sleeves, three small capes, trimmed lace front, both sides, and chiffon and lace streamers. This is one of the distinctive ideas of a celebrated French maker. A vision of beauty and luxurious warmth was seen in a long cloak of shaded velvet, with ermine collar and revers, trimmed all round with sable-tails. Another full-length garment of black taffeta and peau de soie, appliquéd, and trimmed in chiffon and open-work, was noted as worthy of high praise. Three-quarter and fifty-inch Derby coats—the popular garments of the season—are seen in a variety of shades. Shorter garments, with and without capes, in taffeta and peau de soie, are merely another line in a stock that includes every expression of the new styles and cloths.

But to one who could never hope to achieve the proud satisfaction of wearing one of these ideal garments, the seemingly endless array began to grow oppressive, and when Mr. Kennedy was called aside for a consultation with one of the shoppers, the opportunity for escape was seized. Not to the sunny outer world, however, but up a stairway at the side to the spacious art-room above, where both masculine and feminine taste for the beautiful can be gratified. First to strike the eye is a collection of bronzes, in hundreds of artistic forms, from the groups of figures, almost life-size, to the

tiny ornaments that are no less worthy of admiration. Prominent among these is one copied from a "Herald d'Armes—XVe Siècle," in the Hotel de Ville, Paris. Another, just arrived with other selections by the buyer of the firm in the French capital, is "Charge!" the bust of a cuirassier in action, leading his men, his face expressing his high resolve and dauntless courage. But the list of notable pieces is too long for this place, and there are hundreds of diminutive statuettes and ornaments, filling every available space. One of the most impressive discoveries made by the visitor is the fact that all included in the display is genuine. There are no make-weights, no offerings that are not really artistic. The wall-cases are filled with gilt and silver pieces, and ceramic treasures that exact tributes of admiration from even the most superficial observers. Vases and medallions from the celebrated works of Emile Gallé, at Nancy, are among the choicest of these exhibits, and each one of them is a jewel in itself. Some wonderful pieces from the royal manufactory at The Hague, Holland, catch the eye, and their beautiful finish and fairy-like lightness are remarked.

Farther along, the dazzling display of cut-glass in handsome wall-cases, holds the attention firmly. Across the end of the room are tall cases filled with clocks in ornamented frames of every description, and in all sizes. A side-table near holds a collection of antique plates, reproductions made for the Paris Exposition. Another presents a display of the celebrated Rookwood pottery. Scattered through the room are inlaid tables, fashioned from those of earlier times in France and Italy, and now loaded with bronzes and dainty ornaments. Electric-light fittings, in real art forms, silver and bronze, with ground-glass and colored globes, show their purpose at a touch, and shed a flood of mellow light on the clustered elegances around them. A large side-room is devoted to lamps, standing and hanging lights, and the variety is endless.

The busy elevators of the White House carry a heavy burden, whether moving up or down, and the visitor who leaves the departments on the upper floor thinking he will escape the crowd, finds that there is no choice, after all, as the ground floor is even more completely occupied. There were special displays this week there, but every week is an exhibition week with this house, and the visitor finds new attractions no matter how often he returns.

In a letter from abroad to a friend here, Dr. W. S. Thorne, of this city, says that the attempted assassination of President McKinley aroused the profoundest sympathy in London. He noticed that all of the British journals were filled with the kindest and deepest expressions of condolence. Policemen accosted Americans on the street and coming out of the theatre to tell them the news of the assassination. Newsboys were heard crying extras at all hours, giving the latest details concerning the President's condition. Interest and sympathy were sincerely felt and universally expressed.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman has been brightened by the advent of a son.

—"THE RIGHT OF WAY," GILBERT PARKER'S new book, just received at Cooper's.

—LADIES' "KNOX" FALL TRIMMED HATS arrived. Eugene Korn the Hatter, 726 Market Street.

**Moët & Chandon**  
CHAMPAGNE  
WHITE SEAL AND BRUT IMPERIAL  
Celebrated Vintage of 1893.  
Unsurpassed in Quality.

**WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,**  
Pacific Coast Agents, 216-18 Mission Street, S. F.



**Pozzoni's**  
**Medicated Complexion Powder**  
No face powder in the world has given the universal satisfaction of Pozzoni's; no chalk, lime or zinc—it's pure. Sample free.  
J. A. Pozzoni, St. Louis, Mo.

**WARRANTED 10 YEARS.**  
**SOHMER PIANO AGENCY. BYRON MAUZY PIANOS**  
308-312 Post St. San Francisco.

# Palace Hotel

In placing these two hotels under one management and joining them with a covered passage-way, the purpose was to provide guests with comforts and conveniences not obtainable in any other hotel in the West. And the plan is a success.

American plan. European plan.

# Grand Hotel

## DUC DE MONTEBELLO CHAMPAGNE

**BRUT, 1895.**

**SHEA, BOCQUERAZ CO.**

Pacific Coast Agents.

San Francisco.



MRS. FRED H. HANSON

— IN —  
**REFINED MONOLOGUES AND RECITALS**

— FROM THE WORKS OF —

Shakespeare, Kipling, Browning, Dickens, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, and others,

**GIVING FULL AFTERNOON OR EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.**

Mrs. Fred H. Hanson, one of Boston's Society Readers and Monologists, is in this city and will give several charming entertainments before the *début* of San Francisco this winter. Mrs. Hanson will also teach elocution and physical culture, having met with great success in that line in the East. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson have secured the beautiful home of Mr. Albert Edward King, No. 1224 Haight Street. Below are a few of the many encomiums from Eastern papers:

Mrs. Fred H. Hanson was most happy in her interpretation of "David Copperfield and His Child-Wife," by Dickens. Her delicate conception of foolish, dainty Dora, admirably set off the stronger qualities of the affectionate Copperfield. The pleasure she afforded her listeners may be inferred from the fact that she was engaged for a return recital. — *Boston Herald.*

The charming entertainment given by Mrs. Fred H. Hanson, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Wednesday evening, was one of the society features of the season. Mrs. Hanson may be an exception, but she certainly is not a "prophet without honor in her own country." — *Somerville Citizen.*

Her recital was one of the most delightful dramatic treats the season has yet offered. There is a freshness and spontaneity to her work which keeps your interest ever on the alert. — *Boston Sunday Times.*

That Mrs. Hanson is a success, both from an artistic as well as a social standpoint, goes without saying. — *Boston Journal.*

Mrs. Hanson is young and prepossessing, with a voice of graceful flexibility and sufficient strength, and a manner of which a prevailing earnestness is a pronounced characteristic, yet which is not displayed at the expense of the necessary sense of repose. With the varying difficulties of Hoosier, negro, and child dialect, she puts herself to courageous tests, and in her rendering of the heroic, the dramatic, and the pathetic, which she attempted with equal confidence, she gave her powers the most complete exemplification. — *Globe.*

## FOR ADOPTION.

Little girl, nine years old; pretty, refined, and well brought up. Best of references given and required.  
F. G. J., 406 Sutter Street.



# BUFFALO \$87 ROUND TRIP LAST PAN-AMERICAN EXCURSION

Tickets on sale October 3d and 4th at all main line points in California on the SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Good for return until October 31st from Buffalo; from Chicago within 60 days from date of sale.

Inquire of agents for full particulars

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | FROM JULY 14, 1901.   | ARRIVE   |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento   | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey  | 7:55 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa   | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville  | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East   | 12:25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton  | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville   | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland                   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff            | 4:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma, Carters  | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations  | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo   | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles               | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations   | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago  | 6:55 P.  |
| 11:00 A. | Sacramento River Steamers   | 15:00 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations  | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville                         | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa   | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi  | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore   | 18:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton  | 10:25 A. |
| 5:00 P.  | The Overland Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles               | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno   | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | Yosemite  | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José  | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo   | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago   | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago   | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East       | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations   | 11:25 A. |
| 12:45 P. | Vallejo   | 7:55 P.  |

## COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

|          |   |          |
|----------|---|----------|
| 17:45 A. | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations   | 18:05 P. |
| 8:15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations                        | 5:50 P.  |
| 12:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations | 10:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos   | 18:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz   | 8:50 A.  |

## OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip B)—

17:15 9:00 11:00 A.M. 7:00 3:00 5:15 P.M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

18:05 10:00 A.M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.

## COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

|          |   |          |
|----------|---|----------|
| 6:10 A.  | San José and Way Stations   | 6:30 A.  |
| 7:00 A.  | San José and Way Stations   | 7:30 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | New Almaden, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal Intermediate Stations  | 4:10 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Monterey, and Principal Way Stations                                 | 18:30 P. |
| 10:30 A. | San José and Way Stations   | 7:30 P.  |
| 11:30 A. | San José and Way Stations   | 5:30 P.  |
| 12:45 P. | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove | 10:45 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations   | 4:10 P.  |
| 14:15 P. | San José and Principal Way Stations   | 9:45 A.  |
| 15:00 P. | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations   | 19:00 A. |
| 5:30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations   | 8:36 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles  | 10:05 A. |
| 6:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations   | 8:00 P.  |
| 11:45 P. | San José and Way Stations   | 7:30 P.  |

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C Saturday only. M Monday.  
S Saturday and Sunday. T Tuesdays and Fridays.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is there any cure for jealousy?" "Yes."  
"What?" "The faith cure."—Chicago Post.

Family secrets: "Maudie's husband won't let her wear a tight hathing-suit." "Why not?" "He does not wish her to expose the family skeleton!"—Brooklyn Life.

Hopeless task: Larry—"Bedad! Oi don't think much av this coal-oil exterminator for mosquitoes." Denny—"Yez don't?" Larry—"No; it takes too long to dip aich wan in th' oil separately."—Chicago News.

Crawford—"Did your wife have a good time in the country?" Crabshaw—"No; the only thing that reconciled her was the thought that she stayed away two weeks longer than the woman next door."—Town Topics.

Diplomacy: First boy—"It's six o'clock. Let's go home." Second boy—"Nit! If we go home now we'll git licked fer stayin' so late. If we stay till eight we'll git hugged and kissed fer not hein' drowned."—Puck.

Hands off: "What have you got that sign, 'Hands Off,' posted outside your works for?" asked the curious individual. "Because," returned the jocular mill owner, "my men are on strike."—Philadelphia Record.

Smoke and fire: "Yes, it certainly is a warm family; the son smokes and the daughter scorches." "How about the father and mother?" "Well, the old man fumes and the old woman blazes out at all hours."—Chicago News.

On the line: Old lady—"Can you tell me, if you please, where I'll get the Blackrock tram?" Dublin car-driver—"Begorra, ma'am, if you don't watch yourself, you'll get it in the small of your back in about half a minute."—Punch.

Benny's hedge: "Benny Bloohumper, how do we know that the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from the earth?" Benny (alarmed at the teacher's manner) replied: "Y-y-you said so yourself, sir."—Tit-Bits.

No monkey business: He offered to act as her escort, but she declined the offer. "You are as full of airs as a hand-organ," he spitefully declared. "Possibly," she retorted, "but just the same I don't go with a crank."—Chicago News.

Crimson glare: Friend—"Why are you staring at old Tippler's red nose?" Artist—"I am getting inspiration for a great marine picture." Friend—"What will you call it?" Artist—"Why, 'The Light-House Below the Bridge.'"—Chicago News.

Her reason: "Did you ever try any of these health foods?" the sympathetic friend asked of the dyspeptic lady. "Yes," she replied, "and I'm not going to eat any more of them." "Why not?" "Because they spoil my appetite."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His preference: "Would you rather have something else than a piece of pie?" asked the kind neighbor of little Freddie, who had run an errand for her. "Yes, ma'am," said Freddie, promptly; "I w'd ruther hav' two pieces."—Ohio State Journal.

No time to lose: President (of oil-well syndicate)—"Advertise that we have a few shares of new stock to sell at one dollar a share." Clerk—"When shall I put the ads in?" "At once. We've got to get money enough together to pay the next dividend."—Detroit Free Press.

Not the grammatical kind: "What is a conjunction?" asked the teacher. "That which joins together," was the prompt reply. "Give an illustration," said the teacher. The up-to-date girl hesitated and blushed. "The marriage service," she said at last.—Chicago Post.

Mistress—"Margaret, I told you I could not permit you to entertain male callers in the kitchen. You had a man there last evening." Maid—"I know it, mum; but that was Tim Murphy, a tur'ble hashful feller. Ye'd never injure him to stip into the parlor."—Boston Transcript.

He liked it: Wife—"How do you like my new fall hat?" Husband—"The idea of paying big prices for—" Wife—"Big prices! Why, I made it myself." Husband—"Um—yes—er—as I was saying, the idea of paying big prices for such monstrosities as the milliners are showing! Now, your hat is a work of art. Looks as if it came from Paris. Beautiful, my dear!"—New York Weekly.

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Her mother—"Edith, don't you think you are getting too old to play with little boys?" Edith—"No, mamma; the older I get the better I like them."—Tit-Bits.

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At no point in its development will President Roosevelt's intention to carry out the policies of his predecessor be more closely watched than where it touches the question of the tariff. A policy in which President McKinley took especial interest was the expansion of foreign commerce both east and west. Men closest to President Roosevelt are convinced that the same idea will be a dominant note in the policies of the present administration, but when that is said it leaves much

more to conjecture. There may be more than one method of encouraging the expansion of foreign trade, and the course to be pursued by the executive depends almost wholly on his interpretation of the policy and his opinion of the best means to advance it. More than one plan is already discussed. One contemplates the adoption of reciprocity treaties, of which we have none at present, and have had none since that with Hawaii was extinguished by annexation, but of which several have been negotiated and now await Senate action. The other plan favors encouragement of trade by concessions in the tariff law, applied to established industries which no longer need concession. In either case the protective principle must be retained.

Congressman Hopkins, of Illinois, whose position in the House and long tariff experience stand for much, believes that Congress, as a law-making body, should be charged with framing the tariff laws, and that it is a practical violation of the constitution to leave them to the executive and the Senate, as would be done under the proposed system of reciprocity treaties. Mr. Hopkins proposes a flexible tariff, fixing maximum and minimum rates, between which points the President might be left free to negotiate treaties with other countries, reducing the tariff on certain products as needed for the purposes of trade, but always keeping within the minimum.

Such a plan was advocated when the Dingley bill was under consideration. The difficulty of deciding is complicated by the fact that every part of the country does not see the question from the same point of view. The manufacturers of the Eastern States are single-eyed to the opening of foreign markets to their wares, and to them wholesale reciprocity treaties are grateful, no matter what other interests are sacrificed. To the West, the region of producers, sentiment favors the attainment of the same end by such tariff discrimination as will leave protected the industries which still need protection, and they will prefer, therefore, to see the whole matter left with Congress.

We have said that in all probability the reciprocity treaties will be urged this winter, partly because they had their inception under the last administration, and partly because there is a decided hesitancy to commence any tariff tinkering at this session. When presented they will be jealously scrutinized in the West. We want foreign trade as much as any section of the country, but we do not wish to obtain it at the sacrifice of the productive industries of the West.

The press of Great Britain, including even the supporters of the government, is displaying considerable impatience over the policy of fighting the war in South Africa by proclamation. Since the expiration of the period in which they were to have surrendered in accordance with Lord Kitchener's proclamation, the Boers have won four notable victories, killing sixty-eight officers and men, wounding sixty-three, taking three hundred prisoners, and capturing five guns. Not only this, but the seat of operations is being carried back to where it was two years ago. Utrecht, where Major Gough was ambushed, was the scene of a similar engagement eighteen months ago; Acton Homes is eighteen miles south-west of Ladysmith; the colonists are again mustering for the defense of the Tugela as they did when General Joubert threatened an invasion in 1899; in Natal, fighting is going on south of Stormberg. The British people are exasperated by receiving the news of this succession of reverses, and there has been an outburst of complaint, not against Lord Kitchener, but against the ministry. The leading administration journals accuse the government of trying to run the war on cheap principles and of not providing Lord Kitchener with sufficient resources. The Times accuses the home authorities of lack of organized sustained effort, and of failure to grasp the moral and intellectual damage which the prolongation of the struggle inflicts upon the empire. Other ministerial supporters declare that valuable months have been wasted in electioneering when the active prosecution of the war should have been the first consideration.

On the other hand, there is a report, apparently well

founded, that Lord Kitchener is as much dissatisfied with the inactivity of the ministers as is the general British public. The Pall Mall Gazette declares that he is dissatisfied with the partial enforcement of martial law in South Africa, wanting it proclaimed at Cape Town and elsewhere; that he desires more serious penalties for rebellion, and more strict enforcement of those penalties. Lord Kitchener took over the command with the explicit understanding that he was not to be hampered, but, as this condition was not carried out, "he is seriously considering his position."

Outside of their military movements the Boers are not inactive. An appeal has been made by them to the administrative council of the permanent board of arbitration at The Hague, which begins by reciting the fact that the peace convention provided a way for the peaceful settlement of international difficulties between powers, whether they had become signatories or not. The appeal further points out that the war has continued for almost two years, and that there is no probability of its being concluded unless the questions in dispute be submitted to arbitration. It accuses Great Britain of acting in contravention to the rules of law as laid down by the peace conference, and of contemplating further action in contravention of Article Twenty of the peace agreement. The appeal is signed by representatives of the Orange Free State as well as of the South African Republic. The appeal will probably raise the question that received some discussion two years ago, as to whether the South African Republic is an independent nation such as would render its dispute with England an international one. It is one of the British claims that it is not independent but is subject to a protectorate exercised by Great Britain. As a preparation for the most unfavorable termination of the war, it is reported that the Boers are contemplating a wholesale exodus to Mexico, where two concessions aggregating twenty million acres of land can be secured. This would not give them an independent government, but it would relieve them of the rule of the British.

The Republican municipal nominating convention seemed to recognize the value of making haste slowly. The first week was consumed in arranging the order of business and in preparing and adopting the platform, all nominations being postponed. Over the report of the committee on order of business there was but one question of dispute—the manner of selecting candidates for supervisors and members of the county committee. The so-called independent delegates were in a minority, but had control of the delegations from some of the legislative districts, so that if the supervisors were nominated by the district delegations they could secure a representation; if by the convention at large, they would probably get none. So with the county committee—if, as proposed, eighteen members were appointed by the chairman of the convention, their representation on the committee would be reduced. Both questions were decided against the independents.

The platform divides itself into two parts—the first relating to national affairs, the second to municipal affairs. State questions were entirely ignored, and Governor Gage escaped without mention in the platform as originally adopted; subsequent amendments, however, indorsed the State administration and the members of the legislature. President Roosevelt's declared intention of carrying out the policy of President McKinley was also approved. After the usual expressions of loyalty to Republican principles, the recent tragic death of President McKinley is referred to. His death directs public attention to the inadequacy of the protection of our Presidents. A constitutional amendment is demanded authorizing a law making an attack upon the life of the President an act of treason, and of exclusive federal jurisdiction. Alien anarchists should be excluded from the country, and those that are here should be deported. Native-born anarchists should be punished. A demand is made that the Chinese exclusion law be reenacted and made more effective, and, further, that it should be extended to exclude Japanese as well as Chinese. In the division relating to local affairs, industrial disturbance,



are deplored, and arbitration is recommended for their settlement, the laws of other States and countries being adopted for this purpose where they are applicable. It is declared experience has shown that the new charter is a beneficial instrument, and it is urged that its provisions be carried out in their just and true spirit. Additional school-houses should be built of brick and stone. The board of public works should spend its money for permanent improvements, and not in the payment of salaries to employees who do not work. The eight-hour law should be enforced. Cobblestone pavements in the business section should be immediately abolished, and in the other sections as rapidly as possible. Increased fire protection should be immediately secured. The city should own such public utilities as are imperatively necessary for the public good. The merit system of appointment is approved, and the drawing of the color-line denounced.

The ticket as nominated is as follows: For mayor, Asa R. Wells; for auditor, Harry Baehr; for district attorney, Arthur G. Fisk; for county clerk, Albert B. Mahony; for sheriff, John Lackmann; for treasurer, John E. McDougald; for recorder, Charles E. Corey; for city and county attorney, Joseph E. Barry; for public administrator, John Farnham; for tax collector, Edward Smith; for coroner, Dr. C. A. Glover; for police judges, Frank D. Haynes and Charles A. Low; for supervisors, John F. Ahearn, George Alpers, Adam Andrew, Percy Beamish, Fred. N. Bent, Charles Boston, W. H. Cobb, T. W. Collins, Frederick Frankenthal, W. H. George, Alfred Lilienfeld, J. W. Offerman, A. F. Roberts, George R. Sanderson, Charles H. Stanyan, James M. Wilkins, Frederick Eggers, and Horace Wilson.

The interminable struggle between the opponents and adherents of Rear-Admiral Schley still drags its slow length along in the naval court at Washington. There has appeared no evidence so far that the Navy Department intends to press the charge of "caitiff" conduct incorporated into MacLay's history, the main questions at issue being that of reprehensible conduct as an officer, and inefficiency while acting as commander-in-chief of the flying squadron. So far, the testimony taken tends to vindicate the rear-admiral from both charges. Officers of the different vessels have been examined as to the causes of the uncertainty which attended the location of Cervera's fleet at Santiago, and the subsequent charges that the blockade of that port was lamely executed. The weight of evidence so far tends to an exoneration of Admiral Schley. The court has shown a decided purpose to avoid, if possible, the use of the naval court as an arena in which the personal animosities of the friends of Sampson and Schley may be exploited. A request on the part of the former to be represented in the court by counsel has been denied, the court announcing that as yet nothing has appeared making Admiral Sampson a necessary party to the proceedings. However that may be, the result will probably go far toward tacitly awarding the credit of the Santiago victory. If so, the verdict will be based upon the facts arrayed, and not upon the opinions of the witnesses, as the court has wisely decided to listen to facts rather than to opinions which may have a personal bias. From that outlook, it is to be hoped that when the court finally adjourns this mischievous controversy may be settled for good. Admiral Schley has been fortunate in securing the rejection of Admiral Howison as a member of the court, and unfortunate in losing his main counsel, ex-Judge Wilson, by death, which occurred suddenly last week, from heart failure induced by kidney trouble.

What the public will most deprecate is the unseemly attitude of partisan journals urged on by politicians who hope for petty advantages from the trial. This feature has led to press quarrels, with the usual sensational features, and the spectacle of newspapers already committed to one side and pertinaciously working to secure condemnation of the other, regardless of the facts in the case. Such action serves no laudable purpose, but does smirch the reputation of high officers and drags the service through the mire for merely personal or party purposes.

In San Diego recently was held a meeting of the signers to a declaration of principles, inaugurating what will be known as the Order of Loyal Americans. The plan includes the formation of similar societies in every centre of population throughout the country. The avowed purpose is the suppression of anarchists in the United States, and the methods to be employed are: To demand immigration laws from Congress which shall effectually bar known anarchists from our shores; to make this country uncomfortable for those already here; to suppress anarchistic literature and teachings; and to discourage any journalism so reckless and sensational that it becomes a school for attacking the law, for promoting violence, and for breeding anarchy. The members are oath-bound, and, judging from the reports, the society is intended

to be a secret one. There is no doubt of the good which such associations may do. It is a plan worthier of American ideals than the organization of mobs or vigilance committees. It is within the law, and should be on a high plane. A network of such societies extending to every city in the land, working in touch with each other, would become an immense power in aid of the best public opinion, and a moral force in the face of which anarchy would hide its head or slink away to other lands.

Rejoicing was general in San Francisco at the announcement made suddenly Wednesday evening that the strike was over. There had been no expectation of an immediate settlement, and surprise was marked on the faces of all in the throngs that quickly gathered before the bulletins at the newspaper offices. Many were slow to accept the good news, but they followed their expressions of incredulity with earnest wishes for its verification. Soon the needed confirmation was received, and the crowds dissolved to carry the happy intelligence to anxious homes.

It has been a bitter and sorrowful struggle, disastrous not alone to those immediately connected, but to all branches of industry in the State and on the Pacific Coast. More than nine thousand men were idle for ten weeks, and their loss in wages is not far from two millions of dollars. Their employers have lost as heavily. And the interests of farmers, traders, and shipping men, far and near, have been damaged beyond reckoning.

The history of the strike shows a number of remarkable features. On the seventeenth of July, teamsters driving for the Draymen's Association refused to handle trunks for a transfer company that employed non-union men. It was at the time of the Epworth League Convention, and the great increase in the amount of baggage received was sufficient to tax the best resources under usual conditions. The draymen discharged the teamsters refusing to work, and in return the Brotherhood of Teamsters declared a strike, to go into effect Monday, July 22d. A week later the City Front Federation, composed of twelve affiliating labor organizations, including sailors, longshoremen, marine firemen, ship and steamboat joiners, porters, packers, warehousemen, pile-drivers, bridge-builders, hoisting-engineers, steam and hot-water fitters, coal teamsters, sand teamsters, ship's cooks and stewards, and the striking Brotherhood of Teamsters, called out all workers along the water front. Efforts were made to fill the places made vacant, but they were only partially successful at first. Soon after the strike began, there were instances of assault on men who had taken the place of strikers, and from day to day the violence increased. Hundreds of wounded men, whose injuries had been received through strike disorder, were treated at the city hospitals. At least three deaths were caused by violence, attributable to the strike. A large number of special officers were added to the police force, and all of the guardians of the peace were kept busy day and night. While there were incipient riots on numerous occasions, the most serious outbreak occurred Sunday morning, just after midnight, near the most prominent street-corner in the city, and within a few hundred feet of the three great newspaper offices. A mob of two hundred or more were in pursuit of a small party of special officers, and at the head of Kearny Street some twenty shots or more were exchanged. Nine men were injured, receiving bullet wounds or cuts from missiles. With each week of the strike the employers had added to their forces of workmen, and though the reports from opposing authorities differ widely, it is probable that business was approaching a normal condition when the end came.

It is a matter for sincere congratulation that the war is ended. The terms on which the settlement was effected are as yet not fully known. Conflicting statements are still made freely, but there is every reason to hope that the struggle will not soon be re-opened. It is declared, with little show of contradiction, that the most important concessions have been made by the strikers; that they will return to work where their former employers may be able to give them employment, but that the non-union men engaged who have become efficient will be kept on; that the right of the men to retain membership in unions is not questioned; and that employers will not discriminate against union workmen. Whatever the agreement, it is to be hoped that its terms will be carried out fairly. That such a contest may never trouble the city again is the fervent wish of every well-meaning citizen.

The ordinance which was adopted on March 19, 1900, prohibiting the burial of dead within the city limits after the first day of August, 1901, has not yet gone into effect, and probably will not for some time to come. Several months ago, suit was brought by the Laurel Hill Cemetery Association to

test the validity of the ordinance, but no judge was willing to have the case tried in his court, and Judge Hebbard, to whom it properly belonged, went away on his vacation. An injunction was granted whereby the city authorities were restrained from enforcing the ordinance; but the case has not yet been tried. Doubtless it will soon come up in the courts in some shape or another, as Judge Hebbard, since returning from his vacation, has refused to dissolve the temporary injunction. The city claims that a court of equity has no jurisdiction to enjoin the enforcement of an ordinance criminal in character, and that, therefore, the injunction should be dissolved. But Judge Hebbard, in his decision, holds that equity has jurisdiction to enjoin a municipal corporation from enforcing a void ordinance, at the suit of any person affected thereby.

It is a question of the validity of the city ordinance; a question of the violation of vested rights; and Judge Hebbard's recent decision renders it impossible for the city authorities to stop burials in Laurel Hill Cemetery until the validity of the ordinance is fully determined.

In a similar action brought by the Odd Fellows' and Masonic Cemetery Associations, Superior Judge Seawell dismissed the suit on the ground that only when a criminal prosecution for violation of the ordinance took place could the question as to its constitutionality be determined. With this apparent conflict of opinion by the superior court as to its own jurisdiction, the matter stands at present. There is able legal talent engaged on both sides of the controversy, and the fight will doubtless be an interesting one.

The advantage of increasing the facilities for communication to extend commerce is being very forcibly illustrated by the statistics of the growing trade between this country and Mexico.

Geographical advantages would naturally lead one to suppose that Mexico would purchase practically all of its imported goods from the United States. This country regularly produces a surplus of the goods that Mexico purchases, yet it is only recently that it has received anything like a due share of the Mexican patronage. In 1873 the United States furnished only 26 per cent., or very little more than one-quarter, of the Mexican imports. Communication was by water alone at that time, and European countries found little difficulty in competing successfully with the merchants of the United States. Since then railway communication has been developed, bringing the two countries closer together and opening up sections of Mexico that were formerly commercially unavailable. The result is distinctly apparent. A British consul in Mexico has recently compiled the figures of the trade enjoyed by the leading commercial countries with Mexico during recent years. The United States now leads all others by a considerable margin, and its proportion is increasing. In 1898 this country furnished 48 3/4 per cent. of the imports of Mexico. Great Britain was second on the list, with 17 3/4 per cent., France had 12 per cent., Germany 11 1/2, and the others smaller proportions. The next year the United States had the same percentage of the trade. Great Britain showed an increase of three-quarters of one per cent., and France and Germany slight decreases. In 1900 this country passed the half-way point and had 51 1/2 per cent. Great Britain and France dropped below the figures for 1898, and Germany recovered what it had lost in 1899, but made no advance. In value our shipments last year amounted to nearly \$35,000,000 (£6,767,042), a gain of 23 per cent. over the previous year, while Great Britain had just about one-third of that amount (£2,217,111). With the growth of communication there is no reason why the proportion of trade enjoyed by this country should not continue to increase.

Organized effort is now in prospect for the purpose of direct- ing the influence of the Pacific Coast States on the side of reenactment of the Chinese exclusion act, which expires by limitation next March, and which will come up for consideration this winter before Congress. The preliminary move comes from the board of supervisors of San Francisco, which last week passed a resolution to call a State convention for the purpose of memorializing the President and Congress in favor of the continuance of the Geary law. It is proposed that the convention shall consist of representatives from all county boards of supervisors, city councils, town trustees, boards of trade, trades-unions, and other civic organizations, and the matter of formulating a call has been placed in the hands of the mayor of this city and a committee of five supervisors. The danger to the exclusion law consists in a growing belief in the East that the free growth of international trade with the Chinese Empire depends upon the free admission of Chinese to this country. The Chinese minister at Washington and the Chinese consul-general here have been particularly active of late in inculcating such ideas, and in trying to convince the people that Chinamen, being of a low

A MOVEMENT  
WHICH DESERVES  
SUCCESS.

THE LAUREL  
HILL CEMETERY  
CASE.



class of labor, are not a menace to the toilers of America. On this Coast, where the Asiatic influx would be first met, and where its effects would be most severe, these arguments have been met, and in the light of experience the situation is thoroughly comprehended. No part of the country is more interested in the growth of Asiatic trade than the Pacific Slope, and no section would welcome it more heartily. It remains to place the facts before Congress, and convince the country that to gain Chinese trade does not require the sacrifice of American labor to the Chinese coolie.

As one of the first fruits of the movement inaugurated by the forestry convention held in this city two years ago, the Department of Agriculture in Washington is about to issue a comprehensive report on irrigation in California. This is the first attempt by the federal government at coöperation with any individual State to solve the legal and economic problems underlying agricultural irrigation. The work was conducted by Elwood Mead, of the Department of Agriculture, assisted by eight specialists in irrigation engineering and irrigation economics. The report contains a review of the agricultural situation in this State by the expert in charge, and then covers the local conditions of irrigation and water rights on nine typical streams. One of the points forcibly brought out is the fact that agricultural development is greatly hindered in many sections of the State owing to the inadequacy of the State laws to prevent the water needed for irrigation from running to the sea and being wasted. The utilization of this water would make of them highly developed and profitable districts. Such utilization can be accomplished only by overcoming considerable obstacles, but these can be overcome by the coöperation of the State and federal governments. The report gives as the causes for the retarded development of agriculture in California the unremitting production of cereal crops in the great central valleys and a lack of more diversified farming; opposition to irrigation in districts which the census shows to be materially decreasing in wealth and population; too great zeal on the part of the advocates of the Wright Irrigation Law, followed by unwise investments, which have led to loss and disappointment; over-appropriation of streams, resulting in uncertainty as to the number and extent of valid appropriations; the conflicting nature of the water laws, and the existence side by side of the opposing doctrines of appropriation and riparian rights; and absolute private ownership of water when its use should attach to the land in districts where irrigation is necessary for agricultural development. The report concludes that the State should ascertain the volume of available irrigation water, define all rights to its use, whether already acquired or to be acquired hereafter, and provide an efficient system of water administration. To attain these ends the report recommends the creation of a State board of control of water, similar to that in existence in Wyoming during the last ten years; the making of unappropriated waters State property; the limitation of all appropriations to actual beneficial use; and the attachment of all rights to water to the land irrigated. As showing the value of irrigation, the report points out that land in Southern California, which without water for irrigation is not worth five dollars an acre, is shown to have been sold, when irrigated and planted to orange-trees, for seventeen hundred dollars an acre, and instances are given where a water right of fifty miners' inches recently sold for fifty thousand dollars. It will be noticed that the report does not cover the problem of water storage, which has probably been reserved for future consideration.

The census bureau has recently issued a bulletin showing the mortality statistics for the year 1900. As a general rule, these figures are of less value than those on other subjects collected by the census bureau. Collected only once in ten years, they fail to make allowance for the fluctuations year by year, and may merely present the statistics of an exceptional year, with an unusually high or low rate. They have been collected with considerable care, however, and include the results obtained by the census enumerators, and also those collected by health boards under local regulations. In this report the figures cover 341 cities with an aggregate population of 21,660,631. In 1890 the report covered 271 registration cities with an aggregate population of 14,958,254. The most interesting fact brought out by the report is that the death rate is decreasing. In 1890 the rate was 21 for each 1,000 people; in 1900 it was 18.6. Not only is this the case, but the reduction is being made in those diseases that are generally most fatal. The deaths from consumption, for instance, have dropped from 24.54, in 1890, to 19.05, in 1900. Another fact that makes in the same direction is that there is a decrease in the number of deaths that are fatal in early life, and an increase in those incidental to old age. The greatest increase is in diseases of the kidneys, which increased from 59.7 to 83.7. Influenza is on

the increase, and the rate for cancer, which is destined to succeed tuberculosis as the great problem for the medical fraternity, increased 12.1 in ten years. Apoplexy and heart disease have increased, and the deaths from old age increased from 44.9 to 54. The total percentage of deaths increased as between the two reports in a greater ratio than the rate of increase of population, but this is due to the fact that the report of 1900 is more complete than that of ten years ago. The results shown by the census report flow from the advances made in medical science and in sanitary regulations. Some people thoughtlessly object to the burdens imposed by these sanitary regulations, and consider their observance unnecessary, but such reports as this prove their value.

Representative wheat-growers from ten counties in the central valley of the State met at Sacramento recently for the purpose of organizing a permanent association for mutual protection. Although it was intended that all the wheat-growers of the State should meet, the counties of San Joaquin, Fresno, Tulare, Alameda, Kings, Monterey, and Madera were not represented. As the organization is further developed, however, these counties will probably be included also. The committee on organization reported in favor of forming an association on the coöperative plan. As opposed to this, it was said that the feeling in the San Joaquin Valley was in favor of the wheat being shipped in bulk to some company that would dispose of it on a percentage. The report of the committee was rejected after considerable discussion, the chief burden of which was that the wheat-growers were suffering from excessive railroad freight rates rather than from lack of coöperation. It was resolved that a coöperative association be formed for the purpose of securing lower transportation rates, and that this agreement be signed by all wheat-growers of the State. The report of the committee on the movement of crops, which investigated the condition of affairs at Port Costa resulting from the strike, was adopted.

The *Argonaut* has repeatedly spoken of the blindness of the American workingmen who submit to be led by cunning labor leaders imported from elsewhere. These foxy foreigners stir up strikes, work them for their own profit, live off the fat of the land, and then depart for other fields, leaving their deluded victims out of a job, with no money or credit, and with winter staring them in the face. A couple of weeks ago, "National Organizer" Pierce was given a farewell banquet at a swell hotel by his fellow-rogues, while the poor workingmen, who support them, were walking the streets in idleness and hunger. Pierce is evidently the advance agent of this great traveling Combination of Disaster. They will work up another strike soon somewhere else—God help the workmen there.

The following communication from a workingman hears out what the *Argonaut* says—that the labor leaders and walking-delegates are foreign and imported mischief-breeders:

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I desire herewith to indorse your editorial expressions on the unfortunate state of affairs now so humiliating to San Francisco. Since the beginning of this foreign labor-leaders' strike in this city, I have read your paper with hearty approval. You have written truthfully, sensibly, and patriotically. I am assured of your genuine Americanism and your honest sympathy for the American workingman. And very glad I am to note it. There are too few American newspapers fearless enough to express true American sentiments when the times demand it, and especially on an occasion like the present. I wish all American workingmen (I am one) would read the *Argonaut*; its patriotism and its American utterances would surely appeal to them. It seldom goes amiss on matters touched upon, and its opinions regarding this poverty-breeding strike are those that every honest-thinking American must hold.

You realize the truth when you say that "gangs of foreign labor-unions ruffians beat and stamp on non-union American workingmen." That is a fact. They are doing it now. Why do American workingmen stand it?

A majority of the membership of the labor-unions of this country is composed of foreigners—and many of them vicious foreigners at that. They will rule or ruin. If they fail in dictating terms entirely satisfactory to themselves in a labor controversy, they do what they are doing to-day—they tie up the labor and industry of a whole community, and render it dangerous and well-nigh impossible for a non-union, law-abiding laboring man to accept employment. The American workingman or boy (for the striker has been known to waylay boys as well as men) is forced to walk the streets in idleness. How long will the American people endure this foreign tyranny? How long will the American workingman submit to being dictated to, controlled by, and otherwise be made the dupe of cunning, scheming, and entirely selfish (if not vicious) foreigners? I wish that all my American fellow-workingmen could see and grasp this matter as it is. I wish they would break loose from the yoke of tyranny that is oppressing them—the tyranny of foreign walking-delegates and imported strike leaders. Many a boy and young man of American birth is being pushed aside, relegated to a back seat, by the foreign labor leaders in this country—the foreign membership of the labor-unions. Every American laboring man of intelligence must also know this, and, knowing it, why, in the name of all that is fair and decent, does he not throw off this foreign yoke? Let the American workingman rise in wrath against these outcasts from other lands, who have brought on this poverty-breeding strike; who have the audacity to dictate to the free-born sons of American soil; who would force us to walk the streets in idleness; who would club us to death when we refuse to obey their mandates. That is the type of foreigner whom I, as an American, detest.

Please accept my best wishes. You are doing good. In the *Argonaut* the true American workingman has a friend. I hope he will soon begin to see it. Respectfully yours, AMERICAN WORKINGMAN.

It makes one sick at heart to see how a set of fine, strong

American men—men naturally good-hearted and honest—men who are many of them husbands and fathers—men who in a mine-shaft or a fire would lay down their lives for a comrade—that such a set of men should be so blinded by these cunning foreign frauds as to follow their selfish and infamous leadership; to obey them when they are told to strike; to obey them when they are hidden to beat and maim other American workingmen; to obey them when they are ordered to resist the city, to resist the State, to resist perhaps the United States. It is American law and American government that these foreign leaders have been urging these American workingmen to resist, and the result was inevitable.

May the time soon come when American workingmen will cease to take orders from Scandinavians, Russo-Polish Jews, and Irish walking-delegates—from Furuseths, Rosenbergs, and Caseys.

Stanford University celebrated its tenth anniversary on Tuesday, October 1st. A programme following as closely as possible the order of exercises held at the opening ten years ago was carried out by faculty and students in the assembly hall, and only the memory of faces missed tempered the quiet enthusiasm. President Jordan in his address spoke of the many discouragements of the early days, sketched the progress of the institution, and concluded with words of gratitude for the measure of success achieved. "There is not one of us," said he, "who realizes the tremendous nature of the obstacles encountered by the university in the years from 1893 to 1896, the years of financial panic, of wanton litigation, the times of depression and distress, which descended like a prison gate on an institution prepared only for hope and progress. There was but one thing which could save the institution—the unswerving devotion of the surviving founder. To doubt or falter was to perish, and in the most trying times no such words were found in her vocabulary. To her there must always be a way. And always the way was found, and the university dedicated to her beloved son has never closed its doors once opened. By the noble generosity of the founders and the help of him who doeth all things well, these doors shall never be closed so long as one stone shall remain upon another."

The retirement of Mr. Charles M. Hays from the office of president of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company was formally announced this week. In a letter concerning his action, Mr. Hays says that "the change in policy and organization of the company, consequent upon the change in ownership of the control of the Southern Pacific, shortly after taking service with the company, made a place, originally attractive, so much less so," that he voluntarily placed his resignation and surrender of his contract at the disposal of the executive committee. The resignation was accepted and made effective on October 1st.

Mr. E. H. Harriman, who assumes the presidency of the company, succeeding Mr. Hays, has been prominently identified with the ownership and control of the Southern Pacific since the consolidation with the Union Pacific last February, as the head of the executive committee. He has appointed as his assistant and manager of the road, Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, the present fourth vice-president. Mr. Harriman will remain in New York.

Leon F. Czolgasz, the assassin of President McKinley, was brought before the court in Buffalo on Monday, September 23d, and the next afternoon the trial ended with a verdict of murder in the first degree. The machinery of the law moved swiftly and steadily, but with all decorum. There were no witnesses for the defense, and counsel could only ask consideration of the question whether there might be a reasonable doubt of the prisoner's responsibility. In half an hour after retiring for consultation, the jury returned and declared their unanimous belief in the sanity of the accused and his guilt. On Monday, September 30th, Justice White passed sentence of death on the assassin, setting the time for the execution some day in the week beginning October 28, 1901. It will be better for the world when this murderer is sent out of it.

An attorney in Indiana, the superintendent of a Sunday-school, forged pension papers for friends, on the ground that they were good men and deserved pensions, although they had never served in the army. He said that the dead men whose names were used "would have been perfectly willing, if alive and present, to have sworn to the same statements." This is given among other records of abuse of the pension laws in an article in the *Forum* by F. E. Leupp. An attorney at Providence, R. I., had charge of the collection of pensions for several clients. Whenever one of these pensioners died, he changed the man's address at the Pension Bureau to some other place, and went there and obtained the remittances. He was drawing the money for about twenty of these dead pensioners when he was detected in his fraud.



## THE SAVING OF SISTER SERAPHICA.

How an Idol Was Overthrown at San Pedro.

"Kyrie eleison," chanted the choir of black-robed nuns in the convent chapel, and "Kyrie eleison," echoed Sister Seraphica, out of time and off the key.

The good sisters exchanged significant glances, and looked in surprise at the offender, who stood with hands clasped loosely behind her, eyes fixed on space, and thoughts wandering palpably far from the penitential prayer.

"Christe eleison," then chanted the nuns, but still "Kyrie eleison" sang Sister Seraphica, not noticing the change. A stray gleam of golden light slanted through the window of San Pedro, touching the bowed heads like a benediction and lighting the upturned faces with a nimbus, then rested a moment upon the unconscious offender. It changed her somb're vestments into a living, aureate hue, outlined the slender, girlish figure, kissed the rosy, child-like face, beaming with its wealth of wholesome, human happiness, and for that moment she was glorified.

Then the organ pealed out, in loud, triumphant tones, "Gloria in Excelsis," but one voice was missed—the full, rich voice that had always fluted above the frail voices of the other singers, and soared in ringing echoes till the last faint vibrations seemed to heat upon the elysian shores. Instead, her heart was soaring in hursting strains beyond the nuns, the walls, her sacred vows:

"No love less perfect than a life with thee."

At last the "Oremus" recalled her from her dreams, and reminded her the benediction was about to be pronounced. With a violent start she threw herself upon her knees and covered her guilty blushes as best she could with her sleeve. A moment's prayerful silence followed the "Pax Domini Vobiscum" before the pale-faced nuns arose, each sealed with the peace of the benediction, and their black-robed figures filed noiselessly down the low adobe corridor. As the last one crossed the cold stone steps, a thin voice at her elbow asked the loitering Seraphica:

"Are you ill, sister?"

"No, sister."

"Are you having trouble with your voice, sister?"

"No, sister."

"Does anything disturb your peace of mind, sister?"

"The acacia-tree is hudding out to bloom; have you seen it, sister?" answered the novice, directing her inquisitor's attention to an overgrown corner of the garden, and escaping as the other turned to see the misty haze of color through the feathery green. But as she fled along the flag-stones others noted the rapt expression on the little sister's face, and the almost heavenly radiance that lit her eyes, and remarked that such spirituality was not usual among novices.

"Sister Seraphica is making a *novena*," said an aged sister, as the one in question flitted by.

"Then that accounts for her preoccupation," answered another. "She looks as if she had been seeing visions."

And visions they were. Visions of a tall young soldier, that filled her heart all day and her dreams all night. Visions of an accidental meeting at the portress's gate, then a bold attack, a scaling of the wall, and a stolen interview by the fountain. It was only by main force she kept her feet from dancing down the corridor as she recalled them, for she could no more help her heart giving this rebellious fling in protest against the stifling life of its dull routine, than she could help her close-cropped hair rebelling against its *bandeau* and growing out in wicked little curls upon her forehead, or her full lips rippling into a cupid's bow instead of a straight knife-blade like the thin sister's.

"It will be in bloom for the feast of Nuestra Señora," answered the thin voice, turning to find her companion gone. But as she looked again beyond the acacia where the red roses ran in a tangled riot over the wall, there came a low sweet call like a bird-note, and the passion-vine by the fountain stirred, seemingly out of proportion with the force of the breeze.

The thin sister stopped a moment, irresolute, then walked quickly toward the refectory building. To her the only thing worth living for was the growth of the sisterhood, the strength of the order; everything else was a vanity. But next to her vows came the fondness for this child who had been trained in the sister's school and gone from pupil to postulant without questioning the claims of the world outside. Was it possible, she asked herself, that this white-souled sister could do a thing that would profane her vows and bring disgrace upon the whole sisterhood? Not deliberately, she argued; the girl was young and impulsive, her heart was right, but her strength was untried and might be borne down by temptation before she realized its power. Her lips hardened into a thinner line than ever as she resolved the child should be saved from herself, and drew into the shadow of the colonnades, her eyes still fixed upon the passion-vine.

The night was close and still. Within the grated gates the air was heavy with the incense the white jessamine swung, and throughout all the garden the tall ascension lilies held up their golden hearts like emblems of holy purity, but never dreamed of clamoring up the wall and blooming to the dusty world beyond. Outside, the noises of the day grew subdued—the noises characteristic of dirty, gaudy, happy-go-lucky Vera Cruz, that holds a peculiar charm as a whole, even though you loathe every individual aspect. The trampling hoofs at the distant camp, the occasional chord of a guitar, or a woman's laughter as a party of merry-makers passed, a ribald song on the lips of a reeling sailor, grew fainter. And as quiet settled again over their little world, the sounds of laughter and revelry mingled with the vesper chant from the convent and arose in a confused murmur, as all our aspirations and weaknesses mingle in the sum of our little lives, till who shall say which is the good and which is the evil?

The passion-vine began to stir restlessly. The low, sweet note was repeated, and this time sounded like the drowsy

call of a night-bird to its mate, and in answer a little black shade stole from the protection of the corridor, skirted a patch of moonlight, and reached the fountain.

The watcher in the shadow of the colonnades followed and listened. The light that filtered through the interlacing branches of the passion-vine cast traceries of fine shadows, like a net, about the little novice's feet, but she hurried on till she was lost in the arbor.

Then the listener heard two voices humming along in guarded tones until they rose in the earnestness of their argument. "In an hour," said the voice of the novice. The answer was too low for the listener to catch, but the tones were determined.

"Half an hour, then," pleaded the sweet voice of the little sister, but it was interrupted by a tense, even monotone.

"No, no, not a second less than fifteen minutes." Then came the same voice that had taken the holy vows of the sisterhood, the triple vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience; that clear, true voice that had rung through the convent halls from matins till vespers worshipping the Lord "in the beauty of holiness," now promising to leave their shelter forever in fifteen minutes.

Then hack into the shadow she fled. Over the flag-stones, down the corridor, into the chapel, and down to the very altar rail, for one last offering of the *confiteor*. The marble saints looked down into her flushed, upturned face in cold surprise, but the sweet Madonna met her appealing eyes with a look of compassion. Time was precious; she had but a moment to throw herself down and seek forgiveness for what she was about to do. The Santa Maria would certainly intercede for her—herself a woman who had known the holy joys of wifehood and motherhood. If breaking her vows were a sin against her soul, the little novice urged, not breaking them would be a far greater sin against her heart. And as the light of the tapers flared into her face, the holy mother standing with the Christ child in her arms seemed to smile and understand. The little sister had kept her vows faithfully until now, and was breaking them, not because she had ceased to love the religious life, but because she could not help loving so infinitely more the promise of this new life, "that love unspeakable that is to be," that rose above her *aves* and *laudes*, and sung itself incessantly in her heart till it was ready to break for joy.

The silver moonbeams began to peep in at the chapel windows, and San Gil and San Juan came out of their shadows and looked at her with scorn. But she was not afraid. Her tall saint by the fountain was waiting for her. What were these pictured men to her? Then the company of virgin martyrs, each bearing a palm-branch as a sign of her victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, filed past her as the advance rays shot through their window, and urged the apostate sister to put this temptation under her feet and join their ranks. They did not know, she told them, what they had missed. One moment by the fountain was worth an eternity of their palm-waving bliss. And, last, Santa Clara raised her sad eyes in mute appeal for the honor of the sisterhood; all to no avail. Still the *santa madre* seemed to smile and understand, and her answer to the half-formed petition for protection came promptly.

The outpouring of her heart had brought a ready flow of tears—tears that soothed and solaced, till under the spell of the silence of the chapel and incense-laden atmosphere her overwrought nerves grew calm. Her head sank lower and lower, till she cuddled down on the marble steps and fell asleep.

The minutes ran out unheeded. Five, ten, fifteen, and still the little novice did not return to the fountain. The tryster grew impatient, and, throwing down his cigarette and taking the holy names of the convent in a way that made the very stones shudder, he started up to shake their holy dust forever from his feet, when a black-robed figure emerged from the shadow. At her distance she looked thinner and her draperies had not that gliding, floating motion, as if animated by airs from heaven, but the thought passed without comment. At sight of her his anger cooled, and he strode boldly out from his covert to meet her. The thin sister did not run to meet him as the little novice would have done. She turned, with a quick command to the shrubbery behind her, and a burly gardener confronted the doughty corporal.

Sister Seraphica slept on at the feet of the Mother of Sorrows, and the marble saints looked down contentedly at her tranquil, tear-stained face. No sound of the tumult in the garden penetrated the quiet chapel, as up and down the avenues the chase went on—through the moonlight, into the shadow, in and out the passion-vine arbor, round and round the fountain, into the flag-stoned court, where one by one the horrified nuns trooped down to see the cause of the disturbance. The soldier was young and active in eluding his pursuer, but the old gardener was heavy, and his blows told.

It was not till the scuffle was over that a thin voice broke in upon the sleeper's dreams—dreams of a love more perfect than the joys of a palm-waving paradise—and it required a vigorous effort to arouse her. "Come quickly," said the voice; "a great catastrophe has just been averted by capturing the thief."

If Sister Seraphica had witnessed the pursuit of the culprit—running, dodging, giving, and taking blows in quick succession, then wrenching himself free again and trying to reach the wall—she would have watched with heaving breast and flashing eyes, and tried, perhaps, in her impetuosity, to interpose her fragile strength between him and the burly José. Or, if he had been wounded in the encounter, and she had seen him lying helpless on the flag-stones, his upturned face pale and drawn in the moonlight, she would have flung defiance cheerfully, joyfully, into the face of rules, vows, eternal perdition for his sake, and cast her lot irrevocably with his, in order to nurse him back to life and strength. Or, even if this soldier-fellow could have been quietly gotten rid of, in order to make the foolish little novice think he had not been faithful to his trust, it would probably have only postponed the final catastrophe, for if the whole sisterhood had gone on its knees to convince her of his un-

faithfulness and worthlessness, her faith in him would only have been strengthened. She would think them all unjustly leagued against her and her maligned, misunderstood soldier—her only friend.

The thin sister was a hit of a philosopher; also she was very much of a woman, as her plan of action showed. In the state of mind that tries to idealize a man of common clay, she argued, a woman's sense of proportion is *nil*. If she can not keep him on the pedestal where she has chosen to put him, and look up to him immeasurably above his desert, there is no depth deep enough to measure her contempt. Therefore, there was but one way to reach her, and surely the saints had been on her side in keeping the unsuspecting sister from the scene until the crucial moment.

All eyes were riveted on the prisoner—half a hundred pairs of deep-set, horrified eyes—as the thin sister and the little novice reached the spot, so no one noticed the reeling of Sister Seraphica against the wall. And no one saw the anguished look on her face as she rubbed her eyes again to brush away this awful nightmare.

Hatless, coatless, helpless in the iron grasp of the burly gardener, dripping from his ducking in the fountain, he grimed with mud, his shirt-sleeves torn to ribbons, and his teeth chattering from José's vigorous shaking, stood her "tall saint by the fountain."

The thin sister tenderly supported her trembling charge, but kept moving her into a better point of vantage where nothing of the miserable picture should be lost upon her, where the strutting soldier-fellow might be seen being toyed with like a mouse, his uniform a travesty upon his plight. For well she knew that while a woman may glory in the sacrifice she may make for a man, however unworthy he may be, as long as he claims her respect, but let him appear ridiculous in her eyes and there is no quality in her nature that will stand this test.

So while José waited for a guard from the camp to arrive, a painful, awe-stricken silence reigned among the sisters, while the prisoner kept up a forcible denial of the charge of attempted burglary in profane English and unintelligible Spanish, searching eagerly, meanwhile, for one familiar face in the crowd that could exonerate him from the charge preferred against him. But the cause of all his trouble stood looking at him from the shadow in speechless horror. This fellow dangling in the brawny arms of the gardener, being vilified in the picturesque native vernacular, each epithet punctuated by a vigorous shake, was neither a hero nor a martyr.

And when at last the guard arrived from the camp and she heard him charged with attempting to rob the convent—the man for whom, less than an hour ago, she had been willing to forsake vows, friends, everything, for better or worse—she listened to it all, but did not speak. She could not. Just at the stage when her illusion had been complete, when all her youthful dreams had seemed embodied in this dashing trooper, the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous had been so great her idol had been shattered to atoms.

And when the grated gates clanged forever between herself and "that love more perfect" than the sisters' paradise, she heard the scuffling feet, saw the ignoble figure in the midst of the squad, then dropped her head upon the thin sister's shoulder to shut away the hateful sight. And when, the next morning at *matins* the file of virgin martyrs held their palm-branches aloft, with an "I-told-you-so" air, the little novice humbly beat her breast and cried "mea culpa." While the thin sister praised the saints that Sister Seraphica was saved.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1901.

President Shaffer's public statement of the terms upon which the steel strike has been settled contains bitter censure of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Mitchell, because they did not call out their followers, irrespective of contracts, as he had done. His words scarcely can fail to complete the alienation of the organizations attacked, the American Federation of Labor and the United Mine Workers. The strike also has shattered the Amalgamated Association itself, perhaps beyond repair, besides making non-union mills of many which were nominally union before. During the two and a half months of the strike the workmen lost about \$10,000,000 in wages. The losses of the company can be recouped to a considerable degree, but lost time and wages are never found again. The average number of men idle during the strike was something over 50,000. At one time the number was nearly 100,000. Of this total only about 9,000 were members of the Amalgamated Association. The entire membership of that body in the beginning was only 12,000, and it now has lost 5,000 through the reading out of lodges that refused to violate their contracts at President Shaffer's behest, and by the formal withdrawal of the men of the Mononogahela, Star, Demmler, and Newcastle mills.

Some timely advice and instruction is found in one of the Manila papers in the following language:

In sending men to the Philippines to deal with these people and the peculiar conditions existing here, too great care can not be taken as to character and fitness. The people can not be educated to American ways, except by exercise of greatest care, tact, and patience. It follows that none should be sent here in public positions who do not possess, in high degree, the elements essential to ultimate success. These elements are, first of all, honesty, and then in the order named, ability, sobriety, morality, tact, experience, and wise discretion in dealing with men, and at the same time there must be due weight given to physical condition, as it is not a climate for invalids. Teachers more than students are required here, and it should never be forgotten that acts weigh more than words.

Miss Helen Gladstone, fifty-three years old, the fourth daughter of the late W. E. Gladstone, will take charge of the Women's University Settlement in London. The settlement of which Miss Gladstone takes charge is the pioneer of women's university work among the London poor. It was founded in 1887 by the women's colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and is governed by representatives of these and of the London University, and of the Royal Holloway College.



## THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

Elaborate Precautions Taken for His Safety—The Naval Reception at Dunkirk a Farce—Gala Theatrical Performance—Imposing Manœuvres at Bétheny.

As a result of the extraordinary police precautions of the French Government, the four days' stay of the Czar in France a fortnight ago passed without the slightest untoward incident. Practically the only hitch was due to the elements on September 19th, the day of the Czar's arrival at Dunkirk, when the hoisterous British Channel caused general seasickness, among the victims being the royal visitor himself and President Loubet. According to the Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Record-Herald*, the members of the French Government presented a sad appearance after hours of tossing on the waves:

President Loubet nearly lost his balance at the moment he left the French vessel, the *Cassini*, in a small boat in order to board the *Standart*, on which the Czar came into the harbor. Loubet's ministers stood watching him hanging to the railings, muffled in unpicturesque flannel neckerchiefs, apparently startled by the hostile elements. The condition of various excursion and press boats was still worse, hundreds of the passengers on the *Franklin* giving up all interest in the occasion, as they were too sick to concentrate their thoughts. The official world, however, forgot its temporary disgust when the Czar had once landed on French soil. Far different was the case with the native population of Dunkirk, who complained loudly that after having given up the town to jollification, and having allowed themselves to be put off the streets, they were not even permitted to catch a glimpse of the Czar, only seeing the masts of the *Standart* at a distance. The police only recognized cards given out by the Paris authorities. This occasioned a dramatic row between President Loubet and the mayor of Dunkirk, who, after having exchanged fulsome public courtesies, were observed to be in bitter argument. The ministers naturally sided with the president, and the inhabitants of Dunkirk with the enraged mayor. From the time the *Standart* reached the first pier till the moment the Czar entered the banquet-room in the chamber of commerce building, he was surrounded by row after row of soldiers and guards of every kind, who bordered the sides of the canal up which the boat passed, and formed an impenetrable hedge on each side of every street near the building, until the whistle of the imperial train told of his departure for another town under martial law, and ready to entertain him.

It is said that French naval experts were greatly disappointed at the naval review in honor of the Czar, feeling that the French navy made an extremely poor showing:

Fifteen cruisers and one battle-ship were huddled closely together in order to create three lines, which thus presented a mere grayish hunch of small size and no very brilliant appearance. Indeed, many of the small cruisers were extremely dirty, especially the *Courbet*, whose grim sides looked as if they had not been washed for months. Several other vessels presented dirty, streaked sides to the Czar's view. The naval hulloos did not make its appearance as promised. The much-vaunted submarines lay stupidly still and were hardly noticeable. It had been planned that they would advance under water, circle round the fleet, launch sham torpedoes against some of the ironclads, and finally the *Standart*, and, after having thus torpedoed the ships designated, they would emerge from the water, manoeuvre on the surface, and disappear again from the view of the spectators. All this was omitted owing to the general seasickness which prevailed among the distinguished officials present. Besides being frightfully dirty, the sailors appearing at the apertures were clad in greasy blue overalls and did not attempt to take any part in the proceedings. The cheers of the French officers who had been ludicrously instructed to shout "Hip, hip, hurrah!" instead of the usual "vivas," made but a poor effect, which was hardly heard one hundred yards from the vessels. Astonishment is being expressed in many quarters that Nicholas was not treated to a more imposing naval spectacle.

Later in the day, the visitors were conveyed to Compiègne in the presidential train:

The utmost vigilance was exercised along the railroad track. The train dashed through a double row of hayonets and drawn sahres, as the infantry were re-inforced by regiments of dragoons and hussars. In some cases a double line of troops was on each side of the track, the first line being foot-soldiers and the second line cavalry. Any outrage along the track was utterly impossible, as no one was allowed to approach it. The town of Compiègne was brilliantly illuminated, the whole route from the station to the *château* being decorated with festoons and colored lights. The streets were entirely clear of the public and the sidewalks were occupied by soldiers. Every window, however, was filled with spectators, who greeted Emperor Nicholas with an incessant roar of cheers.

On Thursday, September 19th, the Czar for the first time came in contact with the French army under war conditions, and not merely to parade uniform. The troops were concentrated on the plain around Fort Vitry, and engaged in a spectacular assault on Fort Fresnes, the minor fort. Says the Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune*:

The Czar and Czarina, with M. Loubet and others, mounted the earth works inside and watched a whole army corps advance to the assault. The enemy approached in heavy lines, under cover of the shells of their artillery, to which the fort responded. The position was finally carried at the point of the bayonet. It was a highly theatrical operation, utterly impossible in war, but carried out with the dash for which the French soldier is famous, and it aroused the enthusiasm of thousands of spectators who followed the manoeuvres on foot, on bicycles, and in every conceivable kind of vehicle. A significant incident, illustrating the anxiety of the French not only to insure the Czar's safety, but to avoid the slightest cause for uneasiness on his part, occurred during the assault. The infantry had reached the edge of the moat, and were pouring fire into the fort, when some of the attacking party aimed in the direction of Emperor Nicholas, who was a prominent figure, and stood watching the vanguard sliding down poles into the moat and fixing the scaling ladders. One of the generals noticed the direction in which the rifles were pointed, and, hastening to the scene, pushed the muzzles aside, exclaiming excitedly: "Don't fire in the direction of the Czar!"

Later, when the Czar asked to be shown the new French field-gun, which had never before been shown to a foreigner, one of a battery of four was taken to pieces. He examined the mechanism. Then the gun was put together, and eight shots were fired with marvelous rapidity. In order to demonstrate the absence of recoil, the gunners sat on the carriage during the firing. The Czar expressed his admiration of the astonishing qualities of the weapon. During the review the Czar allowed himself to be cinematographed. The Czarina also photographed him with President Loubet and the French ministers and officers.

The president and his imperial guests reached Rheims by carriage by five o'clock. Here the party visited the beautiful Gothic cathedral:

Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, conducted the emperor around the cathedral, exhibiting the precious relics, including gorgeously embroidered garments worn by cardinals in the Middle Ages. The programme was to have been concluded with silent devotion by the ecclesiastics and their majesties; but the Czar either misunderstood the arrangement or was disinclined to fall in with it owing to the difference of religious belief, for he left unnoticed the *prie-dieu* provided for him, and this portion of the programme was omitted.

The treatment of the Czar by the mayor of Rheims has caused considerable comment:

Citizen Arnold, who is a noted Socialist, addressed the Czar as he

would a plain individual, not using the words sire or majesty once. Moreover, when the Czar was withdrawing he was brusquely stopped with an invitation to drink wine of Rheims's choicest product. The Czar graciously accepted, whereupon Mayor Arnold had the further hardihood to clink glasses with his majesty, the protocol authorities meanwhile standing aghast, apparently expecting the earth to open and swallow the irreverent official.

Emperor Nicholas exercised the prerogative of an autocrat on Friday, September 20th, when he kept President Loubet and all the French occupants of the *Château Compiègne* marking time the whole morning until he had signified his desires:

It was fully expected that he would drive to Pierrefonds and visit the castle, and that afterward he would go shooting in the great park attached to the *Château Compiègne*. All the arrangements had been made, and five hundred pheasants were brought specially and let loose in the covers. But he did nothing of the kind. He remained in his apartments, after breakfast, quietly until ten o'clock, when he took a short promenade in the gardens, attired in a dark lounge suit and top boots, with the Czarina, clad in her invariable half-mourning, and followed by a hound. The empress carried her camera, with which she took a number of views. Their majesties passed a squad of infantry stationed in the park, and the officer gave the order to present arms. Thereupon the Czarina photographed the group, subsequently conversing with the officer, and promising that he should have the photograph.

After making it understood that he would arrive at Pierrefonds, the Czar left the *château* with the Czarina in a victoria in the afternoon, with no escort except a few detectives on bicycles, who kept discreetly in the background, thus giving him the illusion of a private drive:

Measures were taken within the park, however, that absolutely precluded the approach of any stranger. The entire outer circuit of the park was patrolled by cuirassiers, while every few yards along the parkside adorning the park were stationed foot-soldiers with fixed bayonets. Numerous detectives were hidden in the woods. In order to guard the measures taken to safeguard his majesty during the drive, five detectives were instructed to attend to enter the park last evening under cover of the darkness. In every case they were captured before getting inside the *château* gardens.

One of the incidents of the day was the baptism of the son of the Count of Montehello, which took place in the apartments of the Czar, after his return from the drive:

His majesty had promised to act as godfather. It was originally intended that the ceremony should occur at the *château* of the count, and Prince Ourousoff, Russian ambassador to France, had been designated to represent the emperor. The Czar, however, expressed an intention to act personally, and the rite of baptism was therefore performed at five o'clock in the afternoon. Only the Czar and the Czarina and the members of the family of the count were present. The child was christened Nicholas, after the Czar, who said the "Credo" in Russian.

The crowning feature of the day was the gala performance in the *château* theatre, which followed a grand banquet in the famous Hall of Columns, at which the members of the French cabinet, the officers of the senate and Chamber of Deputies, and leading members of the suites of the Czar and M. Loubet were present:

The theatre, which is a small, oblong edifice, and is decorated in red and gold, presented a dazzling spectacle, with the brilliant uniforms of the officers, lavishly embroidered with gold lace, and the superb gowns of the women. M. Loubet entered the theatre at nine-fifteen with the Czarina on his arm, Emperor Nicholas following with Mme. Loubet. The orchestra intoned the "Marseillaise" and the Russian hymn. The audience stood as the heads of the two powers advanced to the front and took their seats in the presidential box. This was situated in the centre of what would be the dress-circle in an ordinary theatre. It was festooned with pink ribbons, and profusely adorned with roses and orchids. The programme began with verses of homage to the Czarina written by Edmond Rostand, and recited by Mme. Bartet, of the *Comédie-Française*, the leading members of which participated in two acts of Alfred de Musset's witty comedy, "Il ne faut jurer de rien." Characteristic dances, executed by the *corps de ballet* of the Grand Opéra, concluded the performance. Emperor Nicholas laughed heartily at the brilliant sallies of the comedy, and led the applause, clapping his hands slowly. The Czarina smiled frequently, it is said, but did not applaud. At the conclusion of the entertainment, about eleven o'clock, the leading actors and actresses were presented to the emperor, who congratulated them upon the manner in which they had interpreted their rôles. The upper gallery of the theatre was occupied solely by secret police, who were masked behind a rampart of palms and flowers.

The last day of his stay in France was devoted by the Czar to a review of 140,000 troops on the *Plao de Bétheny*. The march past lasted from 10:45 A. M. till 1:10 P. M. The spectacle was intensely imposing, as the infantry went by 150 files deep, with fixed bayonets. It terminated in a magnificent charge of 20,000 cavalry. After the luncheon which followed, the Czar and Czarina prepared to depart from Rheims for Germany:

Before going on board the train, the Czar requested Waldeck-Rousseau, the premier, to contribute on his behalf one hundred thousand francs to Paris charities. He ordered the distribution of five thousand francs to the charities in each of the towns of Dunkirk, Compiègne, and Rheims, and asked the prime minister, on his behalf, to make liberal donations to the sufferers from the recent powder explosion at Ripault. As they entered the train, the Czar and Czarina again shook hands with the members of the cabinet of President Loubet, thanking them for the courtesies shown them, and saying to the president: "We hope we shall come to France again soon." As the train moved out, the Czar and Czarina both stood at the window of their private car, bowing and saluting. Then it was that a final salute to the Czar and Czarina thundered forth. Bands played the national airs of France and Russia, while the crowds repeatedly cheered "Vive la Russie!" Fifty-three thousand infantrymen were stretched along the railroad line, watching and guarding the safety of the departing imperial guests.

Many criticisms are being passed on the organizations of the various fêtes:

For instance, ex-President Casimir-Perier and his wife were invited to dinner at Compiègne, the gala performance, and the review at Bétheny, yet no provision was made to give them lodgings. They were therefore obliged to decline the invitation for the first functions, and to be present at the review only. It is also said that Mme. Loubet and the Czarina never drove in the same carriage. The explanation given is that the Czarina could not forget her imperial rank, whereas the Czar was willing, with perfect good grace, to forget his considerable elevation.

While the Czar went to France principally to see the army manoeuvres, it was thought that he would include Paris in his itinerary. He decided not to visit the French capital, however, as he feared the Czarina would be too much fatigued. Nevertheless, up to the last day, the people of Paris hoped that he would change his mind, and they collected at the stations eagerly awaiting his arrival. Meanwhile, thousands filled the streets, and clever advertisers took advantage of the occasion to send out sandwich-men bearing such placards as "The Czar will not come till late. Better spend half an hour at the Olympia. Continuous vaudeville." And "The Czar will not come, but ready-made clothes are still cheap at X's."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Ranjitsinhji, the hero of over three thousand runs in a single season, and of over seventeen thousand runs during his career in first-class cricket, has just celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday in England.

The four sons of the late Charles Darwin have all made a mark as scientists. Professor George Darwio, F. R. S., is one of the foremost mathematical physicists of the age, and has for eighteen years been Plumio professor of astronomy at Cambridge. His brother, Horace Darwio, also at Cambridge, has been associated with him in investigations of terrestrial physics. Major Leonard Darwio, R. E., late M. P. for Lichfield, is honorary secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, while Francis Darwio, F. R. S., is a distinguished botanist.

During his recent stay in England, the Crown Prince of Germany visited his father's great friend, the Earl of Lonsdale, who is, as nearly as possible, the Admiral Crichton of the English sporting world. He has been oearer the North Pole than any man with a title, save the Duke of the Abruzzi; he is master of the best pack of hounds in the British Isles; he is an adept in the noble art of self-defense; and he can ride and drive with the best. His country place, Penrith Castle, is the only English private house in which the Kaiser has ever stayed.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the eldest son of the President, wears glasses, and resembles his father closely in looks and temperament. That he possesses the paternal readiness to emergeocies is shown by an incident that occurred upon his arrival in Washington, D. C., when he went with his mother to attend the funeral ceremonies of President McKinley. An impertinent stranger asked him, as he left the train, whether he was more pleased that his father was President, or that he had shot a deer a few days previously. Young Theodore's eyes flashed through his glasses as he remarked: "I have no time to answer such questions."

The Dutch people are eagerly looking forward to next January, as they hope then to welcome a future king or queen. The great event is expected to take place at the Palace of The Hague, but till then Queeo Wilhelmina and her consort will reside in the beautiful old summer palace of Loo. According to Heory Lahouchère, if five years had passed without the young queen giving birth to a child, her marriage would have been dissolved by the Dutch parliament. The constitution of Holland also provides that if the queen has a son, she is to abdicate in his favor when he reaches the age of eighteen.

President Roosevelt has notified Mrs. McKinley, through Secretary Cortelyou, that, in pursuance of the intention of the late President McKinley, and in recognition of devoted services as well as because of eminent fitness, Medical Inspector P. M. Rixey will be appointed surgeon-general of the navy upon the expiration of the term of Surgeon-General Van Ryeypen. Dr. Rixey, who has been in the navy twenty-seven years, stands number twenty-eight on the list of naval surgeons. Though Surgeon-General Van Ryeypen's retirement from active service does not occur until November 14, 1902, his commission as surgeon-general, which was for a period of four years, will expire December 18th, and Dr. Rixey's appointment may be expected then.

Cipriano Castro, the self-constituted president of Venezuela, is just now popularly supposed to be preparing to see the world beyond Venezuela. For, sooner or later, he must follow in the footsteps of his predecessors—Guzman Blanco, who died wealthy in Paris; Crespo, who was shot in battle; Andrade, who is now working for his living in Trinidad. It is not likely that he will depart like his immediate predecessor, Andrade, who escaped through the back door of the palace as Castro and his soldiers crashed in at the front, fled to the Barbadoes on Veeozuela's only guoahot, and then, with infinite courtesy, sent the boat back to Castro, with a note, saying: "I return you the navy; you may need it yourself." Castro's aspirations, it is said, lean rather to the Blaoco method of exit and to a goldoe exile. People in his own house tell of frequent shipments of gold sent abroad by the thrifty president.

John Armstrong Chanler, the divorced husband of Amelie Rives (now the Princess Troubetzkoi), who escaped from Bloomingdale Insaoc Asylum on November 29, 1900, has at last been located at Lynchburg, Va., where he has been living quietly under the assumed name of "John Chilton." Backed by the best legal talent, he will now make a fight to have his sanity acknowledged and to secure possession of his property. Mr. Chanler is a cousin of John Jacob Astor and William Waldorf Astor, and a great-grandson of the first John Jacob Astor. He is about forty-one years old and has an income reported to be in the neighborhood of thirty thousand dollars a year. His marriage to Miss Rives, the authoress, took place in New York in 1888. He was then a partner in the law firm of Chanler, Maxwell & Philip. In 1896 his wife secured a Dakota divorce from him, and later became the wife of the Russian prince, Pietro Troubetzkoi. Soon after the divorce, Mr. Chanler's mind gave evidence of losing its balance, and it was believed that he was a paretic. He realized his own state, and it was at the suggestion of his relatives that he first went to Bloomingdale. That was in February, 1897. Mr. Chanler was allowed a great deal of liberty at Bloomingdale, as he was not at all in the dangerous class of inmates. He had his apartments, fitted up at his own expense, in one of the aooexes to the main building, and he spent nearly every day walking about the grounds unattended, although some watch was kept on him. He disappeared last November, and the most strenuous efforts were made to find him. Thousands of dollars were spent following clews, draggig rivers, and in other ways to trace the missing man, until finally his friends came to the conclusion that he was dead.



## THE HAMERSLEY MILLIONS.

Passing of a Poet-Capitalist—A Youthful Heir—The Delmonico Succession—A Caterer Who Was Recognized Socially—Uptown Movement of the Great Restaurant.

"What a pity Columbus discovered America, for we might otherwise have been happy Europeans." This was said by J. Hooker Hamersley, when he was a hoy, but now that he is dead at fifty-seven, and one can look back over the pleasant path along which his life led, it is difficult to imagine how he could have been happier even under the wished-for conditions. He came of a distinguished and wealthy family, and knew that rare and sublimating passion, the pride of ancestry. As a child he was the petted companion of his grandfather, Judge James Hooker, of Poughkeepsie, a noted man of his day, the intimate friend of Professor S. B. Morse, and the centre of an admiring and cultured circle. The luxurious home and beautiful gardens of the judge were show-places in that time. The boy's father, John W. Hamersley, was even more notable, for he was a traveler, an explorer, a collector of art treasures, and a man of letters. He was one of the first Americans to penetrate the secret chambers of the Great Pyramid, and was famous abroad for his daring and energy. At his home on Fifth Avenue he entertained in a lavish manner, and in his later years drew about him many of the best and brightest people the metropolis has ever known.

Young Hamersley grew up surrounded by all refining influences. He was graduated from Columbia College when only twenty-two, and two years later received his diploma from the Columbia Law School. His practice was not assiduous nor long continued. Politics attracted him, and in 1877 he was nominated for the legislature but withdrew in favor of William Waldorf Astor. Soon afterward he found sufficient interest in the care of his father's estate, as co-trustee, and retired to private life. In 1888 he was married to Margaret Chisholm, a South Carolina beauty, and, though his health was never vigorous, his home life gave him few burdens. He was a member of many clubs, and a prominent figure in fashionable circles. Some of the leading charities benefited largely by his interest and aid. His favorite diversion was literature, and his gifts as a writer were more than ordinary. Two years ago he published a volume of poems, "The Seven Voices," which was favorably received even outside the circle of his friends. Last Sunday, at his country place, Garrison's-on-the-Hudson, the end came, through heart failure.

In spite of Mr. Hamersley's retiring nature, he achieved notoriety. But it was not of his own seeking, and the columns of comment given to his position were most distasteful to him. A family that had been prominent in New York affairs for two centuries could not hope to escape frequent mention, but the event that attracted particular and widespread attention to its wealth came in an unexpected and remarkable way. Andrew Gordon Hamersley, the richest member of the family, left a great fortune to his son, Louis G. Hamersley. The latter was married to Lillian Price, daughter of Cicero Price, of Troy, and died in 1883. When his will was read it was discovered that only a life interest in his property was left to the widow, and the bulk of the estate—not less than seven million dollars—was bequeathed to the male issue of his cousin, James Hooker Hamersley. The favored cousin was looked upon as a confirmed bachelor at that time, and as the bequest reverted to Mrs. Louis G. Hamersley, in case no male issue survived, it appeared that her interest was still secure. But the unexpected happens. J. Hooker Hamersley married in 1888. Two daughters came to gladden his home, one after the other, and in July, 1892, a son was born. The birth was heralded in the papers of two continents, for the infant was heir to seven millions. Unusual prominence was given the event owing to the fact that Mrs. Louis G. Hamersley had long before this become widely known. The lady accepted the hand of the eighth Duke of Marlborough, in 1888, and became a member of England's titled aristocracy. The duke died a few years afterward, and the duchess then married Lord William Beresford. The boy is now in his tenth year, in good health, and may fairly hope to enjoy one day the use of the millions given him long before his birth.

Another death, though not in its exclusive circles, has touched New York society during the past week. Charles Delmonico died in Colorado last Saturday, of the lung trouble which had made him an invalid for nearly a year. He was the head of the present generation of Delmonicos, and the restaurants which are known the world over were his especial care and pride. In a family biography it is said: "It was once written of Charles C. Delmonico and his uncle and his uncle's uncle, that as no Delmonico ever considered himself to be above his business, so no gentleman ever considered himself to be above a Delmonico." Young "Charley," as many of the old friends of the house knew him, was a clubman, fond of racing and popular amusements. His devotion to a special fine brand of Turkish cigarettes was notable. He was married last year to Jeanne Ross Edwards, of Brooklyn, and was only forty years old at his death.

Three-quarters of a century ago, Peter and John Delmonico opened a restaurant at 23 William Street, in the heart of the business quarter, and from that time the name, though changed to one word, has been inseparably connected with the history of New York's most famous eating-houses. Three generations have carried on the business, and though the succession has been in every case from uncle to nephew, rather than from father to son, there has been no failure in its executive, no reverse in its prosperity. In 1835 the restaurant was burned down. Within a year, the brothers had two places, one at Beaver and William Streets, the other at 36 Broad Street. Louis Napoleon, afterward the Emperor of France, was one of their guests at that time. The Broad Street restaurant was destroyed by fire, and was replaced by the hotel that is now the Stevens House in lower Broadway.

Here Jenny Lind was entertained on her first visit to America. The later moves uptown, to Broadway and Chambers Street, thence to Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and then to Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Sixth Street, are matters of more recent date. The present building at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Fourth Street was opened nearly five years ago, while the down-town Delmonico's still at Beaver and Williams Street, has been occupied ten years.

NEW YORK, September 25, 1901. FLANEUR.

## THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

Thus spake to Man the thousand-throated Sea:  
Words which the stealing winds caught from its lips:

Thus thinkest thee and thinest, God's topmost crown.  
But hearken unto me and humbly learn  
How infinite thine insignificance.  
Thou boastest of thine age—thy works—thyself:  
Thine oldest monuments of which thou pratest  
Were built but yesterday when measured by  
Yon snow-domed mountains of eternal rock:  
The Earth, thy mother, from whose breast thou draw'st  
The sweat-stained living which she wills to give,  
And in whose dust thine own must melt again,  
Was aged cycles ere thine earliest dawn;  
But they to me are young: I gave them birth.  
Climb up those heaven-tipt peaks thy dizziest height,  
Thou there shalt read, gaped deep, my name and age;  
Dig down thy deepest depth, shalt read them still.  
Before the mountains sprang, before the Earth,  
Thy cradle and thy tomb, was made, I was:  
God called them forth from me, as thee from Earth.  
Thou burrow'st through a mountain, here and there,  
Work'st all thine engines, cutting off a speck;  
I wash their rock-foundations under; tear  
Turret from turret, toppling thundering down,  
And crush their mightiest fragments into sand:  
Thou gravest with thy records slah and spar,  
And callest them memorials of thy Might;  
Lo! not a stone exists, from that black cliff  
To that small pebble at thy foot, but bears  
My signature graven there when Earth was young,  
To teach the mighty wonders of the Deep.  
Thy deeds—thyself—are what? A morning mist!  
But I! I face the ages. Dost not know  
That as I gave the Earth to spread her fair  
And dew-washed body in the morning light,  
So, still, 'tis I that keep her fair and fresh?  
That weave her robes and nightly diamond them?  
I fill her odorous bowers with perfumes rare;  
Strew field and forest with bee-haunted stars;  
I give the Morn pearl for her radiant hair,  
And Eve lend glory for her rosy dome;  
I build the purple towers that hold the West  
And guard the passage of Retiring Day.  
Thy fraillest fabric far outlasts thyself:  
The pyramids rise from the desert sands,  
Their builders blown in dust about their feet.  
The winged hull looms mid an alien race,  
Grim, silent, lone. But whither went the King?  
I cool the lambent air upon my breast,  
And send the winds forth on mine embassies;  
I offer all my body to the Sun,  
And laden our caravans with merchandise,  
To carry wealth and plenty to all climes.  
Yon feeble continents of floating snow,  
That dwarf the mountains over which they sail,  
Are but my bales borne by my messengers,  
To cheer and gladden every thirsty land.  
The Arab by his palm-girt desert pool,  
The Laplander above his frozen rill,  
The Woodsman couched beside his forest brook,  
The shepherd mirrored in his upland spring,  
Drink of my cup in one great brotherhood.  
'Tis, nay, not man alone—thou art hut one  
Of all the myriads of life-holding things—  
Brute, beast, bird, reptile, insect, thing unnamed,  
Whose souls find recreation in my breath:  
Nay, not a tree, flower, sprig of grass or weed,  
But lives through me and hymns my praise to God:  
I feed, sustain, refresh and keep them all:  
Mirror and type of God that giveth life:  
I sing as softly as a mother croons  
Her drowsy babe to sleep upon her breast.  
On quiet nights when all my winds are laid,  
I wile the stars down from their azure home  
To sink with golden footprints in my depths:  
I show the silvered pathway to the moon,  
All paved with gems the errant Pleiad lost,  
That night she strayed from her sisters' van;  
But I sing other times strains from that song  
Before whose awfulness my waters sank,  
And at whose harmony the mountains rose,  
I heard that morning when the breath of God  
Moved on my face, and said, Let there be light!  
I thrill and tremble since but at the thought  
Of that great wonder of that greatest dawn,  
When at God's word the brooding darkness rose,  
Which veiled my face from all the birth of things,  
And rolled far frightened from its resting-place,  
To hide henceforth beyond the walls of day,  
While all the morning stars together sang,  
And on the instant God stood full revealed!

—Thomas Nelson Page in Scribner's Magazine.

West-Pointers who are still in the army are calculated to be considerably wrought up over some conclusions at which an army surgeon has arrived, after considerable study of assumed phenomena, that graduates of the military academy do not amount to much (remarks *Leslie's Weekly*). The surgeon is Major Charles E. Woodruff, of the medical department of the army, on duty at Fort Riley, Kan. He says that it ought to be reasonable to expect that a large proportion of West-Pointers would become famous, or that at least some of them would become noted or successful in life. "The fact is, the very reverse occurs," he says, "for it seems as though the best way to extinguish a man is to send him to West Point." In the course of a paper which he has written on the subject, he makes some interesting and original observations, among others that absolute discipline kills aggressive initiative; that scholarship is too often mistaken for ability; that the most successful military leaders have been noted for their ignorance of general topics and hatred of books, and that these same great military leaders are, as a rule, undisciplined and insubordinate in the lower grades. He says his object in presenting these facts is to show that the young man who graduates from West Point is a nervous wreck, and that he goes to his duties as a commissioned second-lieutenant in a state of collapse, worn out by hard work, ceaseless drills, and pestered by the exactions of his military instructors, too often stunted into a uniformed mimic bearing a military title.

## INTERLAKEN TO LUCERNE.

Most Delightful Region in Switzerland—Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau—The Blue Lake of Brienz—Geneva and Chamounix.

Since leaving the Engadine we missed the formerly ubiquitous American traveler. Here at Chamounix one sees only French tourists, with now and then a German, but as he always speaks French here his nationality is not conspicuous. Chamounix is a quaint old French village in the midst of a picturesque valley, watered by the Arve, at the foot of Mont Blanc, with its huge ice cataracts. In 1893 an astronomical observatory was established at the summit of Mont Blanc by Dr. Janssen, which can be distinctly located by the aid of the telescope from the hotel. The tours about Chamounix are almost innumerable, and are so arranged as to gratify the most daring and ambitious climber as well as the less pretentious. The last rays of the setting sun linger around the summit of Mont Blanc, illuminating its mantle of snow with ever-varying effects; as the shadows deepen in the valley they fade, then vanish. The tinkling bells of the goat-herd mark the return to the village fold, the neighboring church-tower tolls the hour of nine, and silence falls upon the earth and the shades of night gather around us and leave the world a dim delusion.

Geneva is a place so delightfully situated that it must ever attract the traveler. The beautiful lake—blue and sparkling as sapphire, its sloping banks green as the emerald—with its parks, its avenues of ornamental trees, its shaded parks, its political and religious history covering a period of many centuries, its villas and its fine hotels, its shops of surpassing interest, all conspire to make Geneva acceptable to the student as well as to the sight-seer. It is little wonder that a financial king of Europe should have selected Geneva as an ideal situation for a residence.

From the ancient city of Berne, along the borders of Lake Thun to Interlaken, one sees somewhat of the charming scenery that has rendered the Oberland and the Bernese Alps so justly famous. The country rises and falls in gentle undulations. The earth is intensely green, and the landscape is dotted with villas, groves, and avenues of ornamental trees, and beyond, far in the distance, rise the Bernese snow-clad Alps. Interlaken at this season teems with visitors of mixed nationality, the French and Swiss predominating. Next to Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden, Interlaken is the most delightful place I have seen. The hotels of the best class are large and luxurious, and at present are crowded to their utmost capacity. The village is most picturesquely situated on a neck of land or plain, two miles long by two or more in breadth, between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, commanding a perfect view of the Jungfrau and the Lauterbrunnen-Tal. To the south of the village the Jungfrau, with its enormous snow-fields, rises to a height of 13,670 feet. In looking at this mountain from the side of the village, one perceives that nature has cunningly created a colossal artistic picture. The village, with its river and lakes and ornamental grounds, is in the foreground. In the intermediate or middle ground is a lofty and wooded range of mountains that limits the southern boundary of the valley, and which, if unbroken and continuous, would exclude the Jungfrau from the field of vision; but just in front of the village of Interlaken there occurs a break in the chain of mountains, producing the effect of a vast curtain drawn from the middle to either side. And thus, through the opening, and far behind it, behold the Jungfrau, white and majestic, the absorbing figure of the picture.

It has been raining in the lowlands and snowing in the mountains for the past three days, and the mountains all around us are white with the recent fall. The air is so cold that overcoats and thick wraps are very comfortable, and open-air concerts have for the time been abandoned. The route from Interlaken to Lucerne passes through the most delightful region in Switzerland—at least I have seen nothing to compare with it. A ride of eleven miles on the little blue lake of Brienz brings you to the charming and highly picturesque valley of the Arve, watered by a canalized river of the same name. A survey of this valley from the Brüning Pass, which is ascended by a rack-and-pinion railroad, conveys the impression of a beautiful landscape garden, so perfect is it in artistic details. As the ascent is made up the pass, a wide and unbounded prospect lies before you. Range upon range of the Bernese Alps rises snow-clad in wild and tumultuous confusion on the distant horizon, each vying with the others in heaven-piercing boldness. Woodland, plain, meadow, village, and hamlet complete one of the most enchanting pictures in Bernese Oberland.

Lucerne is distinctly cosmopolitan in the personnel of its visitors—Italian, French, Swiss, German, English, and Dutch. One sees ladies enjoying their cigarettes, and cigars even, with enviable nonchalance on the verandas and in the *salle de lecture* of the best hotels, but *haute politesse* characterizes the social relations of all. One should always engage rooms in advance at the best hotels in Switzerland, which is, and ever must be, the favorite play-ground of all Europe. Lucerne is intrinsically a place of surpassing interest. The resources for the pleasure-seeker are innumerable. Walks under the umbrageous foliage of ornamental trees, the cool mountain-side, numberless excursions on the blue waters of the lake, the lofty peaks to be scaled by the hardy and adventurous, its historic romances of William Tell, and the poetic immortality given them by Germany's *liebingsdichter*, Schiller, Switzerland is an indescribable country. It is comparable to none other—a land *sui generis*. Here Nature has surpassed all her former creations. It presents diametrically opposing schemes of creation—the most serene, tranquil, and dream-like beauty in the midst of the most stupendous and the wildest of the Creator's handiwork. To be realized, even by the liveliest imagination, it must be seen.

W. S. THORNE.  
LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND, August 28, 1901.



## THE SULTAN AT CLOSE RANGE.

Georges Dorys's Much-Discussed Life of Abdul-Hamid—The Court at Yildiz Palace—Secrets of the Imperial Harem.

An English translation, by Arthur Hornblow, of Georges Dorys's "Private Life of the Sultan of Turkey," which created such a sensation in Paris some months ago, has just been brought out, and promises to have a large sale here, for as far as frankness of description and boldness of criticism are concerned, it has never been equaled. The name Dorys, Mr Hornblow informs us in his "Foreword," is a pseudonym only. The author's father, the late Prince of Samos, was one of the Sultan's ministers, and at one time governor of Crete. His son, therefore, has mingled since childhood with the extraordinary political world which ferments around Yildiz Palace, and he has had exceptional opportunities for obtaining palace news at first hand. Much of the material used in this book was doubtless obtained from his father, since the son could not possibly have participated in many of the events described. When M. Dorys became an active member of the Young Turk party—a liberal or revolutionary organization which demands a constitution for Turkey—he attracted to himself the unwelcome attentions of the Padishah, and was forced to flee from Constantinople and take refuge in Paris, where his life of Abdul-Hamid was written.

As was to be foreseen, the Sultan has not looked with much favor on M. Dorys's book. The author himself being beyond his reach, Abdul-Hamid has appealed to the governments of the different countries where the book has appeared, and in Sweden prevailed upon the authorities not only to prohibit further sales of the work, but to raid the houses of suspected purchasers for copies. The Sultan also made a protest to M. Delcassé, the French minister of foreign affairs, against the sale of the book in France, but in face of the clamor made in the public press, the government was powerless to act, even if it had wished to—which is doubtful. Since making these protests, the Sultan has condemned the author himself to death, and there is little doubt that the sentence would be carried out promptly had not M. Dorys anticipated the Sultan's wrath and sought refuge in a foreign country.

In his opening chapters, M. Dorys describes Abdul-Hamid's intrigues to gain the throne, his machinations against his unfortunate brother, who, for twenty-five years, has been kept a prisoner by him. It is a terrible picture which M. Dorys draws, but convincing, nevertheless, for he lifts the veil on every phase of the daily existence led by the Sultan. He shows him living in constant fear of poison, and having cats and dogs, and even his staff, taste his food before he partakes of it. He pictures him as having a horror of darkness, and keeping Yildiz Park—really a strong fortress, built with a special view to protecting him against attack—lighted all night in consequence; terrified by the stillness of night, and ordering armed guards to tramp ceaselessly up and down outside his bedroom window; in constant apprehension of attack, and ever ready to draw one of the three revolvers, with which he is always armed, on the most inoffensive persons; loving cheap literature, and gloating over stories of blood and violence; suspecting all around him, and exiling and putting to death every one against whom he has a real or imaginary grievance.

Here is M. Dorys's description of the Abdul-Hamid of to-day:

Despite the care he takes of his health, he is prematurely old and broken. He is extremely feeble, and only keeps up by dint of will power. His body is so thin that it is little more than a skeleton. After having tried in vain, by every possible means, to increase in weight, and, unable to do so, he abstains from everything likely to make him thinner. He has an atrocious fear of death, and dreads illness in general and contagious diseases. He has a superstitious fear of the latter which dates back many years. While still heir-apparent, he met one day in his park at Kiathane a gipsy, who, at the prince's request, told his fortune, and oddly enough she predicted exactly what has happened since—his rapid accession to the throne, foretelling the tragic circumstances by which it would be attended, as well as a long reign, wars, etc., concluding with the ominous words: "Your death will be caused by an illness coming from outside." Consequently cholera and the plague have no more determined enemy than the Padishah; and if Constantinople of to-day boasts in time of epidemic an almost perfect system of sanitation and advanced colleges for the study of bacteriology, it owes them to the gypsy of Kiathane and the Sultan's credulity.

Abdul-Hamid does not permit his vanity to go to the extreme of denying the use he makes of dyes to dissimulate the ravages of time. But he none the less blames others for doing the same thing:

Talking one day with his grand master of ceremonies, Munir Pasha, he expressed himself as greatly displeased with his minister, Haireddin Pasha, who was in the habit of dyeing his hair. Yet, a few days later, noticing that Munir Pasha was beginning to get gray, he suggested that he do the same. "I would not wish your majesty to criticize me, as you did Haireddin," replied the pasha. "Oh, don't mind that," said the Sultan, good-humored again, "I do as much myself." . . . In his harem he prohibits the use of almond paste, rouges, colored pencils, and dyes for the hair and eyebrows, on the plea of precaution against poison.

M. Dorys says Yildiz, the imperial residence at Constantinople, correctly speaking is not a palace:

No master conception, no reasoned-out plan is visible in this chaos of buildings. "It looks," said one of his architects, "as if the Sultan were camping out there, ready to fold his tents at the first sign of danger." They build, pull down, build again, without ceasing or rest during the entire three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. All this time the palace architects have to study, on an average, two hundred plans for new buildings. Happily for them, a great part of their plans and estimates go to slumber in his majesty's desk, for they have enough, if not too much work already. Abdul-Hamid has the building mania common among Orientals, who believe that the more a man builds the longer he will live. . . . The Sultan had the telephone and the electric light put in his apartments, but has never permitted their use in Constantinople, indispensable as they are in every great capital. He thought that conspiracies would be greatly facilitated by the telephone, and for the same reason he has forbidden the use of carrier pigeons. Although the inhabitants of Constantinople are condemned to semi-darkness during the entire lifetime of the Sultan, he has, on the other hand, authorized lighting by electricity at Smyrna and Salonica. Balloons, which might drop dynamite bombs into the grounds of Yildiz, are also forbidden.

The Sultan has at his command a power of dissimulation which enables him to hoodwink completely foreigners coming in contact with him:

He has the gift of making himself agreeable in order to win the friendship of those who approach him, especially foreigners. He takes all kinds of pains to please them, and it is seldom that a European leaves him without being fascinated by his cordial and charming manner and exquisite tact. The Sultan, in fact, practices the art of politeness and hospitality not only as an Oriental, but also as a European. Nowhere are foreign notabilities received as royally as at Yildiz, and even mere tourists passing through Constantinople, and present at Selamiyk, will be received with honors. If they form a numerous party all kinds of flattering attentions are showered upon them during the ceremony, and before leaving they find a sumptuous lunch served on the terrace of the Yildiz Kiosk. Cigarettes are presented to them, and an aid-de-camp of the Sultan conveys to them the imperial compliments. Again, at their departure from Constantinople—a full view of which has been facilitated by an order from the palace—General Schecker-Ahmed Pasha presents them with Turkish sweetmeats, cigarettes, etc., as souvenirs of his majesty. And the visitors go away delighted with their visit, convinced that the Sultan is a most affable and courteous prince, and that the complaints of Europe are entirely unjustified.

To show his cowardice, M. Dorys cites this instance:

When the London press, after the Armenian massacres, urged Europe to depose him whom Gladstone called the "Great Assassin," and the fleet of Admiral Seymour was manœuvring in a disquieting manner in the waters of the archipelago, the Sultan, one night, from information sent by the Ottoman embassy in London, had reason to think that flight abroad was his only means of safety. He summoned his ministers in extraordinary council to deliberate on the situation, while his yacht *Izzeddin* was anchored off Bechitach, with steam up, ready to take him to Odessa. One of the ministers, Mahmoud Djellaledin Pasha, suggested that the German embassy be consulted. The Sultan immediately dispatched his favorite, Izzet Bey, to the representative of Kaiser Wilhelm. During the absence of his envoy, the Sultan, his face the picture of anxiety and gloom, paced feverishly up and down the room. He had on his person all his jewels, and bonds for a considerable amount could be stuffed into the pockets of his belt. But when Izzet Bey brought back the promise that Wilhelm would stand by his friend, Abdul-Hamid so far forgot himself for joy that he almost knelt down before the favorite, so profuse was he in his assurances of his gratitude and affection.

Of the Sultan's private income and state grant, M. Dorys writes:

For some time the imperial exchequer has been in such straits, owing to the frightful expenses at Yildiz—amounting to about \$160,000 a month—that the salaries of the lesser employees of the palace are paid irregularly, and then only with the greatest difficulty. The Sultan has a yearly grant from the state of \$3,680,000, and an income of about \$2,000,000 more from his immense estates, making in all a yearly income of nearly \$6,000,000. Nor is this all, for it does not include the interest on capital deposited in different banks abroad. No one knows the exact amount of these foreign investments, but they are approximately estimated at \$18,000,000. The allowances of the princes and princesses, meagre enough and paid irregularly, are deducted from the Sultan's civil list. Sometimes the payment of the grant he receives from the state is subjected to more or less delay, but it goes without saying that these arrears are settled before those of the salaries of the unfortunate officials and employees of the Turkish Empire, whom the minister of finance leaves more and more frequently in the deepest distress.

The chapter on the "Imperial Harem" probably furnishes the most accurate and complete account of the daily life led by the three hundred unhappy women shut up in the seraglio that has ever been written:

The Yildiz harem contingent is recruited almost exclusively among the several varieties of the Circassian race, the most beautiful in the East, but it also includes specimens of the Syrian and Roumelian races. Chosen for their precocious grace, the *odalisques* are almost all bought at a tender age by

special agents of the palace under the orders of the Grand Master of the Slaves, Hussien Effendi. Often, too, the governors of the provinces, displaying a zeal that is disapproved of nowadays by all civilized Turks, abduct beautiful young girls from their parents or purchase them to present them to his majesty. The cousins and aunts of the sovereign also exert every effort to find for him rare beauties, and display a friendly rivalry in seeking the pearl most worthy to present to him during the Bairam festival. But it is becoming more and more seldom that Abdul-Hamid accepts these offerings at the hands of his relatives and favorites. . . . When they cross the threshold of the palace the new recruits admitted to the imperial harem must abandon and forget everything—their parents, sisters, friends, and country, which they will never see again, and even their very name, for they will begin their new existence under that which it may please the master they shall hear.

It sometimes happens that the Sultan takes a caprice for some slave of his four sultanas, his relatives, or of the princesses, his daughters, who reside outside Yildiz and only come there on a visit:

One night when Abdul-Hamid gave dances and ballets in his harem, he noticed among the dancers a young slave named Mesté Alem, in the service of the Princess Zekkié, his eldest daughter. The next day two of the Sultan's eunuchs arrived in haste at the princess's palace and informed her that they came to fetch the girl, Mesté Alem, who was to be the object of signal honor. Great was the emotion of the young Circassian girl, who had little dreamed of ever rising to such dignity. Her mistress hastened to make her take the traditional bath, and, surrounded by slaves, superintend at her toilet. Perfumed and adorned with sumptuous ornaments, the bride-elect, thinking she was dreaming, got into a superb carriage and, escorted by eunuchs on horseback, arrived at Yildiz, where immediately the Valide-Sultana summoned her to her presence and gave her the customary instructions. However, notwithstanding the precipitation with which they had brought her to the palace, it was only on the fourth day that Mesté Alem was ushered into the presence of the master.

Whether his caprice had passed, or the young girl appeared less beautiful, or that he no longer recognized her under her new attire, his majesty frowned on seeing her, and said, in an abrupt and angry tone: "That's not the one; send her away." Trembling, burning with shame, and hurt to the inmost recesses of her dawning pride, raised one moment so high, to fall again so low, and in such a brutal manner, the poor girl was taken back to the Princess Zekkié—this time without the slightest ceremony, and accompanied only by a horrible old black eunuch. Inconsolable at the outrageous affront to which she had been subjected, she did not suffer long. She became melancholy, pined away, and soon died. Yet Mesté Alem does not count among the victims of Abdul-Hamid.

It is natural to suppose that the Sultan, possessing so well-populated a seraglio, would be the father of a numerous family, but such is not the case. The number of his children is relatively small, actually only thirteen.

Abdul-Hamid prefers pretty and graceful women to those of regular and striking beauty:

In this his taste differs from that of most Orientals, who have a predilection for majestic and heavy forms. The Sultan is feared rather than loved by his *odalisques*. He is, however, kind and attentive to them when his mind is temporarily free from its usual anxieties and worries, and at such times he has even succeeded in inspiring some of them with feelings of affection. At times he condescends to enter into conversation with his favorites, with whom he has no difficulty in passing for a man of great brilliancy. They are all densely ignorant women, and the superficial education they have received renders them childishly naïve. He entertains them with the political news and gossip of the day, and tells them anecdotes of foreign courts, of which he is very fond himself, and this is the only idea of history they possess. When the Valide-Sultana received in her private apartments the Empress of Germany she expected that her visitor would merely kiss her hand respectfully. When the empress shook hands, the Valide appeared greatly annoyed, and after the reception remarked to the women of her suite that the foreign sovereign was "ill-bred."

One may imagine the rivalries and jealousies of all kinds, and the complicated intrigues that occur among these idle women, all young, ardent, or ambitious:

They form numberless little cliques and groups, each having its secrets, its sympathies, and its hatreds. The different clans wage an incessant and underhand warfare, often giving rise to hand-to-hand combats which necessitate the intervention of the eunuchs, and at times are only checked with difficulty. In fact, it needs all the authority of his highness, Abdul-Gani-Agha, the grand eunuch, to enforce discipline in the unfortunate and graceful flock over which he guards, and that he governs with indulgent wisdom.

Fearful lest plots against his life might originate in his harem, the *odalisques*, at the first sign of suspicion, disappear, and are not seen again by their companions:

Youth, beauty, the gentleness of his timid human cattle does not disarm the master's cruelty. Often, on mere suspicion, his eunuchs receive the order to cause some charming creature to disappear, and her companions are forbidden even to ask after her. They tell the story of two *odalisques* who had become devotedly attached to each other. One of them, suspected of treason, suddenly disappeared. Her companion, seeing her no longer in the harem, and not even daring to pronounce her name, faded away,

having lost the only being she cared for, and died like a flower deprived of water. Strangulations, drownings in the Bosphorus, and other punishments, impossible as they may seem in our day, are still practiced, and more frequently than is supposed.

A single example will give sufficient idea of the unknown dramas of Yildiz:

One day, the Sultan, having to leave his study for a moment, forgot on his desk one of the miniature revolvers which he is never long without. Returning soon after to the room he found a little girl twelve years old, a little slave in the harem, who had wandered by accident into the room, handling curiously the little weapon, thinking, doubtless, in her childish innocence, that it was some pretty toy. Abdul-Hamid's morbid fancy at once made him think some attempt against his life was intended. Seeing his terrified expression, the child burst into tears, and her emotion convinced the despot that it was a confession of guilt. He had her seized and "questioned," which, at the Yildiz, means tortured in the most abominable manner. Though they thrust red-hot blades under the poor child's finger-nails they got nothing from her but screams and sobs, and the investigation finally proved that she had nothing to confess. Then only ceased the punishment of the little martyr, whose pitiful story is probably forgotten already in the imperial harem.

The Turkish law of succession, according to ancient custom, gives the throne to the eldest male relative of the deceased sovereign. The Sultan's presumptive and legitimate heir is, therefore, his brother, Rechad-Effendi:

Prince Rechad is now fifty-six years old. Although not endowed with much intelligence nor possessing much education, he is a man of excellent judgment and considerable integrity. He also has never his imperial brother, among other points of superiority, that of knowing thoroughly at least one language—Persian—in which, indeed, he has written verse. Actuated by the best motives, sincerely distressed at the condition of the empire, he keeps well posted as to events, although his brother, the Sultan, tries to dull his faculties by encouraging in him a certain tendency he shows for drink. . . . He is practically a prisoner, being surrounded by the Sultan's agents, waited on by the servants in the Padisha's pay, who note his slightest word and gesture. . . . His partisans are all men of character and standing, who now stand aloof, but await with patience and resignation the blessed hour when their friend and their country will be delivered.

The volume contains a number of interesting illustrations. The frontispiece pictures the Sultan as he is to-day, a strong contrast to the likeness with which most of us are familiar, showing him as he looked when he ascended the throne, twenty-five years ago. Among the other half-tone reproductions are Galata Bridge, Constantinople, Dolma-Baghtché Palace, Yildiz Kiosk, the entrance to Yildiz Park, the state banquet-hall, a eunuch on guard in the imperial harem, and the Sultan's favorite horse and carriage.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.20.

The will of President McKinley has been admitted to probate. In pursuance of the wishes of Mrs. McKinley, and upon her signed recommendation, the court appointed Judge William R. Day and Secretary George B. Cortelyou administrators. A joint administrators' bond of \$100,000 was filed. In their applications for letters testamentary, Judge Day and Secretary Cortelyou say that the amount of personal property left by the late President will be about \$140,000, and of real estate about \$70,000, the whole aggregating about \$210,000.

The beautiful grounds of Sandringham contain many trees planted by notabilities; indeed, nearly every royal and distinguished visitor who has stayed with their majesties down in Norfolk has planted a tree in the grounds at some time or another.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Uncertain Purpose of a Hero.

From the time when readers first began to concern themselves with the personality of those who entertained them with fiction, it has been the custom to accept the hero of a story as an idealized portrait of its author. This is not always complimentary to the story-teller, and in many instances the imputation has been denied with vigor. Julian Sturgis would probably refuse to entertain the idea that he had given any of the distinctive traits of his own character to the hero of his latest novel, and yet the thought will present itself to many readers, for the story, considered as a work of creative art, bears a striking resemblance to the career of its central figure. "Stephen Calinari," for the book is named after the hero, is notable in several particulars, and barely misses the perfection that it seems to promise in its opening chapters. And in the same measure does Stephen Calinari, the gifted youth of fortune, miss the distinction that he anticipated in the spring of his ambition.

Oxford, with college boat-races and suppers, furnishes the opening scenes of the story, and Stephen displays himself here as a clever but egotistical youth, who goes in for study and exclusiveness more than the ordinary young Englishman does. And this appears to be natural, as he is only half English, his mother being of an old and wealthy Italian family, transplanted to London. Stephen leaves college, believing he has all the university education required to insure his success in the world, and announces his intention to begin his career at once. First, he decides he is in love with a pretty girl, a former playmate, but the lady and her father laugh at him. Then he rushes away to the Orient, where the Turkish forces are preparing to repel the Russian invaders. Incidental to the story there are some good descriptions of scenes in the Russo-Turkish War. Stephen does some correspondence for a London paper, and has some romantic experiences, among them an introduction to a beautiful young woman who is a musical genius and has a rich Russian princess as guardian. Returned to London he enters politics, his proud foreign grandfather spurring him on, but he gives up his candidacy before election, discovering that his knowledge of real conditions and problems is superficial. Then his mother and other relatives try to marry him to the young composer, but in this he disappoints them, as he has found that his interest in her was not lasting. He chooses his way, at last, and it is a marriage that can not be regarded with eminent favor by the social circle in which he has moved, though the fond mother acquiesces through maternal pride and favoritism.

Bright and entertaining throughout, reflecting a cosmopolitan breadth of view, and presenting pleasant people well individualized, with but one exception, the book may safely be set down as a success. Mr. Sturgis has written a number of novels that have been successful, and his essays in poetry and the drama are evidences of his versatility. His latest work is equal to any of these, and might have surpassed them but for an apparent wavering purpose.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Literary History by George Brandes.

Students of literature may well be pleased that one of the most important works of Dr. George Brandes is about to be placed before them. The first volume of "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" is now offered to English readers, and the five volumes completing the work will follow speedily. In this study Dr. Brandes begins his survey with the reaction from the formalism into which French literature had fallen at the time of the Revolution. He views the movement from that period as partaking of the form and character of a drama. In the first act or group he shows the beginning of the reaction in the French emigrant literature inspired by Rousseau. In the second, the semi-Catholic romantic school of Germany, that continued the movement, is considered. The third act pictures the efforts of Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo. Byron and his English contemporaries form the fourth group, and in their work the revulsion shown is complete. The new French romantic school governs the fifth group, which adds the names of Musset and George Sand. Germany, with such writers as Heine, Gutzkow, and Feuerbach, inspired by the ideas of liberty to the north, west, and south, is the scene of the last act before the great upheaval of 1848.

Little more than a list of the authors whom Dr. Brandes considers in the first volume may be given in this space. Chateaubriand, Rousseau, Mme. de Staël, and Barante, are reviewed with the care and critical ability which have made this commentator famous. Their works are taken, one by one, and described with method. Dr. Brandes views a book as a piece of history, cut from a continuous web. The thought inspiring it, the author, and his environment, are all conditions which he examines and explains. Influences of the time are easily traced by the painstaking student, and the individual idiosyncrasies of each writer in a group become comprehensible.

One of the popular values of this work is its impartial interest. It is not a tedious search for evidence, only dimly to be appreciated, but a history as

nearly in narrative form as its character will permit. It is as well an entertaining exposition of great works of fiction and philosophy. It will be read with pleasure by all lovers of literature, and be valued no less by serious students.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.25.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Life and Letters of John Richard Green," by Leslie Stephen, is on the press for immediate publication by the Macmillan Company.

Frederic Harrison gives us the result of his late visit to America in a book which he calls "George Washington and Other American Addresses."

"A Day with a Tramp, and Other Days," by Walter A. Wyckoff, has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A. M. Robertson will publish, shortly, a volume of poetry by Lionel Josaphare. Two of the author's poems were recently published in a small book entitled "The Lion at the Well."

"Who Killed Amy Robsart?" is the title of a book by Philip Sidney. It is said to controvert Sir Walter Scott's narrative in "Kenilworth."

The period of F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "A Maid of Venice," which is to be published by the Macmillan Company, is the end of the fifteenth century, when the queen of the Adriatic was nearing the time of her greatest splendor. The romantic episode with which the story deals is historically true, being taken from one of the old Venetian chronicles.

"Lincoln in Story," a series of authentic anecdotes, by Silas G. Pratt, has just been published by D. Appleton & Co.

W. E. Henley is editing a new Edinburgh folio Shakespeare in forty parts. It is announced that it will keep as close to the first folio as possible. Of the one thousand copies of this edition, three hundred and sixty are intended for this country.

The fifth number of Charles Scribner's Sons' American History Series is "The Civil War and the Constitution," by John W. Burgess, which has just been published.

"Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire" is the title of the volume which the Duke of Argyll has completed. The queen's son-in-law has written several books before this one, including "The United States of America After the War," a life of Palmerston, and a volume of "Tales and Poems."

Mme. Nordica has completed a volume entitled "Hints to Singers." She gives a clear and succinct idea of what is demanded of a singer, and takes, step by step, the church concert, oratorio, and operatic careers of singers, and gives practical advice upon the great variety of points that present themselves to the singer who would attain the success that is enduring.

The title of Robert Herrick's new novel will be "The Real World," not "Jock O'Dreams," as hitherto announced. The story will be published some time in October.

The "Life of Ellen Terry," written by T. Edgar Pemberton, of Birmingham, will shortly be published in London. This book has been authorized by Miss Terry.

"The Isle of the Shamrock" is the attractive title of Clifton Johnson's new book, which the Macmillan Company will publish immediately. His other two books, "Along French Byways" and "Among English Hedgerows," have prepared us for this account of his jaunt through the lanes and countrysides of Ireland.

"Acting and Actors," a book about theatre folk and theatre art, is to be published by D. Appleton & Co.

The author of "The Private Stable," which was originally published under the pseudonym of "Jorrocks," is the well-known horseman, James A. Garland.

There is a rumor that George Moore is cutting down his two long novels, "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Teresa," in order to get them into one volume.

According to London Literature, Mme. Bernhardt's son is engaged on a dramatic adaptation of the first book in Sienkiewicz's great Polish trilogy, "With Fire and Sword." He expects to finish it in time for production early next year.

Francis Cowley Burnand, author of "Happy Thoughts," which first appeared in *Punch* in 1866, is said to be writing his reminiscences, which cover fifty-odd years of London stage, journalism, and literature.

The late Signor Crispi's library, which contained about thirty thousand volumes, is to be presented to the city of Palermo. His memoirs will be simultaneously published in Italian, English, and German. One of their most interesting features will be the portion relating to Bismarck, with whom he had much personal intercourse, about which current gossip is very contradictory. Some say that the two men were not at all in sympathy in their private re-

lations with one another, while others assert the contrary. The truth will speedily be known, as there has been found among Crispi's papers an unpublished study of the great German chancellor, and this will presently be given to the world.

The latest literary landmark of London to be removed is Dryden's house, No. 43 Gerrard Street. In its ground-floor room he wrote most of his plays, and there he died. The house has been pronounced dangerous, and is to be demolished.

An entire preliminary sample number of *Country Life in America*, a new magazine yet to be regularly published, is an unusual experiment, and an expensive one as well. The opening article, "A Sniff at Old Gardens," treating of vestiges of a past home-life on the old Hudson River manors, is by J. P. Mowbray, the author of "A Journey to Nature." John Burroughs contributes a poem entitled "The Cuckoo." "Ellerslie," Levi P. Morton's country estate, is elaborately treated as representative of the best ideals in country living. Many are the subjects from practical horticulture, farming, and gardening, to wild nature and nature literature. The new magazine contains a wealth of excellent half-tone illustrations. It is edited by L. H. Bailey, and the first number will be published on November 1st by Doubleday, Page & Co.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Sir Walter Besant's Last Novel.

"The Lady of Lynn" is the last novel from a pen that has been laid aside forever, and it will be read with mingled emotions by the many friends and admirers Sir Walter Besant had won in every part of the English-speaking world. There has been the charm of a kindly nature, an unaffected love for the true, the good, and the beautiful, about all the stories that have borne his name. Some of them may well be called masterly. "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and "Dorothy Foster" will deserve a place among the best, no matter how fashions in fiction may change. But his stories have not been of equal merit. None has lacked interest, but something—a lightness of touch, a grace of movement—has seemed wanting in two or three of the later books. It may have been the effect of weariness, for the author was a very busy man at all times, and busier than ever during the closing years of his life. Not fiction alone, but history, anecdote, biography, archaeological notes, came steadily from his pen. Few have studied the great city of London as he had done; none has written of it with a better understanding or more illuminating purpose. It is no wonderful thing that the inspiration which shone in some of his earliest books is not apparent in his more recent stories. Some of the rare distinction of his style is found in all his work, however. The ease, simplicity, and clearness that distinguished his novels in the years when he was not so well known, and that was sometimes credited incorrectly to his collaborator, James Rice, was his to the end.

This, his last story, reflects many of the glories of those stories of early English times, like "The Chaplain of the Fleet." It is of the middle years of the eighteenth century, and pictures the manners of the time in an attractive way. Much of it is told in the first person by one John Pentecrosse, a brave and honest sailor, first-mate on *The Lady of Lynn*, a stanch ship in the Lisbon trade. The owner of the vessel was a great heiress, the ward of a simple captain, but this young lady had been kept in ignorance of her great wealth, to preserve her from the schemes of fortune-hunters. Unfortunately, the knowledge of her inheritance came to the ears of a dissolute lord in London, and a plot was hatched to secure the money and save the unprincipled nobleman from the creditors that besieged him. The plan was well laid. First, the water of a spring in Lynn was suddenly declared to have great healing virtues. At once the little town was proclaimed as a health resort, and in the crowd attracted, Lord Fylingdale became the central figure. Pretty Molly Miller, the heiress, was introduced to the assembly, her guardian having been dazzled by the splendors of the fashionable attendants. The plot ripened, but at the last, when Molly's consent was won, a warning from a jealous woman prevented the marriage. A ceremony was gone through with, however, an unknown impersonating the heiress, and then the scheming lord claimed the fortune. The simple captain denied all, and refused to treat, but legal counsel prevailed, and Molly's fortune began to dwindle under his lordship's drafts. How the tangle was unraveled and Molly's good name saved makes a stirring recital in John Pentecrosse's telling, and his reward at the end was deserved.

Humor is not lacking in this tale of fashionable follies among the country gentlemen and ladies of a sea-side village, and the description of the assembly and its master of ceremonies is a delightful picture of a romantic period. John and Molly are well-drawn, as are most of the figures, and Lord Fylingdale himself, villain as he was, could easily stir admiration.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## New Publications.

"Saint Paul's," by the Rev. Arthur Dimock, is the latest volume in the Cathedral Series. It is a studied history and description of the old and new buildings, with many illustrations. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

A romance of France and America in the days of Louis the Fifteenth is told in "The House of De Mailly," by Margaret Horton Potter. It is full of stirring incident and has a pleasing conclusion. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Nowell Cay presents as his first novel, "The Presumption of Stanley Hay, M. P." Its hero is named in the title, and his presumption reached the point of marrying and carrying off the daughter of the King of Liguria. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"From Atlanta to the Sea," by Byron A. Dunn, is a good story for boys, and will be welcomed as the latest issue in the Young Kentuckians Series. There is real history as well as stirring adventure and romance in the tale. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

Three volumes that have well been called a treasure-house of poetical material are offered in "The Age of Fable," "The Age of Chivalry," and "Legends of Charlemagne," by Thomas Bulfinch. This new and attractive edition is notable for its good printing and binding, and the convenient size

of the volumes. The works have been before the public too long to require introduction. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, per set, \$2.25.

"Famous Actresses of the Day in America—Second Series," by Lewis C. Strang, is a volume of theatrical biography and history, of something more than ephemeral interest. It is illustrated with engravings from photographs of twenty-five stage favorites, and nearly all are good portraits. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Students of American history can hardly afford to pass without notice "The Diplomatic History of the Southern Confederacy," by James Murtin Callahan. The work is based on correspondence now in the possession of the government, though other materials have not been neglected. The book is made up of the author's lectures before the Johns Hopkins University in 1900. Published by the John Hopkins Press, Baltimore; price, \$1.50.

In the new uniform edition of Alphonse Daudet's works the latest issues are "The Evangelist" and "Rose and Ninette" in one volume, and "Jack" in two volumes. To the last-named pathetic story, Marian McIntyre, the translator, has written an appreciative and illuminating introduction. The art and power of the brilliant French novelist are shown in these volumes in their most attractive guise. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50 each.

## INTAGLIOS.

## Golden Rod.

It is the twilight of the year,  
And through her wondrous wide abode  
The Autumn goes, all silently,  
To light her lamps along the road.

—Charles Hanson Towne in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

## The Mission of Darkness.

Lo, eyes are made for the light,  
And souls are made for joy.  
And eyes must be blinded by night,  
And souls must be darkened by grief,  
That alike they may find relief,—  
Relief from the strain of the light,  
And strength for the strain of joy.

—Charlotte Burgis DeForest in *The Independent*.

## Refuge.

When echoes from the Hills of Song  
Lure me to listen late and long,  
Into the Night of my Unrest,  
From out the shelter of your breast,  
I fare me forth, to wander far  
Where my desire has set its star.  
Yet wheresoe'er I wander late,  
You watch without and guard the gate.  
These strange sweet places where I roam  
Have always paths that lead me home,  
From whispering worlds I wander through,  
Back to the silences of you.

—Ethel M. Kelley in *October Century Magazine*.

## An Uncollected Poem of Whittier's.

[Lines from the *German of Lamiter*.]

From its dark cavern hurries on,  
Ceaseless by night and morning's beam,  
Thought after thought ye thronging rise,  
Like spring doves from the startled wood,  
Bearing like them your sacrifice  
Of music unto God!  
And shall those thoughts of joy and love  
Come back again no more to me—  
Returning like the patriarch's dove,  
Wing-weary from the eternal sea—  
To bear within my longing arms  
The promise-bough of kinder skies,  
Plucked from the green immortal palms  
Which shade the bowers of Paradise?

Child of the sea, the mountain stream  
By evening's star and noonday's sun—  
Until at last it sinks to rest  
O'erwearied in the waiting sea,  
And moans upon its mother's breast—  
So turns my soul to Thee.

—John Greenleaf Whittier in *The Liberator* of August 10, 1838.

The Chicago publishers of Murat Halstead's "Life of McKinley" evidently believe in striking while the iron is hot, for they have been deluging the newspapers all over the country with such curious fairy tales as are contained in the following advertisement:

"Twenty-five dollars per day easily made selling the only official, authentic, and indorsed memorial volume entitled 'Illustrious Life of William McKinley, Our Martyred President,' by Murat Halstead, for thirty years the President's intimate friend; nearly six hundred pages; one hundred illustrations; full account of his splendid career; tragic death; funeral ceremonies; fitting tributes; story of other martyr Presidents; history of anarchism; its methods, victims, dangers, etc.; only authentic book; largest, cheapest, best; prices cut; we are not in the book trust; seventy per cent. profit; enormous demand; fortune for agents first in field; most liberal terms; secure territory now; first book ready; credit given; freight paid; general agents wanted on salary; valuable premium free with each book; book outfit alone free; both book and premium outfit prepaid for twenty-five stamps to cover cost of sending; order quick."

## Marie Corelli's Tormentors.

Marie Corelli, like other leading lights in literature, has her enemies, who refuse to leave her alone in the seclusion for which she yearns. One of the bitterest attacks ever made upon her has been that for which she is most unjustly accused—namely, the publication of her biography in a series of biographies of eminent people, which she has been accused by certain irresponsible writers of having brought out as an advertisement of herself.

Writing in the *Daily Chronicle*, Miss Corelli, in defense, declares she is at present the recipient of daily insult from various quarters on account of that small *bijou* biography which was published in a companion volume to those on the king, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and others. "Have any of these," she pertinently asks, "been accused of writing their own biographies for purpose of advertisement?" But that libel is being freely circulated about herself. As a matter of fact, she made every effort to prevent the biography being published. She adds that the publisher himself can confirm the statement. On asking a solicitor's advice on the subject, she was told that unless the biography contained something false and libelous, she could not successfully take exception to it in any court of law.

One English paper says of Miss Corelli that it would be better if she could sink her personality altogether and let the public judge of her simply and solely by her writings. This is just what Miss Corelli would like, but she says she is not allowed to do so. If she refuses to grant interviews, they are straightway invented on hearsay. Though she declines to be photographed, fancy likenesses, which, she thanks God, are not hers, are published. She wants to know why she can not walk, drive, talk, and entertain friends without being made the subject of a paragraph by so-called smart journalists who may make half a crown out of it, but to whom she would pay more than a dozen half-crowns to leave her alone.

"Joan of the Sword Hand," a dramatization, in five acts, of S. R. Crockett's novel, by Jeannette L. Gilder, was successfully produced in the Detroit Opera House for the first time on September 16th, by Blanche Walsh.

A permanent Ruskin museum has been opened at Coniston, the place associated with Ruskin's last years. Many valuable manuscripts, note-books, and drawings are among the relics which are to be preserved there.

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By GEORGES DORYS, son of the late Prince of Samos. Translated by ARTHUR HORN-BLOW. Uniform with "The Private Life of King Edward VII." Illustrated, 12mo. Cloth, \$1.20 net; postage, 10 cents additional.

This remarkable and timely book is written by Georges Dorys, son of the late Prince of Samos, a former minister of the Sultan, and Governor of Crete. The author has left the domain of the Sultan of Turkey, and is now a resident of Paris. He has been recently condemned to death by the Sultan on account of this book, and will be executed should he return to Constantinople.

## Shacklett

A Story of American Politics. By WALTER BARR. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

Mr. Barr has written a novel of politics in the West which shows the richness of a field comparatively undeveloped. The evolution of his central figure, who passes through various stages as clerk, lobbyist, legislator, and governor, is sketched with a graphic realism which is absolutely convincing.

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By F. FRANKFORT MOORE, author of "The Jessamy Bride," "A Gray Eye or So," etc. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

This charming romance is in the vein the author developed so happily in "The Jessamy Bride," and it is in many respects a more mature and important work. The story is exceedingly happy in its delicate reproduction of eighteenth-century atmosphere.

## The Teller

By EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT, author of "David Harum." Uniform Edition. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00.

The publishers of "David Harum" have the pleasure of presenting the only other story written by the lamented Edward Noyes Westcott. Mr. Westcott's business life lay with practical financial matters, and in "The Teller" he has drawn upon his knowledge of life in a bank.

D. Appleton & Company  
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

Published September 28th.

## New Canterbury Tales

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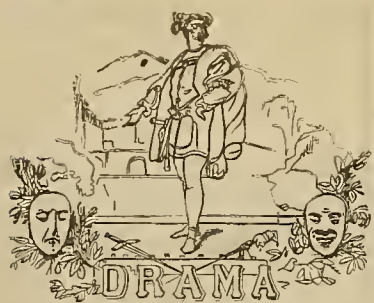
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Well, a great weight is taken off our minds, for we have heard (and seen!) "Florodora" at last. And the town was pining for it, to judge by the audience that turned out on the first night. All the (young) world and his (young) wife went. The youth who, in place of inditing sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow, prayerfully casts theatre seats for two at her feet, went blissfully in her equally blissful company. Old young ladies, middle-aged young ladies, and even young young ladies, joined forces for mutual protection and enjoyment, and fared gayly forth. Down stairs, people anticipated a gala night, for the orchestra and parquet bloomed forth into an efflorescence of delicate tints and fabrics. The air was full of anticipation, the ear of murmured "Florodora" melodies, hummed by the audience, and when the orchestra struck up the overture, the rapid, spirited, infectiously gay music was as familiar as "Home, Sweet Home."

The curtain rose on a kaleidoscopic mass of pretty girls, waving arms, tripping feet, high-kicking dancers, pompadours blonde and brown, and costumes of rainbow hues. I never saw a company whose members were fuller of zip and go and vim, and all the other terms that stand for contagious enjoyment. I put it down primarily to the fact that a sensible and far-seeing management had furnished the troupe with comfortable transportation, so that they had not arrived fatigued, cross, and disillusioned with stage life. And, secondly, to an element in the music which keeps the spirits up and the feet perpetually tapping a lively echo. This pervasive spirit of gaiety runs through the entire opera, for the lucky composer seems to have had no dull or dispirited moments.

Never a good thing in this world was said or sung when the creator of it was feeling dull or bored. After all, the gift of high spirits is as much an appreciable commercial quantity as oil or cotton. Kings choose their courtiers for it, lovers their mistresses, men their wives, and managers their players. And its presence in "Florodora" marks the difference between that opera and any of the other glittering, airy cobwebs of interwoven song and dance which constitute the present English equivalent for opera bouffe.

"Florodora," by the way, is classed as "a musical comedy," a term which has some *raison d'être*, since there is occasionally a genuine, if somewhat cynical sparkle, to the dialogue. "Marriage," says somebody, "is a delicious dream." "Yes," is the doubter's reply, "with a horrible awakening!" And Cyrus Gilfillan, the American millionaire, dwelling in regal splendor in an old Welsh castle, thus admonishes his secretary: "I don't want my grammatical mistakes corrected. Leave them all in. I wish to be taken for an English nobleman." There is naturally a marked English flavor to the dialogue, and one or two jokes fell flat; in particular, the one concerning Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, toward which the audience remained politely blank.

William T. Carleton, though enacting an American millionaire, has an agreeable flavor of Englishism about him—the genuine atmosphere which has always faithfully encompassed him during these many years that he has sung before an American public, and which is as attractive in its way as the American London-struck actor, with his poor, thin, cheap, faulty, and non-illusive imitation of the English accent, is displeasing and annoying. Carleton has lost his voice. What is left is only one by courtesy. In consequence, he bestows all the more attention on his acting, which has gained in animation. He has the ease of the old campaigner, is still handsome, speaks well, dresses well, and has the demeanor of a man who knows the world. It surprised me that the audience did not give him a more cordial reception. Evidently the generations that applauded him in the past have renounced light opera and delegated to their successors the joys of "Florodora." But he was once a big figure on our theatrical horizon, for we depended upon him to bring out all the latest successes in the line of musical frivolities. He did well by us, and we returned the favor for years, until the permanence and popularity of opera bouffe at the Tivoli cut too deeply into his profits, and the annual tour that meant so much to San Franciscans had to be abandoned.

During those days, Carleton brought many a noted singer here. It was, I think, as members of his company that Jessie Bartlett Davis, Fay Templeton, Pauline Hall, Alfa Norman, and numerous others who subsequently became *prima donnas* in light opera, first became known in San Francisco. He always brought out good comedians, and selected his chorus with a perspicacious eye to their shape,

Generally a feature of the performances was a march which used to be performed with a perfection of drill and a solemnity of countenance that made it seem almost like a religious rite. Whence came the deep seriousness of all those shapely little chorus-girls I wonder? They used to say that it was because Carleton was so severe a task-master. Things are different now. There is not a girl in "Florodora" but looks as if she were transported with happiness at being before the public. As for the Tivoli chorus, anything more *naïve* than their delight at being on parade, and their open, friendly interest in the people in front, it would be impossible to imagine.

The majority of the girls in the "Florodora" troupe are very young, very pretty, very graceful, very sweet-voiced, and very prettily costumed. There are quantities and quantities of them, and the bewildered eye roams from one beauty to another, and tries vainly to settle on a favorite. For there are no surpassing beauties, merely a general aggregation of good looks, with here and there a bold impressionist study in bones to break the monotony of plump, pearly necks, and remind us of that sterling old truth in physiology that "the bones, of which there are two hundred and eight, are the framework of the body." Some of the bony battalion, however, atone for the deficiency in flesh by their lightness of movement, and dance as airily as fireflies on the wing.

The entire chorus, male and female, is splendidly drilled, both musically and terpsichoreally. Every toe is raised simultaneously in the dances, every fall of drapery flutters into the same folds at the same moment. The voices are young, fresh, and ringing, and the men and women who sang "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" in the famous sextet were evidently selected with care for their ability as singers. The men in the sextet, by the way, except for one who is a little bigger and more burly than the rest, are alike as so many peas; and in the natty white ducks and summer straws worn in the first act, and with the immaculate style of their more ceremonial attire in the subsequent scenes, were gotten up to please the eyes of young womanhood just as unmistakably as the girls are so many charming pink-and-white missiles hurled from the "Florodora" catapult straight toward the hearts of susceptible males.

The six chorus-girls in the sextet, gowned in yellow, with enormous black hats covered with trailing plumes, were so thoroughly duplicated, each by the other, and the young men, in their gray suits and tall hats, were so exactly six of a kind, that to see the six pairs go through the motions of the song gave one a sort of bewildering illusion, as if the *coquetteries* of one couple were being indefinitely repeated in a series of mirrors. The song is immensely taking, from the moment the double six march forward in pairs and begin with their graceful and amusing pantomime, to the last saucy, provocative nod with which the yellow-and-black witch at the end disappears.

The principals were a surprise. I did not believe all the glittering announcements concerning the *personnel* of the company; but, as it turns out, there is a delightful little comedy actress, Grace Dudley by name, who is enough in her small self to give the piece the requisite swing toward success. She is an English-looking little creature, with a farcical exaggeration of her natural accent. Her blood and breeding show in her manner, which, in spite of its owner's ability to do skit-dances in a musical comedy, has "le parfum de la bonne société." She has an easy, assured, but not too assured, air, and is mentally a well-balanced little woman who does not lose her professional poise because she has made a bit. She is not a beauty, but is pretty, with a little curve of dainty disdain to her mouth, which lends verisimilitude to her stage title of "Lady Holyrood." Miss Dudley has no voice to speak of—a matter, as it happens, of not the slightest importance, simply because the lady, by virtue of an inimitably knowing air, and a talent for bringing out meaning, or putting it in, contrives to make her songs so amusing that the musical element recedes into the background.

Both she and Frances Gordon are beautiful dancers, exquisitely light and sure-footed, and each manages absurdly enough to retain an air of delicate refinement, even during the highest kicks. That was really the charm of it, for anything more odious on the stage than a skit-dance that has vulgarity and unpleasant suggestiveness to it, is hard to conceive of. What an infinity of patient and persistent practice must have been gone through to enable the dancers to be so absolutely sure of their equilibrium amid all those bewildering swirls of silk and lace. Occasionally the spirals of drapery would suddenly be stabbed by a satin-clad toe pointing unerringly to the zenith, and then subsiding without revealing the faintest glimmer of a silk stocking. Miss Gordon has none of the pronounced comedy talent possessed by Miss Dudley, but she is pretty, pink, and pleasing. Both women carry their clothes beautifully.

The only voice among the principals that really amounts to much is that of Charles Bowers, the baritone of the troupe, who sang "Under the Shade of the Palms" with much charm and genuine musical feeling. Laura Millard, who fills the place of the leading female singer, has a voice which consists principally of high notes. The rest of it lacks sweetness. Miss Millard, like Joe Gargery's wife, is "a fine figger of a woman," but her curiously

crinkled features lack beauty, and her style has neither gaiety nor humor. Hans F. Robert is like Miss Gordon, in that he is young and pleasing. Philip H. Ryley was a delightfully funny Tweedle-punch, with the usual india-rubber physical and mental elasticity of the comedian, and more than the usual amount of freshness and high spirits.

The piece is very handsomely mounted and costumed. Indeed, in the hall-room scene, which closes the performance, there was a variety and richness in the ball-dresses of the chorus-girls that one does not look for in the costumes of subordinates in a company. Pearl embroideries, painted silks, showers of lace, and innumerable other styles of trimming were used in profusion, for each girl had a distinct costume, and the effect was as rich and varied as if one were looking on at a genuine social crush.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Heretofore the round-trip ticket from Mill Valley to the Tavern of Tamalpais, on the Scenic Railway, has been \$1. The board of railroad commissioners has approved of an increase in this schedule, and henceforth the round trip from San Francisco will be \$1.90, or \$1.50 for the round trip between Mill Valley and the summit. The trip up the mountain is eight and a fifth miles. A comparison of prices is interesting, the distances and rates on the various mountain roads being as follows: Mt. Washington, New Hampshire, three miles long, round trip, \$4; Pilatus, Switzerland, three miles long, \$2.40; Schynigge Platte, Switzerland, four and a third miles long, \$2; Rigi Vitznau, Switzerland, four and a half miles long, \$2.10; Monte Generoso, Switzerland, five and a half miles long, \$2; Gorner Grat, Switzerland, five and a fourth miles long, \$3.60; Mt. Lowe, California, eight miles long, \$2.25; Mt. Tamalpais, California, eight and a fifth miles long, "the crookedest railroad in the world," \$1.50; Pike's Peak, Colorado, eight and a half miles long, \$4.50.

Francisque Sarcey was prevented by his sudden death from making a selection from the dramatic criticisms he had written during forty years for preservation in book form. There was material enough for about eighty ordinary volumes. His successor, Larroumet, and his son-in-law, Brisson, selected from this enough to fill seven volumes. The fifth of these has recently appeared, and has attracted special attention because in it are united Sarcey's articles on Dumas and Augier, whom he regarded as the founders of a new dramatic era.

—THE "ETERNAL CITY," BY HALL CAINE, just received at Cooper's Book Store.

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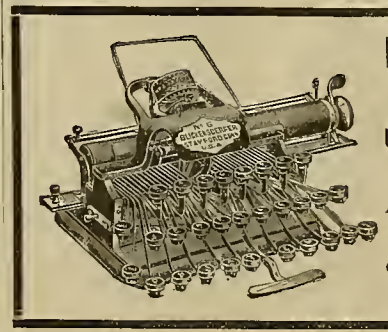
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## AUDRAN'S OPERAS IN AMERICA.

Reminiscences of the First Performances in this Country of "Olivette," "The Mascotte," and "The Snake-Charmer."

The late Edmond Audran was a victim of the theatrical managers. The enormous success of his "Olivette" and "Mascotte" caused the managers of operetta theatres literally to fight for him. Orders poured in from all sides, and the result was hasty, slovenly work. He made money, but never wrote another "Mascotte." During the last years of his life he lived in retirement in Paris, sad, suffering, and pessimistic; and a few weeks before his death he left the city, a complete wreck. He was fifty-nine years old.

Franklyn Fyles, in a reminiscence article, narrates some interesting incidents of the first productions in this country of Audran's comic operas. It was with "Olivette," he says, that the thrifty French composer's American fame began, and the opera was more successful in this country than in any other. It never enjoyed the same vogue in Paris or in London. The version used in this country was made by the Englishman Farnie for D'Oyley Carte in London. It first was produced in New York at the Bijou in December, 1880, by the Comely-Barton Opera Company, which included, among others, John Howson, Digby Bell, Hetty Tracey, and Catherine Lewis, who sang the leading rôle.

The operetta was an immediate success. Marie Jansen scored her first great hit in the part of a cabin-boy. She took the air in the first act that should have been sung by the Countess, as Hetty Tracey, who was acting the part, was very pretty but had no voice whatever. In the opera nothing else made such a success as Catherine Lewis's dancing of the farandole in the second act. She gave an exhibition of athletic abandon such as had never been seen in this country before, and has, indeed, been equaled only by Carmencita. New York went wild over that dance, and the fact that she was compelled to repeat it several times every night did not in the least diminish her enthusiasm.

The opera was an experiment, and had not been mounted with any great outlay; now its managers saw that it was certain to last the winter at least. So it was transferred to the Fifth Avenue on January 31, 1881, and there was a great expenditure for costumes and scenery. Then the operetta started on a new lease of life. It ran for the entire season, and the rival performance given at the Bijou, after the original company withdrew to the Fifth Avenue, did not apparently interfere with its success. Both companies played to large houses, and Selina Dolaro, who was the Olivette at the Bijou, found her admirers, although her performance was never comparable in spirit or humor to Miss Lewis's.

The opera was not copyrighted. All that could be protected was Farnie's English version. As a consequence, there were productions in all parts of the country. The English text was dull enough, and it was not difficult to improve on the intensely British humor of Farnie's puns; but in spite of its stupidity, some of the phrases from "Olivette" survive to-day. Still heard are "Bob Up Serenely" and "Then Is the Time for Disappearing," both taken from a song of Coquelicot, sung by Digby Bell in the first performance.

There was naturally great competition for the next operetta from Audran. This was "The Mascotte," which was even more popular than its predecessor. It came to America the next year. Unlike "Olivette," it was a success all over Europe, with the single exception of London. In New York it was sung by the Wilbur Opera Company, at the Bijou Theatre, on May 5, 1881. It had been given previously in Boston by the Norcross Company, which hurried to the metropolis in order to produce it before the Bijou performance. But the attempt failed. The last move to prevent the Bijou performance was the arrest, or, rather, restraint of one of the actors, who was kept from playing because the managers of the opposition company declared that he was under contract to them. This move almost accomplished its purpose, and it looked for a while as if there would be no singer for the restrained actor's part. But, luckily, an amateur who had attended some of the rehearsals thought that he could get through the part of Frederick, and he did it, after a fashion. In spite of this drawback, the opera was a complete triumph.

As Audran did not write comic operas rapidly enough to supply the demand created by the success of his two noted works, some of his older compositions had to be drawn upon to supply "new" operas by him. One of these was "The Snake-Charmer," which was sung in New York on October 29, 1881, and announced as new. Lillian Russell's real career began with her appearance as the snake-charmer. She wore a gown beautifully embroidered with head serpents, and delighted the audience by her fresh voice. "The Snake-Charmer" ran for months, but it was not a great success, and when the company returned to "Olivette" Miss Russell was the countess, and sang her waltz song in the first act beautifully. She sang in those days with more taste than is found usually in comic opera, and she could have attempted more ambitious work, and succeeded as well as some of her countrywomen who have sung in grand opera, but it was perhaps better to have made such a career as she did in comic opera.

It was not until Audran wrote "Sermant l'Amour"

that another of his operas was heard in this country. It was given in New York, as the others had been, with two simultaneous performances. The McCaull Company, at Wallack's, gave the work on May 29, 1885, with De Wolff Hopper, Signor Perugini, Bertha Ricci, and Mathilde Cottrelly in the leading rôles. Two nights later, Roland Reed, Laura Clement, and Augusta Roche appeared in the same opera at the Bijou. At Wallack's the work was called "The Crowing Hen," while "The Bridal Trap" was its title at the Bijou. The McCaull Company had a better version; but there were no elements of popularity in the piece, which soon dropped out of sight.

The later works of the composer given in this country were "La Cigale," in which Lillian Russell was heard here at the Baldwin Theatre, in 1892, at the head of her own company; "Miss Helyett," in which Mrs. Leslie Carter made a disastrous tour; and "La Poupee," which, although it scored a great success in Paris and London, proved a failure in New York with Anna Held as the automatic doll. When brought out in San Francisco at the Tivoli Opera House last spring, however, under a new title, "The Toy-Maker," it enjoyed a prosperous run.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

Success of "Florodora."

Owen Hall and Leslie Stewart's English musical comedy, "Florodora," has caught the town, and already the catchy musical gems are being whistled on the streets. The Columbia Theatre has been crowded at every performance this week, and it is safe to predict that during the next two weeks of the run the audiences will be equally large. The company is a good one, the chorus contains a wealth of pretty girls tastefully costumed, the libretto is full of quotable epigrams, the numerous dances are new and pleasing to the eye, the topical songs are varied and clever, and the music abounds in dainty, tinkling melodies and swinging ensembles, which tickle the ear and linger long with the listener. In fact, "Florodora" possesses every requisite for success, and is stage-managed in a manner that deserves especial praise. Everything goes with a sparkle and dash that is refreshing. William T. Carleton as Cyrus W. Gilfain, proprietor of the island and the perfume of Florodora; Charles B. Bowers as Frank Abercodd, his manager; Philip H. Ryley as Anthony Tweedlepunch, showman, phrenologist, hypnotist, and palmist; Laura Millard as Dolores; and Grace Dudley as Lady Holyrood, carry off the honors of the principals. The most applauded musical number in the comedy is "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," which is sung and danced in incomparable style by a double sextet of sprightly clerks and English girls. The three pretty stage pictures represent the Island of Florodora in the Philippines, Abercodd Castle in Wales, and the grand hall-room in the castle.

"Too Much Johnson" at the Alcazar.

R. C. Carton's clever drama, "Liberty Hall," is to be followed at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night with a revival of William Gillette's amusing comedy, "Too Much Johnson," with Mr. Alsop in the leading rôle. The comedy is a rollicking, mirth-provoking farce, full of up-to-date humor, and sparkling with witty dialogue. The main action of the plot revolves around one Billings, alias Johnson, who wins the reputation of being the smoothest, the most polished, the most graceful prevaricator on record. He deceives his wife and her eagle-eyed mother into believing that he possesses a large Cuban sugar plantation, when in reality he has never set foot on that distant shore, and, during pretended visits to his "plantation," he goes skylarking around New York. He is finally forced to take them with him to Cuba, and the fun is fast and furious when this wonderful man makes every one believe anything he chooses to tell them.

The comedy is to be strongly cast, and a number of pretty stage settings are promised.

At the Tivoli.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be the bill at the Tivoli Opera House this (Saturday) night, and to-morrow the last performance of "Carmen" is to be given. The novelty for next week will be Verdi's "The Masked Ball," which will be the bill on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights. Agostini will have another excellent opportunity as Ricardo, and Ferrari, in the opposite rôle of Renato, is splendidly cast. Amelia will be sung by Linda Montanari, who has entirely recovered from her recent illness; Polletini will appear as Ulrica; Repetto will sing the dainty music allotted to the page, Oscar; Zani will be the Thomas; Nicolini, the Samuel; Napoleoni, the Silvano; and Cortesi, the judge.

Owing to the great demand for Verdi's "Nabucco," it will be produced on alternate evenings, with the same cast as before, including, among others, Salassa, Barbareschi, Dado, Polletini, and Cortesi.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

There will be no less than four new specialties at the Orpheum next week. The new-comers include the two sisters O'Meers, who will perform some remarkable feats on the tight wire; Mitchell and Bernard, singing and talking comedians, who make their first appearance on the Pacific Coast; Joe,

Myra, and Buster Keaton (a five-year old comedian), in a grotesque act, replete with eccentric dancing and mirthful situations, entitled "The Man with the Table"; and Belle Thorne, a former Tivoli Opera House favorite, who returns after a several years' absence in the East, and will be heard in operatic selections and some catchy new songs.

Those retained from this week's programme are Wilfred Clarke and company, who will present "In the Biography," which is said to be even more amusing than "Oscar's Birthday," in which they are being well received this week; Madge Fox, the eccentric "coon-song" shouter; and acrobatic dancer; Boyce and Wilson, black-face comedians; the mysterious Svengalis; and the biography.

Joseph Haworth as Hamlet.

The last week of Joseph Haworth's engagement at the Grand Opera House will be devoted to a revival of Shakespeare's tragedy, "Hamlet." Mr. Haworth's ambition to step higher in his profession than the portrayal of such rôles as Eliot Gray, Vinicius, and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde commands respect. His Shylock this week is an excellent piece of acting, and we may expect an original and careful interpretation of the melancholy Dane, for Mr. Haworth is too well schooled in the technique of his art to stop short of creating an interesting impression in anything he undertakes. There is a trite saying, too, that no actor can entirely fail in "Hamlet," and this conclusion is based upon the reasonable belief that the splendor of the poetry, the limpid beauty of the words, and the impressive dignity of the scenes will compel admiration even though the chief actor may only be able to indicate slightly the varying phases of Hamlet's character.

A few of the noted artists who have already identified themselves with the melancholy Dane are Garlick, the Kemhies, Kean, Macready, Forrest, Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin Booth, Fechter, Mounet-Sully, E. H. Sothern, and Sarah Bernhardt. Whether Mr. Haworth's portrayal entitles him to be added to this list remains to be seen. That his farewell performances will be greeted with crowded houses goes without saying, for Shakespeare, well set and intelligently acted, is always a boon for which there should be due and sympathetic recognition.

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A slight study into the matter of proper skin protection will reveal the fact that the woolen underwear theory, which has so largely obtained heretofore, is an entire and most mischievous fallacy, involving such a weakening of the skin as to place the wearer at the mercy of every draught of air and render him susceptible to colds, catarrh, rheumatism, and allied affections.

The Dr. Deimel Undergarments of porous Linen-Mesh are of grateful comfort to the most sensitive skin. They give all the warmth which may be reasonably expected from undergarments, and are of such invigorating influence to the whole system that the wearer may expose himself with impunity to any and all sorts of weather and climate.

Only such stores as carry the best there is in underwear have the Dr. Deimel Underwear for sale. All genuine garments bear a label with our trade-mark, as reproduced herewith.



For sale also at

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## VANITY FAIR.

Country houses have ordinarily been screened from prying eyes in England. The names of guests at week-end parties or during the autumn, Christmas, and Easter holidays, have been printed in the society journals, but silence has been maintained respecting their occupations and recreations. It has been considered an abuse of hospitality and a violation of privacy for any one to repeat at a club anything said at a country house, or to supply material for a printed description of the episodes of the visit. According to the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, times are changing, for the papers are now filled with either ostentatious or critical accounts of what goes on at a country house from Saturday to Monday. Some of these special articles are signed by well-known social figures, and others are anonymous; but all assume to relate the experience of the writers after accepting invitations for week-end at country houses. So long as the country houses, which were the real centres of social life in England, were screened from public observation, it could be said that display was considered vulgar and bad form by the best people, and that the pleasures of the great were not flaunted in the face of poverty, nor the jealousy and envy of less favored classes excited by them. But the barriers will be broken down, contends this correspondent, if guests are licensed to make newspaper copy out of their week-end recreations to pay for their railway fares and their tips to servants. It will then become a standing reproach against the titled and the rich that they have ceased to value privacy, simplicity of manners, intellectual dignity, and the graces of tact, thoughtfulness, and delicate consideration for the feelings of others. They will be charged with courting publicity, like the ambitious upstarts who pay line for line at special advertising rates for announcements of their arrival and departure in town and country.

An indication of the tendency to organize domestic service upon the basis of the rules and customs that obtain in all other departments of labor, is plainly revealed in the "demands" formulated by the four hundred members of the Chicago Servant Girls' Union (says the Chicago *Record-Herald*). The preference given by girls to work in factories, stores, and offices over domestic service is a matter of constant amazement to housekeepers. They do not understand why young women leave good homes and comfortable environment to work in stores at poor wages. The explanation may be found in the one word, "emancipation." To them the eight or ten hours in the store means freedom when compared to the long hours of domestic service. That the long hours and not wages constitute the chief bone of contention is evidenced by the nature of the demands formulated by the union, which are as follows: We want a ten-hour day, and at least half a day a week off. We want good, clean, and comfortable sleeping apartments. We want a system of work that will give us leisure. We want no opposition to our meeting when and where we please. Housekeepers, of course, will rebel against the demand for a ten-hour day on the theory that the home can not be run on a factory basis; that domestic service implies peculiar relationship to the family which can not be made to conform to the rules that obtain in other domestic pursuits. The other "demands" enumerated can not be regarded as unreasonable, and are already granted in most well-regulated homes.

One of the best dancing-masters in New York declares that the London dancing-teacher, who recently asserted that American women are ridiculous when they dance, does not know what good dancing is, and if an international contest in this graceful amusement were arranged, American women would win. Good time and grace are the points in waltzing, and although the standard for the first is absolute, the question of gracefulness is one on which there may be a fair difference of opinion. English and Canadian women have had the reputation in this country of being stiff dancers. But that, according to the London teacher, is to be desired. It is what he calls "easy rigidity." In favor of the American girl is, too, the fact that she usually goes to dancing-school about the time she graduates from a kindergarten, and that she goes into society at a much earlier age than the English girl. If (remarks the New York *Sun*) the London teacher had said that fewer American men dance now than formerly, he might have found few to contradict him. It is not as easy for a hostess in New York to gather a lot of presentable dancing men as it was a few years ago. It has become a fad for the men who can dance not to dance. But, perhaps, now that tennis has been revived there may be a reaction in the sentiment about men dancing.

In Boston, not long ago, three persons—a man, his wife, and another lady—went into a restaurant and sat down at a table. The proprietress sent a table-girl to take their orders. The man, as spokesman for the party, said they were not hungry, and had simply dropped into the place in order to rest while waiting for a car. The proprietress thereupon informed them that she was not running a waiting-room for tired vagabonds, and requested them to leave. The man objected to the language

employed by the proprietress, and declined to be evicted until requested to go in language of ordinary courtesy. It is to be regretted (remarks the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*), that thereupon the proprietress attempted to throw the trio out bodily. It was a large contract—quite too large, in fact—and in the *mille* that followed there was considerable breakage, the pink gown of the proprietress was wrecked and the bracelet of a visitor was broken. The learned judge who summed up the evidence was inclined to take the side of the proprietress. At least, he appeared to assume that the evicted man was altogether too obstinate in his declination to leave when requested to do so, and he fined him for his slowness. The man promptly proved that he considered his right to peacefully sit in a public restaurant an inalienable one by appealing the case to a higher court, whose decision will be more or less eagerly expected.

The story of *La Fronde*—the woman's paper in Paris, published, edited, and printed by women—is not new, and is grown to be a matter of course, but one gets a slight shock at the announcement of a woman's magazine in India. The editor and contributors are Hindoo women. Mrs. Kalmala Sathianadhan is the name of the editor. Speaking of *La Fronde* recalls the new enterprise of its editor. She is not satisfied with the progress of education among French provincial women. She thinks they do not read enough, and proposes to get at them through the medium of the theatre. She has organized a troupe of good players, equipped with a set of double bills. The first play is always one of proved merit and fame. The second of the evening is a new piece of genuine merit, but of evident educative purpose, since its theme is always some phase of the woman question. Between the two plays a fifteen or twenty-minute lecture on the all-important topic is given. If the women want to see the last play they must hear the lecture.

According to the London *Saturday Review*, Hyde Park is no longer available for the use or delectation of self-respecting people. "We have taken the pains to make a personal study of it," says the editor, "and at noon one day we counted thirty-two cases of drunkenness among women, and forty-five among men, all of whom were lying upon the grass, some only partially dressed, some using fearful imprecations and obscene language of the foulest kind, while others were actually changing their underwear in broad daylight. Thousands of these wretched specimens, most of whom bear upon their features the brand of slavery to alcoholism, take possession of the park from daybreak to midnight. They have no other summer residence, nor do they need one. For, having secured enough to purchase the drink that gives oblivion, their day's ambition is fulfilled if they can but wallow and sleep undisturbed. . . . The lowest type of negro on the west coast of Africa would blush to act as they do, but London apparently must submit to such grewsome exhibitions, for the Metropolitan Police on duty in Hyde Park have no power to interfere with the type of savage who monopolizes and defiles the fairest of our open spaces."

Ouida, as Mlle. De La Ramée prefers to call herself, is now an elderly lady, but she still affects the white-muslin frocks and pale-blue ribbons of a by-gone era. She is the autocratic queen of a large circle of admirers at Florence, where she has an ideal home, and an extraordinary collection of dogs. Ouida does not like English or English life and food, and not infrequently at London dinner-tables has asked for cold roast beef and beer, that being the level, she says, on which she places English cookery.

Much has been written of the beauty of the *señoritas* of Mexico. Many a tourist goes there with exalted ideas of the charms of the high-caste young women with raven hair, soft olive complexions, and bewitching eyes. Evidently the charms of that matchlessly balmy climate and the wonderful picturesque scenes everywhere have blurred the critical vision of many of the writers, and as a result they dwell upon the beauty of the *señoritas*. However, according to one Mexican correspondent, the beauties are by no means plentiful. "A large part of the Mexican young women have prominent, heavy noses. This characteristic is more noticeable among the people in the rural *pueblos* in the valleys. From fourteen to twenty, most *señoritas* are in their prime so far as facial beauty is concerned. From twenty to thirty the dark pigment in their complexion develops rapidly, and nine out of ten of them ruin the softness of their complexions by inordinate use of the cosmetics and face washes which comprise a surprisingly large proportion of the national imports from Europe and the United States. There is no denying that the eyes of the average Mexican girl, except in the lowest classes, have a peculiar mildness. The long, heavy eyelashes over the dark eyes give an expression of seriousness and pathos that one never forgets. The hair of the *señorita* is seldom fine and flossy. All the women in the *peon* class dock their coarse hair squarely across the forehead, while the young women of the upper class deck their foreheads with an infinite lot of frizzes and intricate mazes of finely spun curls. A curious fact is that some of the old

families in Mexico have followed a fashion in hair arrangement, characteristic of the particular family, for several generations. For instance, there is the rich and powerful Yorba family, of Chihuahua. Every woman in the family for more than one hundred years has frizzed, curled, and plastered her hair after the style Grandma Yorba (a famous belle in her day and an acquaintance of old Queen Mercedes) adopted in the last days of Spanish dominion over Mexico. The exquisite black-lace *mantilla* shading the eyes, the high comb, and the coral and pearl jewelry become a *señorita* more than they would any other woman in the world. Perhaps it is the oddness of these graceful charms that has won the general praise of so many visitors to Old Mexico. The *señorita* at the opera, with her coquettish fan, her bearded hat, and her gorgeously colored silken gowns, looks very attractive, but at close range only a few of the women have the freshness, the vigor, and the clear-cut, refined expressions of American young women of like station."

— DID IT EVER STRIKE YOU THAT YOU CAN buy Jesse Moore Whisky for the same price that is paid for just ordinary whisky?

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 2, 1901, were as follows:

| BONDS.                             | Shares.   | Bid.              | Asked.  | Shares. | Bid. | Asked. |
|------------------------------------|-----------|-------------------|---------|---------|------|--------|
|                                    |           |                   |         |         |      |        |
| Edison L. & P. 6%.....             | 5,000     | @ 130             | 131 1/2 |         |      |        |
| N. R. of Cal. 6%.....              | 3,000     | @ 121 1/2         | 121     |         |      |        |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....             | 2,000     | @ 107             | 107 1/2 |         |      |        |
| Oakland Transit Co. 7%.....        | 7,000     | @ 120 1/2         | 120 1/2 |         |      |        |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....             | 1,000     | @ 103 1/2         | 103 1/2 |         |      |        |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909 11,000..... | @ 112 1/2 | 112 1/2           |         |         |      |        |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910 16,000..... | @ 113 1/2 | 113 1/2           |         |         |      |        |
| S. P. of Cal., Series.....         |           |                   |         |         |      |        |
| B. 6% 1905.....                    | 5,000     | @ 110 1/2         | 106 1/2 |         |      |        |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912.....         | 7,000     | @ 122 1/2-122 1/2 | 119     |         |      |        |
| S. V. Water 4%.....                | 4,000     | @ 103- 103 1/2    | 103     |         |      |        |
| STOCKS.                            | Shares.   | Bid.              | Asked.  | Shares. | Bid. | Asked. |
|                                    |           |                   |         |         |      |        |
| Contra Costa Water.....            | 75        | @ 75- 76          | 75 1/2  | 76      |      |        |
| Spring Valley Water.....           | 245       | @ 86 1/2- 88      | 87 1/2  | 88      |      |        |
| BANKS.                             | Shares.   | Bid.              | Asked.  | Shares. | Bid. | Asked. |
|                                    |           |                   |         |         |      |        |
| S. F. Savings Union.....           | 8         | @ 52 1/2          | 53      |         |      |        |
| Gas and Electric.                  | Shares.   | Bid.              | Asked.  | Shares. | Bid. | Asked. |
|                                    |           |                   |         |         |      |        |
| Oakland Gas.....                   | 10        | @ 51              | 50 1/2  | 51      |      |        |
| Pacific Gas.....                   | 705       | @ 40- 40 1/2      | 38 1/2  | 40      |      |        |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....          | 585       | @ 43- 45          | 43      | 44      |      |        |
| Street R. R.                       | Shares.   | Bid.              | Asked.  | Shares. | Bid. | Asked. |
|                                    |           |                   |         |         |      |        |
| California St.....                 | 120       | @ 130             | 130     | 134     |      |        |
| Market St.....                     | 183       | @ 82 1/2- 87 1/2  | 86 1/2  |         |      |        |
| Presidio.....                      | 5         | @ 34 1/2          | 30      |         |      |        |
| Powders.                           | Shares.   | Bid.              | Asked.  | Shares. | Bid. | Asked. |
|                                    |           |                   |         |         |      |        |
| Giant Con.....                     | 195       | @ 73 1/2- 74 1/2  | 74 1/2  |         |      |        |
| Vigorit.....                       | 800       | @ 4               | 3 1/2   | 4 1/2   |      |        |
| Sugars.                            | Shares.   | Bid.              | Asked.  | Shares. | Bid. | Asked. |
|                                    |           |                   |         |         |      |        |
| Honokaa S. Co.....                 | 825       | @ 9 1/2- 11 1/2   | 9 1/2   | 10 1/2  |      |        |
| Hutchinson.....                    | 375       | @ 14 1/2- 14 1/2  | 14 1/2  | 14 1/2  |      |        |
| Makaweli S. Co.....                | 465       | @ 23 1/2- 24 1/2  | 24 1/2  | 25      |      |        |
| Onomea S. Co.....                  | 60        | @ 23 1/2- 24      | 24 1/2  | 25      |      |        |
| Paauhau S. Co.....                 | 245       | @ 10 1/2- 11      | 10      |         |      |        |
| Miscellaneous.                     | Shares.   | Bid.              | Asked.  | Shares. | Bid. | Asked. |
|                                    |           |                   |         |         |      |        |
| Alaska Packers.....                | 390       | @ 130 1/2- 142    | 141     | 140 1/2 |      |        |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....                | 210       | @ 88- 89          | 87 1/2  |         |      |        |
| Oceanic S. Co.....                 | 20        | @ 47- 47 1/2      | 42 1/2  | 48 1/2  |      |        |
| Pac. C. Box.....                   | 80        | @ 165             |         |         |      |        |

San Francisco Gas and Electric was strong, and advanced two points to 45, on sales of about 600 shares, closing at 43 1/2 bid and 44 asked. Pacific Gas Improvement sold up to 40 1/2 on small sales, but was offered at 40 at the close.

Giant advanced one point to 74 1/2 bid, on sales of 200 shares, and was in good demand at the close, with very little stock offering.

The sugars were weak, and sold off one and one-half points; Honokaa selling down to 9 1/2, and Paauhau at 10 1/2 at the close. Makaweli was a shade better, selling up one-half point to 24 1/2.

The upward movement in Alaska Packers still continues, the stock advancing two and one-fourth points to 142, on small sales.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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## New Mexico Cattle Ranch FOR SALE.

Fifty thousand acres in one solid block, half prairie, half mountain. Almost every square inch covered with finest of grasses. Mountains timbered with oak, pine, and spruce. Three clear mountain creeks run entirely across land. Creeks full of trout, eight hundred baving been caught in one day by one fishing-party. Excellent ranch-houses, corrals, stabling, and every requisite for cattle raising. Ranch has always carried two thousand cattle for last twenty years. Three hundred acres alfalfa, cutting over eight hundred tons yearly, watered from never-failing streams. Cattle run on open pasture the year round, seldom needing to be fed in winter. Land well fenced and cross fenced by four barbed-wires and oak and cedar posts. Close to railroad and wagon roads all over country smooth and unequalled for driving the year round. An ideal place for wealthy man to secure splendid place for game park and shooting preserve as well as for cattle business. Many deer, turkey, and quail now on place; owner has always made money on it, but now wishes to sell out and retire. Title perfect, place will bear most careful and searching inspection, which will be gladly granted at all times. Climate, especially for lung troubles, unequalled. Elevation six thousand feet. Hottest day this summer eighty-five, and that only on two days. Nights always cool. Everything considered there is not another such piece of land in the West. The chance of a lifetime. Will be sold at bed-rock figures. Address, "W. B.," care of Argonaut.

## Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY  
526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

OFFICERS—President, E. A. BRUCKER; Vice-President, JOHN LLOYD; Second Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Secretary, Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901..... \$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL..... \$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES..... President  
WILLIAM BABCOCK..... Vice-President  
S. L. ABBOTT, JR..... Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. Abbott, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,681,497.64  
July 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President  
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary  
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON..... Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS..... Assistant Cashier

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The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore..... The National Exchange Bank  
Boston..... The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago..... First National Bank  
Philadelphia..... The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis..... Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California  
London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
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BRANCHES—NEW YORK, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. Dooley, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

ASSETS.  
Loans..... \$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants..... 2,181,727.10  
Real Estate..... 1,665,080.77  
Miscellaneous Assets..... 12,415.53  
Due from Banks and Bankers..... 1,104,308.12  
Cash..... 3,973,676.04  
\$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up..... \$ 500,000.00  
Surplus..... 5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits..... 3,311,290.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers..... 1,124,165.27  
Individual..... 8,904,102.62  
\$19,589,558.17

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager,  
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.  
412 California Street.

**MT. OLIVET**  
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**SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR.**  
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For book or sample write  
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

While James McNeill Whistler, the eccentric American painter, was trying on a hat in a London shop one day, a customer rushed in, and, mistaking Mr. Whistler for a clerk, exclaimed: "I say, this 'at doesn't fit." The artist eyed him for a minute, and then replied, scornfully: "Neither does your coat, and I'll be hanged if I like the color of your trousers."

One day, Beau Nash joined some fine ladies in a grove, and, asking one of them, who was crooked, whence she came, she replied: "Straight from London." "Confound me, madam," said he, "then you must have been damnably warped by the way." She soon, however, had ample revenge. The following evening he joined her company, and, with a sneer and a bow, asked her if she knew her catechism, and could tell him the name of Tobit's dog. "His name, sir, was Nash," replied the lady, "and an impudent dog he was."

In her "Book of Remembrance," Mrs. Gillespie tells an amusing story of her grandmother, who had a keen sense of humor and a ready wit. She was awakened one night by a noise in the room; sitting up in bed, she saw a rat eating the candle which stood in the chimney-place; she aroused her husband, who said, sleepily: "My dear, there is no rat; it is conceit." "Very well, Mr. Beech, then it is conceit with four legs and a tail." Sleepy as he was, this witty speech drew her grandfather from his bed, and the rat's doom was sealed.

Mrs. George Whipple, a niece of Daniel Webster, says that when Webster was visiting in the country he attended a little church morning and evening. A fellow-senator said to him: "Mr. Webster, I am surprised that you go twice on Sunday to hear a plain country preacher, when you pay little attention to far shler sermons in Washington." "In Washington," Webster replied, "they preach to Daniel Webster, the statesman, but this man has been telling Daniel Webster, the sinner, of Jesus of Nazareth, and it has been helping him."

Once, when the Secretary of War, Elihu Root, had approved a punishment of an offender in the Philippines with a severity which seemed somewhat disproportionate to the crime, a visitor ventured to ask him whether he did not consider such a penalty a good deal like the old law of England which hanged a man for stealing a sheep. "Certainly," was the answer, "and we impose it in the same spirit, not as an expiatory sacrifice, but as a preventive. The thief was hanged, not because a stolen sheep was regarded as worth a human life, but in order that more sheep should not be stolen."

When President Roosevelt was a police commissioner of New York, in 1895, Dr. Ahlwardt, the anti-Semitic agitator from Berlin, visited the metropolis. Not a few of the New York anti-Semites came to Roosevelt in alarm lest the Jews should rise and mob the orator on the night of his first address. The commissioner's response was to select from the whole police force a squad of Hebrews whose physiognomy bespoke their race most conspicuously; these officers he placed in charge of the hall where Ahlwardt was to appear, with a reminder that in this country of free speech they could show their good citizenship in no more striking manner than by protecting the very man who had come to hurl contempt and abuse at their people. The effect of this bit of comedy was to make Ahlwardt ridiculous, and cause his whole crusade to fall pitifully flat.

On one occasion, in trying an abduction case, Lord Morris, once chief justice of Ireland, addressed the jury as follows: "I am compelled to direct you to find a verdict of guilty in this case, but you will easily see that I think it is a trifling thing, which I regard as quite unfit to occupy my time. It is more valuable than yours. At any rate, it is much better paid for. Find, therefore, the prisoner guilty of abduction, which rests, mind ye, on four points—the father was not averse, the mother was not opposed, the girl was willing, and the boy was conveyant." The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the judge sentenced him to remain in the dock till the rising of the court. Hardly had he delivered sentence than, turning to the sheriff, Lord Morris said: "Let us go," and, looking at the prisoner, he called across the court: "Marry the girl at once, and God bless you both."

According to the Paris *Figaro*, it was at Compiègne, where the Czar was recently entertained by the French, that the King of Rome, the Eaglet, granted the first petition that was presented to him. He had reached the mature age of six months, when an old soldier, who had already received many favors from the emperor, decided that he wanted more, and thought it would be a good scheme to address his petition to the heir to the throne, and thus work on Napoleon's sympathies. He addressed his petition to his majesty, the King of Rome. Napoleon smiled when he read the address, and ordered the

Duke of Frioul to take the paper to the king and read it to him. This was done with due solemnity and state, and the duke returned to the emperor. "What did his majesty say?" asked Napoleon. "Nothing," replied the duke. "Silence gives consent," said the emperor; "see that this old rascal of a soldier gets what he wants."

Richard Mansfield recently sent the following letter to an aspiring young playwright, who had submitted to the actor a closely-written manuscript play of an unusual length: "MY DEAR YOUNG MAN: I am quite sure that any one who could accomplish so extraordinary a piece of penmanship as the enclosed must have a letter in his pocket somewhere addressed to posterity. I advise you to deliver it at once." In reply he received the following: "'POSTERITY' (Richard Mansfield): Following your esteemed advice, I again send to posterity my manuscript." Mansfield is said to have been so amused that he actually took the time and patience to read the once rejected manuscript.

Mrs. Isabel Savory tells in her book, "A Sportsman in India," a story of a hen that was sitting, but unluckily for her hatching operations, was interrupted by a cobra, which entered through a chink in the hen-house. The cobra made a fine meal of well-warmed eggs, but when it essayed to retire by the same hole through which it had entered, it found those eggs in the way. It was much too large to get out, so it stuck in the hole, half in the hen-house and half outside. There it was discovered the next morning in a surfeited condition. It paid for its greediness with its life, and then it paid back the eggs it had stolen; for when the body of the snake was opened the eggs were all found unbroken and warm. They were replaced under the hen, and in due time were hatched, none the worse for their peculiar incubation.

Some years ago, Judge Jeremiah Wilson, who was acting as counsel for Admiral Schley when he passed away suddenly at Washington, D. C., a fortnight ago, was defending a contractor accused of defrauding the government, and, as the case developed, the law and the testimony seemed to be closing around his client. But when Mr. Wilson made his appeal to the jury, no calendared saint wore a brighter crown of glory than that with which he invested his client. The judge's charge was not auspicious for the defendant, but the jury remained out a surprisingly short time. "We find the defendant not guilty," they reported. The judge and prosecutor were astonished. Addressing the defendant, the judge said: "Though it is my painful duty to discharge you, I can not refrain from congratulating you upon having retained so eloquent an advocate!" Turning to the jury, the court added: "But it gives me pleasure to discharge you, for a more unconscionable jury never dragged a verdict through a temple of justice!"

## A Pious Parrot.

"If Coco meant the half of what he said, and was even a quarter as wise as he looked, he was a wonderful bird," says a writer in *Forest and Stream*. "I met him in Paris, where he lived with an old English lady, who spent her life in her own apartments between her maid and her parrot. Coco was thus her almost constant companion, her guide, counsellor, and friend. He had an easy flow of conversation, and said many funny and apt things that I have forgotten, but no one who saw and heard him at his devotions of a Sunday morning is likely to forget it. His mistress, being unable to attend the English chapel, read the service in her own room aloud, with Coco for congregation, for none ever exceeded the unction of his long-drawn 'Amen,' nor the contrite quaver of his 'Good Lord, deliver us' in the litany, and when it came to 'miserable sinners,' he rolled up his eyes and nodded his old head in dismal approval.

"It would have been unkind to smile during the performance, for Coco's feelings were sensitive, and, moreover, the old lady found comfort in the thought that he, perhaps, dimly understood. She told the following story in proof of his sagacity: A friend came to visit her one day who also owned a parrot. The talk turned upon the rival birds, and the visitor, in proof of her pet's powers, an intricate sentence that he had been taught to say. She repeated the sentence several times, mimicking a parrot's nasal voice. Coco, meanwhile, showed evidence of great excitement. He sidled hand over hand across the back of the sofa on which the visitor sat, puffing out his chest and holding his breath till all of his feathers stood on end. Something was on his mind, and he was straining to get it off. As the visitor rose to go, his efforts culminated, and as she passed out of the door he screamed the sentence after her, exact as he had heard his rival quoted."

## Feeding to Fit

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—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; THE best for all purposes.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Ballade of Gossips.

The summer gives us many things—  
Moonlight, and love, and wood, and shore,  
Romances rounded into rings,  
And tender maids and youths galore;  
And we give humble things therefor;  
But, ah, alas! one curse is laid,  
One vast, inevitable bore—  
That awful rocking-chair brigade.

Stern women, they who form its ranks  
(The sinner knows them over well),  
Small charity they have for pranks  
Viewed from the porch of a hotel;  
And hushed, mysterious things they tell  
Of man and matron, youth and maid,  
From rising-bell to dinner-bell—  
That awful rocking-chair brigade.

All day the world goes to and fro  
In confidential monotonies,  
Of what they see and what they know,  
And what he owns and what she owns;  
With innuendoes and with groans,  
Our characters grown worn and frayed,  
They sit in judgment on their thrones—  
That awful rocking-chair brigade.

## L'ENVOI.

Sisters, one thought is agony—  
When age comes on and beauties fade,  
Must we, too, join it, even we—  
That awful rocking-chair brigade?

—Truth.

## Ballade of Literary Letters.

Of old it was an easy thing  
To write a letter to one's dear,  
To line the words we felt, and cling  
To simple sentiments and clear;  
But times are sadly changed, we hear—  
Love grows enamored of the mint;  
We pen our lines with care and fear—  
Our letters must be fit to print.

No more in our accustomed way  
We say the tender things we mean;  
Our letters may be made to play  
A part in hook or magazine.  
Ah, me! They once by one were seen—  
We had not time to hedge or hint;  
But now the public comes between—  
Our letters must be fit to print.

Whene'er the lean wolf snarled of old,  
A man sought friends without demur,  
Or left his watch in Shylock's hold,  
Or starved or stole, as he'd prefer;  
But now he takes the notes of Her,  
The honeyed lines she did not stint,  
And hies him to a publisher—  
Our letters must be fit to print.

## L'ENVOI.

Sweetheart, henceforth with words alone  
Shall Love his fond expressions tint.  
It grieves me sore, yet must I own  
My letters are not fit to print.

—Theodosia Garrison in *October Century Magazine*.

Teaspoon—"Why are you so angry with the doctor?" Mrs. Teaspoon—"When I told him I had a terrible tired feeling, he told me to show him my tongue."—*Tit-Bits*.

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NEW MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.  
Boston to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa.  
S. S. Commonwealth (twin-screw, 13,000 tons), November 27th, January 4th, February 12th.  
S. S. Cambrian, January 15th, February 26th.  
To Alexandria, Egypt.  
S. S. Commonwealth, Saturday, January 4th, February 12th.  
This new twin-screw steamer is one of the largest afloat; has splendid accommodations for passengers.  
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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, October 15  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, November 7  
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 3  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 28  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha  
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America Maru. Wednesday, October 23  
Hongkong Maru. Saturday, November 16  
Nippon Maru. Wednesday, December 11  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

**OCEANIC S. S. CO.** Sierra, 6200 Tons  
Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, October 12, 1901, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Australia, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Thursday, October 24, 1901.  
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, October 24, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., Oct. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Nov. 3.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, 11 A. M., Thursdays.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
For further information obtain company's folder.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket Office, New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.  
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cberbourg Westbound.  
St. Paul. . . . . October 30  
St. Louis. . . . . October 16  
Philadelphia. . . . . October 23  
St. Paul. . . . . October 30  
St. Louis. . . . . November 6  
Philadelphia. . . . . November 13  
RED STAR LINE.  
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Southwark. . . . . October 9  
Southwark. . . . . October 16  
Kensington. . . . . October 23  
Southwark. . . . . November 13  
Zeeland. . . . . October 30  
Friesland. . . . . November 6  
Southwark. . . . . November 13  
International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Martin Theatre-Party.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a theatre-party at the Columbia Theatre on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Caro Crockett and Mr. Laurence Irving Scott, at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Frances Hopkins, Miss Georgia Hopkins, Miss Carolan, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Emma Grimwood, Mr. T. R. Backus, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Captain W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant Babcock, U. S. A., Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. Fred McNear, and Captain Rochester, U. S. A. After the performance of "Florodora," Mrs. Martin's guests were driven to the Palace Hotel, where they enjoyed a supper served in the Grill Room.

Miss Crockett and Mr. Scott were also entertained at dinner on Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin at their country place, "El Ceritos," at San Mateo. Others at table were Miss Georgia Hopkins, Miss Frances Hopkins, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Grimwood, Mr. T. R. Backus, Mr. Fred McNear, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Porter Garnett, Mr. Prescott Scott, and Mr. Willard N. Brown.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Milla Lally, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thornton Lally, and Mr. Henry Lund, Jr.

The wedding of Miss Polly Dunn, sister of Mrs. Henry E. Dutton, to Mr. Harry R. Macfarlane will take place in Honolulu on Wednesday, December 4th.

The wedding of Miss Florence Deming, sister of Mr. William H. Deming, and Mr. Charles Harley, will take place at the bride's home, 740 Ellis Street, on Wednesday evening, October 16th. Miss Alice Deming, a cousin of the bride-elect, will be the maid of honor, and Miss Margery Gibbons and Miss Leah Shingleberger will be the bridesmaids.

The wedding of Miss Julia Winston, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Winston, to Mr. Marcus Edwin Flowers, took place at Los Angeles on Wednesday, October 2d, in the apartments of Mrs. Arcadia de Baker. The ceremony was performed by Father Liehiana, pastor of the old Plaza Church, at noon, and only relatives and intimate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Flowers are at present at San Diego, but intend soon to leave for a trip through Mexico. Upon their return they will reside in Riverside.

The wedding of Miss Frances Bruce, niece of Mr. A. H. Washburn, and Lieutenant Joseph I. McMullen, U. S. A., took place at St. Luke's Episcopal Church on Thursday afternoon, October 3d. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by the Rev. William M. Reilly. Miss Alice Bruce, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Miss Charlotte Bruce and Miss Viola Piercy were the bridesmaids. Mr. A. D. Geissler was the best man, and Dr. Collins, U. S. A., and Mr. T. Goodman Hosmer served as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. A. H. Washburn, at 2525 Fillmore Street.

Miss Florence Stone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stone, and Mr. Thomas Benton Darragh, were married at Eagle City, Alaska, on Wednesday, October 2d. Mrs. Darragh is a sister of Lieutenant Charles Stone, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who is now in the Philippines.

The wedding of Miss Helen M. Taylor, of Boston, and Captain Harold P. Howard, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., aid to Major-General Samuel B. M. Young, took place at Sacramento on Sunday, September 29th. Rev. C. L. Miel, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, performed the ceremony.

The marriage of Miss Muriel Wemple, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Leroy Wemple, and Mr. J. C. Hiden Edwards, of Los Angeles, took place at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening, October 2d. The ceremony was performed at half-after eight o'clock by the Rev. Edgar Lion. Miss Edna Wemple, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Miss Agnes Knerr and Miss Edith Bon-

nell were the bridesmaids. Dr. Walter Dickie was the best man, and Mr. John Partridge, Mr. John R. Baird, and Dr. E. L. Wemple, Jr., served as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 730 Sutter Street, and on Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Edwards departed on their wedding journey.

Miss Lucy King gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Edith Stubbs on Wednesday, October 2d. Others at table were the Misses Mary and Beulah Stubbs, Miss Katharine Dillon, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Irene Baker, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Margaret Salishury, and Miss Ethel Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Allen recently gave a dinner at their new home in Ross Valley at which they entertained Miss Juliette Williams, Miss Isabel Kittle, Miss Marian Coffin, Miss Frances Allen, Mr. Grimwood Williams, Mr. Wilherforce Williams, Mr. Harry S. Bryan, and Mr. Allen Wright.

Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a luncheon at the University Club on Friday, September 27th, in honor of Mrs. Augustus Spreckels. Others at table were Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Miss Goodall.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord recently gave a dinner at their home on Jackson Street at which they entertained Mrs. James W. Keeney, Miss Ethel Keeney, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Parsons, Miss Mary Polhemus, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. George Loughborough, Mr. Knox Maddox, and Mr. Newcomb.

The first of the Presidio dances will be given on Tuesday evening, October 15th.

Miss Julia Reed was hostess on Thursday last at an informal tea given in honor of her sister, Mrs. Alphonse Duperu.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann gave a dinner and theatre-party at the Columbia on Wednesday evening, October 2d.

The members of the Entre Nous Cotillion Club will open their twelfth season with an assembly and german on Friday evening, October 25th, at the Palace Hotel.

The exhibit of the work of the wards of the missions in distant lands, and of our Indian reservations, will open at 1609 Sutter Street on Monday, October 7th, and will continue throughout the Episcopal convention. It will be held under the special supervision of the California branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, and admittance will be by card only, as the object of the exhibit is not to raise money, but to give information about the fields where the auxiliary is at work. The heads of the various courts are as follows: China, Mrs. John F. Swift; Mexico, Miss Gwin; Africa, Miss Alice Brown; the North American Indians, Mrs. Thurlow McMullin; the Philippines and West Indies, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton; Brazil, Mrs. Thomas L. Thompson; Japan, Mrs. Philip Caduc; Alaska, Miss Sallie Maynard; and Colored Missions of the South, Mrs. J. Goddard Clark.

The ladies in charge of the reception to be given at the Hopkins Art Institute on Wednesday evening, October 9th, to the members of the general convention and church people of San Francisco and vicinity, beg to have it distinctly understood that no tickets will be mailed; but those desiring tickets can obtain them by applying to the various rectors of San Francisco and neighboring parishes, to the diocesan head-quarters (1703 Bush Street), and to the Woman's Auxiliary head-quarters (1609 Sutter Street). There will be no admission without a ticket.

Mr. Shimada, the Japanese artist, has presented to the Art Institute two very excellent examples of his work. One of these, a school of fishes, is particularly admirable, showing as it does the diligent study that the artist has made for many years of this subject.

George M. Pullman, eldest son of the late Chicago millionaire, and Mrs. Sarah Brazell, a sister of Mrs. Sanger Pullman, were married at Carson, Nev., on Monday, September 30th.

## J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

The triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America was opened at Trinity Church with impressive ceremonies on Tuesday morning, and for nineteen days the session will continue in San Francisco. Of the many distinguished clerics and laymen of the country who are taking part in the deliberations, the most interesting is undoubtedly J. Pierpont Morgan, the financial king, organizer of the great billion-dollar combine, consolidator of American railway systems, and international banker. He comes to the convention as a simple lay delegate from St. George's parish, New York, of which he has been an active working member ever since he took up his residence in New York in the early 'seventies. At the last six conventions, covering a period of twenty-one years, he has been in his place as delegate and performed most valuable service on the committees to which he has been appointed.

His private train in which he crossed the continent with Bishop and Mrs. William Doane, of Albany, Rev. Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, Bishop Henry C. Potter and Miss Potter, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, of England, and Mrs. Marcoe and Miss Townsend, of New York, as guests, is one of the most luxurious which has ever reached this Coast. It was made up of six cars, and everything that could add to the comfort of his guests was supplied, not omitting three chefs, who served on the train which carried President McKinley and his party on their Western tour this spring. These cooks were borrowed from the Pennsylvania railroad for the occasion. Preceding the dining-car, as the train was made up, were the baggage and library car, the "Atlanta" and the "Petruchio," and a regular sleeping-car. Morgan's own private car, the "Columbia," was next after the dining-car. It contains both bed and sitting-room compartments, furnished in green and upholstered in leather and plush. The fifth car is the "Genesta," containing sleeping compartments and a small sitting-room, and the sixth, the "Aloy," is the drawing-room car. This car is furnished in green plush and opens in the rear on a broad observation platform, encased in glass.

Mr. Morgan, who is in his sixty-fourth year, is a New Englander by birth and ancestry. His mother, from whom he gets his middle name, was Miss Juliet, daughter of the Rev. John Pierpont, the author of the stirring little poem on the appeal supposed to have been made by Warren to his men at the Battle of Bunker Hill, which begins, "Stand! The ground's your own, my graves." Mr. Morgan inherited something of his grandfather's poetical nature, and in his youth did several things in verse which showed ability. On his father's side his family dates back to 1636, when Miles Morgan, the first of the line on this side of the water, landed on New England soil, and with a few others, founded the town of Springfield, Mass. Joseph Morgan, Mr. Morgan's grandfather, took part in the Revolution. As a farmer and tavern-keeper at Hartford, he amassed what was then counted a good fortune. His lands occupied a large part of Asylum Hill, and in time became quite valuable. This property was bequeathed to his son Junius, J. Pierpont Morgan's father, who by energy and natural aptitude for business, first as a dry-goods merchant and then as the associate of George Peabody, the great banker, multiplied it into millions, and laid part of the foundation for the vast fortune that has been gathered by his son.

Two of Mr. Morgan's most noted philanthropies have been the establishment, at a cost of over \$500,000, of the now well-known New York Trade School in the upper east side of New York, and the founding of a smaller trade school in connection with St. George's Church. Mr. Morgan has also given to Harvard University, for the Medical School, \$1,000,000; for a great lying-in hospital near St. George's Church, \$1,350,000; for St. John's Cathedral, \$500,000; for help toward paying the debts of the Young Men's Christian Association, \$100,000; for the Loomis Hospital for Consumptives, some \$500,000; for a library in Holyoke, Mass. (his father's birth-place), \$100,000; for preserving the Palisades along the Hudson River, \$125,000; for a new parish house and rectory for St. George's Church, \$300,000. He also contributed largely to the Queen Victoria memorial fund and to the Galveston relief fund; he presented St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, with a complete electric plant; and built a hospital at Aix-les-Bains, France.

During his stay in San Francisco, Mr. Morgan is occupying the Charles Crocker home on California Street, where on Wednesday night he gave an elaborate dinner-party in honor of the visiting Episcopal bishops and their families. Later the guests attended the informal reception of Bishop and Mrs. Nicholls, held at the Henry T. Scott residence on Laguna Street, which was placed at their disposal.

Episcopal convention visitors are invited to inspect the Art and Crystal rooms of Nathan-Dohrmann Co., and receive their instructive little souvenir booklet, "Hints to the Hostess," 122-132 Sutter Street, a half-block from the Occidental Hotel.

"THE YEAR ONE," by JOHN BLOUNDELL-Burton, has just been received by Cooper & Co.

## Pears'

We perspire a pint a day without knowing it; ought to; if not, there's trouble ahead. The obstructed skin becomes sallow or breaks out in pimples. The trouble goes deeper, but this is trouble enough.

If you use Pears' Soap, no matter how often, the skin is clear and soft and open and clear.

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EXTRA DRY

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## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOVER, Lessee  
San Francisco, Cal.

## 15 Minutes

sufficient to give you most delicious tea biscuit using Royal Baking Powder as directed. A pure, true leavener.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Anoexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Henry E. Huntington, accompanied by his mother and Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay, arrived from the East on Monday. Mrs. Huntington and her two daughters will sail from Europe for New York on Tuesday, October 8th, and are expected to San Francisco the latter part of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger will continue to occupy the De Guigné place at San Mateo during the winter.

Miss Gladys Merrill is visiting in Hallowell, Me., after her return from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer have returned from the Hotel Del Monte, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Josephine Morris de Greayer, after a trip through Canada and a visit to the Pan-American Exposition, is now at Mount Morris, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin have again rented the Blair residence on Van Ness Avenue for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Landers and Miss Berenice Landers have closed their country place at Sao Leandro, and will spend the winter in San Francisco, having taken the Avery McCarthy house at 2400 Broadway.

Mrs. Potter, wife of Lieutenant Ashtoo Potter, U. S. A., is expected here in a few weeks on a visit to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt.

Mrs. John McMillin is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Charles L. Weller, for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne have returned from the Hotel Del Monte, where they spent the summer months.

Mrs. Randolph Spreckels and her sister, Miss Marguerite Joffe, departed for the East last week and expect to be absent until the first of November.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton will be the guest of Mrs. J. D. Fry, at 1812 Jackson Street, during the month of October.

Mrs. Ira Pierce and Miss Sophie Pierce are sojourning at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Mrs. R. L. Ogden, and Miss Maylita Pease, who have been speeding the summer months in Portland, returned to San Francisco early in the week.

Mrs. J. A. Folger, who has been spending the summer in the White Mountains, near Jefferson, N. H., with Mr. and Mrs. Le Grande Tibbets, is expected home this month.

Mrs. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels have been visiting Mrs. Mounford S. Wilson at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks are still in Germany, having recently returned to Frankfurt from the Austrian Tyrol.

Mrs. Charles Keeney, Miss Ethel Keeney, and the Misses Loughborough are at the Hotel Del Monte for a short stay.

Miss Agnes Lane, Mrs. Phebe Hearst's niece, and Miss Grace Wiltshire, of Los Angeles, will sail from New York for Europe on Saturday, October 12th.

Mrs. R. T. Carroll and Miss Gertrude Carroll have taken apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker, where they will remain until their new home on Broadway is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Fair returned to New York from Paris last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Requa and General and Mrs. Oscar F. Loog were at the Hotel Del Monte last week, where they attended a birthday dinner-party given in honor of Mrs. A. N. Towne.

Mr. Charles W. Bonyne sailed from New York for Europe on Wednesday, September 25th.

Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond expects to leave soon for the East to be absent several weeks.

Mrs. Head and Miss Anna Head have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne, who has been traveling in Canada, is at present visiting the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Horst, who have recently returned from abroad, have taken a house on Pacific Avenue. The Rev. and Mrs. Thomas McLean, of St. Paul, are their guests during the Episcopal convention.

Miss Nelly Grant, of San Diego, has returned from an eight months' visit in the East, and is the guest of Miss Florence Mason, of Alameda. The latter will entertain in honor of Miss Grant this (Saturday) evening.

Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low, who have spent the summer months at the Hotel Del Monte, have taken apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the winter.

Miss Gwendolen Overton, of Los Angeles, who has been the guest of Colonel and Mrs. L. L. Bromwell, of Oakland, will leave shortly for the East with her mother, Mrs. Gilbert Overton.

Mrs. William Taylor and Miss Carrie Taylor went up to Sacramento last week to attend the wedding of Miss Medora Taylor and Mr. Hugh Price, of Loomis.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tuhbs were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. Charles E. Hall, who is here from Alaska, is the guest of his brother, Mr. George E. P. Hall, at his residence, 1917 Webster Street.

Mrs. William Ashburner was in Washington, D. C., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Wiel and Mr. and Mrs. M. Ehrman were in Munich on September 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee visited the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kittredge and Miss Kittredge, of Oakland, who have just returned from Saratoga, where they spent the summer months at their country place, "Tres Encino," have taken apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse, Miss Grace McKinley, and Lieutenant James F. McKinley, U. S.

A., have returned from the East, where they went to attend the funeral of President McKinley.

Mrs. Stanley and Miss Garber have returned to the city from Napa, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marriott left for Buffalo last Sunday to be absent a month. On their return they will spend the winter at the California Hotel.

Dr. Charles Cross has returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. Garret W. McEnerney sailed from New York for Europe on Tuesday, September 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Anderson have taken apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Pomeroy (née Barrington) have returned from a two years' residence in New York City, and are now living at 1107 Eighth Street, Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Wallbridge, of Toledo, O., who are attending the Episcopal convention, are staying at the Hotel Granada.

Dr. L. Neumann will give up his residence at 822 Sutter Street on November 1st, and soon after will depart for Europe. He expects to be absent several months.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, who have returned from Belvedere, have taken apartments at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper McDonald have given up their home at the corner of Gough and Pine Streets, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Congressman and Mrs. Julius Kahn have returned from Manila, after a three months' absence on a tour of the Philippine Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Derrham, who have returned from Europe, are at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. P. C. Drescher and Miss Drescher, of Sacramento, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Wilder and Mr. L. P. Johnson, of New York, Miss E. E. Estey, of Boston, Mrs. H. S. Robinson and Mr. A. Robinson, of Honolulu, Mrs. John Wolfkill, of Los Angeles, Mr. E. B. Krantschnitt, of New Orleans, Mr. C. E. R. Thurlow, of New Casile, Australia, Mr. N. J. Turner, of London, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Richardson, Mrs. W. H. Byington, Mr. A. G. Wieland, and Mr. Thomas M. Sullivan.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. W. Gruenhagen, Miss Feeney, Miss E. Feeney, and Miss J. G. Feeney, of Oakland, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Aubrey Robinson, and Mr. C. S. Robinson, of Honolulu, Miss Muir, Miss S. H. Muir, and Mr. Jacob Muir, of New York, Mrs. E. F. Delger, Mrs. J. K. Prior, Jr., Mrs. George Hellman, Miss Brown, Mr. E. D. Scott, Mr. J. G. Lowenburg, Mr. E. Bosch, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. W. F. Bowers, Mr. F. B. Willis, Mr. W. H. Draper, Mr. M. Calhoun, and Dr. W. Beatty.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Collie, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Buehler and Miss M. B. Brown, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Powers, of Pennsylvania, Miss Mand Fitch and Mr. O. H. Rafferty, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Carpenter, of New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Barton, of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Herr, Mrs. J. L. Latham, and Mr. C. T. German, of Los Angeles, Mrs. J. W. Smith, of Salt Lake City, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Murray and Miss J. Murray, of Cincinnati, Mr. A. H. Pollard, of Honolulu, Mr. M. C. Dotten, of Riverside, Miss M. A. Hodgson, Miss J. Beestoo, and Dr. J. G. Baachus, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. F. M. Boykin and Miss Boykin, of Richmond.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Surgeon-General George M. Sternberg, U. S. A., returned from Manila on Monday on the transport *Thomas* from a three months' tour of inspection of the Philippine Islands. After a few days stay in San Francisco, General Sternberg departed for Washington, D. C., to make his report.

General Evan Miles, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Miles have changed their place of residence to 2956 Sutter Street.

Brigadier-General John F. Weston, commissary-general, U. S. A., returned from Manila on the transport *Thomas* on Monday. He was a member of Adjutant-General Corbin's party, which sailed from this city for the Philippines in June.

Mrs. Chaffee, wife of Major-General A. R. Chaffee, U. S. A., and Miss Helen Chaffee have returned to Manila after a short visit to Shanghai.

Brigadier-General William A. Kobbé, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the transport *Thomas* on Monday, after a term of service in the Philippines extending over three years. He is now on sick leave, and will remain here, where his family reside, for some time.

Commodore William Swift, U. S. N., when relieved as governor of Guam, will resume command of the *Yorktown*.

Major Robert J. Gibson, surgeon, U. S. A., who for the past two and a half years has been the medical superintendent of the transport service at this port, is to be transferred to the Philippines, and will be succeeded by Major Ogden Rafferty, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Manila for two years.

The home of Surgeon P. A. Lovering, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lovering, at Mare Island, has been brightened by the advent of a son.

— MME. L. LEVENBERGER, 139 POST STREET, announces that she has returned to San Francisco with her exclusive models and novelties for coming fall and winter season.

— LADIES' "KNOX" FALL TRIMMED HATS arrived. Eugene Korn the Hatter, 726 Market Street.

— GO WHERE YOU WILL, THE BEST SALOONS sell Jesse Moore Whisky.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## A Song Recital for Pupils.

The song recital of the pupils of Bradford Peck and Mme. B. Anais Peck at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Tuesday, September 24th, attracted a large and appreciative audience. The programme was a varied and well-chosen one, showing off to advantage the accomplishments of the various pupils. "The Flower Song," from Gounod's "Faust," was sung with much color and expression by Miss Vera Mae Van Fossen, and "Pargi Amor," from "Le Nozze di Figaro," was rendered in admirable style by Mrs. Thomas Graham Crothers, who has been under Mme. Peck's tuition but six months. Schubert's "Wanderer" was sung in a full, rich baritone by Harry B. Tobey, while Miss Margaret Koox's interpretation of "Nobil Signore," from "The Huguenots," was rewarded with enthusiastic applause. "E Preghiera," from "Marie de Rohan," sung very effectively by Miss Carrie Enlass, completed the programme of the pupils. A violin solo and encore was given by Miss Lon Barbagelata, and Mme. Peck and Bradford Peck gave several charming selections, which brought to a close an instructive and enjoyable evening.

## The Minetti Concerts.

The sixth season of chamber concerts of the Minetti String Quartet will consist of five recitals (two afternoon and three evening) which will be given once a month. The first concert will take place on Saturday afternoon, October 12th, at quarter-past three, at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, corner Mason and Ellis Streets. Admission tickets will no longer be sold at the box-office, as these are subscription concerts only. Those wishing to subscribe are requested to send their names to G. Minetti, 1573 Hyde Street, or to Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store. The subscription for the series is four dollars.

The next musical evening in the popular series at Byron Mauzy Hall will be given Thursday evening, October 10, 1901, by the pupils of T. D. Herzog, teacher of violin in the Conservatory of Music. It will be an interesting event for any one who is studying the violin.

The first of the series of Pasmore popular concerts will be given in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening, October 22d, when an interesting programme will be rendered.

Mrs. Arcadia B. de Baker, who, accompanied by her brother, Don Juan de Bandoi, has been sojourning in San Francisco for a month, has returned to Los Angeles. It was more than thirty years since Don Juan had visited this city, and he was surprised beyond Castilian expression at its greatness and progress. Thirty-two years ago, at a grand *soirée* at the Lick House, Mrs. de Baker, then Mrs. Stearns, wore a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and was unanimously pronounced the most beautifully gowned woman present.

By the terms of the will of the late Mrs. Susan Field, widow of the late Supreme Justice Field, which has been filed in Washington, D. C., one-third of the estate goes to a niece, Miss Charlotte Anita Whitney, superintendent of the Associated Charities of Oakland. Two-thirds of the property is willed to a sister, Mrs. Coodit-Smith, which will revert to another sister, Mrs. Mary L. Whitney, of Oakland.

— GILBERT PARKER'S NEW BOOK, "THE RIGHT OF WAY," on sale at Cooper's.

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(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE  | From July 14, 1901.  | ARRIVE   |
|--|--|----------|
| 7.00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.   | 6.25 P.  |
| 7.00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.  | 7.55 P.  |
| 7.30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.   | 6.25 P.  |
| 8.02 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.  | 7.55 P.  |
| 8.00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.   | 12.25 P. |
| 8.00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.  | 7.25 P.  |
| 8.00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.   | 4.55 P.  |
| 8.30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.   | 7.55 P.  |
| 8.30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.                                    | 4.25 P.  |
| 8.30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese (Yosemite), Sonoma, Carthers.   | 4.25 P.  |
| 9.00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.  | 11.55 A. |
| 9.00 A.  | Vallejo.   | 12.25 P. |
| 9.00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.   | 7.25 P.  |
| 9.30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.   | 7.55 P.  |
| 10.00 A.   | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.  | 6.55 P.  |
| 11.00 P.   | Sacramento River Steamers.   | 15.00 A. |
| 3.30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.  | 7.55 P.  |
| 4.00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.   | 10.55 A. |
| 4.00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.   | 9.25 A.  |
| 4.00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.                                       | 12.25 P. |
| 4.30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore, Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.   | 10.25 A. |
| 5.00 P.  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.  | 8.55 A.  |
| 5.00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.   | 12.25 P. |
| 5.00 P.  | Yosemite.  | 12.25 P. |
| 5.30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.                         | 7.55 A.  |
| 6.00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.  | 7.55 A.  |
| 6.00 P.  | Vallejo.   | 12.25 A. |
| 6.00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.   | 12.25 P. |
| 6.00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.   | 4.25 P.  |
| 7.00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.                               | 8.55 A.  |
| 8.05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.   | 11.25 A. |
| 18.05 P.   | Vallejo.   | 7.55 P.  |
| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).<br>(Foot of Market Street.)   |  |          |
| 7.45 A.  | Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.   | 18.05 P. |
| 8.15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.  | 5.50 P.  |
| 12.15 P.   | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.                     | 10.50 A. |
| 4.15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.   | 18.50 A. |
| 4.15 P.  | Glenwood, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz.   | 18.50 A. |
| OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.<br>From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—<br>17.15 9.00 11.00 A.M. 2.00 3.00 5.15 P.M.<br>From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—<br>18.05 10.00 A.M. 12.00 2.00 4.00 P.M. |  |          |
| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).<br>(Third and Townsend Streets.)   |  |          |
| 6.10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.   | 6.30 A.  |
| 7.00 A.  | San José and Way Stations.   | 1.30 P.  |
| 7.00 A.  | New Almaden.   | 4.40 P.  |
| 7.30 A.  | Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.  | 18.30 P. |
| 9.00 A.  | San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.  | 7.30 P.  |
| 10.30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.   | 6.30 P.  |
| 11.30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.   | 5.30 P.  |
| 12.45 P.   | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove. | 10.45 A. |
| 3.30 P.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Way Stations.   | 4.10 P.  |
| 4.15 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.   | 9.45 A.  |
| 5.00 P.  | Way Stations.  | 19.00 A. |
| 5.30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.   | 8.30 A.  |
| 6.00 P.  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.  | 10.05 A. |
| 6.30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.   | 18.00 A. |
| 12.45 P.   | San José and Way Stations.   | 7.30 P.  |
| a For Morning. f For Afternoon.<br>s Sunday excepted. l Sunday only.<br>t Saturday only. m Monday.<br>e Saturday and Sunday. n Tuesdays and Fridays.   |  |          |
| The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.  |  |          |

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Does the course of their true love run smooth?" "Ob, yes; there are hanks on both sides."—*Moon-shine.*

"Is your son Jack going back to college?" "No. The college president seems to agree with Mr. Schwab about its being a waste of time."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Guide (referring to Egyptian Pyramids)—"It took hundreds of years to build them." O'Brien (the wealthy contractor)—"Thin it wor a gover'mint job—eh?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Back again: "Hullo, old boy, haven't seen you for an age! What are you doing now?" "I'm back at the old stamping-ground." "Eh! Where's that?" "Post-office."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

No deferred payments: "Is your daughter learning to play by note?" "Certainly not," answered Mrs. Cumrox, a little indignantly; "we pay cash for every lesson. The idea!"—*Washington Star.*

Fred—"I see the Van Billion girl has adopted the English fashion of wearing sandals." Ned (the rejected)—"Yes; it's an old Roman custom, and probably takes her back to her bappy childhood."—*Cleveland Spectator.*

"Isn't be philosophical?" "Well, I should say so! When the lightning struck his house, he sat perfectly quiet, and afterward said he was glad it happened, as he'd been thinking some time of getting his hair singed."—*Boston Home Journal.*

An interesting standard: "What is your idea of a man of honor?" "A man of honor," said the French nobleman, throwing out his chest, "is one who will pay his wine bills and card debts, even if he has to starve in order to get the money."—*Washington Star.*

In the future: "Do yez keep an assistant to the cook?" "Yes." "And do the assistant have a helper?" "She has." "And have yez a kitchenmaid to clane up after the assistant's helper?" "We have." "Well, I'll give yez a wake's trial."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Well, I'll acknowledge I'm disappointed," said Rivers, sourly; "I asked at least fifty people to-day what I ought to take for my cold, and not one of them recommended quinine and whisky." "What did they recommend?" asked Brooks. "Quinine."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Ruling passion strong in death: "I saw Mrs. K. going into an auction sale last Monday. Isn't her craze for bargains extraordinary?" "Yes, indeed. I believe she could die happy if she knew she would be laid out on a bargain-counter and buried as a remnant."—*Town and Country.*

Discovered: "They had been married a year before anybody knew it, and even then their secret was discovered only by accident." "Indeed?" "Yes, one evening at a card-party, they thoughtlessly played partners, and the way they quarreled let the whole thing out!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Might have been worse: "Poor h'ye!" exclaimed O'Hara, condoling with Cassidy, who had been injured by a blast; "'tis tough luck teh havyer hand blowed off." "Och! Faith, it might 'ave bin worse," replied Cassidy; "suppose O'f'd had me week's wage in it at the toime."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Ground plan completed: *Naggus* (literary editor)—"How is your new society novel getting on, Borus?" *Borus* (struggling author)—"Splendidly. I've got the French phrases I'm going to use in the story all selected. There's nothing to do now but to fill in the English and divide it into chapters."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The name that appealed: *Golf expert*—"So you received an accidental blow in the face with a golf club, eh? What were you hit with—brassie, cleek, mashie, lofter, or putter?" *Golf novice*—"I ain't sure which, but I think by the way my nose felt when I was struck that it must have been a mashie all right."—*Judge.*

Revivalist—"Is it possible that you dance?" *Fair sinner*—"Oh, yes, often." *Revivalist*—"Now, tell me, honestly and fairly, don't you think the tendency of dancing is toward sin?" *Fair sinner*—"I must confess that sometimes while dancing I have very wicked thoughts." *Revivalist*—"Aha! I feared so. When is it that you have wicked thoughts?" *Fair sinner*—"When my partner steps on my toes."—*New York Weekly.*

To prevent fits and convulsions during teething, mothers should always have on hand Steedman's Soothing Powders

The detachable sort: "Miss Flummery has such beautiful hair! Why, she can sit on it." "How careless of her to leave it lying around on chairs."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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| 9:30 A.         | 8:00 A.   | 1:00 P.          |
| 1:45 P.         | 10:00 A.  | 3:00 P.          |
| 4:15 P.         | 11:30 A.  | 4:25 P.          |
|                 | 1:15 P.   | 5:55 P.          |

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ie sympathetic strike which has wrought such mischief to San Francisco and to the entire State came to a close October 2d. It lasted for practically three months. It caused a vast amount damage. It paralyzed the fruit industry; it tied up the tin crop; it forced ten thousand men out of work; it ew thousands of homes into destitution; it caused the uoding and maiming of hundreds of inoffensive toilers; it rred up had blood and hatred between employers and

workmen; it familiarized the more violent strikers with sand-hagging and garroting; and it did not stop at murder. What else has it accomplished?

Nothing—absolutely nothing.

When the teamsters struck they did not strike for hours or wages, they struck on the question of unionism. They refused to work with non-union hands, and when their employers refused to discharge non-union hands, the union men struck. A general sympathetic strike of other unions followed.

After eleven weeks of idleness, a settlement was effected, and the men went back to work. The terms of the settlement have not been made public by the strike leaders, which makes it apparent that they do not look upon their struggle as a victory. However, the terms are substantially as follows:

"The employing draymen agree to employ all of their old drivers that they can.

"The drivers may come back as union men.

"They must agree to work peaceably with the non-union men already employed.

"They must obey all orders of their employers.

"They must not take orders from outsiders.

"The employing draymen will not permit interference in their business by the labor-unions.

"The scale of wages and of hours in force when the strike began will continue for one year."

The long strike was to force the employers to hire only union men. It has failed—ignominiously failed. Many of the employers who, prior to the strike, hired only union men, are now, after the strike, employing non-union men also. The strikers have gained nothing. They not only have gained nothing, but they have lost ground. Instead of the employers being forced into hiring only union men, the labor-unions have forced themselves into a position where they must work with non-union men.

Perhaps our readers will pardon us if we reprint here the words in which we warned the workmen, at the beginning of this strike, of its inevitable failure. This repetition is excusable because the Argonaut was the only journal to point out, before the strike began, its folly, and predict its failure; it was the only journal to warn the strikers that violence would defeat them; it was the first journal to condemn the outrages of the strikers when they began, and to demand their repression with a stern hand. As some of our half-hearted contemporaries were very noisy at the eleventh hour, to reprint these lines now is pardonable:

"The Brotherhood of Teamsters are threatening to call out all the men whose business it is to drive vehicles. The teamsters' strike has caused more general congestion of business than the iron-workers' strike. It has largely checked the moving of freight from the railways to the wholesale houses, and has seriously impeded the movement of the crops. The teamsters will lose the sympathy of all classes, the producer as well as the consumer. At this season the fruit-growers are making what little money they make—if they make any—during a few brief weeks, and the entire profits of their laborious year are now threatened with annihilation by the teamsters' strike. It will bring about throughout the entire State bitter hostility toward the trades-unions from the farming and fruit-growing classes.

"When this trouble began, the Argonaut warned the workmen that for the first time in the history of labor troubles in San Francisco they would meet with organized opposition; that in the past it had been organized labor against unorganized employers; that henceforth it would mean organized labor against organized capital; that in the end organized capital was almost certain to prevail. The iron-workers' strike has now gone on for over two months, with some loss in profits, it is true, to the iron-masters, but with absolute penury and suffering to the iron-workers. This strike of the teamsters seems even more ill-advised. The iron-workers are skilled craftsmen of the highest class. Teamsters, on the other hand, are not skilled workmen. If the skilled artificers in steel and iron have not been able to bring their employers to terms in two months, how long is it going to take the unskilled teamsters to triumph over their employers?

"These words are not written in a spirit of unkindness or unfriendliness toward the striking workmen. They have a right to strike so long as they do not commit breaches of the law, and that they have not done up to the time of writing these lines. But they are engaged in an enterprise which can result in nothing but enforced idleness, suffering, and disaster."

As this is written, the skilled iron-workers are still on strike, although there are rumors of an approaching settlement. We sincerely trust that it is true. But the strike of

the unskilled workers has collapsed, and, to quote our own words of weeks ago, it has "resulted in nothing but enforced idleness, suffering, and disaster."

The Argonaut, now and always, has believed that working-men have a perfect right to organize into unions to improve their condition, to shorten their hours, and to increase their pay. It believes they have a right to use the strike and the boycott to accomplish these ends, so long as they keep within the law. They naturally have a right to choose their own leaders. But they are very unfortunate in the men they have chosen. For their leaders selected the wrong time to strike—the harvest season; the wrong people to injure—the fruit and grain-growers; the wrong kind of workers to strike with—the teamsters, the porters, the stevedores, and the longshoremen. All of these workmen are just a grade above the ordinary laboring man. All that the labor-unions succeeded in doing was in making implacable enemies of some innocent outsiders who previously were their friends.

But there is another thing that the labor-unions have succeeded in doing. We warned them of that also—they have united the employers. All through this strike the labor leaders have contended that they were fighting for the right to organize into unions. This is false. They were fighting to prevent the employers from organizing into unions. That was where the fatal weakness of their conduct lay. They have a right to form unions undoubtedly. But have not their employers the right to do so? Unquestionably. And it was to prevent other men from exercising a right they claim themselves that the labor leaders have waged this losing fight.

We told the labor leaders that they were unwise in precipitating this battle, because it would solidify the forces of their opponents. It has done so. The employers of San Francisco have been partially unionized for the first time. They will speedily be all unionized. In the fierce battle that has just been fought, they have seen that there was safety only in solidarity. There are always some foxy employers, some sharp shop-keepers who want to "stay out," in such a movement as this, in order to reap some mean advantage over their braver rivals. But in the bitter battle just terminating, some of these foxy persons lost their ears and tails and came very near losing their skins. In order to prevent the aforesaid skins from decorating the enemy's barn-doors, they will all be in line at the next battle. If not loyal through loyalty, they will be made so by the cohesive power of terror.

But the most deadly stab which the labor leaders have inflicted on the cause of labor is the alienation of its former friends—the farmers. In 1894 the labor leaders tied up the State with a sympathetic strike in the midst of the harvest season. They nearly ruined the farmers then. Now, seven years afterward, they have repeated their treachery. They have inflicted vast damage on the fruit and grain-growers, and in many cases ruin. The labor leaders profess to be ignorant and innocent of all this, and say that they are the friends of the farmers. They will find it hard to make the farmers believe them.

The fruit and grain-growers have done no harm to the trades-unions; on the contrary, they have always "stood in" with them. In the legislature, the interior delegations have always voted for measures in favor of organized labor, higher wages, and shorter hours. The agriculturists have always worked with the trades-unions in favor of excluding Chinese immigration, although many of them believe that their interests do not lie that way. What is their reward? In a quarrel between the employers and the labor-unions of San Francisco, with which the farmers have nothing to do, the workmen of the country are given a deadly stab by the workmen of the city.

Will they retaliate? They would be more or less than human if they did not. They will retaliate. Never again will the trades-unions of California receive the political or moral support of the farmers of California. We very much



ear that the gravest feature of this coming vendetta is that it will result in the possible repeal of the Chinese exclusion law.

The unwise course of the labor leaders in the recent strike will almost inevitably bring about grave changes in the industrial and social condition of California. This community is an anomalous one. We occupy a narrow zone on the western rim of the American continent. We are nothing but a green strip between the desert and the ocean. We are cut off from our brothers of the East by mighty mountain ranges and vast plains of arid sand. As Bishop Berkeley's inspired lines would indicate, we are the outpost of Anglo-Saxon civilization on the West—it is here that the Occident looks toward the Orient. But we shall soon cease to be an outpost of Anglo-Saxon civilization. This Coast, we fear, may soon become an annex to Asiatic civilization.

For twenty years this journal, in common with other honest and intelligent journals, has fought for the preservation of Anglo-Saxon institutions on this Coast. We have steadily maintained the right of white American workingmen to live here, and to bring up their families here according to the institutions and traditions of a Christian Anglo-Saxon civilization. That civilization has sometimes been in danger, for a civilization which rests upon the workingman must share in his characteristics. If he is a slave, it will be a slaveholder's civilization; if he is semi-servile, it will be a semi-servile civilization; if he is a freeman, it will be a civilization of free and enlightened men. Early in the history of California this civilization was temporarily degraded by the injection of thousands of Asiatic coolies. This Asiatic taint implanted vices and habitudes upon our Anglo-Saxon system which are not yet eradicated. It made many forms of labor seem to be ignoble. It filled our cities with hoodlums, male and female. It turned many of our young men into opium fiends and many of our young women into worse. It made them look upon menial labor as beneath them. Who ever sees a white California girl scrubbing a sidewalk, as you see white girls doing in New York and Boston? The very idea jars upon a Californian. Yet you see Chinese in this community engaged in that and other occupations which are menial and yet not degrading.

The presence of these coolies here brought about a condition which rendered many forms of honest labor distasteful to young white men and women. Accordingly, the growth of this exotic Asiatic immigration was checked by the exclusion laws. They have now been enforced for twenty years in two periods of ten years. When the first exclusion law was passed, in 1882, it was passed in the face of the opposition of the richer class in the East. The South was indifferent. The West was semi-indifferent, but inclined to side with the Pacific Coast. The Republican party was divided. The Democratic party was indifferent, but decided that it was good politics to favor exclusion. Therefore the Republican party at once concluded that it would be had politics to oppose exclusion. The result was that an exclusion bill was passed. Ten years later, in 1892, another exclusion bill was passed, with growing opposition to the bill. In the East the sentiment was still stronger against exclusion. In the West the sentiment of opposition to exclusion was weaker. The South was still indifferent.

The Chinese question is again coming up for consideration next May, when the present exclusion bill expires by limitation. What is the public opinion of the United States now concerning this bill? Let us classify and summarize.

The McKinley administration was not in favor of Chinese exclusion. It was not openly in favor of immigration, but Secretary Hay's fiscal, political, and economic policies in the Orient are so elaborate that Chinese exclusion is certain to embarrass if not endanger them. Secretary Hay and the administration can not bring about the treaties which they desire for the maintenance and growth of trade with the Orient if they prevent Orientals from coming here. They can not have the "open door" when to China Hay presents a closed door. Therefore, Secretary Hay and the administration will silently cast their weight in favor of immigration and against the exclusion bill. It may be said that President Roosevelt is not in accord with this policy of Secretary Hay. But he has declared himself unequivocally in favor of all the policies of the late administration. Until he declares himself, with equal clearness, as opposed to its Chinese policy, he must be considered as in its favor.

Next in importance to the administration come the religious, professional, political, social, and mercantile elements of the East. These classes have always been in favor of Chinese immigration, and have always been opposed to exclusion. They are more so now than ever. They are now actively engaged in circulating petitions to repeal the exclusion laws.

A new element in the matter is the South. During the

past ten years the South has found that negro labor can not be depended upon. The South is now considering the importation of coolie labor. With Chinese coolies, Southern men believe that her vast fields of rice, cotton, sugar-cane, and tobacco can be adequately cultivated, and that the South will again resume her proud position as a rival to her manufacturing sister of the North. Therefore, in the South there is now a large element in favor of Chinese immigration.

The national Republican party, as a whole, is not opposed to Chinese immigration. In the East the party as a whole will oppose exclusion; the leaders will largely follow the lead of the administration. In the West the party will be divided. On the Pacific Coast it has hitherto been largely in favor of exclusion.

On the Pacific Coast all classes hitherto have been nominally in favor of exclusion and against immigration. It is doubtful whether these conditions will endure. By reason of the recent strike a bitter hostility has been engendered toward the striking labor-unions among the fruit-growers and farmers. So with the employers in the cities. During the last ten years, under the exclusion laws, the supply of labor from China has been entirely cut off, and the number here has been largely diminished. Farmers have frequently been seriously embarrassed in handling their crops. None the less, they have stood loyally by the principle of Chinese exclusion, and they have backed up the trades-unions in all legislation designed to better their condition and to encourage the enforcement of the exclusion law. Now, however, the sympathetic strikes of 1901 have so irritated the fruit-growers and farmers that they are discussing all over the State the question of withdrawing their opposition to Chinese immigration. The mischievous strike of 1901 ruined many fruit-growers, crippled thousands of others, and temporarily crippled all. It threatened to ruin the grain crop of thousands of farmers who could not get their grain aboard the ships by reason of the striking stevedores. This danger is by no means over, and vast losses still hang over the State. Thus the largest element among the voters of the State, which has been manifesting a growing disposition toward modifying the Chinese exclusion law, is suddenly impelled to repeal it by this ill-timed strike.

Still another element is the employers in cities. For many years the steamships and other vessels going out of San Francisco have been manned by white sailors, with the exception of the Pacific Mail and the White Star steamers. The coast seamen of California have received good wages, all the ships have been manned by union men, and their employers have been most considerate. Senator Perkins, one of the founders of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, was himself once a sailor, and has always treated his men with generosity and consideration. Another of the principal shipping concerns is the firm of J. D. Spreckels Brothers. They also have always employed union men, have paid the highest wages, and have treated their men with consideration. These ship-owners have been angered not only by the strike, but by their employees breaking a contract with them extending over a term of months. It will make them look with equanimity on the idea of ships manned with Asiatic crews.

We have not at hand the federal statutes concerning shipping and admiralty. But we venture the prediction that it will not be long before other steamers sailing from San Francisco will, like the Pacific Mail and White Star boats, be manned by Oriental crews. We do not say Chinese, but Oriental. At all events, the Coast Seamen's Union will find themselves confronted by other seamen brought from other places on the ships plying in Pacific waters. It must not be forgotten that one set of Orientals—the Filipinos—are fellow-citizens of ours, and entitled to ship on vessels plying in coastwise traffic.

Who, then, have we left in the whole United States as advocates of Chinese exclusion? We have a portion of the Democratic party and the labor-unions of California. The majority of the Democratic party is the solid South, and the South is already showing that it is not in favor of Chinese exclusion. We may, therefore, say that less than half of the Democratic party will oppose Chinese immigration, but even that is problematical. As for the national Republican party, the figures of previous votes on Chinese exclusion show that the party is not very strongly in favor of excluding any race. The vote of the agriculturists of California—which is its principal vote—may now be looked upon as hostile to the labor-unions. Thus we have in the whole United States the labor-unions of California as against the rest of the country, with possibly some slight sentimental adhesions from trades-unions of the East.

If skilled workingmen believe that Oriental coolie labor can do them no harm, they are in error. It is true that Chinese coolies can not fill the places of skilled artificers, like iron and steel-workers, but they can fill the lower grades, and the

lower grades can fill the upper. For example, during the past eleven weeks Filipinos, Japanese, and negroes have been taking the places of white longshoremen, porters, and stevedores in San Francisco. So, climbing the industrial ladder, porters can take the place of teamsters; teamsters can take the place of helpers in iron-works; helpers can take the place of second-rate machinists; second-rate machinists can take the place of first-class workmen. There you have the whole. If the coolie comes in at the bottom he will weaken the whole fabric erected by the labor-unions.

If Chinese immigration be again permitted, California will revert to original conditions. It was once a vast country covered with ranges for pasturage, owned by wealthy Spaniards, over which poor cowboys rode. This gave place to vast wheat-fields, owned by wheat-kings, on whose acres toiled thousands of laborers. These conditions greatly changed, and the wheat-ranches have been giving way to fruit-ranches. It looked as if California might become a garden of the Lord, an ideal commonwealth of the great republic—a land covered with the homes of white American workingmen, where their wives and children might be reared as worthy inhabitants of this fruitful land. But California, we fear, may now revert to her original condition. She may become a vast plantation, instead of the home of millions of prosperous workingmen and their families. She may become the residence of many millions, it is true, but as a semi-servile State. Instead of valleys covered with the fruit-ranches, in small holdings, of well-clad, well-fed, well-educated workingmen and their families, California, we fear, may become the property of rich planters, upon whose vast acres will toil many thousands of Filipino, Chinese, and Japanese coolies. And there may some day be erected here an aristocracy of the very rich, built upon this substratum of the semi-servile poor.

All of these things may come to pass. They might have come to pass in any event. But they have been retarded by excluding Chinese coolies for twenty years. If they now are accelerated by renewing coolie immigration, it will be directly due to a change in sentiment on Chinese exclusion, and that change in sentiment will be directly due to the mischievous strike engineered by vicious labor leaders in July, 1901.

The uncertain situation of the Democratic municipal nominating convention has probably never been paralleled in the political history of San Francisco, or any other large American city.

There was a unanimity among all the available candidates to the effect that they had no desire to sacrifice themselves on the altar of their party. This was especially the case with regard to the most important positions—mayor and supervisors—and these nominations were left for later consideration. Mayor Phelan positively declined to run for a fourth term. Attorney Lane preferred his present position; Assessor Dodge pleaded ill health. John H. Wise thought he had a better chance to be elected auditor. So it went through the list. Finally Supervisor Joseph S. Tobin gave a reluctant consent, after several previous positive refusals. The meeting of the convention itself was postponed until the last possible moment, and it was necessary for the registrar to keep his office open until midnight on the last day for the purpose of receiving nominations. The platform recognizes national affairs in the demand for the exclusion of Chinese and all other forms of Asiatic labor, and in an expression of regret at the death of President McKinley. The remainder is concerned entirely with municipal questions. Fourteen planks "point with pride" to the achievements of the present Democratic administration in reducing the rate of taxation to one dollar and seven cents; economizing the administration of the government in the various departments; increasing the assessment roll by taxing corporate franchises at their full value; cleaning and improving the streets; inaugurating the work of building new school-houses; paying the back salaries of teachers and the amounts due to creditors of the school department; lowering water rates, thereby saving rate-payers two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars; reducing gas and electric-light rates, and improving street-lighting; investigating the question of a municipal water-supply; fixing the rate of wages for laborers at two dollars and seventy-five cents a day; enforcing the eight-hour law; and securing two-and-one-half-cent car-fare for school children. Eight planks refer to future policy. The mayor and supervisors are pledged to an adherence to the policy of corporate regulation; to the gradual acquisition of public utilities; to assume control of the Geary Street car line, and to extend it so that all parts of the city may have a municipal car line; to set aside for permanent improvements "a large sum as the condition of the assessment roll will justify"; and to continue the work of replacing cobblebs by cleaner, smoother, and more sanitary pavements. The platform demands that water-mains large enough to secure complete fire protection shall be laid in accordance with the suggestions of the chief engineer of the fire department

THE EAST IS  
IN FAVOR OF  
CHINESE LABOR.

WILL THIS STATE  
BECOME AN  
ANNEX TO ASIA?

THE DEMOCRATIC  
PLATFORM  
AND NOMINEES.



that a sufficient number of fire-proof school-houses shall be built immediately; and that the city front shall be placed under the control of the city.

As has been said, Supervisor Joseph S. Tobin was nominated for mayor. Franklin K. Lane was renominated for city attorney, Samuel H. Brooks for treasurer, Edmond Godchaux for recorder, Patrick Boland for public administrator, Lewis F. Byington for district attorney, Dr. T. W. B. Leland for coroner, and Alfred J. Fritz and C. T. Conlan for police judges. The new names on the ticket are John H. Wise for auditor, J. S. Wardell for sheriff, Joseph Fassler for tax collector, and George Dahlender for county clerk. For supervisors, Dr. A. A. d'Ancona, H. W. Brandenstein, John Connor, Peter J. Curtis, Lawrence J. Dwyer, W. N. McCarthy, James B. Booth, A. Comte, Jr., Samuel Brauhart, and Henry J. Stafford are renominated from the present board. The new names are William D. Wasson, house-manager of the Press Club; William P. Bock, hotel proprietor; James Butler, with the Workingmen's Cooperative Boot and Shoe Company; John Landers, manager of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company; Henry Payot, of Payot, Upham & Co.; Maurice V. Samuels, attorney at law; Knox Maddox, attorney at law; and Luther Wagoner, civil and mining engineer. Hotaling, Jennings, Fontana, and Reed, of the present board, were not renominated, the first three because they declined, the last because he is not popular with the managers of his party.

It is with regret that we are obliged to note a disaster in the Philippines at a time when the indications were that all serious trouble was over. The Island of Samar, which is equal in size to the State of Ohio, has never been pacified, and no force was sent there until about three months ago. It is a wild, uncultivated island, containing friendly natives distributed along the coasts and infested with guerrilla hands in the interior. It was never subjugated, even by Spain. The greater part of the archipelago being rapidly pacified, a battalion of the Ninth Regiment, which served with General Chaffee in China, was sent to Samar to hunt down the rebels there. Company C, while breakfasting near Balangiga, was attacked by insurgents on the morning of September 28th, and almost entirely obliterated. Out of a total of seventy-two, all but twenty-four were killed, and the survivors, of whom eleven were wounded, succeeded in reaching Manila. The insurgents secured all of the company supplies and all its rifles, except twelve, which, together with the mortality, shows that the attack must have been a complete surprise. The sudden loss of forty-eight veteran soldiers who had won distinction in Asia comes with a shock, which even an analysis of the case does not wholly relieve. It is one of those unfortunate circumstances of guerrilla warfare, and, as General MacArthur has well said, "a deplorable, isolated incident, which will have no effect upon the general result." The operations of the insurgents are under General Lukhan, who has never been suppressed, and who is supposed to have with him a band of natives armed with about three hundred rifles. The American force in the island is between two thousand and twenty-five hundred, divided among various posts; it is charged with hunting down the rebels in a large territory. The disaster to Company C is believed to have occurred while on an expedition after roving hands of insurgent natives.

As the catastrophe was the result of a surprise, a court-martial, to be convened in Manila by General Chaffee, will inquire into the arrangements for the safety of the men, why proper sentinels were not posted, and what disposition of the command was made upon the attack. In the meantime, Colonel De Russey, of the Eleventh Regiment, stationed near the scene of the attack, has sent a strong force to chastise the savages.

Interest in the strikes that have demoralized the industry of the country was nearly overshadowed last week by the international yacht races for the America's Cup. trophy that is known as the America's Cup. For more than half a century now this country has successfully defended the cup against the speediest boats that the experts of Great Britain could build. The defenders and challengers in each succeeding contest have shown the best work that the two countries could turn out. The history of the cup contests is the history of yacht development during the half-century, and it is interesting to note that, starting with two entirely distinct types, the models have approached nearer and nearer to each other year by year. How long the process of improvement can be continued it is of course impossible to say. But the limit has been very closely approached, if it has not yet been reached. It is also interesting to note that while *Shamrock II.* is distinctly superior to *Shamrock I.*, *Constitution*, the boat built for this year's races, was inferior to the defender of two years ago. This would suggest that American yacht-building has reached its limit, while there is still room for improvement in British

methods of construction. On the other hand, it is a fact well known to yachtsmen that, with two boats built upon exactly the same lines throughout, one will prove speedier than the other. There is an intangible individuality to a yacht that can not be controlled by the builder, yet has a determining influence in her speed. It may be that another yacht built on the lines of *Constitution* or *Columbia*. Every American naturally rejoices that the cup is to remain on this side of the ocean, for a time at least, but the very spirit of rivalry which these contests engender increases the feeling of international amity.

The United States Treasury Department has handed down an important decision regarding the status of Chinese born in Hawaii before the islands were annexed to the United States. The question arose in the case of Ti Li Hong, a Chinese merchant who became a citizen of Hawaii several years ago. He sought to enter this country, claiming to be a citizen under the terms of the resolution of annexation and subsequent statute passed by Congress. Collector Stratton refused to admit him, acting under the provisions of the Chinese exclusion act, and the matter was referred to the Treasury Department at Washington. That department has now decided that Chinese who were citizens of Hawaii before annexation are now citizens of this country, and can come and go at their pleasure. In accordance with this decision, Collector Stratton was instructed to release Ti Li Hong from detention and to permit him to land. The decision of the Treasury Department is, of course, not final. It merely establishes a rule of action in that department. The question will not be settled until it has been taken into the courts and finally passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States. Until that time the decision of the Treasury Department will stand, and it is extremely probable that when the question reaches the Supreme Court that tribunal will sustain the decision of the Treasury Department. Two years ago, when the question of Hawaiian annexation was being actively discussed, the *Argonaut* warned the advocates of that policy that annexation would open the doors of this country to the Chinese. This is the open-door policy that the Chinese are most anxious to see adopted. Some of our contemporaries at that time affected to believe that the *Argonaut's* fears were ungrounded. The decision of the Treasury Department proves that those fears were abundantly justified. There are thousands of Chinese in Hawaii who will take advantage of this decision. Chinese can land in Hawaii, and so secure entrance to this country more easily than they can come across the Mexican or Canadian borders. Not only this, but the reasoning of the decision applies with even greater force to the numbers of undesirable laborers now resident in Hawaii, who can come here in spite of the restrictions of all the immigration laws. This is one of the unfortunate features of annexation that should receive the immediate attention of Congress.

President Roosevelt made a move last week which signifies the trial of a new party policy respecting the Southern States. Heretofore the custom of making federal appointments from among the handful of Republican politicians has been uniformly followed, with the result that the best men have not always been secured, and the old cleavage between white and black has been kept up by a persistent effort to exploit the colored vote in the interest of the party. President Roosevelt recently called Mr. Booker T. Washington, the foremost representative of the negro race, to the White House for consultation, and seems to have based the new policy on his advice, which was that the respect and allegiance of the South could best be gained by filling federal offices there with the best material among white residents, regardless of party lines.

That the President has an earnest purpose in making the trial for the benefit of the whole South is evidenced by his recent appointment of ex-Governor Jones, of Alabama, to a vacant district judgeship in that State. Jones is a Democrat, an ex-Confederate officer, and his administration as governor in the early 'nineties was signalized by energetic suppression of lawlessness, and strong measures for preserving the financial credit of his State.

We explained two weeks ago the causes of the conflict between the Hawaiian courts over the question of the scope of American legal forms during the period between annexation and the establishment of a Territorial government. Briefly stated, the situation was that the supreme court of the islands sustained the idea that the Newlands resolutions did not repeal the laws contrary to our constitution, and the federal courts repudiated that contention. Under the decision of the federal courts, criminals who had been tried and convicted during

the interregnum were released on *habeas corpus*, with the statement that not having been in jeopardy they could be re-arrested and re-tried. Among the cases are those of George Wade, who killed a fellow-steward on the *Australia*; four Japanese rioters, convicted of manslaughter; and a Chinese burglar. These have been re-arrested and again charged with their crimes. Deputy Attorney-General Davis, who was a representative of the *habeas corpus* proceedings, has stated on authority the policy of the Hawaiian government will be to follow the decisions of the federal courts. His authority is said to be Governor Dole, who will thus array himself against the Territorial supreme court. On arraignment, the Japanese refused to plead, on advice of an attorney, which action is supposed to be a warning of new *habeas corpus* proceedings, but is not expected to prevent a new trial. It is highly probable that the difficulty will not be settled until the Supreme Court of the United States takes a hand in it.

For some time the daily newspapers of this city have been receiving contributions to a fund to be expended in the erection of some suitable memorial for President McKinley. It will probably be some time before the desired amount has been raised. Nevertheless, it is not too early to consider the form that the proposed memorial shall take—an important question. A number of ideas have been suggested, some of them appropriate, some almost grotesque. One man proposes that the fund should be used to make loans to worthy and needy citizens, charging two per cent. a year interest to defray the expense of administering the fund! Another proposes a McKinley hospital; another, McKinley parks in each county of the State. Statues of various kinds and in various locations have their advocates, but the best idea that has been suggested as yet is a memorial gate at the main entrance to Golden Gate Park. The location, with its broad approach, is admirable for the purpose; it would be an ornament to the park and to the city of which the people might well feel proud, and it would be seen not only by residents, but by every visitor who comes to the city.

A new political organization that proposes to take an active part in the municipal campaign was formed Monday afternoon, under the name of the Non-Partisan League. Nathan Biho was chosen president; A. B. Treadwell, Peter Stolberg, and George K. Fitch, vice-presidents; and Emanuel Lorenzo, secretary. A declaration of principles adopted shows that "the league favors the election of public-spirited citizens to office, without regard for party, and the acquisition and operation of all public utilities by the city." On Tuesday evening a second meeting was held, at which H. V. Morehouse, E. R. Peace, and Charles G. Nagle made addresses, and it was decided that a convention should be held to nominate or indorse a ticket for the ensuing city election. The executive committee of fifteen members will appoint three hundred delegates to the convention. Among those already mentioned as candidates in connection with this movement are Reginald Webster, superintendent of schools, for mayor; William Broderick for auditor; and W. A. Deane for county clerk.

One result of the assassination of President McKinley is the expression of opinion by various prominent men that promiscuous hand-shaking by the executive at public receptions should come to an end. A counter-opinion, stated by a paper in Washington, D. C., that "a President who spent his time in seclusion through fear of the people would suffer individually and officially, impair the prestige of his office, and hold a course which would be a tacit indictment of the country," is a sample of the veriest nonsense, mainly because it is a reckless exaggeration of the suggestion. Public hand-shaking, well enough within limits, has grown to be not only a danger but a nuisance. It adds nothing to expressions of popular personal approval. The eager crowding to grasp a President's hand destroys the pleasure of the meeting for both parties, and the physical effort is a hardship to its victim. It offers the best of opportunities for cranks and anarchists, and for that reason alone should be curtailed, if not abolished.

According to Noah Brooks, in his volume, "Washington in Lincoln's Time," "it was natural, but to a lover of Lincoln almost surprising, that while the lifeless form of the martyr was being borne home to Illinois, the newly installed President, Andrew Johnson, was surrounded, courted, and flattered by eager crowds of courtiers and office-seekers in Washington. Multitudes from every part of the country rushed upon Washington, some with windy and turgid addresses to the new President, and many more with applications for official favor. To a thoughtful man this exhibition was disgusting beyond description."

A gold medal was awarded to the California State Mining Bureau for the finest collection of minerals exhibited at the recent Paris Exposition.



## THE WATERS OF MARAH.

A Scene at the Fall of the Curtain.

It was nearly seven o'clock, and very foggy. The plaza was almost deserted; the shabby men who seem to be as much a part of its adjuncts as the trees and the benches, and who sit, day and night, with their hats pulled far over their eyes, and their hands in their pockets, thrusting their feet out into the paths, had disappeared. The babel of Chinatown was hushed, and even the electric cars, clanging their way through Kearny Street, seemed remote. The line of battered carriages that stretches always along the eastern side of the plaza formed gray silhouettes against a grayer background, the horses' heads drooping dejectedly. Now and then, a soft-shod Chinese shuffled by, in his passage, compassed in a few steps, from the Occident to the Orient. The gilt caravel crowning the Stevenson memorial fountain caught and reflected dully the faint glow of the street lamps, and the inscription on the block of granite forming the shaft was dimly discernible.

Horace Belden stood before it. Like the other shabby men who frequent the plaza, he wore his hat over his eyes, and carried his hands in his otherwise empty pockets, and, like them, he had been sitting on one of the benches, with his feet thrust out into the path. He had been thinking of Stevenson and his wonderful spirit; reflecting that he used to come and sit in this plaza when "things were running crossways," and wondering if, with Stevenson, things seemed always to be "running crossways" in spite of his brave front. So he got up to read again the inscription that he knew by heart.

"To be honest, to be kind"—and Stevenson knew something about poverty and ill-health and discouragement, too—"to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered"—ah, but Stevenson created! When the world was black without, he turned to his own! If he had been a musician, a singer, would he have been able to withstand so nobly the disappointments and failures that he might have met? If he had seen youth and position and voice and pupils slip from him, one by one, leaving him stranded at last, having given his life to one thing, loving but one thing, knowing but one thing, and that one thing gone from him, could he have conceived the idea of renunciation without bitterness?

To do something that endures is to crystallize hope; then, failure seems temporary, for there remain the uncounted years of the future. But to the singer, whose best work is born and dies in a breath, there is only the present instant. And yet, Belden thought passionately, no man, not even Stevenson, had ever loved to write as Horace Belden had loved to sing. Nothing that endures, he argued to himself, can be as dear to the human heart as that which never can be imprisoned, never can be possessed; that moves men mightily and dies in the effort, to live again in the next breath. Could one have that power, and see the years steal it from him, without bitterness?

A drunken man lurched out of the surrounding grayness, and, with an unsteady hand, drew a cup of water. Straightening himself, with an attempt at dignity, he waved the cup at the caravel. "Here's to you, Louis, old boy!" he gravely said. "If you were alive, you wouldn't see me here drinking this."

Belden stared at him a moment in disgust, and then turned impatiently away and wandered down Kearny Street. He was cold, but what of that? He was hungry, but what of that? He was without a dime, but he had grown used to that. The only thing that impressed itself on his consciousness was that over in Mission Street, at the opera-house, they would be singing "Faust" within an hour, with Helene Solani as Marguerite, and a new tenor as Faust. He stopped at the window of a music-store where her portrait was displayed, her name in large type on the margin. He looked at the picture critically, noting the calm poise of the head, and the authority in the attitude. The line of the lips, as he remembered it, should be softer, the chin less firm, and the level glance less certain than this.

She had made her *début* as Marguerite, and he remembered how her voice had trembled in her opening phrase, "No, signor, io non son damigella nè bella." He had whispered re-assuringly to her, and she had smiled at him gratefully. By the time they had reached the third act she had forgotten the audience and was singing superbly, and at the end of the great trio the people rose from their seats, shouting, and when he led her down to the footlights, she was crying. He had never seen her weep but once again. That was when, at the benefit which the company gave poor Nicoletti, Belden, the *primo tenore*, sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." She was to sing the next number, and they had to wait for her. "That Horace Belden," she had sobbed, "he breaks my heart when he sings like that!"

Belden smiled confidentially at the picture, and wondered if she remembered. He strolled along, oblivious to his surroundings, lost in memories of the days when his name had been placarded above hers, and enthusiastic critics had hailed him as "the purest lyric tenor of the century." When he realized the present again, he found himself at the stage-door of the opera-house. He wondered if she had arrived. Should he make an effort to see her? It was years since he had entered the stage-door of an opera-house.

While he hesitated, a carriage rumbled around the corner, and stopped near him. Some one opened the door and stepped out, and then a voice—the rich, sweet voice that he remembered—said: "Is it very wet, Marie?"

"Yes, madame; and madame must not talk," replied the maid.

"Why don't they open the door?" queried the voice. Belden impulsively started forward. At that moment the stage-door was hurriedly opened, and the light streamed out. Solani stepped from her carriage, only her straight brow and weary eyes showing above the lace that muffled the lower

part of her face. In a flash, Belden saw his own figure—his gaunt, unshaven face, shabby clothing, frayed linen, and ragged shoes. He shrank back into the shadows, and, with a careless glance in his direction, she passed into the theatre and the door was closed behind her.

Belden's hands were clenched and his teeth were set. That was Helene Solani, one-time *prima donna* of the Mapleton Opera Company, and he, Horace Belden, *primo tenore* when she made her *début*, cowered in the dark and dared not speak her name as she passed him. And why? Because he had outlived his power. But had he? If he could get one more chance—if some one who had influence would speak to the manager of this company, for instance—Helene was always an angel of mercy to the unfortunate—if—Then he remembered the drunken man in the plaza. "Here's to you, Louis, old boy! If you were alive—" He laughed bitterly and turned away, stumbling toward the street.

But the voice he had heard haunted him. He wondered if she still used that fascinating trick of phrasing in the hallad. And had her voice gained power enough for the great trio? It had sometimes seemed a shade light for that. So, with his memories and his disappointment, he summoned afresh all the ghosts of his past, and they taunted him into a fever. True, he had not tasted food for more than forty-eight hours, but his physical hunger was as nothing compared to his longing to hear again that voice.

Stop—there is the Kermesse! They are beginning the second act. It was a hand-organ. He cursed the owner, and passed on. Money—he must have money; he must hear that opera. He wondered that he had ever called "Faust" old-fashioned. What had the new operas, what had Mascagni and Leoncavallo and Puccini to offer a tenor—a lyric tenor—that could compare with the "Salve! Dimora"? He was hurrying, almost running out Market Street, when his glance was arrested by a sign: "Animatoscope. Free Show before the Pictures. Admission ten cents."

People were filing rapidly into the place, and he knew that while one audience was being entertained by the moving pictures down stairs, the one assembling listened to cheap vaudeville turns in the small theatre above. He entered and asked for the manager.

"Busy," replied the man at the window, shortly.

"I know. He is always busy," feverishly urged Belden, "but it is important. I—I can sing. I want to sing for him."

"The deuce you do!" growled the man, with a keen glance at him. "Broke, eh?"

"I must see him! I—I have sung with Solani. Tell him that."

The man laughed. "Better move on," he suggested.

"I was with Mapleton for four years," pleaded Belden. A door opened and a man came rapidly out of the theatre and paused behind him. "I studied with Lamperti—oh, you won't know what that means! I studied in Italy. I—I—yes, yes, you hit it right. I'm broke, you know, and—"

"Oh, come now, move on, will you? I haven't time to stand here fooling with you all night. Move on!"

"Hold on a minute!" exclaimed the man behind Belden.

"You say you can sing?"

"Yes, I can," eagerly replied Belden. "I have sung with Solani."

"Yes, you look it," said the other, derisively. "What can you sing?"

"Anything; opera, hallads—"

"Coon-songs?"

"No!" blazed Belden. "Not if I—!" His manner suddenly changed. "I am sorry," he said, quietly, "that my repertoire does not include coon-songs. I never before appreciated their value."

"Oh, well, never mind," replied the man, "I guess you'll do. I'm the manager of this show." He turned to the man at the window. "Chet and Hattie struck for ten dollars," he briefly explained. "Thought they had me in the door. Told 'em I'd go out in the street, and pick up somebody in ten minutes who'd take their turn. It was a great bluff, but I done it! Come on."

He led Belden through the bare room, filled with wooden benches, which served as the theatre, and into a dirty little dressing-room, where there were several other people. Belden got a confused impression of coarse jokes and smothered laughter, of short-skirted women and men in burnt cork, but there was only one thought in his mind. The manager tossed him a dirty copy of a cheap collection of songs.

"There you are," he said. "Find something you know." Belden caught at his arm as he turned away. "How—how much?" he asked. The manager looked at him shrewdly.

"Oh, well, we'll see how you catch on," he said, carelessly.

"No, no! How much?" persisted Belden.

"Four hits?" suggested the manager.

Belden shook his head. "A dollar," he said. Admittance to the gallery of the opera-house was a dollar, and "Faust" was to run three nights.

The manager swore. "What do you think we are running here, anyhow?" he asked—"a gold mine?" Belden laid down the book of songs and turned away. "Well, six hits, then," reluctantly said the manager. Belden looked blindly for his hat. "Well—see here—all right; a dollar goes. I can't let Chet and Hattie think they own me, anyhow. And you do your turn every half-hour until we close—about eleven-thirty."

Belden again took up the book of songs and glanced through it. He was dimly conscious that a blatant piano was jangling somewhere, and of occasional tempestuous applause. The manager was having an altercation with some one outside. "No, it don't go," he said. "I told you I'd do it, and I done it, see? You can't hunko me that way. No, be's here and he's going to stay, see? You and Hattie,

you lose your turn to-night, that's all." A string of oaths followed from the other man.

The manager joined Belden again. "Found anything? 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' eh? That's all right, too. Mrs. Blumenberg, the lady out at the piano, will play it all right for you. She's a bird," he added. "Here comes Katie off. Now it's your turn."

Belden, in a daze, walked out on the tiny platform that served as a stage, and handed his music over the footlights to the fat woman with dirty finger-nails, who sat at the piano.

"Tum, tum, tum, tum; Tum, tum, tum, tum," she played. The shabby room faded away, and Belden stood once more in the great New York theatre. The lights in the house were lowered, and tiny flecks of flame here and there suggested diamonds. He heard the hurst of welcoming applause die away, followed by the soft rustle of the audience settling itself to listen to its favorite tenor. Helene Solani and Girado, the basso, were standing in the wings nodding to him, and the orchestra was humming softly at his feet.

"'Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,'"

His voice rang out silver clear, and never had its haunting pathos impressed him as it did now.

"Let her break!" called a rough voice in the audience, and loud laughter followed, but Belden, far away in his youth, did not hear it.

"'Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part? It may be for years—'"

"Four years? Oh, if it's all the same to you, let's call it fourteen, at hard labor," came from the man in front, followed by shouts of rough laughter.

"'Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart? Why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?'"

Sang Belden to Helene Solani, weeping silently in the wings.

"Tum, tum, tum, tum," played the fat old woman. A policeman walked down the aisle, and warned the talkative young man.

"'Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers,'"

"Yes, wake up! Come, Kittie, Kittie, Kittie!" shouted the young man. Hoots and cat-calls followed. Belden quailed as if he had been struck, but sang bravely on:

"'It may be for years, and it may be forever—'"

But no one was paying the slightest attention to him now. The interest of the audience was entirely given to a dispute between the young man and the policeman, and nobody but Belden himself heard his voice split and break on the high note, and die away almost in a whisper. It was only when the piano stopped that they became aware of him again, and he hurried off the stage, appalled by the chorus of hoots and jeers and cat-calls that followed him. The manager met him.

"That's all right," he said. "Livened 'em up, didn't you?"

Belden shrank away from him and moved toward the door.

"Here, where you going?" called the manager. "You go on again in a few minutes." Belden paused, irresolutely, and then continued his uncertain progress toward the door, which seemed to be miles away.

"Here, you, come back!" The manager was tugging at his arm. "If you go now, you don't get no pay, see?" Belden shook his head. "Well, then, you stay. You're all right. You made lots o' fun for 'em."

Belden shivered. "I—I am not well," he said. "I think I will go now, thank you."

The manager looked at him curiously. "Say," he exclaimed, "you didn't think you could sing, did you?"

"Other people have thought so," said Belden, "but they were mistaken, I suppose. There are so many people in the world who are mistaken, you know. Especially singers. Good-evening."

"Here, don't you want your hat?"

Belden took his hat rather reluctantly—he objected to receiving anything from the manager—and made his way to the door, where he paused again, howed courteously to the staring people in the room, and gently closed the door after him.

"Well, I'll be damned!" slowly exclaimed the manager. "Daffy, I guess, but I wonder what made him think he could sing?"

Belden, stumbling out into the street, was saying over and over to himself: "That was my voice! My voice!"

A policeman found him wandering about in the vicinity of Golden Gate Park toward morning, and sent him to the Receiving Hospital, where he was booked as suffering from starvation and exposure, resulting in the *grippe*. He raved for hours of Solani and Mapleton, and insisted upon singing "Salve! Dimora" to the interne. Late in the afternoon, he died. A newspaper reporter, who happened to be at the hospital, suspected a story, and went to Solani for the details.

"Yes, yes, it is quite true," she said. "He did sing with me when I made my *début*, but his voice was gone, years ago. Poor Horace Belden! He was a great Faust, in his day. The voice was a trifle light; perhaps, but so sweet! And his phrasing of hallads was marvelous! No one else ever sang 'Kathleen Mavourneen' as he did. No; oh, no, he never drank! He was a charming fellow. No, it was just time. Time is the deadliest foe the singer ever meets, and some voices yield earlier than others. Poor Horace! I wish I had known."

MARGARET CAMERON.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1901.

An edict from General Manager Dickinson, of the Union Pacific Railway, recently notified several thousand employees of that system that habitual drinking or even the frequenting of saloons on their part would in the future be considered sufficient reason for dismissal.



## OUR PRESIDENT'S OPINIONS.

The Tendency to Deify Smartness—Inheriting Wealth—Fellow-Feeling as a Political Factor—Promises of Candidates—Philanthropy—The Army and Navy.

While Theodore Roosevelt has spoken on many notable occasions in the East during the past few years, especially as governor of New York and in the Presidential campaign of 1900, and has contributed a number of valuable articles to the magazines on national problems of the day, it is doubtful if the people of the West have followed his utterances closely and really know what are his personal opinions. Thirteen of his most important magazine articles and speeches have been gathered together in a volume, called "The Strenuous Life." We have culled characteristic extracts from each of these, showing his views on many public questions. These utterances are especially interesting at the present time, as it is doubtful whether Mr. Roosevelt, as President of the United States, could speak with such frankness.

In his speech on "The Strenuous Life," which President Roosevelt delivered before the Hamilton Club, Chicago, on April 10, 1899, he dwelt not on the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the toil of effort, of labor and strife, proving that the biggest form of success comes to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil. He said:

In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be free from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumbrer of the earth's surface, and he surely unites himself to hold his own with his fellows if he need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unites those who follow it for serious work in the world.

Roosevelt is one of those who believe that much was accomplished at the peace conference of The Hague, and says, in his article on "Expansion and Peace," published in the *Independent* on December 21, 1899:

I am proud of the leading position taken in the conference by our delegates. Incidentally, I may mention that the testimony is unanimous that they were able to take this leading position chiefly because we had just emerged victorious from our most righteous war with Spain. Scant attention is paid to the weakling or coward who babbles of peace; but due heed is given to the strong man with sword girt on thigh who preaches peace, not from ignoble motives, not from fear or distrust of his own powers, but from a deep sense of moral obligation. . . . Peace is a great good; and doubly harmful, therefore, is the attitude that would make it synonymous with selfish and cowardly shrinking from warring against the existence of evil. The wisest and most far-seeing champions of peace will ever remember that, in the first place, to be good it must be righteous, for unrighteous and cowardly peace may be worse than any war; and, in the second place, that it can often be obtained only at the cost of war.

In his essay on "Latitude and Longitude Among Reformers," published in the *Century* of June, 1900, he says that if there is one tendency of the day which more than any other is unhealthy and undesirable, it is the tendency to deify mere "smartness," unaccompanied by a sense of moral accountability:

We shall never make our republic what it should be until as a people we thoroughly understand and put in practice the doctrine that success is abhorrent if attained by the sacrifice of the fundamental principles of morality. The successful man, whether in business or in politics, who has risen by conscientious swindling of his neighbors, by deceit and chicanery, by unscrupulous boldness and unscrupulous cunning, stands toward society as a dangerous wild beast. The mean and cringing admiration which such a career commands among those who think crookedly or not at all, makes this kind of success perhaps the most dangerous of all the influences that threaten our national life. Our standard of public and private conduct will never be raised to the proper level until we make the scoundrel who succeeds feel the weight of a hostile public opinion even more strongly than the scoundrel who fails.

And he adds:

The act of deifying mere efficiency, mere success, without regard to the moral qualities lying behind it, and the act of disregarding efficiency, disregarding practical results, are the Scylla and Charybdis between which every earnest reformer, every politician who desires to make the name of his profession a term of honor instead of shame, must steer. He must avoid both under penalty of wreckage, and it avails him nothing to have avoided one, if he founders on the other. People are apt to speak as if in political life, public life, it ought to be a mere case of striving upward—striving toward some high peak. The simile is inexact. Every man who is striving to do good public work is traveling along a ridge crest, with the gulf of failure on each side—the gulf of inefficiency on the one side, the gulf of unrighteousness on the other. All kinds of forces are continually playing on him, to shove him first into one gulf and then into the other; and even a wise and good man, unless he braces himself with uncommon firmness and foresight, as he is pushed this way and that, will find that his course becomes a pronounced zigzag instead of a straight line; and if it becomes too pronounced he is lost, no matter to which side the zigzag may take him.

The last five lines are significant.

In closing, the following sentences occur, which are typical of President Roosevelt's own course in life:

We need clean, healthy newspapers, with clean, healthy criticism which shall be fearless and truthful. We need upright politicians, who will take the time and trouble, and who possess the capacity to manage caucuses, conventions, and public assemblies. We need men who try to be their poorer brothers' keepers to the extent of befriending them and working with them so far as they are willing; men who work in charitable associations, or, what is even better, strive to get into touch with the wage-workers, to understand them, and to champion their cause when it is just. We need the sound and healthy idealist; the theoretic writer, preacher, or teacher; the Emerson or Phillips Brooks, who helps to create the atmosphere of enthusiasm and practical endeavor. In public life we need not only men who are able to work in and through their parties, but also upright, fearless, rational independents, who will deal impartial justice to all men and all parties. We need men who are far-sighted and resolute; men who combine sincerity with sanity. We need scholarly men, too—men who study all the different questions of our political life from the standpoint both of practice and of theory; men who thus study trusts, or municipal government, or finance, or taxation, or civil-service reform, as the authors of the "Federalist" studied the problems of federal government. . . . It is vital that every man who is in politics, as a man ought to be, with a disinterested purpose to serve the public, should strive steadily for reform; that he should have the highest ideals. He must lead, only he must lead in the right direction, and, normally, he must be in sight of

his followers. Cynicism in public life is a curse, and when a man has lost the power of enthusiasm for righteousness it will be better for him and the country if he abandons public life.

Discussing "Fellow-Feeling as a Political Factor," in the *Century* of June, 1900, President Roosevelt said:

The chief factor in producing such sympathy is simple association on a plane of equality, and for a common object. Any healthy-minded American is bound to think well of his fellow-Americans if he only gets to know them. If the banker and the farmer never meet, or meet only in the most perfunctory business way, if the banking is not done by men whom the farmer knows as his friends and associates, a spirit of mistrust is almost sure to spring up. If the merchant or the manufacturer, the lawyer or the clerk, never meets the mechanic or the handicraftsman, save on rare occasions, when the meeting may be of a hostile kind, each side feels that the other is alien, and naturally antagonistic. But if any one individual of any group were to be thrown into natural association with another group, the difficulties would be found to disappear so far as he was concerned. Very possibly he would become the ardent champion of the other group.

He quotes his own experience as an instance in point:

Outside of college boys and politicians my first intimate associates were ranchmen, cow-punchers, and game-hunters, and I speedily became convinced that there were no other men in the country who were their equals. Then I was thrown much with farmers, and I made up my mind that it was the farmer upon whom the foundations of the commonwealth really rested—that the farmer was the archetypal good American. Then I saw a good deal of railroad men, and after quite an intimate acquaintance with them I grew to feel that, especially in their high ranks, they possessed the very qualities of courage, self-reliance, self-command, hardihood, capacity for work, power of initiative, and power of obedience, which we like most to associate with the American name. Then I happened to have dealings with certain carpenter's unions, and grew to have a great respect for the carpenter—for the mechanic type. By this time it dawned upon me that my championship of each set in succession above all other sets had sprung largely from the fact that I was very familiar with the set I championed, and less familiar with the remainder. In other words, I had grown into sympathy with, into understanding of, group after group, with the effect that I invariably found that they and I had common purposes and a common standpoint. We differed among ourselves, or agreed among ourselves, not because we had different occupations or the same occupations, but because of our ways of looking at life. It is this capacity for sympathy, for fellow-feeling and mutual understanding, which must lie at the basis of all really successful movements for good government and the betterment of social and civic conditions.

Philanthropy, President Roosevelt thinks, has been a good deal discredited both by the exceedingly noxious individuals who go into it with ostentation to make a reputation, and by the only less noxious persons who are foolish and indiscriminate givers. Says he in an article on "Civic Helpfulness," which appeared in the *Century* of October, 1900:

Anything that encourages pauperism, anything that relaxes the manly fibre and lowers self-respect, is an unmixing evil. The soup-kitchen style of philanthropy is as thoroughly demoralizing as most forms of vice or oppression, and it is, of course, particularly revolting when some corporation or private individual undertakes it, not even in a spirit of foolish charity, but for purposes of self-advertisement. In a time of sudden and wide-spread disaster, caused by a flood, a blizzard, an earthquake, or an epidemic, there may be ample reason for the extension of charity on the largest scale to every one who needs it. But these conditions are wholly exceptional, and the methods of relief employed to meet them should also be treated as wholly exceptional. In charity the one thing always to be remembered is that, while any man may slip, and should at once be helped to rise to his feet, yet no man can be carried with advantage either to him or to the community. The greatest possible good can be done by the extension of a helping hand at the right moment, but the attempt to carry any one permanently can end in nothing but harm.

President Roosevelt believes in a college education. Discussing "Character and Success" in the *Outlook* for March 31, 1900, he writes:

In very rude and ignorant communities, all schooling is more or less looked down upon; but there are now very few places, indeed, in the United States where elementary schooling is not considered a necessity. There are any number of men, however, priding themselves upon being "hard-headed" and "practical," who sneer at book-learning and at every form of higher education, under the impression that the additional mental culture is at best useless, and is ordinarily harmful in practical life. Not long ago, two of the wealthiest men in the United States publicly committed themselves to the proposition that to go to college was a positive disadvantage for a young man who strove for success. Now, of course, the very most successful men we have ever had—men like Lincoln—had no chance to go to college, but did have such indomitable tenacity and such keen appreciation of the value of wisdom that they set to work and learned for themselves far more than they could have been taught in any academy. On the other hand, boys of weak fibre, who go to high school or college instead of going to work after getting through the primary school, may be seriously damaged instead of benefited. But, as a rule, if the boy has in him the right stuff, it is a great advantage to him should his circumstances be so fortunate as to enable him to get the years of additional mental training. The trouble with the two rich men, whose views are above quoted, was that, owing largely perhaps to their own defects in early training, they did not know what success really was. Their speeches merely betrayed their own limitations, and did not furnish any argument against education.

Not only every politician, high or low, says President Roosevelt, but every citizen interested in politics should remember always that the two cardinal points in his doctrine ought to be: "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not hear false witness against thy neighbor." And he adds, in his paper on "The Eighth and Ninth Commandments in Politics," published in the *Outlook* of May 12, 1900:

No man who is corrupt, no man who condones corruption in others, can possibly do his duty by the community. When this truth is accepted as axiomatic in our politics, then, and not till then, shall we see such a moral uplifting of the people as will render, for instance, Tammany rule in New York, as Tammany rule now is, no more possible than it would be possible to revive the robber baronage of the Middle Ages.

The President thinks candidates should be held to their promises. In his essay on "Promise and Performance," in the *Outlook* of July 28, 1900, he wrote:

No man should be held excusable if he does not perform what he promises, unless for the best and most sufficient reason. This should be especially true of every politician. It shows a thoroughly unhealthy state of mind when the public pardons with a laugh failure to keep a distinct pledge, on the ground that a politician can not be expected to confine himself to the truth when on the stump or the platform. A man should no more be excused for lying on the stump than for lying off the stump. Of course matters may so change that it may be impossible for him, or highly inadvisable for the country, that he should try to do what he in good faith said he was going to do. But the necessity for the change should be made very evident, and it should be well understood that such a case is the exception and not the rule. As a rule, and speaking with due regard to the exception, it should be taken as axiomatic that when a man in public life pledges himself to a certain course of action he shall, as a matter of course, do what he said he would do, and shall not be held to have acted honorably if he does otherwise.

President Roosevelt, in his article on "The American Boy," published in the *St. Nicholas* of May, 1900, thus contrasts two of Kipling's stories:

One, called "Captains Courageous," describes in the liveliest way

just what a boy should be and do. The hero is painted in the beginning as the spoiled, over-indulged child of wealthy parents, of a type which we do sometimes unfortunately see, and than which there exist few things more objectionable on the face of the broad earth. This boy is afterward thrown on his own resources, amid wholesome surroundings, and is forced to work hard among boys and men who are real boys and real men doing real work. The effect is invaluable. On the other hand, if one wishes to find types of boys to be avoided with utter dislike, one will find them in another story by Kipling, called "Stalky & Co.," a story which ought never to have been written, for there is hardly a single form of meanness which it does not seem to extol, or of school mismanagement which it does not seem to applaud. Bullies do not make brave men; and boys or men of foul life can not become good citizens; and even after the change, scars will be left on their souls.

His advice to all ambitious boys is to follow in life, as in a foot-ball game, the principle: "Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!"

In the course of a paper on "Military Preparedness and Unpreparedness," which was published in the *Century* of November, 1899, he expressed a wish that, in the interest of justice, some special historian of the navy would take out from the records the votes, and here and there the speeches, for and against the successive measures by which our navy was built up:

Every man who by vote and voice from time to time took part in adding to our fleet, in buying armor, in preparing the gun factories, in increasing the personnel and enabling it to practice, deserves well of the whole nation, and a record of his action should be kept, that his children may feel proud of him. No less clearly should we understand that throughout these fifteen years the men who, whether from honest but misguided motives, from short-sightedness, from lack of patriotism, or from demagoguery, opposed the building up of the navy, have deserved ill of the nation, exactly as did those men who recently prevented the purchase of armor for the battle-ships, or, under the lead of Senator Gorman, prevented the establishment of our army on the footing necessary for our national need. If disaster comes through lack of preparation, the fault necessarily lies far less with the men under whom the disaster actually occurs than with those to whose wrong-headedness or short-sighted indifference in time past the lack of preparedness is due.

The mistakes, the blunders, and the short-comings in the army management during the summer of 1898 he thinks should be credited mainly, not to any one in office in 1898, but to the public servants of the people, and therefore to the people themselves, who permitted the army to rust since the Civil War with a wholly faulty administration, and with no chance whatever to perfect itself by practice, as the navy was perfected:

In like manner, any trouble that may come upon the army, and therefore upon the nation, in the next few years, will be due to the failure to provide for a thoroughly reorganized regular army of adequate size in 1898; and for this failure the members in the Senate and House, who too, the lead against increasing the regular army and reorganizing it, will be primarily responsible. On them will rest the blame of any check to the national arms, and the honor that will undoubtedly be won for the flag by our army will have been won in spite of their sinister opposition. . . . The whole staff system, and much else, should be remodeled. Above all the army should be practiced in mass in the actual work of marching and camping. Only thus will it be possible to train the commanders, the quartermasters, the commissaries, the doctors, so that they may by actual experience learn to do their duties, as naval officers do theirs. Only thus can we do full justice to as splendid and gallant a body of men as any nation ever had the good luck to include among its armed defenders.

In a tribute to "Admiral Dewey," published in *McClure's Magazine* for October, 1899, he writes:

Every man in Congress whose vote made possible the building of the *Raleigh*, the *Olympia*, the *Detroit*, or the putting aboard of them and their sister-ships the modern eight-inch or rapid-fire five-inch guns, or the giving them the best engines and the means wherewith to practice their crews at the targets—every such man has the right to tell his children that he did his part in securing Dewey's victory, and that, save for the action of him and his fellows, it could not have been won. This is no less true of the men, whether in the government service or in private employment, who built them, from the head of the great business concern which put up an armor-plate factory down to the ironworker who conscientiously and skillfully did his part on gun-shield or gun.

The President has scant patience with those who fear to undertake the task of governing the Philippines. In a speech on "Grant," delivered at Galena, Ill., on April 27, 1900, he remarked: "Certain duties have fallen to us as a legacy of the war with Spain, and we can not avoid performing them. All we can decide is whether we will perform them well or ill. We can not leave the Philippines. We have got to stay there, establish order, and then give the inhabitants as much self-government as they show they can use to advantage. We can not run away if we would. We have got to see the work through, because we are not a nation of weaklings. We are strong men and we intend to do our duty."

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The proposed law for old-age pensions meets with much opposition in France, on the ground that the age at which the pension falls due—sixty-five—is far beyond the average life of the French workman. Many labor organizations have protested, and all on the same ground, that their members have no mind to lay by from their wages money by which they personally are little likely to profit. It is the argument that an Irish nurse recently used to her invalid master, a retired banker, well known in town. As various infirmities had more and more restricted his freedom, he had given up his clubs, one by one, retaining at length his membership in only one, the most expensive. This, too, one day, he talked of discontinuing. His nurse approved. "'Tis right ye are, sor! Ye're payin' to have the ——— flag at half-mast whin ye're dead and gone, sor; and, sure, ye'll not be there to see it."

The civil courts in Manila are baving an interesting quarrel with the mother abbess of the monastery of Santa Clara in the district of San Pablo (reports the *Army and Navy Register*). The question involved has to do with the property rented by the court to private individuals, and the representatives of the mother abbess insist that by virtue of her sacred office she is protected from the summons of the court. The court in this case is represented by Judge Kincaid, and has ordered the abbess to appear.

The United States collier *Brutus*, which arrived at New York recently from Manila, had a homeward-bound pennant two hundred and seventy-eight feet long.



## SMILING, CAJOLING PARIS.

How the French Capital Welcomes Its Guests—Cozy Apartments—Complaisant Shopmen—The Good Offices of the Bonne—All Feminine Graciousness.

Is there any other city in the world that so completely empties itself in the summer and early autumn as New York does? There is nobody here at all, except a few shirt-waisted, brawny females, and the men who are building the tunnel down Fourth Avenue. You go out and walk in the humid heat, and you don't see any one that you would want to speak to if you were left alone with them on a desert island. Then you go home moodily wondering if you are the only civilized person in the city.

There is no such universal exodus in either London or Paris. There is a great fitting after their seasons—especially in London—but no such thorough sweeping out of all the world of personable people. To be sure, there is no such terrible summer to drive them out with a sword of fire. They groan and complain about a little hot weather over there till one wonders what would happen to them if they struck a real New York hot spell at the proper psychological moment. Englishmen who have lived in India have sought out many inventions in combating heat. An old Scotch army chaplain told me of a frightful hot wave he once encountered in some unnamable district of India. I asked him piously if he went about among the sick and dying alleviating their pangs. He said, no; he sat in a cold bath all day reading the Waverley Novels.

This almost barren loneliness of New York in summer must strike the foreigner with a sort of chill. Especially if he is a Frenchman, for Paris never seems to lose its typical people, or to be less full and less gay. In that wonderful, sun-charged autumn of theirs, when the leaves are beginning to yellow and the trees in the Bois exhale the pungent scents of dying vegetation, one hears that all the world is still out of town. And certainly the blinds are closed on half those stately apartments whose white fronts glimmer through the fluttering foliage of horse-chestnut trees. But there is no suggestion of a void, an echoing vacancy, in the streets. Their pale vistas, with the sun spilling down through the leaves in pools of light, are alive with people; are full of the noise of vehicles, the queer cadences of street cries, the melancholy hootings that proceed from the tram-cars, and make the unaccustomed stranger wonder if some local form of hanshee is making moan.

The charm about Paris—that it can never lose—is its suggestion of something cozy and *intime*. It is a city that cajoles you into fondness, and puts you very shortly on confidential relations with it. New York never does this. New York, when its blood is up and the season is beginning, is one of the most splendid places in the world. It overpowers you by its wealth; it stuns you by its indifference. Its display of money is barbaric. It is an oppressive, almost terrible city, in its might, energy, and conquering power. Even now in its summer desertion, its tireless, absorbent life roars by, enormous, ceaseless, and amazing, like the vast, overwhelming rivers and lakes and mountains and prairies of our vast, overwhelming land.

But there is nothing cozy about New York. It is not a city where a stranger can readily make a nest and feel at home. It does not welcome the foreigner with a smile and a polite "now make yourself happy and comfortable." It says, tacitly: "Well, now that you're here, I suppose you'll have to stay, but don't get in the way and bother people." Paris, on the other hand, is the coziest city in the world. It welcomes the new-comers in a thousand ways. It has a hundred places for him to live in which are cheap and comfortable. It has museums and picture-galleries by the dozen which are always open to him. It offers him the finest education in the world for nothing. Before him for miles lies the charm and wonder and mystery of those fascinating streets—each with its own character—some as full of history as an egg is of meat. An American singer I met there told me that during his first year in Paris, when he was poor, knew no one, and spoke no French, he had amused himself by reading Dumas *père* and Balzac, and studying Paris as they revealed it in their books. It was a good winter's work.

There is just one attribute of home, as we understand it, that Paris refuses you, and that's a bath. You can get it with your apartments if you are rich, just as you can have a maid to brush your hair or a valet to brush your clothes. But for just an ordinary human being to expect to have a bath near his room, and take one every morning, is an unheard-of extravagance. In the house where I lived—a large apartment-house extending round a court-yard—there was no such thing in the whole building. Once I was ill and my hostesses were much concerned. They consulted over my case, and finally they arrived at a satisfactory mode of treatment. The prescription was simple: "Take a bath."

I demurred. I had learned how to take one in a basin the size of a tea-cup; but I did not think it was a performance calculated to cure a bronchial cold. It was, perforce, slow, and the apartment was damp for the rest of the morning. The ladies smiled in an understanding way, and said: "Not that kind of a bath."

What kind of a bath then? I thought of a friend of mine who, on her arrival in Paris, had thoughtlessly ordered a bath, and some hours afterward, hearing a sound of bells in the street and a great cursing of angry men, looked out of the window and saw a donkey hung with bells drawing a cart, on the top of which stood a tin-tub. Then the men carried the tub upstairs and placed it on a sheet in the middle of her room; then they went down stairs and returned, gasping, with buckets of hot and cold water. Then they spread a sheet for her on a chair; then they looked at the clock and said they would return in half an hour, and went, *ray*. While my friend was engaged in taking the bath, the people in the *pension* came and knocked on the door to inquire if she were ill.

"No," shouted the bather. "What makes you think I'm ill?"

"Because you're taking a bath," came the answers through the door.

If one puts the bath question aside, for cheap and comfortable living Paris has the advantage not only over New York, but over every other large city in this country, and most other countries. The word *thrift*, as the French understand it, is unknown to us. It has delightful meanings over there, that include comfort, and a sort of thoughtful elegance. Money is so plentiful with us, and opportunities to make money, that our times of the lean kine are looked upon as moments of temporary retirement, whence we emerge resplendent in a few years. So nobody tries very hard to combine small means and agreeable living. Our homes become a sort of over-night bivouac, and are marked by the casual discomfort that belongs to the life of those who are going to pick up their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away as soon as they can get enough money. Builders don't expend themselves on making beautiful and solid tenements for people who only want to stay in them a year or two, and then expect to move on to Fifth Avenue.

But in Paris you don't expect to get much richer, and if you did you would save it up. So, living on a small scale is a science there. Those four and five-room apartments up under the chimney-pots are miracles of comfort and practicability. Your kitchen is as big as an ordinary cupboard in this country, and your stove is of the dimensions of a self-respecting cake-tin. There is a place for broiling in which an Irish cook couldn't grill a reed-bird, and whence your Parisian *bonne* will produce a dinner to make the angels weep because they were not asked. The *bonne* will do all the work and have her room in mysterious upper regions to where she retires when her day's labor is over, and once in the magic circle of which she is quite outside your jurisdiction. You are not supposed to pry into this independent life under the roof, which is another instance of the French people's graceful eluding of unsolvable problems.

Here the surrounding world assists you in the practice of an unslumbering economy. The grocer will leave one egg in a paper-bag at your door every morning, and will not disgrace you by telling the scandalous circumstance in the quarter. The milkman will sell you a sou's worth of milk in the bottom of a very tall bottle, and will not crush you with his scorn. The *bonne* will go forth unsolicited and buy fuel which she will carry up four flights of stairs in a bucket, and which consists of several fragments of wood, three *briquettes*, with a few nuggets of coal spread tastefully over the top. And having expended this to the greatest advantage in the concoction of fires, she will still continue to treat you with what you feel to be unmerited respect. It is a dizzying experience to the American, especially when combined with a series of startling discoveries—that the chimney draws; that the water-pipes don't freeze; that you don't hear a sound from next door, or the floor above; that, in short, you are really comfortable on an income that at home would mean a life of combat against the intrusions of wind and weather; baths that won't empty; boilers that will hurt; women that play the piano all morning; men that throw their boots across the room in the middle of the night; and the imperious dominion of a haughty Irish lady just landed from Ellis Island.

The *bonne* contributes a good deal to the comfort of *bourgeois* Paris housekeeping. The French housewives complain of her, just as the English do, but they don't know when they are well off. They feel that she is grinding the faces of the poor when she gets her little percentage on the marketing. It is worth a good deal more than her percentage to be greeted by her invariable smile and word of gay good-humor. One of the most charming things in Paris is this smile with which the working class and the selling class meet their employer and their victim. If one could only make the New York saleslady and servant understand that its value is above rubies in the domestic routine! The smile is one of the secrets of French mercantile success, especially with the Americans. They smile and we buy; and reasoning from this hypothesis it will be seen that their smile is worth many millions of dollars per annum.

Personally, I am an ardent believer in the legend of French politeness. It is said to be a tradition bequeathed to his country by the Grand Monarque. He made politeness—not the frozen *aplomb* of the Anglo-Saxon, but a winning grace of manner—an obligation with his people. It was to be their sign among the nations. That it flourished under the monarchy we all have heard, for it was a prized monarchical institution. Then the republic came and almost swept it from the land. Royalists will tell you it has gone from the face of France, extinct as the dodo and the *grisette*. But when we come from our own vast republic of imperious salesladies and regal domestics, it seems to us to be rife on every hand. We don't at first know how to comport ourselves under its unaccustomed influence. "Oh, *do* tell this woman to stop smiling and being so polite," a young American girl once said to me at a Parisian modiste's. "I can't tell her my dress is all wrong when she's so hatefully amiable."

It is the women who possess this graciousness of manner. I don't think the ordinary Frenchman has much to spare, even if he is a clerk in the Bon Marché, and going to get a percentage on his sales. The fact is, the average American man is so much more polite, agreeable, and considerate to the average woman, that all other men seem rough and indifferent by comparison. In this department, if in no other, the American man has no rival. He is the best-mannered creature in the world to the casual human being—especially female human being—he brushes elbows with in the course of the day's march. He doesn't use half as many "Thank-yous" as the French, or how and smile so much, but he will give himself trouble to open doors, to hail carriages, to get up and offer his seat in omnibuses, to help her-parceled women on to trains, and hold the baby while its mother helps off the rest of her offspring.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, September, 1901.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii has just celebrated her sixty-second birthday by giving several entertainments at Honolulu, at which hundreds of natives were present.

Captain Oswald Ames, the tallest man in the British army, who was a conspicuous figure in Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee procession, was married recently to Miss Cecil, a cousin of the Marquis of Exeter.

After permitting himself to fade somewhat from public view, Don Lorenzo Perosi, the young priest who created such a furor in Italy and France with his sacred compositions, a few years ago, allows the announcement to be made that he is engaged upon a new Biblical work, founded upon the book of Revelations. It will be entitled "The Apocalypse," and will be first produced, as was his "Resurrection of Christ," in Milan.

Spiro Loues, the young shepherd, who won the foot-race from Marathon to Athens at the Olympic Games in 1896, is regarded as a modern Pheidippides by his fellow-townsmen, and they have shown their appreciation of the honor which he has brought to Marousi by giving him the privilege of supplying the Athenian kitchens with Marousi water. The water supply of the Greek capital should be fairly good, but as the conduits are open and the reservoir not very carefully guarded, it is subject to contamination. Loues, therefore, finds a brisk demand for the water which he brings every morning in barrels from Marousi.

Colonel Russell B. Harrison was a recent caller on President Roosevelt at Washington. This is said to be his first visit to the White House since his summary discharge from the volunteer army after the Spanish war. Colonel Harrison was then an inspector-general, and, at the time of his discharge, the only official reason assigned was that the corps had to be reduced. Within a week, however, some one else had been appointed to the vacancy. It was alleged that General Corbin sought this means of showing the administration's ill-feeling toward ex-President Harrison for his speeches, which indicated opposition to the insular policies of President McKinley. All efforts of Colonel Harrison to have his case reviewed have failed.

Prince Galtra-Colonna, the husband of John W. Mackay's daughter, is named as the co-respondent in a divorce case now being heard in court in Naples. The petitioner for the divorce is the Duke Avarna, the Italian minister at Athens. His wife, the respondent, was the Princess Dolgorouki, a niece of the Princess Yourievski, the morganatic wife of Czar Alexander the Third. The Duchess Avarna filed a cross-complaint, making counter-charges of so serious a nature that the court decided to try the case in the seclusion of the "chambers," in order to minimize the scandal. It is believed that the Princess Colonna will now seek a legal separation from her husband, even though religious scruples may deter her from appealing to the courts for a dissolution of the marriage ties.

Crown Prince Gustavus of Sweden is not so popular as his father, King Oscar the Second, nor is he so democratic in his habits and tastes. It is said, however, that he is much better liked than formerly, particularly among the Norwegians, who have had a better opportunity to become acquainted with him of late years, since he has relieved his father of many duties of state. It is not that he lacks character or ability, but he is not so amiable or affable. He is reticent, sedate, exclusive, and undemocratic in his tendencies. His wife, who was a Princess of Baden, is blamed for this tendency, because she has all the old-fashioned German notions concerning the divine right of kings and the privileges of her class. She is a granddaughter of Kaiser William the First, and a second cousin of the present Emperor of Germany.

John P. Babcock, for eleven years chief deputy of the California fish commission, has resigned to accept an appointment as fish commissioner for British Columbia. Mr. Babcock is regarded as the foremost authority on salmon propagation in America. He built and for three years operated the Olema, Wawona, Eel River, and Battle Creek hatcheries, the latter the largest in the world. While conducting the Battle Creek hatchery single-handed, in 1898, a "take" of 48,500,000 salmon eggs was secured, the largest ever made at any one station. The reputation which he has built up in California led the colonial government to make overtures to him. Under the terms of his three years' contract he is to make an inspection of the Fraser and other British Columbian rivers, where salmon spawn in great numbers, locate hatcheries, and design and operate them.

The stewards of the English Jockey Club have inflicted the severest penalty in their power on the American jockey, Lester Reiff, by ruling him off the turf. The immediate cause of this stern sentence was the riding of William C. Whitney's horse, De Lacy, at Manchester recently in the New Borne Plate. De Lacy was beaten a head by Richard Croker's Minnie Dee, on which Lester Reiff's brother John had the mount. The inference is that the elder jockey allowed Croker's filly to win the race, which ought to have gone to Mr. Whitney. In the celebrated case of Tod Sloan, the rider was told that a license would be refused if he applied for one, but no action was taken to exclude him from the British tracks. While Lester Reiff remains under the Jockey Club ban he will not be admitted to the grounds of any racing association in Great Britain, and he will be barred from the saddle on every course of high reputation in every part of the world. The American Jockey Club and the clubs all over Europe, in Australia, in Asia, and in Africa recognize the rulings of the English stewards, and Reiff's career in racing is at an end unless the British officials consent to restore him to favor at some time in the future. Reiff, in 1900, headed the list of winning jockeys in England, and this year won the Derby.



## A MISSIONARY HELD FOR RANSOM.

Miss Ellen M. Stone Abducted by Bulgarian Brigands—Her Life Threatened under Heavy Demands.

A band of armed men seized Miss Ellen M. Stone, an American missionary, and Mrs. Tsilka, one of her friends, in a lonely pass in the mountains near the Turko-Bulgarian frontier on the third of September, and since that time the two women have been in the hands of the brigands. Miss Stone had been conducting a school for Bible workers at Bansko, and had started for Djuma in company with three Bulgarian teachers. Of the party, one man and one woman were allowed to go. A few days later a demand for \$110,000 ransom for the missionary was sent to the authorities with the declaration that her life would be considered forfeited if it was not paid before October 8th. The news came slowly across the ocean to Miss Stone's friends in America.

As there is no diplomatic intercourse with Bulgaria, except through the Turkish Government, the United States minister at Constantinople was at once asked to interest himself in the case.

Bulgaria is a virtually independent principality, but under the suzerainty of Turkey. It is at the same time a hot-bed of political intrigues whose object is to control the affiliations of the provinces whenever the Turkish Government breaks up. The Bulgarian people are extremely desirous of annexing the adjacent Turkish province of Macedonia, and to this end there is in existence an unauthorized body known as the "Macedonian Revolutionary Committee," which carries on the agitation and collects funds for that purpose. Its method seems to be to ask for contributions, and if they are not forthcoming to take them by force. This revolutionary body is encouraged by the Bulgarian Government, although at times it has been compelled to arrest and imprison some of its members, when its work has been too openly defiant. The committee is watched by agents of the Turkish Government, who are continually demanding its suppression.

The failure of the Bulgarian Government to rescue Miss Stone has raised the suspicion that the Macedonian committee is concerned in the abduction. A careful investigation has not absolutely established

Bulgarian complicity, but a suspicion exists at the State Department, based upon official dispatches. It is probable that this suspicion caused the United States to appeal to Russia to use its good offices with the Balkan state to spare no effort to effect the liberation of the American lady. Bulgaria's situation in Europe is such that it is impossible for the United States to reach her. She has no sea coast. Her water frontage is on the Black Sea. An American squadron lies at Genoa, Italy, but on account of Turkish regulations warships can not pass through the Dardanelles. Thus entrance into the Black Sea is closed.

Mr. Leishman, the United States minister at Constantinople, is reported in a dispatch as saying:

"The abduction of Miss Stone raises a question to be settled with Bulgaria rather than with Turkey. Miss Stone is a strong, well-equipped missionary of about fifty-five years of age, who speaks the language of the country perfectly.

"I am sure the brigands never dreamed of her being a popular missionary, or they would have let her alone; but even the brigands are under the impression that every American possesses great wealth, hence this preposterous demand for a ransom of \$110,000.

"I do not think Miss Stone's life is in danger. The Bulgarians who crossed the border took her captive on Turkish soil, and were kept on the run by Turkish authorities until they succeeded in getting back on their own territory.

"Brigandage is by no means confined to Turkey. We hear of it in the very suburbs of Athens. An effort was recently made in Palermo. Fashionable winter resorts there are greatly handicapped by the prevalence of Sicilian brigandage. Sicily is the happy hunting-ground of brigands. Spain is troubled with armed mountaineers. Even the United States is not free from brigands. Witness the abduction of Cudab's boy and numerous railway hold-ups."

It is said that the Turkish authorities have made numerous arrests among the Bulgarian population, without distinction of religion, and nearly all have been put to torture in the hope of abstracting information. Miss Stone is well known throughout the country. The patriotic Bulgarians are incensed, as they recognize that Miss Stone and her colleagues of the American missions in Bulgaria and Macedonia have been their best friends throughout the troubles. There is no lack of indications that Prince Ferdi-

nand is imperiling his own position by permitting such license to the committee as to enable it to blackmail prominent people in support of the Macedonian cause.

M. Danew, the Bulgarian foreign minister, denies the suggestion that the Bulgarian Government is not doing its best to rescue Miss Stone. He says three thousand troops are engaged in the search for her.

The most practical measure within reach of Miss Stone's friends seemed to be an appeal for subscriptions to a fund for procuring her release. The firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co., of Boston, took charge of the popular subscription, and about \$60,000 had been received at the latest account.

At a meeting of the American board of commissioners for the board of foreign missions in Hartford Conn., October 8th, President Capen read an official report concerning the captivity and ransom of Miss Stone, from which the following is quoted:

"Last Thursday we received a dispatch from Washington that told us how increasingly grave the situation had become. On the receipt of this telegram, the committee came together and discussed the situation most thoroughly. On the one side was the life of a dearly beloved missionary; on the other side was the fact that if we yielded to this demand for ransom, it was putting a premium upon the life of every missionary of the American board, and not of our board only, but missionaries of every society in the world. The question was even broader than the case of missionaries; it practically concerned the safety of any and every American citizen. Recognizing the full gravity of the situation, the committee, without a dissenting vote, decided that it had no right to pay a ransom and establish a precedent that would be sure to be dangerous in all the future."

In the Boston churches last Sunday many ministers spoke of Miss Stone's peril, and some made appeals for funds. At the Shawmut Congregational Church, Rev. W. T. McElween said that while he did not wish to discourage the present movement for Miss Stone's release, yet the whole thing appeared to him to establish a bad precedent. He thought there must be some efficacy in a first class battle-ship with decks cleared for action. In his opinion the brigands were playing a game of bluff, and had no idea of murdering their prisoners.

The Bulgarian troops have lately been scouring the country surrounding the mountains where the brigands are supposed to be biding. They have re-

moved the peasants from their villages, seizing all provisions and cattle, and completely cutting off all supplies from the brigands.

## New Publications.

A helpful new work for German students is "Supplementary Exercises to Thomas's Practical German Grammar," by William Addison Hervey. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 35 cents.

Librarians not only, but all readers of books who have reason to suspect that a study of method and system will be of benefit, will find much of value in "Classification, Theoretical and Practical: The Order of the Sciences; The Classification of Books," by Ernest Cushing Richardson, librarian of Princeton University. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Wise, courageous, and affectionate horses, dogs, cats, and elephants are the heroes of the ten biographies in "Lady Lee, and Other Animal Stories," by Hermon Lee Ensign. Found anywhere, these stories would interest those who have any regard for animals, and in this well-printed and handsomely illustrated volume they will attract and impress all readers, old and young. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$2.00.

In the Cozy Corner Series of books for young readers the latest issues are "Findelkind," by Ouida; "A Small, Small Child," by E. Livingston Prescott; "The Fairy of the Rhone," by A. Comyns Carr; and "Gatty and I," by Frances E. Crompton. The little volumes are made particularly attractive by illustrations and bindings illuminated in colors. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price 50 cents each.

Something more than ten years ago Mark Twain wrote a magazine article on "English as She Is Taught." It was a serious paper, so far as exact truth was concerned, yet particularly amusing. The article is now reprinted as an introduction to a volume bearing the same title, which Caroline B. Le Row has made up of actual answers to examination questions asked in public schools and school-children's compositions. The book has more humor of several kinds than any joke-book by older authors can offer. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

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## CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Romance of the Sioux Hunting-Grounds.

Stewart Edward White knows the Black Hills country well, and in his story, "The Westerners," he pictures life with scouts, Indians, outlaws, prospectors, and miners in a graphic way, impossible without exact knowledge. Nearly all the scenes he describes are laid in that region west of the Missouri River, stretching from the Bad Lands to the Nebraska border. It is as dark and bloody a field as any that has been wrested from savage owners, and novelists may find in its records and traditions inexhaustible material. In many respects it is unique. Its mineral treasures were guarded by the bravest and most cruel tribe of red men, and hedged about with superstitions that preserved them unknown for many years while more distant fields were thoroughly exploited. It was the richest hunting-ground of the nomad of the West, and when the great game preserves to the south had been exhausted, there were still herds of buffalo in its fastnesses. And to this alluring yet forbidden field came all sorts of men, with the untamed in an overpowering majority for a long time. With all its varied phases of development Mr. White is familiar, and his work has enduring value beyond its fascination as a romance.

Revenge, long-delayed, hooded over, and played with, is the motive of the story, and if its features seem strange and unnatural, it may be only from the fact that its central figure, a half-breed French-Indian, is a character whose memory of wrongs, capricious cruelty, and capacity for endurance and repression are outside the ordinary experiences of civilization. This half-breed, Michail Lafond, was refused permission to accompany a wagon-train across the dangerous Indian country, and in his place an eccentric geologist, his wife and child were accepted. Lafond resented the action of the scouts, who would not allow a half-breed to become their traveling-companion, and in his anger and hate he included the innocent man, woman, and child who had received consideration. He followed on the trail, and though no occasion for reprisal came for two years, the blow was none the less brutal and relentless when it fell. The description of the murder of the patient, loyal wife and mother, and carrying away of the child, is a terrible picture. One victim escaped him, for the geologist died of grief. The child grew up, first under the care of savages and then in the house of an Indian agent, until the time came when Lafond could wreak his long-delayed vengeance on her. He had become the proprietor of numerous saloons and mining-camp dance-halls, and to one of the latter places he introduced the girl, joyfully anticipating her degradation and misery. But in the end a just fate overtook him, and the young woman escaped.

Incidental to the story are some matters of history that assist in developing the plot and illuminating the character of its central figure. There is no special plea for the Indian, but the progress of events that stirred up the Sioux and precipitated a war is sketched with a sure hand, and there are some details that show that all the rights were not on the white man's side. The story of Rain-in-Face, with its most impressive scene, the death of Custer, is told briefly, but with power. Mr. White was for a long time a contributor of short stories to the *Argonaut*, and the experience and art that made his work distinctive have produced even more notable effects in this, his first book. Its vivid presentation of striking events, its dramatic power, terseness, and unbackneyed style is worthy of high praise.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Temptation in the Form of Woman.

In his novel of Modern Greece, "Like Another Helen," George Horton scored a success, and he has followed that first book with another which will make new friends for its author. It is not a pretentious work, but it is entertaining, and its descriptions of present-day conditions and customs in that land of historic shades are picturesque accompaniments of a story that recalls some enthusiasms of earlier times. Its theme is the devotion of a young priest, who aspired to the eminence secured by Saint Anthony, and its conclusion shows how yet another student and ascetic was drawn from his high aims by the attraction of a woman's eyes.

"The Tempting of Father Anthony" is the title chosen for this record of a youth's brief career among the brothers of the poor. It shows how the inspiration came that took possession of Anastasi Kriezies, and how, in obedience, he left the house of his father, the village priest, and retired to a cave to begin the imitation of the saint whose history had been his greatest delight. Driven from the cavern by a stern though loving mother, he ran away still farther, and entered a monastery. And under the care and guidance of the father superior his piety and fervor increased until he was accepted and allowed to take the vows. But when he went out into the world again, the most trying temptation came before him in the form of Paraskev, a beautiful Greek girl. He would have hurried away, but a fortunate chance made him the girl's protector, and then, when he was injured, she became his nurse. Dreams of her beautiful eyes and snowy, rounded arms disturbed his rest, and though his determination was strong, it could not stay his feet. The closing scene is a shielded garden of fruit and flowers, where Anastasi

sits under his own grape-vine, and the beautiful Paraskev and their child are near him.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

## In the Insect World.

Naturalists, young and old, will find endless pleasure and instruction in Dr. L. O. Howard's new work, "The Insect Book: A Popular Account of the Bees, Wasps, Ants, Grasshoppers, Flies, and Other North American Insects, Exclusive of the Butterflies, Moths, and Beetles, with Full Life Histories, Tables, and Bibliographies." And those who are not so fortunate as to have leisure for nature study yet may discover many pages in this portly, handsome volume as interesting as anything in history, philosophy, or fiction. Dr. Howard's aim has been to encourage the study of what he terms "a rather neglected aspect of nature." Collectors of butterflies and beetles are numerous, but the more common bees, wasps, and ants are neglected by many who have some knowledge of entomology.

There are forty-eight full-page plates in the book, many of them colored, and the text of the work is illustrated with two hundred and sixty engravings from drawings. The scientific name of each specimen is given, but the language of all descriptions is hardened with few technical terms that require translation. The life stories of the various insects are told with skill, and the remarkable efforts of many observers are made the subjects of merited praise. Dr. Howard is chief of the division of entomology in the United States Department of Agriculture, and his enthusiasm in this study will win many students to continued effort and painstaking research. He has pointed out in this work many fields where special study is needed, and where but little investigation may lead to rich results.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Scribners are about to publish another volume of Maxim Gorky's work, to be called "Orloff and his Wife: Tales of the Barefoot Brigade." It comprises eight short stories, the first of which is the one that gives its title to the book. Isabel Hapgood is again the translator.

Howard Chandler Christy is of the opinion that the drawings he has just completed for George W. Cable's novel, "The Cavalier," embody the most careful work of his career. The story affords opportunities for an artist of Mr. Christy's ideals, for it has to do with American women and American soldiers, types in which he has scored his greatest successes.

Frank T. Bullen's autumn book is entitled "The Apostles of the South-East," and is a story of religious life in a London suburb.

According to the American publishers of "Kim," Rudyard Kipling began that novel eight years ago, and has expended an unusual amount of care on it, some sections being re-written a dozen times, and then changed or cut out. The journeys of Kim and his Lama are said to reproduce many of the author's own journeys, even to the traveling toward Tibet near the end of the tale.

Amelia E. Barr's new story, "The Lion's Whelp," which has just been brought out, is related to Cromwell's times, and is largely concerned with the Lord Protector himself.

McClure, Phillips & Co. will be the American publishers of Dent's new edition of Boswell's Johnson, in three large volumes, edited by Arnold Glover, with an introduction by Austin Dobson.

"Deafness and Cheerfulness," by Rev. A. W. Jackson, will be published this month. Mr. Jackson is the well-known author of "James Martineau: A Biography and Study."

W. D. Howells's latest volume, "Heroines of Fiction," is being brought out in an edition uniform with "Literary Friends and Acquaintance." The heroines of Dickens, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Charles Reade, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Miss Wilkins, and many others, all come in for their share of Mr. Howells's criticism.

George W. Smalley's "Recollections" of distinguished personages he has known, and of his European experiences, are soon to be published in book-form.

Josephine Dodge Daskam, author of "Smith College Stories," will soon bring out, through the Scribners, a dainty volume entitled "Fables for the Fair." In these fables, which are about women, it is said Miss Daskam develops a vein of satirical humor of most amusing quality.

"Over the Plum-Pudding," is the title of a collection of John Kendrick Bangs's latest short stories, many of them having been written especially for the Christmas season.

A new edition of Nathan Haskell Dole's translation of Tolstoy's brilliant novel, "Anna Karenina," is to be brought out in a few weeks. It should be noted that this translation was made from the original Russian.

A new volume of fiction from the pen of A. T. Quiller-Couch (under the familiar "Q," of course)

is announced for publication this week by the Scribners. The title will be "The Laird's Luck, and Other Fireside Tales."

"A Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," in two volumes, by J. H. Rose, M. A., author of "The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era, 1789-1815," with photographic frontispieces and many illustrations, will be published by the Macmillan Company soon.

Edmund Gosse has written a book which is in the nature of fiction, but can hardly be called a novel. It is rather a skit. The Olympian gods come to-gether in its pages, and take a review of modern life.

Margaret Brent, the central character in "Mistress Brent," Lucy M. Thurston's story of Lord Baltimore's colony in 1638, also appears as one of the characters in Maud Wilder Goodwin's "Sir Christopher," which has gone into its sixth edition.

## INTAGLIOS.

## Madrigal.

I send you roses—red, like love,  
And white, like death, sweet friend:  
Born in your bosom to rejoice,  
Languish, and pine, and end.

If the white roses tell of death,  
Let the red roses mend  
The talk with true stories of love  
Unchanging to the end.

Red and white roses, love and death—  
What else is left to send?  
For what is life but love, the means,  
And death, dear heart, the end?

—W. E. Henley in the *North American Review*.

## Dream and a Day.

How many happy summers yet,  
How many times the bird, the rose,  
Ere 'tis to sleep and to forget?  
There's never a heart that knows.

How oft shall come the summer weather  
Along the field, the greenwood way,  
And lover and loved one be together?  
There's never a heart can say.

And ever a heart why should it say?  
What would love have of joy or sorrow?  
Love, with its dream, its dream and a day,  
Has never a thought for the morrow.

—John Vance Cheney in *Harper's Magazine*.

## John George Nicolay.

This man loved Lincoln, him did Lincoln love;  
Through the long storm, right there, by Lincoln's side,

He stood, his shield and servitor; when died  
The great, sweet, sorrowful soul—still high above  
All other passions, that for the spirit fled!

To this one task his pure life was assigned—  
He strove to make the world know Lincoln's mind:

He served him living, and he served him dead,  
So shall the light from that immortal fame  
Keep bright for ever this most faithful name.

—Richard Watson Gilder in *New York Evening Post*.

## Death of Lincoln's Secretary.

John George Nicolay, who died in Washington, D. C., on September 26th, was the private secretary of President Lincoln at the time of his assassination, and an intimate personal friend of the great emancipator. During his Presidency, Mr. Nicolay and his assistant, John Hay, now Secretary of State, planned to write a biography of Lincoln, the latter expressing his approval of the idea. However, it was not until 1874 that they began the active work of writing their biography, although they had spent the previous six years in gathering and arranging their material. Its serial publication under the title, "Abraham Lincoln, a History," was begun in the *Century Magazine* in November, 1886, and continued until February, 1890. In the latter year the complete work, with many important chapters not included in the serial publication, was issued. Of the joint work each author is said to have written about half, and concurrently also they collected, catalogued, and edited "Abraham Lincoln's Complete Works," which were published in 1894. In addition to this great task, Mr. Nicolay wrote, in 1881, "The Outbreak of the Rebellion," it being the first volume of a series entitled "Campaigns of the Civil War." Mr. Nicolay also wrote the article on President Lincoln in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and has contributed numerous articles to American magazines.

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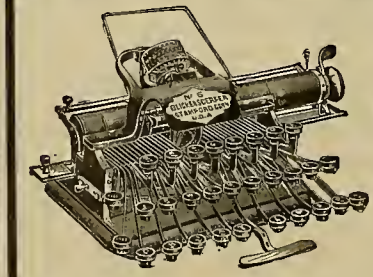
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## A GENTLEMANLY THIEF.

## Further Adventures of an Amateur Cracksmen.

To "Raffles," his latest volume, E. W. Hornung continues the interesting adventures of the devoted pair of friends who figured in "The Amateur Cracksmen," and, despite the fact that their acts are far from moral, the sympathy of the reader is always with them. When we met him before, Raffles was a gentleman of manner and appearance, who made a living by following the profession of a hurglar. As a crack amateur sportsman, he was much invited about, and some of his cleverest jobs were pulled off at the country houses where he was as honored guest. But he was not always able to manage his little *coups* alone, so he found an assistant—a young fellow who had brought himself to the verge of suicide by gambling, and whom Raffles saved for his own purposes. With the proceeds of their first job they led a life of the clubs and society, *fitted* and petted by the very people whom they robbed. But their path was not always strewn with roses. Once, at a country house, they came in contact with a professional cracksmen and a Mr. Mackenzie, a Scotch detective from Scotland Yard, and these two noticed them into a score—the first by claiming their fraternal assistance and so bringing them into disrepute with the detective, and the latter by getting them into a corner where Raffles, true to his rôle of hero, confessed to the detective rather than bring scandal on the young girl to whom he had had the effrontery to become engaged.

In the opening chapter of the new volume, "No Sioecure," we learn of another escapade which almost led to the arrest of this social highwayman. While cruising in the Mediterranean, Raffles, after detection in the act of trying to steal a jewel of great price intended as a present for an exalted personage, jumped overboard. But that was not the end of him. He was picked up by another ship and loaded on Italian soil. And while his pal was lamesting him as dead, he was living through the great romance of his life, related in the chapter, "The Fate of Faustina," which ended in a tragedy that turned his hair white. Years passed. One day the hereaved, lonely, and impecunious Bunoy saw in a Loodoo newspaper an advertisement for an attendant to look after an elderly gentleman just returned from Australia. The invalid turned out to be Raffles. As far as the police were concerned, he was dead and done for. So he had to behave accordingly. Only at eight did the ex-Colonial sally forth at first to collect the property of his fellow-citizens. After a while, however, Raffles became more daring, as, for instance, the evening when he succeeded in getting a leading jeweler to meet him at a swell restaurant with a choice collection of gems, from which he was to select suitable gifts for his future bride. After having made his choice, he suggested that he might just as well take the jewels at once and remit as soon as his allowance, long overdue from New York, arrived. But the jeweler was a bit wary of this unknown American tourist, as he claimed to be, and, to allay his suspicions, Raffles promised to send the money from Paris in a few days. In the meanwhile, that he might be sure he would get the very articles he had selected, he turned his cigarettes out of the tin box in which they lay, and said:

"Pack 'em in this, the three things we want, and over mid the boxes; you can pack 'em in cotton-wool. Then we'll ring for string and sealing-wax, seal up the lot right here, and you can take 'em away to your grip. Within three days we'll have our remittance, and mail you the money, and you'll mail us this darned box with my seal unbroken! It's no use you looking so sick, Mr. Jowler; you won't trust us any, and yet we're going to trust you some. Ring the bell, Ezra, and we'll see if they've gotten any sealing-wax and string."

They had; and the thing was done. The tradesman did not like it; the precaution was absolutely unnecessary; but since he was taking all his goods away with him, the sold with the unsold, his sentimental objections fell to the ground. He packed ockle-riog, and star, with his own hands, in cotton-wool; and the cigarette-box held them so easily that at the last moment, when the box was closed, and the string ready, Raffles very easily added a diamond hee-brooch at £15, 10s. This temptation, however, he ultimately overcame, to the other's chagrin. The cigarette-box was tied up, and the string sealed, oddly enough, with the diamond of a ring that he had previously bought and paid for.

When he reached home with Buoy, he smacked a cigarette-box down upon the mantel-piece:

It was not tied. It was not sealed. It flew open from the force of the impact. And the diamond ring that cost ninety-five pounds, the necklace for two hundred pounds, and the flaming star at another one hundred pounds—all three lay safe and snug in the jeweler's own cotton-wool.

"Duplicate boxes!" I cried.

"Duplicate boxes, my brainy Buoy. One was already packed, and weighted, and in my pocket. I don't know whether you noticed me weighing the three things together in my hand? I know that neither of you saw me change boxes, for I did it when I was nearest buying the hee-brooch at the eod, and you were too puzzled, and the other Johnny too keen. It was the cheapest shot in the game."

While on a visit to the room of gold in the British Museum, described in the chapter "A Jubilee Present," Raffles and Bunoy became interested in a cup of gold which was worth several thousand pounds:

"I wonder if we could lift it, Buoy, by hook or crook?" remarked Raffles.

"You'd better try, sir," said a dry voice at his elbow.

"Going to run me in, officer?" said he. "That would be a joke—my hat!"

"I didn't say as I was, sir," replied the policeman. "But that's queer talk for a gentleman like you, sir, in the British Museum!" And he wagged his helmet at my invalid, who had taken his airing in frock-coat and top-hat, the more rapidly to assume his present part.

"What?" cried Raffles, "simply saying to my friend that I'd like to lift the gold cup? Why, so I should, officer, so I should! I don't mind who hears me say so. It's one of the most beautiful things I ever saw in all my life."

The constable's face had already relaxed, and now a grin peeped under the limp moustache. "I dare say there's many as feels like that, sir," said he.

"Exactly; and I say what I feel, that's all," said Raffles, airily. "But, seriously, officer, is a valuable thing like this quite safe in a case like that?"

"Safe enough as long as I'm here," replied the other, between grim jest and stout earnest. Raffles studied his face; he was still watching Raffles; and I kept an eye on both without putting in my word. "You appear to be single-headed," observed Raffles. "Is that true?"

The note of anxiety was capital caught; it was at once personal and public-spirited, that of the enthusiastic servant, afraid for a national treasure which few appreciated as he did himself. And, to be sure, the three of us now had this treasure to ourselves; one or two others had been there when we entered, but now they were gone.

"I'm not single-headed," said the officer, comfortably. "See that seat by the door? One of the attendants sits there all day long."

"Theo where is he now?"

"Talking to another attendant, just outside. If you listen, you'll hear them for yourself."

We listened, and we did hear them, but not just outside. In my own mind, I even questioned whether they were in the corridor through which we had come; to me it sounded as though they were just outside the corridor.

The policeman was perfectly at ease, and did not seem to understand the solicitude of Raffles:

"Lor' bless you, sir," said he, "I'm all right; don't bother your head about me."

"But you haven't even a truncheon!"

"Not likely to want one either. You see, sir, it's early as yet; in a few minutes these here rooms will fill up; and there's safety in numbers, as they say."

"Oh, it will fill up soon, will it?"

"Aoy minute now, sir."

"Ah!"

"It's so often empty as long as this, sir. It's the jubilee, I suppose."

"Meanwhile, what if my friend and I had been professional thieves? Why, we could have overpowered you in an instant, my good fellow!"

"That you couldn't; leastways, not without bringing the whole place about your ears."

"Well, I shall write to the *Times* all the same. I'm a connoisseur in all this sort of thing, and I won't have unnecessary risks run with the nation's property. You said there was an attendant just outside, but he sounds to me as though he were at the other end of the corridor. I shall write to-day!"

For an instant we all three listened:

Raffles was right. Theo saw two things in one glance. Raffles had stepped a few inches backward, and stood poised upon the ball of each foot, his arms half raised, a light in his eyes. And another kind of light was breaking over the crass features of our friend the constable.

"Theo, shall I tell you what I'll do?" he cried, with a sudden clutch at the whistle-chain on his chest. The whistle flew out, but it never reached his lips. There were a couple of sharp smacks, like double barrels discharged all but simultaneously, and the man reeled against me so that I could not help catching him as he fell.

It was but the work of a few moments until Raffles had broken the glass of the case and secured the cup. They had a most miraculous escape. This costly trophy, whose ancient history and final fate filled newspaper columns, and for which the flower of Scotland Yard was said to be seeking high and low, eventually proved an elephant on their hands. Any attempt to place it would have brought swift punishment, and to melt it down would have been sacrilegious. So Raffles sent it in a biscuit-box to Sir Arthur Bigge, asking him to hand it to Queen Victoria, as a jubilee present, with the loyal respects of the thief.

In the chapter "To Catch a Thief," we learn how Raffles and Bunoy outwitted a titled thief, who made raid after raid upon the smartest houses in Loodoo, at which he attended notable functions. "The Last Laugh" narrates how Raffles rid himself of some anarchists who dogged his footsteps, and, although ingenious in plot, it is hardly up to the standard of the other stories. Bunoy is the hero of "The Wrong House," in which an exciting escape on bicycles is introduced, and "The Knees of the Gods" brings the volume to a close. The last story takes us to South Africa, where, as troopers, the two devoted friends are fighting for their country. Bunoy is seriously wounded, and, as he lies on the velvet under the blind-suo, Raffles administers to his comfort and encourages him until a bullet from a Boer sharpshooter cuts short his checkered career. This ending is hardly consistent, for it permits this clever rogue to die a hero's death instead of being placed behind the bars where he belonged.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## New Publications.

"Book Four" of the New Education Readers Series, is by A. J. Demarest and William M. Vao Sickle, and is intended for pupils in the third year. It is notable for its good selections and arrangement and really fine engravings. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 45 cents.

A powerful but not altogether pleasant novel of Galician life is offered in "The Millioo," by Dorothea Gerard. It is really a tragedy in which a ootary, who saves and accumulates a millioo through parental love, and his daughter, who finds more bitter than sweet in the promised happiness, are the chief characters. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Two new works of fiction, "Coals of Fire" and "Serious Complications," are among the offerings of the week. Both stories are written by Francis Hanford Delaney, and the author's portrait serves as a frontispiece to each volume, faced by a brief biography. "Serious Complications" is intended to be humorous, and "Coals of Fire," serious. Their readers generally will transpose these characterizations. Published by the Abbey Press, New York; price, \$1.00 each.

The Authentic edition of the works of Charles Dickens approaches completion. The fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth volumes are ready, and but three remain unfinished. "Hard Times" and "Reprinted Pieces" are included in the first of these four volumes; "Sketches by Boz" fill the second; "American Notes" and "Pictures from Italy" make up the third; and the fourth presents "The Uncommercial Traveller" and four shorter papers. The original illustrations by Phiz, Cruikshank, and others, colored frontispieces, and the old engraved title-pages are among the distinctive features of this fine edition. Published by Chapman & Hall, London, and imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 per volume.

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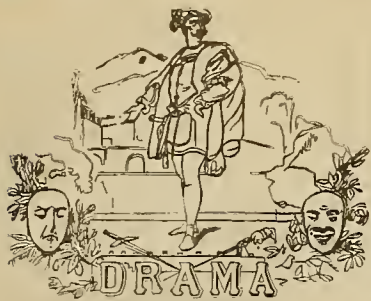
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## THE RULING PASSION

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My companion settled herself comfortably in her seat at the Alcazar on a recent evening, and unfolded her programme with an air of cozy anticipation. My heart misgave me, for she was fresh from a stay in New York, and did not seem to have at all lost her head over the metropolitan ornaments of the stage. "Don't forget," I warned her, "that low-priced theatres can scarcely be expected to provide high-class players." "Be calm," she replied, re-assuringly; "I have not forgotten that 'the play's the thing.'"

For it was Carton's authorship of "Liberty Hall" that had attracted us to the Alcazar. It is rather interesting to follow up a number of plays by the same author within a comparatively short space of time. One finds one's self in consequence with greatly increased perspicacity classifying the writer according to the nature and degree of his talent. In my mind, Carton, whose literary acquaintance we have recently had so many opportunities to cultivate, has become the skilled dramatic exponent of a phase of London society in which the people are, as a rule, handsome, witty, worldly-wise, well-dressed, and a trifle unscrupulous. I said as much to Cecilia. "Tis well," she replied, with satisfaction; "I prefer the presence of unscrupulous people in plays just as cordially as I object to having them on my calling-list. Interesting situations are always certain to be evolved when there are a few elastic consciences about."

The curtain rose, revealing the drawing-room at Chilworth, which, it transpired, was the home of the Misses Chilworth, two young ladies whose lineage and high-breeding are skillfully impressed upon us in various imperceptible ways by the dramatist. A young man is discovered reading aloud to a young woman something from Swinburne which celebrates the joys derived from four lips becoming "one burning mouth." "Eminently Cartonian," I commented; "his heroes generally impress me as men who are thorough experts on the process of sampling burning mouths." I set down the young woman—a snug, plump, meaningless-looking little actress, with no expression whatever in her clear, precise little tones—as a flirtatious matron playing with fire. Carton's matrons rarely indulge in any other occupation. It transpired, however, that she was the younger Miss Chilworth, and that the love-making between the young couple was perfectly legitimate. This was a staggerer, and the shock was further increased by discovering the family lawyer to be kind and compassionate, and Blanche Chilworth, the elder of the two girls, to be a loving and unselfish sister.

"I hope, Cecilia," said I, on making this discovery, "that you will not lay it up against me, but this is evidently a play in which wickedness is at a discount. I see no signs whatever of an elegant society villain looming up on the horizon."

"Do you know," replied my friend, "I think that, on the whole, I rather like it better this way? I find myself swelling with a sensation of benevolence, nobility of soul, and general whole-heartedness."

"How do you like the new leading lady?" I asked.

"What's the matter with her hair?" asked Cecilia, with an expression of fastidious disapproval.

"Rats!" I replied, sententiously.

"Oh, for a trap, a trap!" said Cecilia, who, as she murmured Browning's line, transfixed with a severe opera-glass the flying buttresses of Miss Converse's extensively panoplied locks. In spite, however, of the fact that the lady's profile was turned on the house, nothing, at the moment, could be seen of her face but the tip of her nose, so thoroughly was it cabined, cribbed, and confined by her encroaching tresses.

"What do you think of her?" Cecilia demanded in her turn.

"I think she is very conscientious," I replied.

"Darning with faint praise, what else?" demanded my friend.

"I think that those uvular *r's* inappropriately grafted on the refined phrases of Carton's heroine would give that author acute neuritis of the auricular nerve," I answered, as Miss Converse emitted the word "la-urrgé" with an amplitude and spread on the *r* that almost equaled the area of the Mississippi Valley, from which the hideous sound originally hailed. I noticed that this was one of a number of lapses on Miss Converse's part. She has evidently been warned by her instructors of her weakness in this respect, and faithfully struggles to overcome it. Fatally difficult task! No one with a fine ear ever can commit this lingual barbarism in the first place, and the offender is generally as unconscious of the defect as the Cockney is of his dropped *h's*. Its persistence always jars the æsthetic sensibilities, no

matter how superior the deportment or elegant the appearance of the speaker. It needed all of Clara Morris's genius to startle and charm us into forgetting that her speech always bore this unlovely little American excrement.

But, to return to "Liberty Hall," the hero—who, by the way, is a high-minded and chivalrous gentleman—now comes to the front. He is a cousin of the Misses Chilworth, although unknown to them, and heir to "Chilworth," the ancestral home. It suits him, however, to preserve an *incognito*, and, passing himself off as Mr. Owen, he purports to be the hearer of a message from their kinsman, offering them the privilege of retaining Chilworth as a home for an indefinite season. This part is assumed by Mr. Alsop, the new leading man, who is rather a good-looking young man, with a brisk tongue, a bright eye, a confident manner, and a mouth whose corners the owner has some difficulty in keeping to the appropriate droop in serious moments.

Mr. Chilworth, the man of high position, preserves throughout the play his *incognito*, and, as Mr. Owen, is, by his own account, a cross between a commercial traveler and a shopman. For, in the good, old-fashioned way, he has fallen in love with his cousin at first sight, and, like M. Beaucaire, hoping to win his love unhacked by wealth and name, he romantically enters the service of her uncle, a London shop-keeper, from whom the two deposed princesses in exile have accepted a home. That shabby London retreat is called by its kind-hearted host "Liberty Hall." I can imagine that, under proper conditions, there must be considerable piquancy in the situation, which we now saw unfolding itself rather lamely and ineffectively. Given a pair of lovely English girls, blooming in the dingy confines of Liberty Hall like a couple of Jacqueminot roses in a cracked, discolored tea-cup; given a handsome young man, whose romantic attractions and air of the great world are but thinly masked by his shopman's disguise; given the ensuing sentimental bombardment of Blanche Chilworth's heart by her cousin, who is the owner of the old home for whose loss she grieves, and of whose identity she is all unconscious—how delightful the situation would be if the players matched it in interest. But I continually imagined a "Too-Much-Johnson" expression in Mr. Alsop's face. He was so much more successful in representing the commercial traveler than the English swell. His walk, his manner, his smile, the cut of his clothes—all had the commercial stamp.

"Do you hear the glih rattle through his speech of the constitutional gahbler?" said Cecilia. "What a good Johnson he will be with that air of confidence, and that exuberance of temperament!"

"There's something that's a match for Miss Converse's *r's*!" I exclaimed, as the leading man ejaculated something about "certaintee," with the accent on the "tee." "Nobilitee" immediately followed, and, thereupon, Cecilia and I became two sleuths looking out for Mr. Alsop's "tees." We had a rich find. "Qualitee," "mysteree," "dutee," "opportunittee," dropped in rapid succession from his unconscious lips, and ten minutes later, after our attention had been successfully distracted by the interest of the play, I heard a soft, echoing murmur of "charitee" from Cecilia's direction. By this time we were running a race in our endeavor to surpass each other in gathering the vocal gems that were scattering so thickly. We leaped like two hounds straining at the leash when Miss Chilworth coyly alluded to the "futoor," and came out even at the goal of Mr. Alsop's "umbreller in the passage." Theo we paused, exhausted, and mutually agreed to pull up, lest we should lose the thread of the story in our philological frenzy. "Although," said Cecilia, "I can not promise to remain supine if they spring any more startling verbal curios upon us. As it is, I feel impelled to remark, in language appropriate to the occasion, that we already have quite a few in our collection."

"Quite a few," I assented, warmly. Cecilia and I agreed presently that we were mean things, and that we would try with equal industry to discover a few good points in the leading pair of the new company. Pursuing this course, we pronounced Miss Converse's eyes to be fine, and her personality an amiable one. Mr. Alsop's height, we agreed, was beyond cavil.

"But he wears pants," I said. In response to Cecilia's severe glance, I added: "I use the term advisedly. With such a cut I can not call them anything else."

"O tempora! O mores!" cried Cecilia, in sorrow. "And this is what you call criticism!"

"Not criticism, merely comment," I replied. "One does not criticize that which falls to pieces when analyzed. Mr. Alsop can not fulfill our idea, nor Carton's either. I suspect, of Owen Chilworth, so we fall to idly observing the cut of his clothes. Do you hear that vocal hurst of satisfaction?" I added, at the moment when the lovers, after having sparred through the entire play, finally made up their differences, and showed signs of an intention to be happy ever afterward. "That is an evidence of the fact that Miss Converse and Mr. Alsop are a success."

In fact, they had thoroughly pleased their audience, which consisted principally of a lot of gleeful young couples who, at an expenditure of a quarter, or, possibly, half a dollar, had spent an agreeable evening, had heard a good play, and had enjoyed the further novelty of being present at the

first appearance of the new company. Furthermore, they had witnessed some genuinely good acting, for Mr. Bacon's portraiture of Uncle Todman was simple, clear, and life-like. He made the old man lovable, and refrained from exaggerating the number of his dropped *h's*, although, I fancy, he interpolated an extra "my goodness" or so. Messrs. Scott and Gerson are also actors of intelligence; the latter speaks well, has a good manner, and, of all the company, seemed most at home in the atmosphere of refined comedy.

Mr. Alsop, as I suspected, subsequently found his histrionic affinity in the part of the cheerful liar in "Too Much Johnson." His air of secretly enjoying a good joke is peculiarly adapted to the character of the ready and resourceful liar. The curve of humor in his mouth does not belie him. But it is humor of a peculiarly American flavor, and just as much out of place in Carton's comedy as it is appropriately envired in Gillette's farce.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

A report comes from Alaska that Jeremiah Lynch, the well-known San Francisco clubman, was seriously injured on his claim near Dawson on September 22d. Lynch was ascending a gravity tramway in an empty car, when the breaking of the apparatus sent a loaded car crashing down upon him. The empty car was splintered by the collision and Lynch was thrown into the brush beside the track. His injuries, it is said, apparently consisted of two broken ribs, but it was feared that he was hurt internally.

The will of Stewart Menzies has been filed for probate by his daughters, Miss Sarah Menzies and Mrs. Agnes Last, who estimated the value of his estate at \$40,000. All of it was bequeathed to them with the exception of \$2,000, which was given to Miss Mary Martin.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Last Week of "Florodora."

That San Francisco theatre-goers are not slow to appreciate a first-class attraction is evidenced by the crowded houses which have greeted "Florodora" during the second week of its run at the Columbia Theatre. On Monday evening the third and last week of the engagement begins, with no signs of diminishing in the demand for seats. In addition to a wealth of pretty chorus-girls, several picturesque stage-settings, gorgeous costumes, and some pretty new dances, the opera is liberally sprinkled with catchy songs which are received with enthusiastic applause. The most notable are "When I Go Out of Town," "Tact," and "I've an Inkling," which are sung in a droll manner by dainty Grace Dudley, who is the hit of the opera in the rôle of Lady Holyrood; "The Shade of the Palm," by Charles B. Bowers; "The Queen of the Philippine Islands" and "The Star of Love," by Laura Millard; "I Want to Be a Military Man," by the chorus; and "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," which is incomparably sung and danced by a double sextet of sprightly clerks and English girls.

Stuart Robson, in a revival of Bronson Howard's comedy, "The Henrietta," will be the next attraction. He will be supported by a strong company which contains, among other members, Russ Whyatt, Maclyn Arbuckle, and Dorothy Rossmore.

## A Verdi Night at the Tivoli.

To commemorate the birth of Verdi and as a fitting tribute to the memory of the great Italian composer, the Tivoli Opera House will devote Monday evening to a varied programme of the *maestro's* most successful operas. Scenes from "Aida," "Rigoletto," "Otello," and "Il Trovatore" will be given, and the great overture from "Nabucco" and the trio from "Lombardi" will complete the bill. All the leading artists will take part in this gala event, which is sure to draw a crowded house.

On Tuesday evening another Verdi opera, "Ernani," is to be sung, with a cast which will include Castellano in the title rôle, Ferrari as the King of Spain, Barbareschi as Elvira, Dado as Don Silva, Cortesi as Ricardo, Napoleoni as Jago, and Sannie Krüger as Giovanni. "Ernani" will be repeated on Thursday and Sunday nights and at the Saturday matinee.

The alternate evenings will be given up to revivals of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." In Mascagni's opera, Agostini will be the Turiddu; Montanari, the Santuzza; and Collanarini, the Lola, a part in which she has never been heard here before. Barnetta Mueller, a new singer, who has just returned from Europe, where she studied with the best teachers in Italy and France, will make her *début* here as Nedda in "I Pagliacci." Salassa will sing his old part of the clown; Russo will have the rôle of Canio for the first time this season; Polletini will be the harlequin; and Zani, the Silvio.

Puccini's "La Bohème," with Montanari in the rôle of Mimi, is in active preparation, and will be given on Monday evening, October 21st.

## "The Girl in the Barracks."

William Gillette's "Too Much Johnson" will be followed at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night with another laughable comedy in three acts entitled "The Girl in the Barracks." It is by Curt Kratz and Henrick Stohitzer, and was originally produced at the New York Casino, where it enjoyed a prosperous run. The fun of the comedy centres around a rash wager made by a certain young actress of a popular Parisian theatre, who agrees to attempt to pass twenty-four hours in a military barracks just outside the city. She is fortunate enough to come in contact with a young dude who has in his pocket his orders to "recruit" at the garrison at the military barracks. By clever manœuvring, she manages to obtain possession of his clothes with the order in one of the pockets. Masquerading in this attire, she enters the service of the French army, where she is compelled to be a witness to all the frolics of the gay officers. All sorts of complications ensue until the wager is won.

Special attention is to be paid to the uniforms and costumes which will carry out the military atmosphere of the comedy, and several unique stage-effects are promised.

## "The Little Minister" at the Grand.

Joseph Haworth will conclude his starring engagement in "Hamlet" at the Grand Opera House on Sunday night, and next week the regular stock company will present John Arthur Fraser's dramatization of J. M. Barrie's charming novel, "The Little Minister."

The part of Gavin Dishart, the little minister, will be played by Herschel Mayall, who has become quite favorite with the patrons of the Grand Opera House during the Haworth engagement. Laura Nelson will make her re-appearance, after a serious illness, as Lady Babbie, the rôle in which Maude Adams made her *début*, and the remainder of the cast will be as follows: Captain Halliwell, William Bernard; Lord Rintoul, William Greenleaf; Ammas Whamond, Charles Waldron; Peter Tosh, A. D. Byers; Henry Munn, Edward Lawrence;

John Spens, Gilbert Gardner; Sheriff Riach, Charles Smiley; Roh Dow, Fred J. Butler; Sanders Webster, Ainar Acton; Mr. Ogilvy, Burr Caruth; Sergeant O'Kelley, Edward Asher; Wild Lindsay, Charles Dorris; Nannie Webster, Agnes Maynard; and Jean Baxter, Marie Benson.

## At the Orpheum.

The head-liners at the Orpheum next week will be Ned Monroe, Harry Mack, and Nellie Lawrence, who will make their first appearance here in a droll skit, called "How to Get Rid of Your Mother-in-Law." The other new-comers are the De Courcy Brothers, a team of acrobats whose feats of strength and dexterity are said to be remarkable; Maude Sorensen, a precocious little singer and dancer, who will make her vaudeville *début*, assisted by her tiny sister, Gladys, and Master Tom Dunn, in an original sketch, written especially for them, entitled "The Manager's Fate"; and Thomas Baker, a monologist, who has quite a reputation as a laugh provoker.

Those retained from this week's bill are Wilfred Clark and his company, who will present a revised version of "In the Biograph"; Mitchell and Barnard, the popular tenor and baritone, who will change their solos and duets; Joe, Buster, and Myra Keaton, in a new hodge-podge of comicallies; the O'Meers Sisters, clever tight-wire-walkers, who enter on their last week; and the biograph.

## THE GRAND OPERA SEASON.

The opening performance of the Maurice Grau Grand Opera Company this season took place in Albany, N. Y., on Monday night, when "Lohengrin" was produced. Before reaching San Francisco, the company will make a long tour which will include engagements in Montreal and Toronto—where a state concert is to be given in honor of the Duke and Duchess of York—Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo, Louisville, Nashville, Memphis, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Houston, and Los Angeles. The company will remain in San Francisco for three weeks, and the season at the Grand Opera House promises to be an unusually brilliant one. The sale of season tickets is to open on October 28th, and the prices are to be the same as last year.

From the complete list of singers and operas which have been announced, it looks as if there could apparently be no off nights. Neither Melba nor Nordica will be heard here this year, but in their place we shall have Sibyl Sanderson, Emma Eames Story, and Emma Calvé, who are new to San Francisco, and Marcella Sembrich, who scored a great success here in her single performance last year, when she was forced to disband her company owing to continued illness. The other sopranos are Johanna Gadske, Suzanne Adams, Louise Reuss-Belce, Fritz Scheff, and Mmes. Baumeister and Van Cantern. The contraltos are the same as before—Mme. Schumann-Heink, Carrie Bridewell, and Louise Homer. Albert Saleza, the popular French tenor, will be missed this year, but he is to be replaced by Emilio di Marchi, who has sung chiefly in Spain, Russia, and Italy. The other tenors are Ernest Van Dyck, Andreas Dippel, Jacques Bars, Thomas Salignac, Signor Vanni, M. Gilbert, and Albert Reiss. The baritones are David Bispham, Giuseppe Campanari, M. Declery, M. Dufriche, M. Gillibert, Adolf Muhlmann, Antonio Scotti, and Signor Tavecchia. Edouard de Reszké will again head the list of basses, which includes Robert Blass, Marcel Journet, Pol Plançon, and Signor Viviani. The conductors will be Walter Damrosch, P. H. Flon, and A. Seppilli.

Among the opera novelties will be Wagner's "The Meistersinger" and "Tristan and Isolde," which have never been given here, with Gadske and Van Dyck in the leading rôles; Massenet's "Manon," in which Sibyl Sanderson will make her *début*; "La Navarraise," with Calvé in the rôle which was written for her by Massenet; "Nozze di Figaro," with a cast which will include Emma Eames, Marcella Sembrich, Fritz Scheff, Scotti, Tavecchia, and Edouard de Reszké. The other operas will be "Romeo and Juliet," "Faust," "The Huguenots," "Carmen," "Aida," "Otello," "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Ernani," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Don Pasquale," "The Barber of Seville," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Die Walküre," and "Mefistofele."

In the qualifying rounds of the tournament for the women's golf championship of America, which took place on Tuesday on the links of the Baltusrol Golf Club near Shorthills, N. J., Miss Frances E. Griscom, the present champion, failed to live up to her reputation as a golfer, as she was unable to qualify, while ten other players succeeded.

A MOST EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF Oriental rugs may be seen at the new art rooms of Mr. M. B. Mihan, 332 Post Street, near Powell. It comprises some three thousand of the most select Persian rugs. There are rugs of great value—silk rugs, silk carpets, silk kirmans, tabrizes, etc. By far the most interesting of the collection is the Calipha's silk carpet, made by his favorite wife. It is considered the finest yet made, and contains over eighty million stitches, and was originally valued at twenty thousand dollars. These rugs will be offered for sale at auction daily, commencing October 14th, at 11 A. M. and 2 P. M.

## The Channing Auxiliary Lectures.

The Channing Auxiliary announces a course of three illustrated lectures by Mr. Ernest F. Fenollosa, on "The Art of the Orient," to be given in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church, on Tuesday afternoon, October 15th; Saturday afternoon, October 19th; and Tuesday, October 22d. His topics will be "The Early Art of India, China, and Japan," "The Landscape Art and Poetry of Mediaeval China," and "A Comparative Study of the Art of Asia and Europe."

For the last five months Professor Fenollosa has been supplementing his first-hand studies of the East, pursued during the last twenty-three years with special up-to-date information supplied by the leading scholars of Japan. The Japanese Government, keenly alive to the value of his coming work in the West, has aided him in many ways, especially by the contribution of a series of photographs of imperial and national art treasures which had not before been made public. With this new material he is now prepared to trace every important step in the development of Central and Eastern Asian art, from Babylonian and Greek influences through the many ramifications of Buddhist art in Northern India and China, through the splendid course of Chinese and Japanese landscape painting in the Middle Ages to the more popular and decorative work of modern times. All this has never before been treated by anybody as a single subject.

## A Worthy Charity Concert.

There will be a concert for the benefit of the Auxiliary of the Infant Shelter at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on next Thursday evening, October 17th, at half-past eight o'clock. The object of the concert is to secure funds to continue the good work of the past summer—that of sending sixty little ones to the country to enjoy a few weeks of fresh country air. It is hoped that the auxiliary will be able to make happy even more little ones next summer, and every effort is being made to raise sufficient funds. A number of volunteers have consented to help the cause along, and an interesting programme has been arranged. The soloists include Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, contralto; Miss Minnie Flinn, soprano; Mr. Harry Nord Brown, baritone; Miss Grace Freeman, violinist; Miss Elsie Tooker, guitarist; Mr. B. Frank Howard, cellist; and Mr. Irvin Bennet, whistler. The University of California Quartet—composed of Messrs. Ralph McCormick, Arthur Knahl, Ben Stroud, and Walter Bundschu—will also appear.

The price of tickets has been set at fifty cents, and they will be on sale at the Palace Hotel news-stand and at the box-office on the night of the concert.

The reading committee of the Playgoers' Club, of London, who have undertaken to supply George Alexander with a play by an author whose stories have heretofore not been staged, have already read over three hundred plays. Alexander's offer to produce such a play by an unknown author was in the nature of a challenge, whereby he wished to disprove the charge that managers neglected the works of unknown playwrights. The committee still has more than one hundred manuscripts which have not been read. The secretary of the committee says so far six plays have been weeded out. Two of these were by well-known writers who had not written a play before. The other four were by unknown writers. Three out of the six authors were women.

The final sale at auction of realty belonging to the heirs of Matthew Crooks was held Monday, October 7th, at the rooms of G. H. Umlsen & Co., 14 Montgomery Street. All three sales were well attended, and the bidding throughout spirited. In all, twenty-two pieces of property, paying a monthly rental amounting to over \$3,000, were disposed of, the considerations aggregating a half-million dollars. This is one of the largest estates that has been brought under the auctioneer's hammer, and will go down in realty history with the Donohue, Varney, Kelly, and other large realty auctions.

Miss Wilson will give a series of ten piano illustrations of Richard Wagner's music dramas under the patronage of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. G. H. Powers, Mrs. George Bowman, Mrs. Frederic Hewlett, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. J. F. Merrill, Mrs. Julius Rosenstern, Miss Buckingham, Miss Beaver, Dr. H. L. Tevis, and Dr. G. H. Powers. They will be held each Thursday afternoon at three o'clock at Century Hall, and will begin with the "Nielshungen Ring."

It is announced in Berlin that Teresa Carreno, one of the most famous of women pianists, is to marry for the fourth time, and that her betrothed is a brother of Signor Tagliapietra, her second husband, and ten years her junior. Mme. Carreno is now nearing fifty, and is the mother of four children. Her second husband, who was at one time a popular baritone, was again married two years ago, and is a teacher of singing in New York.

It is said that the Duke of Manchester's debts, as adjusted by the bankruptcy court, were paid last week. The one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars necessary was provided, not by the duke's father-in-law, Eugene Zimmerman, but by the duke's mother, the dowager-duchess of Manchester.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The rules and regulations governing what is to be worn at the coronation of King Edward next year has just been issued by the earl marshal. Among other things, there is a curious graduation in the fur trimmings of the robes, which emphasizes the fine distinctions existing in the ranks of the aristocracy. All the peers have been notified that their robes must be of "crimson velvet, edged with miniver, the cape furred with miniver pure and powdered with bars or rows of ermine, according to their degree." Here follow the numerical graduations distinguishing between the ranks. Barons are allowed two rows of ermine, viscounts two and a half rows, earls three rows, marquises three and a half rows, and dukes four rows. All the mantles and robes must be worn over full court-dress, uniform, or regiments. The earl marshal's order banishes counterfeited pearls and all jewels from coronets, which are to be "silver gilt, the caps of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, with gold tassels on top. No jewels or precious stones are to be set in coronets, nor counterfeits of pearls instead of silver balls." The number of the latter permitted revives a nice sense of distinction. A baron's coronet bears six silver balls, a viscount's sixteen, an earl's eight (with gold strawberry leaves between), a marquis's four balls and four leaves alternately; a duke's coronet has no balls and has only eight gold strawberry leaves. The earl marshal next prescribes the robes, mantles, and coronets to be worn by the peeresses. These are of the same materials as the men's, with similar graduations in the number of bars of ermine and halls. The length of the train marks the difference in rank. A baroness is allowed a train of only three feet, a viscountess has one and a quarter yards, countesses have one and a half yards, a marchioness has one and three-quarter yards, and a duchess two yards.

Business by no means absorbs all of J. Pierpont Morgan's energy. In *McClure's Magazine* for October, Ray Stannard Baker says: "Perhaps his first interest outside of his work is his enthusiasm as a collector of works of art. He is the possessor of many famous paintings, and is interested in rare china, Limoges were particularly. As evidences of his taste he has gathered and presented a collection of fabrics to Cooper Union, of rare gems to the American Museum of Natural History, of Greek ornaments to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Yachting is his diversion, and he superintended the building of his steam yacht *Corsair* in every detail. For a long time he was commodore of the New York Yacht Club, to which he recently presented the land for a new club-house. After a hard siege at business Mr. Morgan goes for a cruise, and it is related that he often takes with him a mass of papers, and that when his friends look for him he is to be found below deck buried deep in figures, utterly oblivious to his surroundings. He is fond of a fine dinner, a connoisseur in wines, and a judge of cigars. Caring little for society, he occasionally enjoys a quiet party, and may warm into talkativeness, though never on business subjects. Any one who has seen him at the dinners of the New England Society knows that he enjoys them. There he will sometimes join in the singing, but it is very rarely that he makes a speech. None of his few intimate friends are among his business associates. The outward mark of esteem which Mr. Morgan bestows upon a man is to present him with a collie dog from the kennels of his country home. A member of many clubs, he is too busy to be much of a clubman, but he has always been a church-goer, and what is more, a church-worker, being a vestryman of St. George's Church in Stuyvesant Square, and the unfailing friend and helper of its rector, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford.

Apropos of the death of Charles Crist Delmonico at Colorado Springs, on September 20th, a writer in the *New York Sun* says: "Probably the most expensive dinner ever given at Delmonico's restaurant, on Fourteenth Street, was that given by Mr. Morton Peto to the tea and coffee merchants of New York, two hundred in number. It cost twenty-five thousand dollars. The rarest wines and the most elaborate decorations were mere incidents. The menu-cards were of gold, and the guests sat on silk cushions on which their names were embroidered. In the centre of the table was a miniature lake in which swam swans taken from Central Park. Clara Louise Kellogg received one thousand dollars for singing two songs at this feast and a present besides of a diamond bracelet. The *salon* was smothered in flowers. Another dinner given at one of the Delmonico establishments, for ten people, cost four hundred dollars a plate. It was luxurious enough to be classical. The waiters, five of them, were dressed as sailors. The host was a yachtsman, and he hought the waiters' clothes. The guests drank, or, rather, tasted, every vinted liquor that ever has been brought to America. They finished with a *pousse caft* made of eleven liqueurs. Before each plate sat a cut-glass basin about twenty inches in diameter and four inches deep. Each was nearly filled with water perfumed with otto of roses, on the surface of which floated half-open pond-lilies. In the basin a perfect model of the yacht owned by the host was placed. It was cut in red cedar-wood, the cabin, rail, wheel for steering, brass work, such

as belaying-pins and binnacle, man-ropes worked and trimmed with sailor knots, scraped pine masts and booms, rigging of silken cords colored as it would be in the original, and sails of satin. There was a gold oar and many other gewgaws."

Nearly all the solutions offered to settle the servant-girl problem tend toward one end, the complete abolishment of the kitchen as an adjunct of the modern home. One of these kitchen-exterminators recently suggested that a company be incorporated with sufficient capital to establish in various districts of a city large kitchens under the management of competent chefs, with a properly organized force of assistants and helpers. These various district kitchens were to be controlled from a central station, and were to prepare and distribute meals at the residence of subscribers, the meals to be served in properly constructed, self-heating receptacles, the necessary dishes to be sent with the food, and, if desired, an assistant to arrange the table or a waiter to serve the meal. The *Chicago Record-Herald* says that this scheme was tried in Evanston a few years ago, and disastrously failed. It adds: "Any one but a dreamer can easily discern its impracticable features. It is true that a society has just been formed in London to distribute meals in this way, but the experiment is in its infancy and its success is not yet assured. If the kitchen is to be abolished a more practicable scheme than this is the plan of maintaining a central dining-room as well as kitchen, where the families in one block may eat their meals with all the privacy and comfort of the average home."

It is said that never before has there been such a mighty stitching going on at one time as at present in Holland. Every woman of the kingdom appears to feel an absorbing interest in the prospective baby who will be heir to the Dutch throne, and tremendous rivalry among the good wives in the various towns is manifesting itself in the contributions which they are making to the royal *layette*. Little dresses, gowns, caps, skirts, sacks, coverlets, pillows—everything imaginable in baby outfitting—are being made in elaborate form, covered with beautiful lace and embroidery and wrought with wonderful needlework skill. The women of Amsterdam are not content with mere needlework. They are to present a Dutch baby's cap of linen, with the great ear-lappets of the national head-dress, but the linen is to be sprinkled with costly pearls and diamonds. The women of the Dutch nobility will give a cradle to the royal baby. It is to be a very gorgeous affair of silver, decorated with the arms of Holland and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, while at the head of the cradle is a full-sized angel of silver, and at the foot a silver baby of equally life-like proportions. From the women of The Hague will come the christening-robe of white silk, with its jeweled embroidery and eiderdown, and its buttons of diamonds, and the wives of the cabinet ministers are making the satin cushion upon which the baby will be laid as soon as born, so that, according to old custom, it may be shown to the cabinet ministers, and they may certify that it is a genuine prince or princess.

According to the *New York Tribune*, riding-suits are more in demand this year than ever. Those who expected to see a decided falling off in riding, on account of the popularity of the automobile, will be disappointed. The new riding-suits will be made in subdued plaids, and the trousers will be of the same material as the coat. Fancy waistcoats may be worn, but the pattern and color must be mild. The riding-coat will be cut with square front, imitating somewhat the frock-coat effect. Leather buttons in black and brown are a novelty which is finding favor. An automobile coat for men for machine riding has made its appearance, and will be extensively worn. It is a practical garment, and was worked out by a conference between the tailors and several machine owners. "London smoke" is the color used, as it does not show dust. The coat is made with the wind sleeve—a double sleeve catching close at the wrist for the purpose of keeping out the wind—and with a tight latch at the throat. It has a double front, so that one can get at inside pockets without exposure. The back of the coat is cut like the old driving-coat.

Mrs. Lucretia Rudolph Garfield, the widow of the martyr President, arrived from the East last week in a private car, and may spend the winter in the southern part of the State. Mrs. Garfield spent but a few months in the White House, and after the assassination of her husband went to Cleveland, where she has since resided. Mrs. Garfield has always been known as a domestic woman. Like Mrs. Grant (says the Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*), she was acquainted with varied circumstances. She was born on a farm at Garrettsville, O., and it was while attending school at Geauga Seminary, at Chester, near her father's home, that she met young Garfield. He went later to Hiram College, a co-educational institution; Miss Rudolph followed, and, after he had risen to the dignity of an instructor, became a member of classes taught by him in that institution. When they were married, they boarded in the college town for several years. Garfield gave up teaching to become a preacher; this profession he abandoned for the study of law. When the war broke out he entered the army, and served with dis-

tinction. Mrs. Garfield is a small, spare woman, with fine features and very brilliant dark eyes. She is famed for her superb self-control. Her husband once said of her that never in his political career had he suffered in the least from any word or act of hers. During the years spent by Mrs. Garfield in Washington, she was most often found in the Library of Congress, where she studied the subjects in which she was the special tutor to her sons. After President Garfield's death it was reported that his family had been left without resources, and a considerable sum was raised by private subscription among his friends. The income from this fund, together with a pension of five thousand dollars a year voted by Congress, enabled Mrs. Garfield to live in quiet comfort, and complete the education of her children. She is now sixty-three years of age, and in indifferent health.

Hereafter no naval commander will care to go into an engagement without a lawyer and a stenographer on either side of the bridge.—*New York World*.

## Proper Food and its Functions.

Care in eating is becoming more universal every day. The superiority of diet over medicine as a preventive and cure is daily evidenced by the call from intelligent classes, for really hygienic foods. The popularity of the idea spread when the public began to understand that they could diet, and still eat palatable food, and that it was not at all necessary to shut down on most of their accustomed delicacies.

Farwell & Rhines, 39-55 Fairbanks Street, Watertown, N. Y., are devoting the entire capacity of their great mills to the production of health foods in great variety. These are among the most delicious table delicacies obtainable, and those who have used them are enthusiastic in their endorsement of their efficiency. Gluten Flour for dyspepsia, Special Diabetic food for Diabetes, and K. C. Whole Wheat flour for constipation, are among the most popular of their flour products, while their Gluten Grits and Barley Crystals, are not matched in the realm of cereal foods for breakfast, tea, and dessert. Full information concerning the proper foods for different disorders—as well as how to eat when well, that health may be preserved—is contained in their pamphlet, which, with samples, will be mailed upon application.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 9, 1901, were as follows:

|                                  | BONDS.                  |  | Closed.         |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|--|-----------------|
|                                  | Shares.                 |  | Bid. Asked.     |
| Bay Co. Power 5%..               | 1,000 @ 106 1/2         |  | 106 1/2 107     |
| California St. Cable Co. 5%..... | 3,000 @ 118 1/2         |  | 118             |
| Edison L. & P. 6%..              | 1,000 @ 130             |  | 131 1/2         |
| Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....         | 4,000 99 1/2-99 3/4     |  | 99 3/4 100      |
| Los An. Ry 5%.....               | 13,000 @ 116 1/2-117    |  | 117             |
| Market St. Ry. 5%..              | 1,000 @ 122 1/2         |  | 122 1/2         |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%.....            | 1,000 @ 112 1/2         |  | 112 1/2 113 1/2 |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%.....            | 32,000 @ 121 1/2        |  | 121 1/2 122 1/2 |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 6%..              | 4,000 @ 102 1/2         |  | 102 1/2         |
| Oakland Gas 5%.....              | 15,000 @ 111 1/2        |  | 111 1/2         |
| Oakland Transit 5%.              | 36,000 @ 111 1/2-112    |  | 112 1/2         |
| Oakland Water 5%..               | 15,000 @ 104            |  |                 |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%..              | 2,000 @ 103 1/4-103 1/2 |  | 103 1/4 104     |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%..... | 36,000 @ 122 1/2-123    |  | 123 1/2 124     |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909           | 9,000 @ 112 1/2-113 1/4 |  | 113             |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910           | 36,000 @ 114            |  | 114             |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912            | 1,000 @ 110 1/2         |  | 110 1/2         |
| S. V. Water 6%.....              | 2,000 @ 111 1/2         |  | 111 1/2 113     |
| S. V. Water 4%.....              | 14,000 @ 103 1/4        |  | 103 1/4         |
|                                  | STOCKS.                 |  | Closed.         |
|                                  | Shares.                 |  | Bid. Asked.     |
| Contra Costa Water..             | 335 @ 75 1/2-77 1/2     |  | 77 1/2 78       |
| Spring Valley Water.             | 416 @ 87-88 1/2         |  | 88 1/2 89       |
|                                  | Gas and Electric.       |  |                 |
| Oakland Gas.....                 | 80 @ 50 1/2-51          |  | 51 1/2          |
| Pacific Gas.....                 | 100 @ 39 1/4            |  | 39 1/4          |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.            | 795 @ 42 1/4-43 1/4     |  | 43 1/4          |
|                                  | Street R. R.            |  |                 |
| Market St. ....                  | 1,190 @ 85-94           |  | 91 1/2 92       |
| California St. ....              | 160 @ 130               |  | 129 1/2         |
|                                  | Powders.                |  |                 |
| Giant Con. ....                  | 135 @ 75-75 1/2         |  | 75 1/2          |
|                                  | Sugars.                 |  |                 |
| Hana P. Co. ....                 | 100 @ 5 1/2-5 3/4       |  | 5 3/4           |
| Honokaa S. Co. ....              | 300 @ 10-10 1/2         |  | 10 1/2 10 3/4   |
| Hutchinson .....                 | 385 @ 14 1/2            |  | 14 1/2          |
| Kilauea S. Co. ....              | 10 @ 10 1/2             |  | 10 1/2          |
| Makaweli S. Co. ....             | 270 @ 24 1/2-27 1/2     |  | 27 1/2          |
| Onomea S. Co. ....               | 45 @ 22 1/2-24 1/2      |  | 24 1/2 25       |
| Paaahu S. Co. ....               | 560 @ 10-10 1/2         |  | 10 1/2 11       |
|                                  | Miscellaneous.          |  |                 |
| Alaska Packers....               | 280 @ 142 1/2-144 1/2   |  | 143 144         |
| Cal. Fruit C. Assn....           | 40 @ 97-98              |  | 97 98           |
| Cal. Wine Assn....               | 355 @ 87-87 1/2         |  | 87 88           |
| Pac. C. Borax.....               | 30 @ 165                |  | 165             |

Market Street Railway Company's stock advanced nine points to 94, on sales of about 1,200 shares; the advance was made on the expectation that the Payne Eastern Syndicate will take over the control of the company; the stock sold down to 90 1/2 on realizing of profits, but closed at 91 1/2 sales and 91 1/2 bid, being in good demand at closing prices. San Francisco Gas and Electric was forced down one point to 42 1/4, on sales of 800 shares, but was in good demand at 43 bid and sales and at the close. The water stocks were strong, and advanced from one and one-half to two points on small sales; Spring Valley Water selling up to 88 1/2, and Contra Costa to 77 1/2. Giant Powder was strong, and on small sales advanced three-fourths of a point to 75 1/2, closing at that price bid.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was forced down one point to 42 1/4, on sales of 800 shares, but was in good demand at 43 bid and sales and at the close. The water stocks were strong, and advanced from one and one-half to two points on small sales; Spring Valley Water selling up to 88 1/2, and Contra Costa to 77 1/2. Giant Powder was strong, and on small sales advanced three-fourths of a point to 75 1/2, closing at that price bid.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

OFFICERS: President, B. A. Backus; Vice-President, JOHN LYON; Second Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors: H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901..... \$28,973,540  
Paid-up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVE WHITE, Asst. Cashier, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. of Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL..... \$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES..... President  
WILLIAM BARCOCK..... Vice-President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR..... Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital..... \$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000  
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Loans paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

## OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG..... President  
W. A. FREDERICK..... Vice-President  
H. BRUNNER..... Cashier

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,851,860.11  
October 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON..... Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS..... Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore..... The National Exchange Bank  
Boston..... The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago..... Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
Philadelphia..... First National Bank  
St. Louis..... The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Paul..... The Bank of St. Paul  
Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California  
London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris..... Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
Berlin..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies..... Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK.

President, JOHN J. VALENTINE. Manager, HOMER S. KIVE. Asst. Cashier, H. WANSWORTH. Asst. Cashier, F. L. LIPMAN. 2d Asst. Cashier, H. L. MILLER.

BRANCHES—New York, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. Dooly, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

ASSETS.  
Loans..... \$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants..... 2,191,727.10  
Real Estate..... 1,665,030.77  
Miscellaneous Assets..... 12,415.53  
Due from Banks and Bankers..... 1,104,308.12  
Cash..... 3,973,676.04  
\$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up..... \$ 500,000.00  
Surplus..... 5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits..... 3,311,290.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers..... 1,124,165.27  
Individual..... 8,904,102.62  
\$19,589,558.17

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.  
412 California Street.

## TYPEWRITERS.

WE sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.  
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bishop Philpotts, of Exeter, once went to stay with a friend in Devonshire. "It's a beautiful place, is it not?" remarked somebody upon his return. "Yes," said the bishop. "It is a beautiful place; if it were mine, I would pull down the house and fill up the pond with it. That would remove two objections."

Attorney Isidor Rayner, one of Rear-Admiral Schley's counsel in the court of inquiry, was once interrupted by Thomas B. Reed, while making a speech in favor of a reduction of the tariff, with the remark: "Did not the gentleman hear my speech Saturday?" "No," replied Rayner, "I was at home preparing a speech of my own."

It is related that Fechter was more than once the victim of an outspoken London gallery-god. On one occasion, in a melodrama, the tragedian was slowly paying over a sum of money to the villain. Everything depended upon whether he had sufficient money for his purpose, and the paying out was most deliberate—so deliberate, indeed, that a member of the audience, wearying of the scene, enlivened the proceedings by yelling: "Say, Mr. Fechter, give him a check."

When Mark Twain lived in Buffalo he made the acquaintance of some neighbors under peculiar circumstances. Emerging from his house one morning, he saw something which made him run across the street, and remark to the people who were gathered on the veranda: "My name is Clemens; my wife and I have been intending to call on you and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before now. I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner, and at this time of day, but your house is on fire!"

A Scotch hotel-keeper was one day having a squabble with an Englishman concerning his bill. The stranger said it was a gross imposition—he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London. The Highland landlord replied: "Oh, nae doot, sir, nae doot; hut dae ye no' ken the reason?" "Not a bit of it," replied the stranger, hastily. "Weel, then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a sensible bit callant I'll tell ye. There's three hundred and sixty-five days in the Lunnon hotel-keeper's calendar, but we have only three months here. Dae ye understand me noo, fren?" We maun mak' hay in the Hielan's when the sun shines, for it's unco seldom she dies!"

While Charles A. Towne was senator from Minnesota for about thirty days last winter, he made a speech on the Philippines in the Senate Chamber of Congress, and it was pronounced a great effort. At the conclusion of his speech, Senator Chauncey Depew was among the first to take Mr. Towne by the hand and congratulate him. "Senator Towne," he is said to have remarked, "your delivery was splendid, your rhetoric unsurpassed, but your argument was damnable." This left-handed compliment was no doubt intended to embarrass Senator Towne, but it didn't. He bowed politely to Mr. Depew, and said: "Senator Depew, I am glad you compliment the only features of my speech you are capable of understanding."

Andrew Lang, in *Longman's Magazine*, re-tells a capital story of a Mr. M., who was being brought to the Tower with Kilmarnock and Balmerino. A block stopped the sad cortege, and a lady, looking from a window, cried: "You tall rebel!" (Mr. M. was six feet four) "you will soon be shorter by a head!" "Does that give you pleasure, madame?" said Mr. M. "Yes, it does." "Then, madame," said Mr. M., taking off his hat and making a low bow, "I do not die in vain." Lady ——— was moved. She made interest for Mr. M. There exists a paper in the hand of George the Second to this effect: "Let Lady ———" (the name is obliterated) "have access to her tall rebel, and be damned to her." The royal clemency was extended to Mr. M.

Some years ago, when Booker T. Washington went to Alabama, the colored people were taking considerable interest in politics, and they were very anxious that he should become one of them politically. One man, who seemed to have been designed by the others to look after Washington's political inclinations, came to him on several occasions and said, with a good deal of earnestness: "We want you to be sure to vote jes' like we votes. We can't read de newspapers very much, but we naws how to vote, an' we want you to vote jes' ke we votes." He added: "We watches de white jan, and we keeps watching de white man till we nds out which way de white man's gwine to vote; n' when we finds out which way de white man's wine to vote, den we votes 'xactly de other way. Jen we knows we's right."

A wealthy American who took the waters at Arlsbad this summer, was given minute instructions by his physician, who dismissed him with this injunction: "As for smoking, you must limit yourself to three cigars daily; three light cigars and no

more." After a few days, the patient visited his physician, who asked: "Well, and how are you?" "I should be all right," replied the patient, "but your orders about smoking are difficult to follow." "I am sorry," the doctor said, categorically; "but no more than three cigars a day. You must just put up with it." "But, doctor, it really is an awful business. Wouldn't two a day do? I feel ill every time I smoke." "Why, man, what in the world do you smoke for at all, if that is the case?" the doctor roared. "But, doctor, wasn't it you yourself who said 'three cigars a day and no more'?" Of course, I thought they were part of the cure, and began upon them, though I never in my life smoked before."

Some new anecdotes about James Abbott McNeill Whistler, the eccentric American painter who lives abroad, are told in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for October. Among them is one dealing with a visit Whistler paid Sir Alma Tadema, the famous artist. On the night of his arrival Whistler's host announced that he intended to give a breakfast next morning. "There will be a number of ladies present, Whistler," he said, "and I want you to pull yourself together and look your best." "All right!" said Whistler. The next morning Whistler's voice was heard ringing through the magnificent halls of the Tadema mansion: "Tadema, Tadema! I want you, Tadema!" Thinking of nothing less than fire, Sir Alma rushed to the room of his guest. "For heaven's sake, Whistler, what's the matter? You've waked up every one in the house. What is it?" "Oh, don't get so excited, Tadema," drawled Whistler; "I only wanted to know where you kept the scissors to trim the fringe of my cuffs. Thought you wanted me to pull myself together for the ladies."

When Sarah Bernhardt was recently playing in London she was the guest of honor at a luncheon, given by the New Vagabond Club, at the Hotel Cecil. There were present, besides members of the club, a number of celebrities, including a duchess, the lord mayor of London, Arthur Balfour, and Anthony Hope. Mme. Bernhardt, with her usual irresponsibility, failed to appear until every one had become thoroughly vexed and most uncomfortable. Then Anthony Hope made a most elaborate speech in honor of the great actress, and piled up compliment after compliment, ending with the following peroration: "Who present had not felt the witchery of Neil, or the magic and somewhat awful splendor of Sarah Siddons? And who that loved the theatre could doubt that a like tradition would carry Mme. Bernhardt's name—and more than her name, herself—down the years." Mme. Bernhardt, however, did not seem to be unduly impressed, and when called upon to reply, contented herself with saying simply: "Ladies and gentlemen—I can not speak English. I thank you with all my heart."

## Mr. Dooley on Age.

Appropos of Theodore Roosevelt's accession to the post of chief executive of the United States at the age of forty-two, F. Peter Dunn's Mr. Dooley says:

"I see that Prisdint Tiddy is th' youngest Prisdint we've iver had, an' some iv th' pa-pers ar-re wonderin' whether he's old enough fr' th' raysponsibilities iv th' office. . . . I suppose we'll have th' usual difficulties with him—makin' him comb his hair an' 'black th' heels iv his boots an' not put his elbows on th' table, an' not reach or pint, an' go to bed after supper an' get up in time fr' breakfast, an' keep away fr'm th' wather an' cut out cigarets an' go back to his room an' thry behind th' curtains. But what can ye expect fr'm a kid iv forty-two?"

"I wonder sometimes whin is a man old enough. I've seen th' age limit risin' iver since I wint into public life. Whin I was a young la-ad, a fellow wud come out iv college or th' rayform school or whatever was his alma mather, knock down th' first ol' man in his way an' leap to th' fr-front. Ivry time school let out, some aged statesman wint hack like Cincinnati to his farm an' was glad to get there safe. Ye cud mark th' pro-gress iv youth be th' wreck iv spectacles, goold-headed walkin' sticks, unrable teeth, and prettind hair. . . ."

"Nowadays, he hivins, a man don't get started till he's too old to run. Th' race iv life has settled down to something between a limp an' a hobble. 'Tis th' ol' man's time. An orator is a boy orator as long as he can speak without th' aid iv a dintal surgeon; an actor is a boy actor until he's so old he can't play King Lear without puttin' a little iv th' bloom iv youth on his cheeks out iv th' youth jar; a statesman that can't raimber what Bushrod Wash'nton thought about th' Aiyen an' Sedition law belongs to th' nurs'ry. I look ar-round me at th' pitchers iv gr-reat men in th' pa-pers an' greatness mames white whiskers. There's no such thing as age. If Methuselah was alive, he'd be captain iv a football team. Whin a man gets to ninety, he's jus' beginnin' to feel strong enough fr' wurruk. Annybody that tries to do annything before he's an uncomfortable risk fr' th' life insurance comp'ny is snubbed fr' youthful impr'tience."—(Copyright, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.)

## A Good Milk

For infant feeding is a mixed cow's milk, from herds of native breeds. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk herds are properly housed, scientifically fed, and are constantly under trained inspection. Avoid unknown brands.

—THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD MORE delightful than a drink of good whisky—and Jesse Moore is good whisky.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Way to the Melon Patch.

Don't want no moon, en not one match  
Fer ter light my way ter de melon patch;  
Night or day  
(Dat what I say!)

I kin shet my eye en fin my way I  
De road ez white ez a streak er light;  
But I takes de path whar de san' ain't bright;  
Kaze de white man wait  
By de shotgun gate,  
Fer ter hlow me clean 'cross Georgy State I

So, take yo' moon, en keep yo' match;  
I knows my way ter de melon patch I  
Night or day,  
Whilst you watch and pray,  
I shets my eye en I fin's my way I

—Atlanta Constitution.

## And the Prince Kowtowed.

At ahasing himself as the Kaiser suggested  
The wily John Chinaman shied;  
He paused and objected, fought shy and protested,  
The Kaiser in fact he defied.  
But seeing 'twas vain to defy he consented,  
And William, sweet William felt gay,  
For he'd taught the Chinese whom Prince Chun  
represented  
That "where there's a Will there's a way."

—Pick-me-Up.

## Two Sides to Every Story.

When people bore you he not swift their dullness to condemn—  
For, ten to one, the chances are they think that you  
bore them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## An English View of Roosevelt.

Smack of Lord Cromer, Jeff Davis a touch of him,  
Little of Lincoln, but not very much of him,  
Kitchener, Bismarck, and Germany's Will,  
Jupiter, Chamberlain, Buffalo Bill.

—St. James's Gazette.

## Advice to an Ambitious Poet.

Take an old farm with a field of sweet clover,  
Flowery plots and a firmament blue,  
Daisy-crowned meadows and larks flying over,  
Have a love scene between Silas and Sue.  
Sing without mention of grief or of sadness,  
Pleasures of home life be free to rehearse,  
Make the rimes ring with an echo of gladness—  
Then you'll have what is styled "newspaper  
verse."

Take something dreary which you may hang Care  
on,  
Stygian blackness, remorse, and regret.  
Do not forget to make mention of Charon,  
Sing something eerie of ghosts you have met.  
Write so no reader can quite catch your meaning,  
Let your rime go then for better or worse,  
Top-heavy stanzas with madness careening—  
Then you'll have what is styled "magazine verse."

—Roy Farrell Greene in *Puck*.

Evidence: "How do you tell the age of a turkey?" "By the teeth." "A turkey hasn't got teeth!" "No; but I have."—Tit-Bits.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; BEST results with least cost.

## WM. WILLIAMS &amp; SONS

(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

VVO  
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

ROUND  
THE  
WORLD  
FOR HEALTH  
AND  
PLEASURE.

Last party of the season (limited to 12 members)  
leaves San Francisco, Thursday, Oct. 31st.  
Illustrated descriptive programme mailed free.

THOS. COOK & SON,  
621 Market Street, San Francisco

## DOMINION LINE

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

NEW MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.  
Boston to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa.  
S. S. Commonwealth (twin-screw, 13,000 tons), November  
27th, January 4th, February 12th.  
S. S. Camboriana, January 15th, February 26th  
To Alexandria, Egypt.  
S. S. Commonwealth, Sat., January 4th, February 12th  
This new twin-screw steamer is one of the largest  
afloat; has splendid accommodations for passengers.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast,  
621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

**MENNE'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief for  
PRICKLY HEAT,  
CHAFING, and  
SUNBURN, and all  
afflictions of the skin.

"A little Mennen in price, perhaps,  
than worthless substitutes, but a  
reason for it." Removal of odor of per-  
fumes, Delicately after Shaving.

Sold every-where, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's  
(the original.) Sample free. Gettman & Mevory Co., Newark, N. J.

ON THE EDGE  
OF A PRECIPICE

An automobile was halted in Switzerland by a  
chauffeur who had ridden it to the top to prove  
the thorough control that can be obtained over the  
highest type of

## AUTOMOBILES

We build them, and automobile parts, to order. We  
also care for them and keep them in repair. Our system  
of selling horseless vehicles on monthly installments  
places them within reach of all.

## California Automobile Co.

222 SANSOME STREET.

Factory, 346 McAllister St. Phone Jessie 366.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
Choice Woolens  
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),

Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,  
at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai and  
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) . . . Tuesday, October 16  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) . . . Thursday, November 7  
Doric. (Via Honolulu) . . . Tuesday, December 3  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) . . . Saturday, December 28

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan  
Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and  
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.

America Maru. . . . . Wednesday, October 23  
Hongkong Maru. . . . . Saturday, November 16  
Nippon Maru. . . . . Wednesday, December 11  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 Tons  
Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, October 12, 1901,  
at 2 P. M.

S. S. Australia, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Thursday,  
October 24, 1901.

S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and  
Sydney, Thursday, October 24, 1901, at 10 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market  
Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Oct.  
3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2, change to  
company's steamers at Seattle.

For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11  
A. M., Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2,  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30  
P. M., Oct. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Nov. 3.

For San Diego, stopping only at  
Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los  
Angeles). Steamer Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles, calling at San Simeon, Cayucos,  
Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara,  
Ventura, Huacema, and Redondo—Steamer Corona,  
Thursdays, 11 A. M.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers,  
sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,  
10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris),  
from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at  
Cherbourg Westbound.

St. Louis. . . . . October 16 | St. Louis. . . . . November 6  
Philadelphia. . . . . October 23 | Philadelphia. . . . . November 13  
St. Paul. . . . . October 30 | St. Paul. . . . . November 20

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every  
Wednesday, 12 noon.

Vaderland. . . . . October 16 | Friesland. . . . . November 6  
Kensington. . . . . October 23 | Southwark. . . . . November 13  
Zeeland. . . . . October 30 | Vaderland. . . . . November 20

\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D.  
TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery  
Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Wheaton-Palmer Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Ida Belle Palmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Palmer, and Mr. George S. Wheaton, son of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Wheaton, took place at the home of the bride's parents, 1168 Jackson Street, Oakland, on Tuesday evening, October 8th. The ceremony was performed at half-after eight o'clock by the Rev. Robert Ritchie, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. The bride's only attendant was her sister, Miss Bessie Palmer, and Mr. Robert M. Fitzgerald, of this city, acted as best man.

The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper served in a marquee erected on the lawn. Those seated at the bridal table were Miss Coralie Selby, Miss Ella Sterett, Miss Berenice Landers, Miss Floretta Elmore, Miss Elsie Cooke, Miss Hess Pringle, Miss Mamie Stubbs, Miss Ethel Kittridge, Mr. Sam Bell McKee, Mr. Harry Jenkins, Mr. Silas Palmer, Mr. Sidney Pringle, Dr. Gibbons, Mr. Arthur Goodall, Mr. E. C. Sessions, Jr., and Mr. Samuel Bond.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton will be away a month on their wedding journey, and on their return they will take up their residence in the Bugbee cottage, on Lake Street.

## In Honor of the Visiting Bishops.

The general reception tendered to the visiting Episcopalian bishops, clergymen, and delegates at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, on Wednesday evening, was a great success, and without doubt the largest affair of its kind ever held in San Francisco.

Nearly five thousand guests filled the vast rooms of the institute during the evening, making formal introduction of the distinguished visitors next to impossible. The hostesses, representatives of the various churches, included Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. Harry Bahcock, Mrs. William B. Hooper, and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, of Trinity; Mrs. James Newlands and Mrs. John I. Sahin, of St. Paul's; Mrs. Theodore F. Tracy and Mrs. James Cunningham, of St. Luke's; Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, of St. John's; Miss E. B. Garber, of the Mission of the Good Samaritan; Mrs. William Ford Nichols, of San Mateo; Mrs. Quintard, of New York; Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Berkeley; Mrs. Moffatt Wilson, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, and Miss Maynard, of Grace Church.

The missionary exhibit, which is at present being held at the old Crocker mansion, 1609 Sutter Street, under the auspices of the California branch of the Woman's Auxiliary and the cooperation of all the diocesan branches, is also attracting wide-spread attention, and is a fitting adjunct to the Episcopal convention in session at Trinity Church. It illustrates, in a practical manner, the work the church is doing in the missionary fields all over the world, and reflects great credit on those who have worked diligently for many weeks to insure its success. Pretty courts have been erected, into which are gathered articles showing the customs, life, and belief of the various countries represented, and throughout the rooms are scattered relics, photographs, engravings, albums, and interesting data which show the growth of the work. The court of China, which is presided over by Mrs. John F. Swift, whose distinguished husband was commissioner to China for many years, proves a great magnet for the Eastern visitors. All the furniture and a magnificent joss-house hanging have been loaned by Consul-General Ho Yow. Addresses are made in the morning and afternoon by men and women familiar with the work in China, and tea is served in delicate little saki cups. Mrs. Swift's assistants are Mrs. Trilley, Mrs. Norris, Miss Center, Mrs. Watson, Miss Bender, Mrs. Shotwell,

Miss Patch, Miss Bolton, Miss Richards, and Miss Bailey.

Japan is represented by Mrs. Philip Caduc, whose assistants are Mrs. Spalding, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. W. H. Collier, Mrs. E. A. Belcher, Mrs. Rodman Pell, Mrs. H. Alston Williams, Mrs. Fred Beaver, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. John Simpson, Miss Davenport, Miss Spalding, and Miss Lovell. The most important feature of this court is a hanging which has been loaned by Mrs. William H. Crocker. It is insured for the exhibit at one thousand dollars, and is made of uncut velvet, embroidered in gold—one of the lost arts of Japan.

The Philippine court is under the management of Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, who is assisted by Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. Leacock, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. Isaac Requa, Mrs. Oscar Long, and Mrs. Lake. Almost all of this exhibit was loaned by General S. M. B. Young. It includes a battle-stained flag that figured in the war with Spain, a beautiful hand-carved desk, a Spanish sword, rain-coats made of native grasses, and many other interesting souvenirs.

The Alaska court is in charge of Miss Sallie Maynard. Her assistants are Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Miss Rodgers, Miss Findley, Misses Carolan, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Rountree, Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester, Miss Edith McBean, and Miss Price. A denim covering and other clothing worn by Bishop Rowe while traveling over eighteen hundred miles, and a large collection of curios belonging to Lieutenant Commander Stoney, are the chief objects of interest of this exhibit.

The Brazil court is under the management of Mrs. R. Townsend Huddart, whose assistants are Mrs. L. Young, Mrs. Lee Chester Raymond, Mrs. J. W. Conner, Mrs. T. L. Thompson, Mrs. L. M. Day, Miss Miriam Wallis, Miss Helen Barker, and Miss Alice Barker.

Miss Alice Brown has charge of the African court, and her assistants are Miss Elizabeth Brown, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. McBean, Miss Barry, and Mrs. Bancroft.

The North American Indians court is presided over by Mrs. Thurlow McMullin, assisted by Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. J. F. Bahcock, Mrs. John Landers, Mrs. Captain Currier, Mrs. Henry G. Newhall, Miss Page, Miss Morgan, Miss Bruce, and Miss Reis. Here a large variety of Indian baskets, decorated Indian hags, headed tunics, water-bottles, and lace-work are to be seen, as well as a dusky Indian maiden, who shows the visitors how the lace is made.

The Mexico court is represented by Miss Gwin. Her assistants are Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Field, Miss Ringwalt, Miss Maynard, Mrs. Worth, Miss Gibbs, Mrs. Mendell, Miss Johnson, and Miss Anthony. The features of this exhibit are Mexican blankets, silver-mounted saddles, baskets, serapes, rugs, huge candle-sticks, and many other curious relics.

The Colored Missions of the South are represented by Mrs. J. Goddard Clark, who is aided by Miss Carnahan, Mrs. Elder, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Mesick, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Llewellyn Jones, Mrs. Ver Mebr, and Miss Faulk.

Tea is served from four to six each day by different ladies. Mrs. J. F. Babcock and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, assisted by Miss Ella Morgan, did the honors on Monday, and among the other hostesses were: Mrs. Mayhew, assisted by Mrs. John T. Dare and Mrs. Charles P. Eells; Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, assisted by Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Eells, and Mrs. McLaren; Mrs. Craig; and Miss Bertie Thompson.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Georgina Hopkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins, and Mr. Frederick McNear, son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear.

The engagement is announced of Miss India Scott, niece of Mrs. William Willis, and Mr. Arthur W. Spear, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Spear, Jr.

The engagement is announced of Miss Irene Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Baker, of Oakland, and Dr. John D. Grissim, of San José. The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Winchester MacDermont, daughter of Mrs. MacDermont, of Oakland, and Captain Crawford, U. S. N.

The announcement comes from London of the marriage of Mrs. Andrew Martin, formerly Miss Genevieve Goad, and Mr. Robinson Riley, of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Riley is the youngest daughter of the late William F. Goad, and is a sister of Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. C. K. McIntosh, and Mr. Frank Goad. She was married to Andrew Martin, son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, in September, 1899, and a couple of months later Mr. Martin died at his home in Palm Springs. Since her widowhood she has traveled considerably, going first to the Orient, and then with Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy and Miss Adelaide Murphy to Europe.

The wedding of Miss Louise Gore Chaffin and Captain William R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., son of Colonel W. R. Smedberg, U. S. A., retired, will take place on Wednesday, October 30th, at Malden, Mass., the home of the bride-elect.

The wedding of Miss May Lowell and Mr. John E. Medau will take place on Tuesday, October 22d,

at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Frank W. Sumner, 2321 Central Avenue. The maid of honor will be Miss Gertrude Church, and Mr. William Horn will be best man. Mr. Henry Lund and Mr. Leslie Harkness will act as ushers.

Mr. William H. Crocker gave a dinner to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan at the Pacific Union Club, on Friday evening, October 11th. Some seventy guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a dinner at their home on Franklin Street in honor of Miss Caro Crockett and Mr. Laurance I. Scott on Tuesday evening, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Frances Hopkins, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. Philip Backus, Mr. Willard N. Drown, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

Prefessor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the State University, was the guest of honor at a banquet given by Judge Van R. Paterson at the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening. Others at table were Senator George Perkins, Judge W. W. Morrow, Chief Justice Beatty, Judge McFarland, Judge Harrison, Mr. W. H. Mills, Mr. Knox Maddox, Judge Coffey, Mr. E. B. Pond, Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, ex-Governor Budd, Mr. S. M. Shortridge, Rev. George C. Adams, Mr. Thomas B. Bishop, Mr. T. S. Caruthers, Mr. W. H. L. Barnes, and Judge Slack.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels was the guest of honor on Friday evening, October 4th, at a dinner given by Dr. Harry Tevis in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club.

Mr. William Sproule gave a dinner in honor of Mr. J. M. Herber, the retiring manager of the Southern Pacific Company, at the Pacific Union Club on Saturday evening, at which he entertained Mr. James Agler, Mr. N. H. Foster, Mr. E. O. McCormick, Mr. G. F. Richardson, and Mr. C. H. Markham.

Miss Strong will entertain in honor of Mrs. Campbell, wife of Lieutenant Campbell, U. S. N., at her home in Oakland, Thursday afternoon, October 17th.

Miss Leah Shingleherger gave a luncheon Tuesday complimentary to Miss Florence Deming, at which she entertained Miss Alice Deming, Miss Margery Gibbons, Miss Edith Perry, Miss Josephine Lindley, Mrs. Chester Smith, and Miss Edith Stubbs.

The six dances of the Fortnightly Dancing Club this season will take place at Cotillion Hall on November 22d, December 6th, December 20th, January 3d, January 17th, and January 31st.

Mrs. Charles W. Slack will be at home at her recently completed residence, 2224 Sacramento Street, on the first and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

Many prominent Californians witnessed the international yacht-races in New York harbor last week. Among others, Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss de Young were guests of Miss Louise Ward McAllister on board Captain de la Mar's *Sagetta*; Miss Lily Oelrichs and Mr. Peter Martin were guests of Mr. Harry Walters on the *Narada*; and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and her sister, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., were entertained on the *Marguerite* by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Widener.

Commodore Philip Caduc, of the Oakland Canoe Club, formerly commodore of the old Pacific Yacht Club, sailed his yacht *Annie* down from Belvedere to Alviso a few days ago. This is the first trip the commodore has made over the channel since 1860, when he was captain of the steamer *Cora*. Twice a day the *Cora* plied between San Francisco and Alviso, making the trip in three hours and a quarter. It was a popular route those days, and the *Cora* was famous for its excellent dining service. It was no uncommon thing for five or six hundred passengers to go down from San Francisco on Saturday nights, and needless to say that Alviso was then a much livelier town than it now is.

No decoration for the dining-room is more suggestive of good cheer than a Stein collection. Nathan-Dohrmann Co. are exhibiting the handsomest assortment ever shown in San Francisco.

## Just Returned from Europe.

Annie L. Stone, 221 Post Street, is now ready to show the latest importations in Fall Millinery.

— RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW BOOK, "KIM," is now ready at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

## The Mainstay of the Medicine Chest.

As a Diuretic Beverage, WOLFE'S AROMATIC SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS has won the highest reputation throughout the entire world and the indorsement of physicians and nurses everywhere. For more than sixty years it has been the mainstay of the household medicine chest. It is an appetizing tonic, and thoroughly efficient in acute and chronic Kidney and Liver Troubles, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Langour, and General Debility. The Genuine from all Druggists and Grocers. WM. WOLFF & CO., 216-218 Mission Street, San Francisco, Pacific Coast Agents.

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Which would you rather have, if you could have your choice, transparent skin or perfect features?

All the world would choose one way; and you can have it measurably.

If you use Pears' Soap and live wholesomely otherwise, you will have the best complexion Nature has for you.

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The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O/R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

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GUINIS AND SERVICE THE BEST.

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The Leading Family and Tourist Hotel in San Francisco, situated in a warm and pleasant part of the city, near the Theatres, Churches, and Principal Stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the Hotel; Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries and to Golden Gate Park and other points of interest. All modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service are leading features, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel. Rates for board and room, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day for one person. Special terms by the month. Guests desiring room without board will be accommodated.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

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**HOT  
TEA  
BISCUIT**

**Royal  
Baking  
Powder**

Perfect, Delicious,  
Appetizing.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have returned from their place at Burlingame to their residence on Broadway for the winter.

Mrs. William G. Irwin, who is expected to arrive from Honolulu by the next steamer, will take apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins and Miss Georgia Hopkins have returned to the city, after having spent the summer at their country place at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and family have opened their country home at Tuxedo, where they will remain during the autumn months.

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, and Miss Virginia Jolliffe have arrived in New York.

Mr. H. E. Huntington departed for the East last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston and the Misses Preston will spend the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Tevis have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels left for the East during the week, on their way to Paris.

Mrs. A. N. Drown and the Misses Bernie and Newell Drown expect to sail from Liverpool for New York in a fortnight.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury returned from the East during the week.

Mr. Tevis Blanding was in London a fortnight ago. Miss Lena Blanding, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon in Paris, will return with her brother to San Francisco the latter part of this month.

Mrs. George de Latour has been the guest of Mrs. Samuel M. Blair.

Mr. Sidney V. Smith, of San Rafael, has purchased the residence of Major J. L. Rathbone on the corner of Jones and Clay Street.

Mr. William H. Mills left for the East during the week.

General William R. Shafter, Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, and Miss Redmond have departed for Bakersfield, where they will spend the month of October.

Mr. Harrison Parker, the fiancé of Miss Edith Stubbbs, will arrive from New York on Monday.

Mrs. Ashburner returned on Monday from her European trip. Her niece, Mrs. Reginald Belknap, will spend the winter in Stockbridge, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Baldwin have arrived from Honolulu on a two months' visit to Mrs. Baldwin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knight are permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Whittell and Miss Florence Whittell will spend the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. G. B. Sperry was in New York during the week.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet are now occupying their new home at 2015 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Fuller have arrived from the East, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore and family will close their Oakland home and spend the winter months at the Hotel Pleasanton. Miss Jacqueline Moore will be one of the season's debutantes.

Judge W. H. Beatty and Miss Beatty have been visiting in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Giselman, and Mr. Marshall Giselman, who has been studying abroad for the past three years, will return from Europe in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckhee have returned to the Hotel Rafael from their stay at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent have returned to the city after having spent the summer months at San Mateo.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton have been staying at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Fair have returned from an extended tour abroad, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., was in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Case Bull came up from Santa Cruz a few days ago, and were at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Pellew and daughter, of Washington, D. C., are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Miss C. C. Jackson has taken apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Judge and Mrs. James F. Smith have returned from Cloverdale, and are again at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Minter and Mrs. Tewksbury are stopping at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters, who recently returned to Berkeley from Europe, are now en route to Salvador, Central America, on a visit to Mr. Butters's mines there.

Miss S. M. Throckmorton is a recent arrival at the Hotel Pleasanton.

General and Mrs. N. P. Chipman, who have been spending the summer months in San Francisco, have returned to Red Bluff.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck, of Seattle, were at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mrs. B. S. Brooks has returned to the Hotel Granada for the winter. She will be at home to her friends on the first and second Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig have taken rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mr. H. V. Stilwell, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Wheeler, of Seattle, Mrs. Kaser and Miss Kaser, of Oakland, Mrs. E. N. Cox, of Madera, Rev. P. H. Arkman, of Evergreen, Cal., Mr. E. L. Feeney, of Santa Rosa, Mr. Daniel Boone, Jr., of New York, Mr. D. J. Bonsfield, of Dean, Neb., Mr. W. W. Campbell, of Lick Observ-

atory, Mr. H. P. Nye, Mr. F. M. Biggerstaff, Mr. A. E. Kaiser, Mr. A. S. J. Holt, Mr. E. D. Scott, Mr. E. J. Colt, Mr. R. E. Fisk, and Mr. L. W. Walker.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kleinsorge, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. C. Carpy, of St. Helena, Mr. and Mr. E. H. Raymond, of Napa, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gorrell, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Halsey and Miss Halsey, of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Pierce and Mr. F. H. Nichols, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Cressey, of Modesto, Mr. G. M. Goodale, of New York, Mr. M. E. Dailey, of San José, Mr. W. A. Fortescue, of Ben Lomond, Mr. W. C. Robinson, of Michigan, Mr. F. W. Robinson, of Bakersfield, and Mr. J. B. W. Galloway, of Menlo Park.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., aid-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Miles, and Mrs. Maus, who have been living at Chevy Chase, Md., near Washington, D. C., have taken a house on Hillier Place, Washington, D. C., for the coming season.

Major William E. Birkhimer, U. S. A., leaves next week for Honolulu, where he will be one of a board of army officers who will recommend plans for the fortification of that harbor.

Colonel Crosby P. Miller, U. S. A., the new depot quartermaster for San Francisco, who assumed charge of his position on October 1st, was called here from Manila to relieve General Oscar F. Long of that department, so that the latter may be able to devote his undivided attention to the army transport service, which, coupled with his other duties, became too onerous for General Long. Colonel Miller has been chief quartermaster of the division of the Philippines for the last two years.

Captain John T. Meyers, U. S. M. C., came down from Mare Island last week, and was at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant-Colonel Abner H. Merrill, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will return from the Philippines on the transport *Medea*, which sailed from Manila on October 1st.

Commander Herbert Winslow, U. S. N., was at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Lieutenant Ernest D. Scott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered from the Presidio to San Diego.

Lieutenant Arthur W. Morse, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the General Hospital, Presidio, and ordered to Fort Walla Walla, Wash.

Major Henry M. Andrews, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kan., where he will assume command of the Field Artillery at that post.

Lieutenant George L. P. Stone, U. S. N., and Mrs. Stone (*née* Linne), who were married some weeks ago in San Francisco, are the guests of Lieutenant Stone's mother, Mrs. Brinton Stone, in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Commander Stoney, U. S. N., leaves for Samoa next week.

Captain James R. Lindsay, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lindsay were at the California Hotel during the week.

Frank R. Weeks, of Allegan, Mich., who has made his home in San Francisco since the mustering out of the volunteers, has received a commission as second lieutenant in the regular army. His brother, Alanson Weeks, is a surgeon in the revenue-cutter division, of which their uncle, Captain C. F. Shoemaker, is chief.

## Wills and Successions.

Victor H. Metcalf, as executor of the estate of Mary Margaret Isabella Murphy, filed his final account and report on October 4th. At the death of Miss Murphy, it was claimed that there were three wills of different dates, in all of which Mr. Metcalf was named as the executor. The various heirs of the deceased, after negotiations extending over two years, adjusted their various claims to the estate. The first will filed by Mr. Metcalf was then admitted to probate. The relatives of the deceased share in the estate as follows: Mme. de Dominguez, thirteen forty-eighths; Mme. le Gonidec, thirteen forty-eighths; Daniel T. Murphy, eleven forty-eighths; Anna T. Wolsley, eleven ninety-sixths; and the two minor children of the deceased brother each receive eleven one-hundred-and-ninety-seconds. The estate is valued at over \$400,000. The principal asset is five twenty-fourths interest in the building at the corner of Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, where J. J. O'Brien formerly had his place of business. Mr. Metcalf charges himself with \$95,054.14 collected. Of that amount, \$79,999.95 has been paid by him to the heirs under orders of partial distribution already made in the estate. The account shows other expenditures, and that there is a balance of more than \$11,000 to meet the expenses of administration.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Seawell has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Mme. L. LEUBENBERGER, 139 POST STREET, announces that she has returned to San Francisco with her exclusive models and novelties for coming fall and winter season.

LADIES' "KNOX" FALL TRIMMED HATS arrived. Eugene Korn the Hatter, 726 Market Street.

DON'T DRINK JESSE MOORE WHISKY UNLESS you want the best.

## ART NOTES.

## Exhibition of the Sorosis Club.

Quality and not quantity was the key-note of the excellent exhibition of paintings which were on view during the week at the pretty little home of the Sorosis Club at 1620 California Street. The large canvas by Orrin Peck, entitled "The Cabbage Garden," was given the place of honor, and the other notable canvases of the collection of sixty-one paintings were a portrait of ex-President Kellogg, of the University of California, by the same artist; "After Spring Showers," by Clare E. Curtis; "Hayfield," "Laren," and "Sands of Monterey," by A. F. Briggs; "In Chinese Quarters," by C. P. Nielsen; "Indian Scene," by H. Raschen; "House of Mystery," "Customs House, Monterey," "Walterswick Cathedral," "Casa San Clemente," and "The End of the Moor," by Charles Rollo Peters; "Indian Camp, Tucson," by Susan Sroufe Loosley; "The Heart of the Wood," "Autumn on the Coast," and "Moonlight Sonata," by William Keith; "Strangers" and "Evening," by G. Cadenasso; "The Fish Story," by Charles J. Dickman; and "Viola, the Countess of Roselyn," by Eva Withrow. Other painters represented are Mrs. Crittenden, H. J. Breuer, Martinez, Piazzoni, Sarah E. Bender, Evelyn McCormick, C. Chapel Judson, Mary Curtis Richardson, Olga Ackerman, H. R. Bloomer, Blenden R. Campbell, Lucia K. Matthews, Mary T. Menton, and Carl Marr.

The approaching fall exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association is to be a water-color exhibition. Under this term will also be included pastels and black and white. It has been a long time since a water-color exhibition, pure and simple, has been held at the institute, certainly not since the Mary Frances Seales gallery was completed, and the idea has created a very active interest among the artists generally. The exhibition will open November 7th, and pictures will be received until October 26th. Circulars containing full information can be had by applying to the assistant-secretary of the art association at the institute.

The California Camera Club announces that in conjunction with the San Francisco Art Association, the second photographic salon will be held in the galleries of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art for a fortnight, beginning January 9, 1902. Exhibitors of pictures which have been hung in other salons and exhibitions are especially invited to contribute.

Do not fail to make a trip up Mt. Tamalpais before the rainy weather sets in. The beautiful scenery and the incomparable view from the summit and veranda of the Tavern of Tamalpais make it a delightful objective point.

—THE WEDDING INVITATIONS IN "OLD English," engraved by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are superior in every detail.

—MR. F. LOUI KING, FOUNDER OF THE King Conservatory of Music in San José, has opened a studio in this city at 721 Geary Street.

## Palace Hotel

In placing these two hotels under one management and joining them with a covered passage-way, the purpose was to provide guests with comforts and conveniences not obtainable in any other hotel in the West. And the plan is a success.

American plan. European plan.

## Grand Hotel

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| LEAVE    | From Oct. 6, 1901.   | ARRIVE   |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.....   | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....  | 7:55 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....   | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....   | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....                   | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....            | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carters.....   | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....  | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....               | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 6:55 P.  |
| 11:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers.....   | 15:00 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....  | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....                         | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....   | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.....   | 11:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....  | 10:25 A. |
| 5:00 P.  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....                   | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....  | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo.....   | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.....   | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Pigeon Sound, and East.....      | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....   | 11:25 A. |
| 18:05 P. | Vallejo.....   | 7:55 P.  |

| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).<br>(Foot of Market Street.)                   |  |             |
|--|--|-------------|
| 8:15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                        | 5:50 P.     |
| 12:15 P.   | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 10:50 A.    |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....   | 11:50 A.    |
| 4:30 P.  | Hunters' Train—San José and Way Stations.....  | 17:20 P.    |
| OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.<br>From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)— |  |             |
| 7:15   | 9:00 11:00 A. M., 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M.   | 5:15 P. M.  |
| From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—   |  |             |
| 7:15   | 10:00 A. M., 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.   | 16:00 18:00 |

| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).<br>(Third and Townsend Streets.) |   |          |
|--|---|----------|
| 6:10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 6:30 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 1:40 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | New Almaden.....  | 4:10 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal Intermediate Stations.....  | 7:45 P.  |
| 10:30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.....  | 4:10 P.  |
| 11:30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.....  | 5:30 P.  |
| 12:45 P.   | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 11:45 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 9:45 A.  |
| 4:15 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....  | 9:45 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....  | 10:00 A. |
| 5:30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....  | 8:30 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....   | 10:05 A. |
| 6:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 18:00 A. |
| 6:15 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 6:30 P.  |

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Guest—"What a splendid dinner! I don't often get as good a meal as this." *Little Willie* (son of the host)—"We don't, either."—*Ex.*

To begin at once: *Mamma*—"Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day." *Johnnie*—"Well, then, I'll eat the rest of the pie now."—*Baltimore World.*

*Colonel Bragg*—"I've fought and bled for my country, sir; I've—" *Alexander Smart*—"Yes, but did you ever help your wife hang pictures?"—*Ohio State Journal.*

Popular songs her victims: "Miss Holler says she thinks she will have her voice tried." "Well, if she does, the verdict will be 'Guilty of murder in the first degree.'"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Any word from my poor husband in the other world?" asked the widow of the medium. "Nothing more," replied the medium, "than a request for some ice and a palmetto fan."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

*School-master*—"Now tell me, what were the thoughts that passed through Sir Isaac Newton's mind when the apple fell on his head?" *Hopful pupil*—"I 'xpects he was awful glad it warn't a brick."—*Tit-Bits.*

Sizing him up: *Shopman*—"What style of hat do you wish, sir?" *Cholly*—"Ah! I am not particular about the style; something to suit my head, don't ye know." *Shopman*—"Step this way and look at our soft felts."—*Tit-Bits.*

"The duke," said the European gentleman, "belongs to one of the most eminent and influential families of our time." "Indeed!" responded the American millionaire, with interest; "who is his father-in-law?"—*Washington Star.*

*She*—"You must be careful and not sit too near me. Mother has a way of coming into the room unexpectedly." *He*—"That is mean of her." *She*—"Isn't it? Hardly a night goes by that I am not nearly mortified to death."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Has anything ever been discovered on Venus?" asked the student of astronomy. "No," replied the old professor, whose mind had slipped a cog and transported him into mythological fields; "not if the pictures of her are authentic."—*Chicago News.*

Charge admitted: "In your wife's divorce petition she says you have trampled upon her affections," said the lawyer. "Yes," assented the client, "I'll admit it. All the affection she has is centred in a little hairy dog, and the way I've trampled on him has been frightful."—*Indianapolis Star.*

Her glad surprise: "I have found out one thing about my husband," said the bride who had been married before, "that surprises me greatly." Her friend moved up a little nearer, so that they could whisper, and asked: "What is it?" "His salary is just as big as he told me it was." *Chicago Record-Herald.*

Thoughtful: "Say, boss," he began, "I don't want no money. I only ask yer ter pass me inter dat lunch joint and huy me a square meal." "Poor man!" exclaimed the philanthropist; "I can't do that, but the next man you ask may, so here's a pepsin tablet in case you overeat yourself."—*Philadelphia Press.*

*The publisher*—"You say this is your first novel. A Chinese romance. Never been abroad, eh? Just made it up as you went along. Well, this is a find!" (To clerk)—"James, order fifty thousand copies printed at once, advertise whole edition of two hundred thousand sold before publication, and get out lithographs of the young lady."—*Life.*

Rallying rapidly: *Surgeon* (after the operation)—"I am glad to be able to assure you, Mrs. Tyte-Phist, that the danger is now over and your husband will recover. We have successfully removed the appendix vermiformis, and it is of such a unique formation that I shall preserve it for use in my medical lectures." *Mr. Tyte-Phist* (opening his eyes)—"You'll allow me something for it, I suppose, doctor?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Winston Churchill would doubtless have chuckled Jeff Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson into his new novel, to follow "The Crisis," if he could have had a little more time. It is reported, however, that he received the following telegram from his publishers: "Chop it where you are, Moh outside howling for the new hook. We can't hold out much longer. First edition, 950,000 copies."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

To prevent fits and convulsions during teething, mothers should always have on hand *Steedman's Soothing Powders*.

*Blibson*—"How was Jones yesterday?" *Glibson*—"He seemed to be laboring under a strange delusion." *Blibson*—"Indeed! I thought he was playing golf." *Glibson*—"So did Jones."—*Town Topics.*

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| 9:30 A.            | 8:00 A.                                   | 1:00 P.             |
| 1:45 P.            | 10:00 A.                                  | 3:30 P.             |
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# The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 21, 1901.

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Six years ago Governor Budd appointed a commission to revise the codes of the State. Amendments adopted at each session of the legislature, after the laws of the State had been codified, had created confusion and uncertainty as to what the law really was. This commission worked at the problem until their terms expired, and then Governor Gage appointed successors to carry on the work. Last year the result of their labors was presented to the legislature, and by that body enacted into a new law. It was referred to Governor Gage, and approved by him in the form in which it was passed. No sooner did it go into effect than questions began to be raised as to its validity, and the questions were submitted to

the supreme court. Six cases were referred to that tribunal involving the validity of the code of civil procedure, the penal code, the civil code, and the county government act. The case involving the validity of the code of civil procedure, or rules governing practice in the courts, has been decided. The decision is adverse to the validity of this code, and the same course of reasoning will probably hold the statutes invalid in the other cases. Two questions were raised in regard to the code of civil procedure. First, that it did not express its subject in its title; second, that it was amended by reference to its title, and the whole law was not reenacted. The constitution provides that no act shall be revised or amended by reference to its title, but the act revised or section amended shall be reenacted and published at length. Further, that every act shall embrace but one subject, which shall be set forth in its title. The court holds that neither of these provisions was complied with. The act as passed contained only the amendments, and named the repealed sections by number only. The title, as the court says, expresses no subject whatever. No one could tell from the title alone what subject of legislation was dealt with. It is particularly unfortunate that such a result should have been reached. Numberless cases that have been decided under the revised codes must be reopened and tried. Uncertainty must result, and litigants will be put to a heavy additional expense. Nevertheless, the decision was inevitable. The provisions of the constitution are plain. The code commissioners should have been familiar with the law and followed its dictates. The judiciary committees of the two houses of the legislature should have seen the defect and remedied it. The legislature should not have passed the law in its defective form; the governor should not have signed it. The court, in its opinion, says that the scarcity of statutory laws and the want of facility for passing them are not among the evils of our times. What would seem to be one of the chief evils of our times is the lack of intelligent care in preparing laws for passage.

Notwithstanding the optimistic announcement of the end of the war in South Africa, which General Roberts brought home with him from the front, the third year of the struggle opens with renewed activity in the field. Reports of the first half of October tell of sharp fighting on the borders of Zululand, where an attempt was made to corner General Botha's command. The Boer force made a determined attack on Hamilton's brigade, killing and wounding more than 150 British, taking some prisoners, and capturing wagons and cattle, and their later movements indicate that they will escape the British trap and continue their harassing movements in Natal. During the same period General Delaroy with 1,500 Boers surprised Colonel Kekewich's camp near Pretoria. No signal victory resulted for either side, but there was considerable loss of life and heavy fighting before the Boer force withdrew. Kekewich himself was slightly wounded. Fighting also occurred on the Caledon River, with a British loss.

For some time Britons have believed that most stringent measures are needed to terminate the war. So far as possible they are being applied. *Renconcentrado* camps have been formed in Orange River Colony, in which it is said there are 46,000 refugees, many of them women and children, among whom there is reported an average weekly death rate of 220. A Parisian paper has been denouncing these refugee camps, and likening the treatment of the Boers to that accorded by Indians to their prisoners. The Boer commander, Lotter, has been tried and sentenced to death for treason, under General Kitchener's supervision, and two young Dutch farmers who had joined the Boers have been hanged at Vryburg, charged with the same crime. The threats of Dutch uprisings in Cape Colony are confirmed by the recent placing of the coast districts under martial law. The northern and western districts have been so controlled for months.

The dissatisfaction at home keeps pace with the troubles at the front. The war office is accused of supineness, and

has been petitioned to replace Kitchener by Lord Roberts. The secretary replies that there are 200,000 men and 450 guns in the field, and 100,000 men in training at home; and that 61,000 men have been sent to Kitchener this year, many of whom he sent back as physically unfit for duty. Kipling has voiced the general discontent by a protest against the appointment of Generals Buller and Wood to command, as a return to "the old rules of importance, pretense, and collapse." Buller has been particularly humiliating. Pending his retirement in two years, the war office had to make some provision for him. Instead of accepting quietly, he has been making speeches in which he irritated his countrymen by admitting that he had advised General White to surrender Ladysmith. In consequence, his appointment is likely to be withdrawn.

The cost of the war will be enormous. At present rates the deficit for the fiscal year will be nearly \$350,000,000, which, with the new consols provided to meet it, will still leave a net deficit of \$65,000,000. The Archbishop of York proposes a day of national humiliation and prayer, in imitation of that observed by the Boers on August 9th last.

Among the subjects which President Roosevelt is said to be studying in the preparation of his first message to Congress is that of the relations between the federal government and the militia of the States. It is a question about which there has always been uncertainty, and in some respects inconsistency. No one has known whether State troops were liable for duty in aid of the national government, and no one seemed to care to take up the matter until an emergency arose. The occasion came in 1898, when the Seventh Regiment of New York refused to go to the Spanish war as an organization. The point was evaded in all the States by the enlistment of individuals comprising State guards in the volunteer service. The theory popular among national guardsmen of the States has always been that they were not subject to the orders of the central government, and that they were liable to no duty beyond the boundaries of their respective States. The inconsistency of the position appears when it is recalled that the national government is relied on to help support the guards by equipment, by money, and by instruction, and that the universal theory of our national defense is that we do not need a large regular army, because we have a supplementary army in the State guards, always ready for national service. The country's reliance for defense upon its citizen soldiery has been the theme of much fervid oratory and fine writing. It is well now, in profound peace, to inspect the foundations, and to rebuild them on some well-considered and permanent plan if they are found insufficient. The President is securing the opinions of governors and military men about the State troops, and on the matter thus collected a recommendation will probably be made to Congress, and a bill prepared for consideration this winter.

The mayorality campaign which is just opening in New York, and will close on the fifth of November, has some peculiar features. First and foremost, it is narrowed down to a strictly anti-Tammany campaign, with old parties side-tracked or broken up—a fight which the Citizens' Union has sought since its organization. Tammany Hall has nominated Edwin M. Shepard, whose record it will need to explain during the campaign. Politically, Mr. Shepard has been singularly erratic. He supported Seth Low in 1897, but is running against him now. He was opposed to Bryan in 1896, but was with him in 1900. He was prominent in reviling President McKinley as a religious hypocrite, and, strangest of all, he denounced Tammany Hall in 1897 as "a burning and disgraceful blot upon the municipal history of this country." An anti-Tammany conference selected Seth Low as the candidate of a fusion movement, and he has been endorsed by the Citizens' Union and by the Republicans. He failed of an indorsement from the anti-Tammany Democrats—the latter demanding an independent Democrat as a candidate. He will have, however, the support of a faction



of the Democratic party under the lead of Bourke Cochran. The platform of the fusionists is clean city government, regardless of party, and the downfall of Tammany Hall is its single purpose.

The situation makes the outcome interesting, though by no means certain. There are features which warrant hope of success for the reform element. Mr. Low was nominated four years ago by the Citizens' Union and beaten. The Republicans refused to support him, and nominated General Tracy, which so divided the vote that both fell to the ground. In that election Tammany cast only 233,997 votes for Van Wyck, while the combined vote of Low and Tracy was 253,413. Here was an anti-Tammany margin of 20,000 votes, to say nothing of the 20,000 cast for young Mr. George, who was an independent anti-Tammany candidate. If figures can be trusted and sentiment has not changed, there seems to be more than a fighting chance for Mr. Low, which is enhanced by the growing disaffection in Tammany toward Mr. Croker, and the general objection to his longer directing New York affairs from his home in England.

The question of utilizing the labor of those convicted of crime and undergoing imprisonment in a State penitentiary has been the subject of much discussion. On the one hand is the objection of organized labor, which protests against the competition of the convict with the free and honest workman. This objection ignores the fact that these same convicts, were they free, would be competitors in the labor market to as great an extent as they can possibly be when confined within the walls of a prison. It ignores the fact that to support a number of convicts in idleness is an expense that must be borne by the community, and of which the laboring man must pay his share. In some of the Southern States the plan has been tried of leasing out the labor of convicts to contractors who are willing to pay a sufficient price for the privilege. Such a system is open to every objection. It enables the convict to compete with free labor without the restrictions that would exist were he compelled to work directly for the State to which he has forfeited his liberty. It introduces all of the abuses of the old-time slavery without its few compensating advantages. In Mississippi an experiment has been tried of utilizing the labor of convicts in farming. The experiment has proved successful. Twelve large convict farms, mostly devoted to the culture of cotton, have been established. From these the State last year derived an income of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Louisiana and Alabama tried the experiment last year, with similar success. In Mississippi the success of the plan has led to the purchase of twelve thousand acres of land, from which it is expected that a revenue of one hundred thousand dollars a year will be derived. As a business proposition, the plan has proved to be a success, and it must be remembered that every dollar of revenue derived from it decreases by that amount the taxes that must be paid by the industrious part of the community. But the advantages of the plan are not confined to the industrious. The convicts themselves are benefited by it. There is no punishment more severe than to be condemned to perpetual idleness, unless the cruelty of solitary confinement be added. Idleness leads to discontent, and discontent to insubordination. Discipline is greatly increased by occupation, in which the convict may feel a certain degree of self-respect. Not only that, but the convicts are better cared for than they would be were every expenditure of the prison uncompensated by some income. In this State, a jute-mill is conducted at San Quentin, and a granite quarry at Folsom. Neither is self-supporting, because neither is conducted on business principles. It would be far better if the convict labor of the State were made to bring in an income instead of being a perpetual source of expense to the people. A public official who would have the courage to inaugurate this reform might gain the opposition of certain labor agitators, but he would secure the approval and the support of the industrious and intelligent part of the community.

It is a deplorable fact that the disorder growing out of the recent strike is not yet at an end. Last Friday evening, a machinist, George W. Rice, was attacked by four men who had followed him on a street-car from near the water front to Twentieth Street, cruelly beaten with a club, and then shot and fatally wounded. He died in the county hospital on Sunday. Four men, who have been identified as his assailants by passengers on the car, are in jail charged with the murder. The coroner's jury at the inquest on Monday accepted the evidence as conclusive, and named the prisoners as Rice's murderers. William Buckley, who it is alleged fired the shots with fatal effect, claims to be a clerk; Edward Duncan is a machinist; Charles Donnelly declares that he is a fisherman; and Thomas Moran is a baker. The crime grew out of enmity to Rice, who was a non-union

workingman. Several weeks ago he was attacked by a crowd of strikers and their sympathizers, and in self-defense drew a revolver and fired several shots. One of the bullets wounded a striker's arm. From statements made by the men accused, it appears that there was a conspiracy to waylay Rice and assault him. The murderous plan was carried out in the presence of a score or more of witnesses. As a result, one workingman is dead and four more are held in the shadow of the gallows.

In a recent address on the subject of labor-unions, Colonel John P. Irish enlarged upon a phase of the question which, though neglected in the past, has been brought sharply into evidence by the late strike. The point is well made that "labor-unionism in its present aims and management is un-American, and fast becoming a national and social evil." In all the great industrial centres of the country a majority of the members of labor-unions are foreigners. They come to our shores in droves, attracted by the fact that we have a half-million vacancies to fill every year in the ranks of labor. The immigrant can not vote until he has resided in this country five years and has been naturalized by the courts, but the moment he lands at the dock he is eligible for membership in a labor-union, and is just the material labor leaders are on the watch for. American labor is not the natural support of the unions, but foreign labor is. The latter becomes the real power in unionism, because it is in the majority. The American member of a union submits to majority rule, and the foreign element uses its power to crush American workmen who decline to join the unions. They forbid to American citizens the free right to labor, and a failure to obey is punished with assault, maiming, and death. They limit or forbid entirely the right of American boys to learn trades by apprenticeship, and boys who learn trades in manual training-schools are under the ban of trades-unionism, and must fight, at the risk of life, for a chance to work. This attitude of unionism is a virtual usurpation of governmental powers. It is more—it is the assumption of powers denied to states. They wield an autocratic authority over the actions and lives of individuals, which, if attempted by government, would lead to revolution in twenty-four hours. How long will American workingmen submit to it?

The contest between the British and the Boers in South Africa has been one between a weak and a strong nation. The defense that the Boers have been able to make, and the length of time they have been able to continue the struggle against immense odds, have offered proof of the correctness of the criticisms that are made against modern warfare. M. de Bloch, a hanker and not a military man—whose work on the influence of the rapid-fire guns of to-day in rendering modern warfare impossible led to the peace conference at The Hague—has been drawing lessons from the South African struggle. His work attracted considerable attention at the time it was published. Issued originally in the Russian language, it was translated into English and into the leading languages of Europe. It was read at that time, however, only by specialists. He is now being called upon to lecture before popular assemblies. Practically every argument that he has made has been justified by the events of the war in the Transvaal. Had the South African republic been a strong nation instead of a weak one, his contentions would have been proved beyond question. As it is, the operations in the field have proved most interesting. Lord Roberts is quoted as saying that when he went to South Africa he laid down the rule that the files were not to be closer than six paces when advancing to the attack. When upon the field he soon increased it to ten paces, and subsequently to twenty paces. The former plan, that was universal in the European tactics of massing for the attack, has been absolutely abandoned. This mode of warfare was learned in this country in the contests against the Indians, and the result of the training was seen in the war with Spain and the subsequent operations in China. When Wellington fought the battle at Waterloo there were thirty-five thousand men on each mile of ground. At Magersfontein the Boers had three hundred men to each mile, and six thousand men were found sufficient to defend twenty miles of front.

Expressed somewhat differently, modern methods of warfare have rendered one man for defensive work as effective as three hundred and fifty men were formerly. What is gained in defense, however, is lost in the efficiency of attack. By reason of the great gain in defensive force, M. de Bloch now claims that it will be impossible hereafter to conquer a brave people who are resolved to maintain their independence. In view of this fact, which can hardly be disputed, it is urged that the maintenance of immense bodies of armed men, as is now done by the nations of Europe, is a wholly useless expenditure. The trained soldier of the barracks, he claims, will be no better than the individual fighter who

has been taught to rely upon himself in emergencies. The argument against the immense armaments of Europe has been made many times. Its force would probably be admitted by those who are responsible for maintaining those armaments. It ignores, however, the moral restraining force of these displays of power, and no ruler would willingly abandon this force merely because it can not be actively used.

News dispatches from the East note an impending struggle between the powerful organization of sugar refiners and the beet-sugar manufacturers. The point at issue is a reciprocity treaty with Cuba which will allow her products free entry to the United States. Fortunately for the home industry, there is a growing sentiment against such reciprocity. A Washington newspaper correspondent reports a recent conference of Senator Lodge with the President, and declares that the leading topic discussed was reciprocity, as developed by the treaties now pending in the Senate. It is said that the senator does not favor any of them in their present terms, and will not support them. This is re-assuring, but there are other indications that little progress will be made next winter in the way of reciprocity with Cuba. First, there is no great probability that the island government will be fully organized in time to ratify any treaty. Again, the magnitude of the two great interests involved—sugar and tobacco—make it certain that no hasty movement will result, when it might lead to the demoralization of those industries in this country.

On the part of the Eastern manufacturers who are anxious to secure an extended market, it may be said that delay or denial of the hoped-for treaties is not likely to work them serious injury. Cuba has never been a particularly good market for our products. We have in the past paid the Cubans five dollars where we have received one. In common with other countries on the southern Atlantic coast, Cuba has bought more largely of Great Britain and Germany than of her nearer neighbor. She will continue to buy where she can secure the products required at the lowest figures, regardless of reciprocity treaties. We have made great sacrifices for Cuba, but can hardly afford further experiments, with the possibility of breaking down home industries and impoverishing our own people.

The present year is distinctly an off year in politics in this country. There are elections in some of the States, as there are every year, but they have practically no political significance. Ohio is a State in which political contests are generally waged with considerable bitterness. There was a prospect for an active campaign this year, but the death of President McKinley took the heart out of the contest on both sides. Changes may occur before the election, but the indications now are that the Republican ticket will be opposed with little determination. So it is in Maryland. Gorman is making another fight to secure the control of the State, in order that he may be reelected senator. It is probably the last contest in which he will take an active part, and, as a result, there is considerable activity among the politicians. There is no apparent activity among the people, however, and no indication that there will be any. The elections will really turn more upon local issues than upon questions of national importance, and interest centres in the selection of members of the legislature rather than of candidates for State officers. There is an indirect interest in the contests in Iowa and Ohio. In the former State, the Democrats have indorsed the platform as dictated by Bryan two and six years ago. The Democrats of Ohio, on the other hand, have repudiated that platform, and stand with the more advanced branch of the party. The result of the elections in these States will give some indication of the present trend of opinion in the country. In Nebraska the contest is for minor State officers only. There are a treasurer and a justice of the supreme court to be elected this year, but the Republican ticket won last year, and the indications are that it will win again. The Democrats will win in Virginia beyond question, and it is equally certain that the Republicans will be the victors in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Rhode Island.

With another widow of a martyred President to be provided for, questions will soon arise as to what Congress will do for Mrs. McKinley. Precedent will undoubtedly have important bearing on the decision to be made, and the most available precedent will be the case of Mrs. Garfield. Congress paid the bills of the physicians who attended President Garfield during his long struggle for life, and upon his death paid funeral expenses amounting to twenty-two thousand dollars. In addition to these benefits his widow received her husband's salary for the remainder of the year in which he died, was given a pension of five thousand dollars a year, and the franking privilege through the mails for life. It was fair,

AN AFTERMATH  
OF  
CRIME.

Rice, was attacked by four men who had followed him on a street-car from near the water front to Twentieth Street, cruelly beaten with a club, and then shot and fatally wounded. He died in the county hospital on Sunday. Four men, who have been identified as his assailants by passengers on the car, are in jail charged with the murder. The coroner's jury at the inquest on Monday accepted the evidence as conclusive, and named the prisoners as Rice's murderers. William Buckley, who it is alleged fired the shots with fatal effect, claims to be a clerk; Edward Duncan is a machinist; Charles Donnelly declares that he is a fisherman; and Thomas Moran is a baker. The crime grew out of enmity to Rice, who was a non-union



even generous, treatment, and entirely satisfactory to the country. Equally liberal provision for Mrs. McKinley will not only be proper, but a national acknowledgement of appreciation of the public services of her distinguished husband.

Questions of serious interest to Christians everywhere have been discussed by the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in session in this city during the past two weeks. It was one of the most important conventions ever held by that body. A majority of the fifty-nine dioceses in the United States were represented, and the attendance in the House of Bishops and in the House of Deputies was in numbers suited to the significance of the occasion. Visiting bishops were present from England, Liberia, Brazil, and Canada.

First among matters of historical import considered and adjusted was the taking over by the church of three new missionary districts in the islands that have recently become a part of the national domain. In Porto Rico and Vieques there were congregations of the Church of England that now come under the jurisdiction of the Episcopal Church of America. The Philippines make up the second addition to the territory of the church, and Hawaii the third.

A proposed change in the canons of the church had its inception in the House of Bishops, and was accepted by a large vote. This was an amendment placing all divorced persons under ban, so far as a second marriage was concerned. But the House of Deputies refused to concur in this action, and the proposed restriction, prohibiting Episcopal ministers from performing the marriage ceremony where either of the contracting persons have been divorced, failed to become a law.

In the House of Deputies there was a movement looking toward greater expansion of the church, and some eloquent pleas for larger building were made. It was proposed to allow congregations not in union with the church, but desiring to place themselves under the spiritual direction of a bishop, to come gradually into accord with its teachings and hold temporary services other than those prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer. The amendment was declared adopted at the end of the earnest discussion, but on the reading of the minutes the next day it was discovered that the vote of one diocese had been incorrectly recorded, and the correction showed that the motion to adopt was lost. The same question was taken up in the House of Bishops, and the proposed innovation rejected by a decisive vote.

The steadfast conservatism of the body, where any changes in the canons of the church are concerned, is illustrated by the fate of these movements. In the matter of new legislation on the divorce question, a committee was appointed to use earnest efforts to promote consistent and uniform action by all Christian churches.

We have received the following communication concerning the foreign labor leaders:

FOREIGN LABOR LEADERS.  
SAN FRANCISCO, October 10, 1901.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your usual exactness of statement is somewhat at fault in the inclosed prayer: "May the time soon come when American workmen will cease to take orders from Scandinavians, Russo-Polish Jews, and Irish walking-delegates—from Furuseths, Rosenbergs, and Caseys."  
Mr. Furuseth is a Russian-Finn, not a Scandinavian.  
Mr. Rosenberg is a Scandinavian, not a Russo-Polish Jew.  
The expression Russo-Polish Jew in the connection of the article has a contemptuous meaning, and is not in keeping with the usual fairness of the *Argonaut*. Religion has little to do with the strike. I sincerely trust that you will make the proper correction in your next issue after ascertaining that Mr. Rosenberg, for whom I have as great a contempt as any other good citizen, is not a Jew.  
A JEWS,  
And steadfast friend of the *Argonaut* since over twenty years.

The *Argonaut* did not specify which particular walking-delegate was which particular kind of a religionist. We may have meant that Rosenberg was Irish, or that Michael Casey was a Jew. Nor does that paragraph say that Furuseth was a Scandinavian—it may have meant Rosenberg. But we did mean, and our meaning was plain, that a gang of mongrel foreigners—whether Russo-Finns, Russo-Poles, or Russo-Polish Jews is immaterial—were leading American labor-unions to their undoing. And that the result has proved.

A few days before the Oceanic steamer *Alameda* was scheduled to sail for Honolulu last week, the firemen on the vessel were discharged and a Japanese crew put in their place. Soon after, and fortunately before the steamer had left port, it was discovered that her machinery had been tampered with. Pieces of iron had been dropped into the steam-chests and all the oil-pipes had been charged with emery powder. Had the vessel started out with this mischief undetected, her engines would have been useless in mid-ocean, and a terrible disaster would have threatened her. The occurrence exhibits a strange perversion of human impulses. It would seem incredible that any man could carry out a plan of revenge that would imperil the lives of hundreds of his fellow creatures.

## THE SERVANT-GIRL PROBLEM.

In her efforts to solve the servant-girl problem, the modern *châtelaine* is contemplating fearful and wonderful things. She is getting the courage of the desperate, and before the dominion of the magnate in the kitchen is beginning to show the unnatural bravery which the dove displays in moments of peril. In New York she has unfurled her banner and led a campaign against the Irish. A large percentage of New York housekeepers say they will employ no more Irishwomen. They have banded together into a sort of female A. P. A., and when one hears stories of what they endure from the overbearing Hibernian, one wonders where their American spirit has been hiding for so long.

Both the pride and wages of the Irish ladies have been rising together. Their monthly stipends have nearly doubled in the past ten years. There was a halcyon time when one paid sixteen dollars for a cook, where one now pays twenty-five and thirty. The housewives have rebelled to some purpose, and the swing of the pendulum has carried them so far as to begin the importation for their own private consumption of Frenchwomen, Finns, and Swedes. Whatever the cause may be, Irish immigration has tremendously decreased lately. Some say it is owing to the increased prosperity of the Emerald Isle, which has been fattening on the American wages of its sons and daughters for half a century. A very large percentage of the Irish servant-women in New York send part of their wages back to their native land, where they are employed in paying off mortgages, buying bits of land, and generally repairing the broken fortunes of the parent stock.

While New York is making feeble efforts to fight the evil with shiploads of Swedes and Finns, Chicago—which is always at the head of the procession, generally so far ahead no one can see it—is trying radical experiments. One—the subsequent working of which we have not heard—was the employment of domestics in what miners call "shifts." The day shift came on at 8 A. M., with its brooms, dusters, and pails and pans, and went off at 8 P. M., when the night shift took its place. This sounded a perfectly reasonable arrangement, but, unfortunately, one that required a large fortune in the demoralizing. Another time Chicago made the rest of the country stare by employing men as cooks and housemaids. Here, again, it gave evidence of its progressive good sense, for—women's clubs to the contrary—a man is more satisfactory than a woman in almost any form of in-artistic paid employment. The one profession in which the woman is preëminently ahead is as a sick nurse. A general consensus of opinion puts the male nurse down as a cumbrer of the ground.

But the male servant, if the country could get used to the idea of him, might become an institution and a solution of many difficulties. Look at him in France! Useful, amiable, cheap, and hard-working. There are defects in him as a *femme de chambre*, it is true. To have him suddenly appear upon the scene in the early morning before you are up, his broad, good-humored face grinning over a large breakfast tray, is somewhat disconcerting to one not bred to it. But he is so good a servant, so thoroughly mindful of his work, so ready with an amiable word, and that ever-charming, frank, French smile, that one comes to regard him as one of the French customs most to be envied. Our Californian experiment in men-servants at one time furnished this State with the best servants in the country. Before the passing of the exclusion act, when you could get a good Chinaman, housekeeping was a happy dream. They were the best domestics that ever came into this land of the free.

The recent starting of what might be called general kitchens has been a frank failure. Many despairing housewives believe that this is where we are all going to fetch up—either having our dinners brought in and served by an outside company, or else all going to one central dining-room, where we shall gorge together, and then disperse. The serving of meals from the outside will undoubtedly be properly and successfully done before long. A dinner concocted by the average incompetent cook could hardly be much worse; and when the problem of keeping the outside dinner hot in its transit from the one general kitchen to the numerous scattered dining-rooms is solved, it will be found to be an attractive and easy way of feeding the flock.

All these unsuccessful expedients rise not only from the difficulty of obtaining desirable servants, but also from the wrath of the housewife who is rebelling furiously against the tyranny of years. The fact is, the relation of mistress and maid is a survival of medievalism, which does not fit into our present life. Other conditions have adjusted themselves to the march of events, but that one has not. Of the two, the maid has progressed more than the mistress. She is more modern in her point of view, and is making more strenuous struggles to get her position better in line with the times. But the mistress remains doggedly conservative. She wants to be the *châtelaine* of old, who rules her maids with a firm but gentle hand, guards their morals, and has an eye to their young men. She attempts to preserve in the midst of our headlong, leveling, modern life the obsolete relation that existed between the *châtelaine* of the Middle Ages and the women that she ruled in her feudal castle. She claims the right of unwarranted interference in the private life of her servant. When her work is done, she forbids her freedom, or wants to know what she does with it. Then the woman, who no longer regards herself as a vassal but as an equal, serving an employer for money, rebels, is impatient, rude, unbearable, and—that favorite word of the enraged housekeeper—"ungrateful."

The one way out of the darkest depths of the difficulty would be to engage the services of the servant only for stated hours, letting her go home at night. Then, out of range of the mistress's endless interference and irritating surveillance, she could have her time to herself, to use as she pleased. She would work certain hours, for a certain sum of money, giving to her employer for those hours the best of her labor, brain, and energy. The woman who employed

her would no more strive to institute false relations of an aggravating interference or intimacy than would the manager in the store, or the overseer in the factory. Women constantly wonder why girls prefer working in shops and factories to going into domestic service. In the shop and factory they are working under a modern *régime*—are employees of a house which pays for labor, and asks no more of its laborers than to work honestly. In the home they are trying to accommodate themselves to obsolete conditions, with the result of unending friction, irritation, and misunderstanding.

GERALDINE BONNER.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

From the Watch-Tower of Teufelsdröckh.

LOS ANGELES, September 28, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In commenting editorially upon "A Midnight Balloon Ascension," by George Hall, in your issue of September 9th, you refer to a passage in Carlyle describing a view of the earth seen from above by night. Will you please quote the whole passage or tell, in your columns, where it can be found?

Yours very truly, A SUBSCRIBER.

[The passage referred to is from "Sartor Resartus." From his attic floor—called "the watch-tower of Teufelsdröckh"—the philosopher looks down upon the city. The following is an extract from his reflections:]

"*Ach, mein Lieber!*" said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamp-light, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks *Bötes* of them as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are hearing her to Halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prow or to moan like night birds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors, and putrefaction, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-heds, or shivers, hunger-stricken, into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard, hungry villains; while Councilors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swallowing hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life heats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rahenstein*?—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us, in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolish dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid, dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them—cramped in, like salted fish in their barrel—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane! But I, mein Werther, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars."

Johann Most, the anarchist, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary in the court of special sessions in New York last week for publishing in his paper, the *Freiheit*, an alleged seditious article on the day following the shooting of the late President McKinley. The article in question was entitled "Murder against Murder." In his defense, Herr Most claimed that the paper containing the article was printed and ready for distribution before the President was shot. Also, that it was a quotation from an article published fifty years ago, and republished by him. After imposing sentence, Justice Hinsdal read the opinion of the court, in which he said:

"It is no answer to the evil and criminal nature of this article to claim that it was written for the purpose of destroying crowned heads. It inculcates and enforces the idea that murder is the proper remedy to be applied against rulers. The fact that it was published fifty years ago, and again republished about fifteen years ago, only emphasizes and gives added point to the criminality of the republishing of it at any time, and shows deliberate intent to inculcate and promulgate the doctrines of the article. This we hold to be a criminal act. It is not necessary to trace any connection in this article with the assassination of the late President. The offense here, in the eyes of the law, is precisely the same as if the bloody event had never occurred. The murder of the President only serves to illustrate and illuminate the enormity of the crime of the defendant in teaching his diabolical doctrine."

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who finds himself deeply involved in the responsibility for the abduction of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary, was twenty-five years old when he took the constitutional oath of office which made him the ruler of Bulgaria. His sovereignty was formally recognized by the porte and by the powers in February, 1896. Up to the present time the people of Bulgaria have been very happy under his *régime*, and the realm has been in peace, save for a brush with Serbia, which amounted to nothing. In 1893 Prince Ferdinand was married to Princess Marie Louise of the House of Bourbon. They had two sons, the eldest of whom, Boris, the heir apparent, was admitted to the Greek church in 1896. The princess died in 1899.

Charles M. Hays, who recently gave up his place as president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, is said to have received a check for one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars as payment in full for his services. His yearly salary was to be fifty-five thousand dollars. He served ten months, and upon his acquiescence in the wishes of the Harriman syndicate that he retire, a full year's salary and a bonus of one hundred thousand dollars were paid him, according to current report. This is the largest sum ever paid to a railroad man for a like term of service.

President Roosevelt will receive the degree of LL.D. from Yale University on Wednesday of this week. The degree was tendered him last spring.



## THE OTHER WOMAN'S HAND.

A Studied Offense and Its Penalty.

The young man who would make for himself a name and a fame goes East. By the same token, he who would hide those both betakes himself West.

Henesly went West because the girl he was in love with jilted him, out of hand, for a richer fellow, and he was very hard hit. He went West, and was lost to sight, and the places where he had been knew him no more. If any one chanced to mention him to the girl, she smiled the smile of pitying contempt, which is most women's tribute to the memory of a man they have treated abominably, and said: "Poor Dick." She was as mean as she was beautiful—which is not the fairy-tale formula; but she got her punishment in the end—which is.

This is how it came about:

Circumstances and physicians over which she had no control sent the rich man she had married—whose name was Kent—to spend a season on the Pacific Coast. Kent's fancy lighted upon a seaport town, the only objects of interest in which were a break-water, in course of construction, and a spit of land upon which, tourists were assured, the skeletons of dead and gone pirates might yet be dug up. Neither these nor the adjoining shipping village, which only awaited the appropriations of a delinquent Congress to become the Harbor of the Pacific Slope, offered to Mrs. Kent that variety and excitement which alone could make existence palatable to her. So she decided that if there were to be any such, they must come from within herself. Therefore, as the most unlikely thing that she could happen upon, she determined to try what it might be like to lead that which is known as a normal and healthy life—going to bed when the frogs began to sing in the dismal marshes about, and getting up with the sun. "I will take plenty of exercise," she explained to her husband; "I will row for a couple of hours before breakfast, on the lagoon, I think."

She experienced some real enthusiasm about it at this point. Kent did not. He foresaw the disturbance of his own comfort, which was not greatly considered at the best of times, and he tried to discourage her; but without success.

At daybreak she made her way across the strip of land that divided the lagoon and the sea. The hotels and cottages faced the sea, but the lagoon was the inner harbor, and there were upon it only wharves and rickety boat-houses and fishermen's huts. It was not exactly a picturesque outlook, ordinarly, but the sunrise lights cast a sort of glamour over it now. Even the deep, loose sand was cool and tinted, and all traced over with fine calligraphic lines where the lizards had dragged their tails and no one had as yet stepped. Later on, it would be hissing hot and the marsh weeds would give out a choking smell; but this early, their stunted yellow and pink blossoms had a fresh and pungent scent.

She followed a path that led to a rough board shack, standing on stilts over the ebb-tide mud, where a sign advertised that boats were hauled and for rent. When she stopped in the small doorway, her figure shut out most of the light, and she could barely discern the man who was moving around inside. He came toward her. Her hack was to the low rays of the sun, so her face was in the blackness, and only her form was as glistening white as the Angel of the Apocalypse.

Had he a row-boat, she asked; one not too heavy, and with oars of a moderate sweep? He was taciturn—a 'long-shore character, probably—for he did not even answer, only took a pair of spoon-oars from their rack on the wall, and led the way out to the landing-pier. She followed, running against strange shapes of wood, and stumbling over piles of lumber in the gloom. When they were out on the landing, he turned about and faced her suddenly. She was quite close behind him, and she gave a quick start back.

"I thought so," he said, steadily, "I thought the voice was like yours."

He had had that much warning, but she had had none at all, and it might have been a full two seconds before she got control of herself. Then the heat of the situation and all its possibilities floated upon her suddenly, and she decided that her movement of impulse had been the best she could have made. So she followed it up. She shrunk back into the doorway farther still. "Richard!" she said, cowering.

He stood resting upon the oars and scrutinizing her stolidly. He flattered himself that he was calm, not to say cool, but Mrs. Kent had a deeper than surface sight. She knew that he appeared cool for very much the same reason that a circular saw appears still when it is going fast enough. For herself and for the major part of mankind she was a very light scoffer at love; but she was no such fool as not to know that the heart which has truly loved and never forgets does have its existence in the flesh as well as in the lines of Erin's hand. So, summing up the situation with the aid of observations upon his character, made rather exhaustively some five years gone by, she came to the conclusion that, when she should be ready, it would take her perhaps half an hour at the outside to have him at her feet as a tiger is at the feet of a trainer with a whip.

But for the present she let him just stand there, leaning upon the oars and trying to look at her disparagingly. She did not believe that the man lived who could manage much disparagement for the sort of picture of beauty in distress that she made, all in white, from her big, soft shade-hat to her impractical, high-heeled shoes, all of which had been worn because Kent had suggested something sensible and old. So she managed to tremble and raise appealing glances calculated to soften any human heart.

Henesly spoke at last. "You did your work pretty thoroughly while you were about it, you see," he said. "I went to the devil and to bed-rock in something less than a year." Then I married a Portuguese fisher-girl when I was drunk, and she and I are living together in that shanty over there." He nodded in the direction of a little unpainted board shack some fifty yards off among the sands.

Mrs. Kent covered her face with her palms while she gained time to try and think of something as dramatic and concise. But her own appearance did not lend itself to narrative of the kind. She made a broken murmur, vague with hints of her own deep wretchedness, do instead. Henesly did not answer; only turned on his heel and led the way to the landing-steps.

When he had brought the boat down from the davits and up to the steps, he held out his hand to help her in. She laid her own hand upon it, and he shivered and stiffened under the touch. She had expected that. Her hands had been his dearest delight, of old. They were the hands of a Mona Lisa, of a beauty of the steel-engraving days, and when they touched they clung, like a small child's hands. But they were strong, too. They settled the oars in the locks, and pulled off skillfully. Henesly went back to the boat-house, but he watched her through a space in the boards as she cut off over the opal-hued water.

He was there to help her out when she came back. When she asked if she might use the boat next morning he told her yes. He explained it to himself as being proper pride, and that she should not fancy him afraid. After a day or two he altered the explanation to that it couldn't matter any way, and often that he did not try to explain. He let things go. At this point she lingered, sitting upon the keel of a yawl up for repairs, and talked about herself in hopeless vein. The ensuing steps were talk about himself. He responded fairly easily, and showed her his drawings, his tools, and the new gasoline-engine hand-saw which was his especial pride. He taught her how to start the engine up, and to cut along traced lines through the hardest wood with the toothed hand of steel.

It was inevitable, thereafter, that they should—having had herself and himself—come to themselves. And when that happened—it was about the tenth day of her "normal and healthy" life—much more did as well. So that when she started to go at last, and stood, beautiful in the midst of all the roughness around, his head went completely, and he caught her hand against his lips and held it there. It was delight and bliss and temporary oblivion to him. It was the success of an experiment to her, and the point beyond which she did not mean to go, for her wisdom was of this world.

But to Maria, Henesly's Portuguese wife—who was under the boat-house, peering up through a knot-hole—it was rage and jealousy of a very savage kind. She had had her suspicions of the woman who came so often and for so long at break of day, and now she was verifying them. As for what they said, the two, she could neither hear nor understand all of that. Her English was limited. But she saw Henesly kissing the shapely hand, and there was nothing incomprehensible about that.

If Henesly had had the slightest idea of what Maria had seen, he would have been justified in being uneasy and in recalling the warning of one of those poets of his better days, ancient mute natures which punish you in deeds. For Maria gave no sign at all. She only waited her time. It came very soon. That same night Henesly was called upon to repair the hull of a launch, and he had to be up until long past midnight, working with lanterns, to take advantage of the tide. The consequence was that he overslept himself the next day. Maria, however, did not. She arose early and went out.

When Mrs. Kent came, humming a snatch of song that she knew would be calculated to awaken memories in Henesly, Maria was hidden behind a pile of lumber in the dark corner where the gasoline-engine was, lying in wait, with a big knife up her sleeve. Mrs. Kent had no suspicion of that. She wandered around the boat-house, playing with various things, and finally, as the time grew long, she went over to the corner and amused herself by starting the hand-saw up, as Henesly had shown her how to do. The gasoline-engine began to spit and hiss, and the shiny contrivances, whose names she did not know, to clatter and turn. The saw-edged hand itself began to whirl so very fast that it seemed to be quite still. She held a scrap of wood against it and watched it cut smoothly in two without a jar.

When she looked up she could see Henesly hurry over along the path through the dunes near his shack. She stopped playing with the saw, and stood waiting for him, beginning the strain of song again. Her head was lying close to the moving hand. Maria raised herself up in the shadow and looked at it. It was so white, so small, so near the turning saw. It was the same hand that Henesly had kissed the day before.

The whirr of the machinery was in Mrs. Kent's ears. The light of the low rays falling through the open door was in her eyes. She did not hear the boards behind her creak. She did not see that some one was coming nearer and nearer, with hot eyes watching that white and careless hand.

The engine was spitting and clattering unconcernedly when Henesly stepped into the place, and in the gloomy corner near it, something white and huddled was on the floor. It was a woman's figure fallen on the face and with arms thrown out. On the end of one arm there was a hand. On that of the other—there was none.

Mrs. Kent's tale, to Henesly and to her husband, was never quite clear. Perhaps she had moved; perhaps she had swayed; perhaps some one had pushed her arm against the saw. She had thought that some one had gone past her, just as she reeled and fell—and, besides, the hand, cut clean at the wrist, was gone.

And Maria, too, was gone. Henesly never saw her again. But that night as he sat alone in his cabin, his head dropped on his folded arms, a voice came in at the window above his head—came with the croaking song of the frogs in the swamp outside and with the drifts of the thick, gray fog.

"Kess it," it said from vacancy, almost in his ear; "kess it, if you like to, now." And something fell on the table near his forehead, with a thud. He groped and touched it. It was soft and cold. He felt it over. It was a small, stiff hand.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1901.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Emperor William is following in the footsteps of the Czar of Russia and King Edward by allowing his beard to grow. It is said that he is daily growing more in appearance like his father, the late Emperor Frederick.

Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, who has announced his candidacy for the governorship of Kentucky, is one of the most influential members of the Democratic party in the United States. He was one of the leaders in the fight against Bryan in 1896, but supported him in 1900, although strongly opposed to free silver. Watterson has been delegate at large to six national Democratic conventions.

James Eads How, of St. Louis, a millionaire and a grandson of James B. Eads, the celebrated engineer, has promulgated the doctrine that it is wrong for any man to live upon profits he may be able to get from the work of others. He has, therefore, set out to tramp through the country, doing chores and such odd jobs as people may wish to have him do in return for his meals. A fortnight ago, Mr. How was at Chillicothe, Mo., where he carried coal and wood into the people's houses and ran errands for them, taking small coins and sandwiches in payment.

Maitre Lahori, the celebrated French lawyer, is expected to visit this country in February as the guest of the New York bar. He will be accompanied by Mme. Lahori, who will visit her mother in Nova Scotia. Before her first marriage, Mme. Lahori was Miss Margaret O'Key. She became the wife of Vladimir de Pachmann, the noted pianist, and after her separation from him married the brilliant Frenchman who figured so prominently in the trial of Dreyfus at Rennes. A most cultured woman generally, she is said to be an extraordinarily capable pianist. Her ability as a performer and her thorough comprehension of the musical art were the principal ties which bound her to M. de Pachmann.

Mrs. Katherine Herne, the widow of James A. Herne, the actor, has taken up stage management as a business. She is one of the few women who have been successful in this line of dramatic work. Mr. Herne was one of the best stage-directors in America. For many years before his death his service in that capacity was not secured by any manager at less than five hundred dollars a week. While the managers knew his ability, Mr. Herne invariably deferred to the judgment of his wife. She always assisted him at rehearsals, and her judgment was appealed to for details. After Mr. Herne's death, Mrs. Herne took up his work. She is also training her two daughters, who have adopted the stage as a profession.

President Roosevelt has announced his intention of appointing Alexander O. Brodie governor of Arizona when the term of the incumbent, Nathan O. Murphy, expires a year hence. Brodie was a major of the Rough Riders, and when Roosevelt became colonel of the regiment, Brodie was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel. In the battle at Las Guasimas, during the advance of the American forces upon Santiago, Brodie was at the very front of the fight. He was one of the first American officers to be wounded, a Mauser bullet tearing a painful wound in his right arm. Brodie is a West Point man, having been graduated from the military academy in 1870, and served with distinction in the army until he resigned his commission in the fall of 1877 for the purpose of engaging in business. His first venture was in the cattle trade in Kansas, in which he was successful. In 1882 he turned his attention to mining operations in Dakota and Arizona, and a few years afterward he was employed by the Water Storage Company, at Walnut Grove, A. T., as its chief engineer and superintendent.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew, after being kept busy for several years denying rumors that he was about to take a wife, admits at last that he is engaged to be married, the woman of his choice being Miss May Palmer. She is a New Yorker by birth, but is little known there, for almost from her childhood she has lived abroad, and has visited this country only a very few times. Miss Palmer is the daughter of the late Henry Palmer, and granddaughter of John I. Palmer, who founded the Merchants' Bank in New York. Her mother was one of the three Hermann sisters, whose fame as beauties still lingers in New Orleans. One married Hall McAllister, who was a popular attorney here, and a brother of Ward McAllister. A sister of Henry Palmer, Miss Palmer's father, married one of the Oelrichs brothers, and Miss Palmer is therefore by marriage a cousin of Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. William Jay. Senator Depew's first wife was Miss Elsie Hegeman, whom he married in 1871, and who died in 1893. He has one son, Chauncey Depew, Jr., who is now twenty-one years old.

According to William E. Curtis, Tolstoy is a good deal of a humbug—a great advertiser. He goes around bare-footed in the garments of a peasant, in order to give people something to talk about. In the winter he wears sheepskin clothing and a big fur cap, and those who know him say that he is not familiar with the ordinary uses of water. He imitates the Russian peasants in that respect as in others. They never bathe, and, like the Laplanders, seldom remove their clothing until it is outgrown or worn out. Since he has recovered from his recent illness, Tolstoy has commenced a new novel, with the title "Old Men." He says that it was inspired during his illness, and was all thought out while he was under the shadow of death. It is to be his last work, his farewell message, a lesson to mankind—but that is only a part of his advertisement. He will continue writing farewell books as long as Patti sings farewell songs. Tolstoy's portrait in peasant costume is usually presented to every stranger who takes the trouble to visit him at Yassnaya Polyana, and he loves to see people. He may appear cross and act as if you were intruding, but that is only a part of the play. The old man is as fond of admiration as a young actress. He lives upon it.



## PRETTIEST GIRLS IN THE WORLD.

The Irish Beauties from Dublin Down—Maidens of Louisville and Philadelphia—Traditions of Baltimore—French and Germans—Superlative San Franciscans.

If I were asked "Where are the prettiest girls in the world?" I would immediately reply in Limerick, Ireland. There is a freshness of face, lustrousness of eyes, healthfulness of color and complexion about the Limerick girls, en masse, that carry off the sweepstakes trophy. The girls of Cork and of the lakes—in fact, of the country all the way down from Dublin—are somewhat of the Limerick order. In form they constitute a bappy medium between the rotund English maids across one channel and the sylph-like Parisian *démousselles* beyond the other.

But the Limerick face is the perfection of female beauty—a human ceramic without a blemish. The Limerick girl is also the highest example of exquisite wit and ingenuousness—an extraordinary assimilation, to be sure. In other words, while she is not insensible of her sparkle of words, she seems like one who has never looked frequently into a mirror. She has regular and sometimes very pretty teeth; and if her nose is often inclined to *retrousser* and there is an "Irish expression of mouth," these but add piquancy to her other beautiful features.

It is the perfect peach that is incomparably lovely to look at and to eat. The Irish little girl is not particularly attractive; nor does the beauty and freshness of the Irish maiden possess winsome staying qualities. Even before she reaches twenty, or at any time after marriage, the irresistible bloom on cheek and sparkle of eye have perceptibly disappeared. I know of no woman who goes to pieces so rapidly as the beautiful Irish girl, and especially after marriage. I account for this thus: Hard work and drudgery from childhood up, excessive family perils and cares, harsh climatic potentialities, and ignorance or disesteem of facial "decorative art." The North of Ireland girls are not so pretty as their southern sisters.

The next most beautiful maidens of the world, of from sixteen to twenty, in my estimation, are those of Louisville and Philadelphia—as one sees them on the streets, in church, at the theatre, or at the fair—with an excess of vivacity in the one and more delicacy of refinement in the other. The hair of a majority of the fair Kentuckians shades from a dark to a golden brown, and their eyes are also of a brown or hazel. Their complexions are generally fine and their voices sweet and pearly. The Philadelphia girls are not so conscious of their superior beauty as are the maidens of Louisville and Lexington, who early become, like their parents and their horses, exceedingly high steppers. But the Philadelphia beauties have—besides their handsome complexions, auburn, brown, or flaxen hair, hazel and blue eyes, and other entrancing features—the most delicately formed hands and feet of all. The women of Louisville, from maidenhood to "fair, fat, and forty," seem to possess a high average, and show off to better or more glowing advantage than their sisters of the Quaker City, who arrive at fair and forty without the alliterative tissue, and to a great degree betray the dulcet voice, gentle manner, and exquisite cleanliness of twenty years before. Nashville, also, is noted for its beautiful girls; and forty years ago Tennessee had more majestic women in Washington than bad Maryland. The prettiest brunettes in the world are the Creoles of New Orleans—that is, they are pretty of face and figure. They have eyes and hair and expression of mouth that truly captivate. Neither in Seville or Cordova—where the women are famous for their luxuriant hair and flashing eyes—or elsewhere in Spain, are the young women so beautiful as in New Orleans. Their skins, too, are of that soft, delicate tint sometimes seen in a sea-shell. But their bewitchments end here. They are dull and uninteresting, while their Andalusian rivals carry everything before them—intoxicating you with their effervescing vivacity, hypnotizing you with their dulcet *diminuos* of articulation, and positively lashing you into sensuous servitude with their dangerous eyes. I think the elderly Creoles of New Orleans the prettiest and seemingly the best preserved gray-haired women anywhere. They are generally *petite*, extremely polite, and agreeable in conversation. They become lined, to be sure, sometimes shriveled; but they go to their graves with lustrous eyes, and with the bandomest heads of gray hair known to womankind. Other than Creole women have made New Orleans famous for its female beauty, some of whom are quite statuesque.

The next most beautiful brunettes to those of New Orleans, according to my sense of view, are those of Buda-Pesth. During two or three fair afternoons on the promenades in that Hungarian city, and at the opera, I thought I had never seen such splendid young women—all with dark hair and eyes, brilliant complexions, and gracefulness of carriage and form.

I am not unmindful of the fact that Baltimore enjoyed for a hundred years—quite up to forty years or less ago—an undisputed reputation for the rare beauty and grace of its women. This pictorial fact has so fastened itself upon the susceptible mind that there are many now who perpetuate the claim who have merely learned by heart what they delight in saying, but who have never even seen the city of Baltimore or a Baltimore belle. To be sure, there was a time when Baltimore boasted of Elizabeth Patterson—the marvelously beautiful and brilliant daughter of a lucky Irish adventurer—who became the wife of Jerome Bonaparte; whose fascination and superbness realized Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women"; and of whom it was said, in Paris, "that beauties envied her beauty and wits dreaded her wit, kings sought her acquaintance, and princes claimed her friendship." There also flourished in the Baltimore court of beauty, at about the same time, the three Misses Caton—also partly of Irish extraction—and who, when presented to the then prince regent by the Duke of Wellington, caused him to exclaim: "Is it possible that the world can

produce such beautiful women?" Later there was Miss Georgiana McCausland, also partly of Irish parentage, whose delightful violet eyes induced Poe to bestow them upon his "Eulalie." And there was Henrietta von Kapff, who was said by the poets and soldiers of her day to have been the most beautiful woman ever seen in Maryland, and who inspired Pinkney's rapturous serenade, commencing:

"Look out upon the stars, my love,  
And shame them with thine eyes."

And who, after refusing a hundred suitors, married John Bankhead Magruder, admittedly the handsomest man at that time in the American army, who became colonel of artillery and afterward a major-general in the Confederate service. A renowned Baltimore beauty was Miss Ellen Swan, who married Philip Barton Key—son of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner"—who was shot and killed in Washington by General Dan E. Sickles in 1859. Indeed, there were the Howards, the Donells, McTevises, Hardestys, Whytes, Thomases, Delaneys, the Caves, and many others, who constituted a galaxy of beauty that gave Baltimore its great and lasting fame. Now, I do not wish to intimate that there is any diminishment of this regal adornment. But I do claim that there are many other American cities that have caught up with Baltimore, and a number that have passed it. Besides, there are so many pretty women in our country now that the exclusively stunning beauties are not so conspicuous as when their realms were more circumscribed; indeed, there is at present so majestic a galaxy of magnificent American women that there are not poets enough to depict their glittering rosaries of graces and accomplishments. There are still many statuesque women in Baltimore from the old Irish, English, and Scotch stock, but I have seen many more really pretty girls, however, in Wilmington (not far away), also in Cleveland and Buffalo, in a single day than in Baltimore in a week. The best-looking women in the Monumental City are those of between thirty-five and fifty years, whose culture and graciousness, art of dress and stateliness of person, consciousness of lineage and old-time superiority, keep them in the aurora of that earlier vision that drew spontaneous expressions of unstinted praise from such critics as Gouverneur Morris, Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, Humboldt, Canova, Disraeli, Thackeray, Kossuth, Captain Marryat, Tom Moore, and others, some of whom imperiled, by their spontaneity, their courtly standing amid the smiles and affections of queens of their own.

Notwithstanding their lineage, there is little or no beauty of female face and form in England—and particularly in London—as gauged from the French and American standards. As a general thing, Englishwomen look like Englishmen, and act and walk and talk like men. There are few neat, tidy-appearing figures and fewer pink-and-white complexions. But what they lack in feminine grace and loveliness they make up in healthful roundness and physique. For this parsimony of natural adornment the barsb English climate must be partially blamed. Besides, the Englishwoman is something of an all-around sport, which bronzes her and destroys her dimples and curves. She takes to the field, the chase, the sculls, and to artistic and scientific work—and these make her hands and arms big and red; she walks half a dozen greater distances yearly than other women of her own class—and these tramps give her monstrous feet and undignified ankles; she pays a great deal of attention to theology, to politics and philanthropy—and this combination compels irregularities rather than soft womanhood and grace. And, worse yet, the beer-mug or the gin-bottle circulate all too freely in most English households—and the effects are palpable even upon the faces of the young. But to their credit, it may be said that Englishwomen indulge in the appliances of the toilet less than any of their sisters in the civilized world, and on an average spend less than ten minutes before their mirrors where the German and Italian women exhaust twenty, the French and Spanish forty, and the American an hour or more.

Of the German women there are proportionately more to be seen that would be termed handsome than of English. There are few, however, that may be called "divinely tall and most divinely fair." The German woman seems to be constructed from bug specifications, like the Dutch and Swiss—but with none of that exuberant freshness that one beholds among the Hebes of the Alps and the lakes of Switzerland. There is much statuesque beauty throughout Italy, but the Italian women are too dark and swarthy generally to carry a cosmopolitan American observer suddenly off his feet. I have seen quadroons—and others of their race with even less African blood in their veins—in portions of Virginia, Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Kentucky, far and away more beautiful than those of a bigger and altogether purer class either in Italy or Spain.

Few Frenchwomen off the stage and off the street are truly fair, and all are palpably made up. But the Frenchwoman possesses irresistible grace and politeness and a superabundance of cleverness and tact. Some one has said that a Frenchman can tie a bow, make a bow, and tell a lie better than any other person. And, surely, the Frenchwoman can adjust a shawl or scarf and arrange a cluster of flowers or knot of ribbons more gracefully and more tastefully than any other woman in the world. There is a vivacity and *chic* about the Frenchwoman, surely, that is fetching for a while, but which gets awfully tiresome as all-round aids to conversation. Take the Paris shop-girls, for instance: I lived on Rue de la Paix once for a year. Here are the great establishments of Virot, Worth, Doucet, and others, who employ thousands of girls from fourteen to twenty years of age. I never saw so many good-looking girls of this class in a year as I have seen in an hour on Nassau Street, New York; Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Market Street, San Francisco; or even State Street, Chicago. But the French *démousselles'* gloves and shoes, bats and ribbons, were faultless; and, with a flower or spray of flowers in hand or on corsage, they looked as if they were

modistes' models and had been happily born into an Arcadian scene.

The New York woman of society who arrives at that alluring, alliterative altitude of "fair, fat, and forty"—although she invariably looks it before she reaches it—is one of the most magnificent creatures in the world. Partly because she has generally grown finer looking from thirty to forty than from twenty to thirty, and partly because she has become better mannered and conditioned, and the perfect embodiment of the aggregated arts of the modiste, the milliner, the corset-maker, the shoemaker, the manicure, the dentist, the hair-dresser, and the trained nurse. When one has observed this woman at church, at the theatre, and at the *café* of note, and has seen the representatives of the same class at like places in Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and New Orleans, he can not be restrained from saying that she is the best-dressed woman in any land, and one of the finest looking.

The Boston girl has been more jocosely maligned than any other in America—and outside of our own country there is no daughter of Eve at all like her, except that she sometimes feebly reminds you of the English girl without any of the coarseness or ponderosity of the latter. The common idea of the Boston girl is that she is homely, pedantic, opinionated, conceited, stingy, devotional, and almost too severely "proper" to admit that a table has legs and not limbs—that she invariably looks under her bed before retiring, as a precautionary measure against a surreptitious masculine surprise; that she still adheres to old-time blue hosiery, and satisfies her epicurean desires on baked beans and brown bread, picked-up codfish and potatoes, and young hyson tea; that she affects green spectacles and dotes on Emerson; that she makes her own clothes, darns her own stockings, and cleans her own gloves; that she goes to pieces at a symphony if the oboe falls the sixteenth part of a half-tone from the true pitch, or if the kettle-drum is snared an infinitesimal atom too tightly. But much, if not quite all, of the above as applied to the Boston girl is ridiculously fictitious; for she is, next to the San Francisco girl, the best combination in America or in the world. There are proportionately more pretty girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty in Boston than in any other large American city excepting Louisville, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. They are not so good dressers nor so good "make-ups" as most girls of their class elsewhere in America; but they are neat and clean-looking, top-notched in education and intelligence, refined and hospitable, engaging in conversation and intimate with the leading English and American poets and essayists, and they can make as good biscuits as their mothers ever dared. Almost a double to the Boston girl is the maid of Cincinnati.

Just as at a great pyrotechnical display the most magnificent and most spectacular piece has been reserved until the last, so I close by simply referring to the San Francisco girl as the superlatively gracious and lovable composite of all—not so beautiful nor so *spirituelle* along certain lines as the Louisville or Philadelphia maid; nor so matchlessly orbed and fringed with long, trailing lashes as the evanescent one of New Orleans; nor so intellectually ornate and overpowering as the young women of Boston and Cincinnati; nor so statuesque as the Hebes and Helens of the Monumental City. But she has a mixture in her blood that tells of Teutonic, Latin, Scandinavian, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Cuban, Canadian, English, Mexican, early American, and other strains; she is the apex of this polyglot pyramid of nationalities—the incarnate genius of all. She is bandsome of face and Juno-like in person. She is the progeny partly of a line of argonauts whose accomplishments of a kind were greater and sublimer and more civilizing than those of a Jason, a Caesar, or an Alexander. She enjoys, as a continual embrocation, the most exhilarating and healthful climate in the world. Fruits and flowers fresh from perennial *parterres* delight her senses every day of the year; and ambrosial breezes, laden with spices from far-off Catbay, come into her windows intermittently from the Golden Gate, or crispier zephyrs from majestic earth giants capped with eternal snows. Much the same may be said of the fair young women of Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Oakland, San José, and other California towns. Sir Walter Scott, in characterizing Minna Troll, says she possessed the combined beauty of the tropic and temperate zones. So, in the prepossessing and radiant California young women of to-day are harmoniously combined the blonde and the brunette:

"For all that is best of dark and bright  
Meet in their aspect and their eyes."

OCTOBER, 1901.

BEN TRUMAN.

The date-palm may solve the problem of what to do with the arid and alkali lands of Arizona and other Western States. Experiments have been made in the past, but renewed interest is being taken by the section of plant introduction of the Department of Agriculture. According to the New York *Sun*, Professor D. G. Fairchild, agricultural explorer for the department, now traveling in Africa, has procured a number of suckers, or off-shoots, from the Delta of the Nile, which will be distributed in the south-western portion of this country. In the United States the date is an article of luxury, but in its native country it is a most important food, many regions in Arabia and the Sahara being uninhabitable but for the date-palm.

Trolley combinations are growing in extent and importance. The Massachusetts Electric Company now controls 776 miles, formerly operated by thirty-six separate corporations. The Brooklyn Rapid-Transit system (ironically so-called) consists of 522 miles of track, and the Chicago Union Traction Company has 486 miles. The Union Traction Company of Philadelphia operates 448 miles; the Metropolitan Street Railway of New York, 428 miles; and the West End Company of Boston, 370 miles.



## ANECDOTES OF LINCOLN.

Silas G. Pratt's Collection of Authenticated Stories of His Career as a Lawyer, Politician, Statesman, and President.

A volume which will especially appeal to the younger generation is "Lincoln in Story: The Life of the Martyr President told in Authenticated Anecdotes," which has been prepared by Silas G. Pratt. While these stories do not offer a complete life history, they are presented in chronological order, as far as possible, and the salient points of Lincoln's life are briefly mentioned, thus forming a warp upon which the various anecdotes are woven. Mr. Pratt has taken his stories from a wide variety of sources—the many biographies which have been written since the assassination of Lincoln, and the fugitive articles which from time to time have appeared in the magazines and newspapers. The compiler remarks, however, that "no anecdote is given which has not been carefully verified."

During the short time he attended school, a little incident occurred which showed Lincoln's kindly disposition to help others, even at the early age of ten:

One day, in the spelling-class, the teacher, a Mr. Crawford, gave out the word "defied." The first one spelled it "d-e-f-y-e-d"; the second one also made a mistake, and then it came the turn of Kate Roby, a little girl who was standing opposite to Lincoln, in the line on the opposite side of the school-room. She began "d-e-f—" and was just about to say y, when she glanced at Lincoln, who had been closely watching her. He had on a broad grin, and pointed with one hand to his eye; the little girl quickly guessed his meaning, and spelled it correctly with an i.

When Lincoln was twenty-three years old, the Indians, under Black Hawk, came back into the State of Illinois, and all the people living on farms and in small settlements fled in a panic to the forts and larger towns for protection. The governor of the State called for volunteers, and Lincoln, with a number of young men from New Salem, enlisted to fight the Indians:

There was a man in the company by the name of Kirkpatrick, who wanted to be captain. This man owed Lincoln two dollars for moving a lot of heavy logs, and when the election for captain occurred at Beardstown, Ill., Lincoln said to a friend (a Mr. William Greene): "Bill, I believe I can now pay Kirkpatrick for that two dollars he owes me for moving those big logs. I'll run against him for captain." The vote was taken in a field, the men being commanded to gather around the one they wanted for their captain. When the order was given, three-fourths of the men gathered about Lincoln, to his own surprise, and he was thus elected captain. Years afterward, when he had become President, Lincoln said "he had never since then met with any success which gave him so much satisfaction."

Lincoln knew nothing of military rules, and many years afterward he told many amusing stories of his experience as a soldier.

One day he was drilling the men, and they were marching with twenty men fronting in line across a field, when he wished to pass through a gate into the next field.

"I could not, for the life of me," said Lincoln, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company 'en-deuise,' so that it could get through the gate; so, as we came near the gate, I shouted:

"This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!"

Row Herndon, formerly of New Salem, relates how Lincoln secured a number of votes for his candidacy to the legislature (in 1834):

"He (Lincoln) came to my house near Island Grove during the harvest; there were some thirty men in the field. He got his dinner and went into the field where the men were at work. I gave him an introduction, and the boys said they could not vote for a man unless he could make a hand (that is, take a scythe or cradle and mow).

"Well, boys," said Lincoln, "if that's all, I am sure of your votes!"

"He then took the cradle and led the way all the round of the field with perfect ease.

"The boys were satisfied, and I don't think he lost a vote in the entire crowd."

Once, during his early days in Springfield, Lincoln interfered and protected his friend, E. D. Baker, from the fury of his opponents:

This gentleman was speaking to a crowd in the court-room, which was immediately under Lincoln and Stuart's law office. Just over the platform on which the speaker stood was a trap-door in the floor. Lincoln, at the time, as was often his habit, was lying on the floor, looking down through this hole at the speaker. Baker, getting warmed up, made a sweeping charge against his opponent, which angered many in the crowd, and the cry of "Pull him down! Pull him down!" was followed by a forward movement of the men. Baker, his face pale with excitement, squared himself to meet the on-rushing and maddened men with a stout resistance, when, in the midst of the noise and confusion, a pair of long legs, with big feet, were seen dangling from the ceiling (where the trap-door was) over the platform, and in a moment the figure of Lincoln dropped upon the floor. Picking up a water-pitcher, in an attitude of defense, he shouted: "Hold on, gentlemen! This is a land of free speech. Mr. Baker has a right to be heard. I am here to protect him, and no man shall take him from this stand if I can prevent it." Immediately quiet was restored, and Baker was allowed to resume his speech.

To the early 'forties when men wanted to get an office, both the Republican and Democratic candidates traveled together around the country from town to town, stopping at farm-houses in between, and talking to the people, trying to make friends and get them to vote for them. A good story is told that shows Lincoln's cleverness, and how, during one of his electioneering tours, he won the favor of a farmer's wife, whose husband was a very important man in that county:

One afternoon Lincoln and his opponent rode up to this farmer's house on horses, which they put out in the barn themselves, the husband being away in a distant field at work. The good farmer's wife invited them to take supper and stay over night, as was customary. Now, each man wanted to win the goodwill of the lady, because she, of course, had a strong influence over her husband; but for quite a while neither seemed to succeed very well.

Finally it came time to milk the cows, and the woman, taking her pail, started for the barn-yard. Mr. Ewing (Lincoln's companion and opponent) saw his chance, and, following quickly, he took the pail from her hand and insisted upon milking the cow himself. He thought by thus helping the woman to do her work he would surely win her goodwill; and so he sat down and commenced milking, chuckling to himself how he had got the better of "Abe Lincoln." Once in a while he would speak to the lady, who stood by the fence looking on; but, after a time, receiving no reply from her, he looked around only to see the woman and Lincoln leaning comfortably on the fence, and talking in a most friendly manner. Mr. Ewing now was naturally disgusted with himself, for there he had to sit and finish his task, while Lincoln was having a good time chatting with the lady, and captivating her with his amusing stories.

When Mr. Ewing finished, the farmer's wife "added insult to injury" by thanking him most heartily, not only for milking the cow, but also for "giving her a chance to have such a pleasant talk with Mr. Lincoln!"

Lincoln was very fond of his little boys, and thoroughly enjoyed their pranks. One morning in Springfield, when his son Willie was about three or four years old, his mother was giving him a bath in a big tub; the little fellow, screaming with fun, suddenly jumped away from her and scampered out of doors:

His father was sitting on the front porch reading the papers, and hearing the noise, looked up, bursting into a hearty laugh at the comical sight. The little fellow, meanwhile, ran out into the street, and crawled under the fence into the field of young corn that was growing near the house.

Lincoln sprang up from his seat, watching the boy's small pink and white legs twinkle along the sidewalk, and shaking with laughter. But his enjoyment of the fun was cut short by the mother's appearing on the scene, exclaiming:

"Run and catch him, dear, and don't stand there all day laughing yourself to death. There he goes in the corn-field," she added; "run quick!"

Sure enough, Willie was now running as fast as his little legs would carry him in between the rows of corn.

Lincoln then started after him, and the little fellow, screaming with delight, ran faster than ever. Meanwhile the neighbors had been attracted by the noise, and some were looking out of the windows and doors of the nearest houses, while some stopped on the sidewalk, all laughing at the chase of the little naked boy by his great, tall father, who was now quite a celebrated man. It took the father but a few minutes with his long strides to catch the runaway, who, when he reached him, was laughing in roguish glee. Lincoln picked him up, and, covering his rosy little body with many kisses, tossed him on his shoulder, put his legs about his neck, and so carried him in triumph back to his mother and the tub, to the great amusement of the neighbors.

One of Lincoln's chief traits of character was his love of truth and justice. As a lawyer, he would never take a case to defend a guilty man; but many times he would give his services for nothing in defending an innocent person:

Mr. Herndon, his partner, tells of a case where a mean man came to see Lincoln about suing a poor widow with six children, and, after hearing him state his case, Lincoln said to him: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole township at loggerheads; I can distress a poor widow and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

About the time the question of emancipation was being agitated, and previous to the time when Lincoln considered it wise or practicable, a deputation one day waited upon him, urging that he should issue a proclamation at once, declaring freedom to all the slaves in the States then fighting against the Union. In reply, Mr. Lincoln said:

"If I issue a proclamation now, as you suggest, it will be as ineffectual as was the Pope's celebrated bull against the moon. It can not be enforced.

"Now, by way of illustration," he added, "how many legs will a sheep have if you call his tail a leg?"

They answered, "Five."

"You are mistaken," replied Lincoln, "for calling a tail a leg does not make it so."

With this simple illustration he showed them the fallacy of their position better than any learned syllogism would have done.

The President so disliked to sign a death-warrant

that sometimes the judge-advocate-general of the army despaired of punishing men in the army for cowardice and desertion:

Lincoln would say, after he had explained a case: "Well, I will keep this a few days until I have more time to read the testimony;" or, again: "I must put this by until I can settle in my mind whether this soldier can better serve the country dead than living."

Finally, one day the judge brought him the case of a soldier who, in the crisis of a battle, demoralized his regiment by throwing down his gun and hiding behind a tree. The evidence was plain, and not denied—the court-martial condemned him to be shot. He had no father, mother, wife, or child to plead for him, and the judge thought surely this was a case that could only meet with the President's approval; but Lincoln, after running his fingers through his hair, said: "Well, after all, judge, I think I must put this case with my 'leg cases.'"

"Leg cases!" exclaimed the judge, frowning at the supposed levity of the President. "What do you mean by 'leg cases,' sir?"

"Why, why," replied the President, "do you see those papers crowded into those pigeon-holes? They are cases that you call by that long title. 'Cowardice in the face of the enemy'; but I call them, for short, my 'leg cases,' and I put it to you, and leave it to you, to decide for yourself, if Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs, how can he help them running away with him?"

That Lincoln could be firm in the cause of justice, as well as lenient in the cause of mercy, is shown by the following incident which occurred at the White House in 1864:

Among the callers one day there appeared an officer who had been cashiered from the service.

He had prepared an elaborate defense of himself, and he consumed much time in reading it to the President.

When he had finished, Mr. Lincoln replied that even upon his own statement of the case the facts did not warrant his (the President's) interference. Greatly disappointed and crestfallen, the officer withdrew. A few days afterward he came again, and went over practically the same ground without accomplishing his purpose.

The third time he forced his way into Mr. Lincoln's presence, who, with great forbearance, again listened to the repetition of his arguments, but made no reply.

The man evidently seeing in Mr. Lincoln's face no sympathy for him, turned abruptly, and said:

"Well, Mr. President, I see you are fully determined not to do me justice."

This was too much even for Mr. Lincoln, who, without showing any feeling, quietly arose, and lying some papers upon his desk, suddenly seized the man by his coat-collar, and marched him to the door, saying, as he ejected him into the hall: "Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can hear censure but not insult."

In a whining tone the man begged for his papers which he had dropped.

"Begone, sir," said the President. "Your papers will be sent to you. I never wish to see your face again."

The late Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago Tribune, once told how he and certain leading citizens of Chicago went to Lincoln to ask that the quota of Cook County be reduced. He said:

"In 1864, when the call for extra troops came, Chicago revolted. She had already sent twenty-two thousand men up to that time, and was drained. When the new call came, there were no young men to go—no aliens except what were bought. The citizens held a mass-meeting, and appointed three persons, of whom I was one, to go to Washington and ask Stanton to give Cook County a new enrollment. I begged off; but the committee insisted, so I went. On reaching Washington, we went to Stanton with our statement. He refused entirely to give us the desired aid. Then we went to Lincoln. 'I can not do it,' he said, 'but I will go with you to Stanton, and hear the arguments of both sides.' So we all went over to the War Department together. Stanton and General Fry were there, and they, of course, contended that the quota should not be changed. The argument went on for some time, and finally was referred to Lincoln, who had been sitting silently listening. I shall never forget how he suddenly lifted his head and turned on us a black and frowning face.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a voice full of bitterness, "after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The North-West has opposed the South as New England has opposed the South. It was you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it. You called for emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for men which I have made to carry out the war you have demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I have a right to expect better things of you. Go home and raise your six thousand men. And you, Medill, you are acting like a coward. You and your Tribune have had more influence than any paper in the North-West in making this war. You can influence great masses, and yet you cry to be spared at a moment when your cause is suffering. Go home and send us those men."

"I couldn't say anything. It was the first time I ever was whipped, and I didn't have an answer. We all got up and went out, and when the door closed, one of my colleagues said: 'Well, gentlemen, the old man is right. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Let us never say anything about this, but go home and raise the men.' And we did—six thousand men—making twenty-eight thousand in the war from a city of one hundred and fifty-six thousand. But there might have been crape on every door almost in Chicago, for every family had

lost a son or a husband. I lost two brothers. It was hard for the mothers."

A short time before the final surrender of the Confederates, General Grant told the President that the war must soon come to an end, and asked him whether he should try to capture Jefferson Davis, the Confederate president, or let him escape from the country. Lincoln said:

"That reminds me of a story. There was once an Irishman who had signed the Father Mathew temperance pledge. A few days after he became terribly thirsty, and finally applied to a hatter in a saloon for a glass of lemonade, and while it was being mixed he leaned over and whispered to him: 'And couldn't ye put a little brandy in it, all unbeknownst to me?' Lincoln added: 'Let Davis escape all unbeknownst to yourself, Grant, if you can.'

Once, when he had made a widowed mother happy by releasing her son from service in the army, he said to Joshua R. Speed, his tried and true friend: "Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

The volume is supplemented with eight well-chosen illustrations and an appendix giving a list of the battles and great events of the Civil War, arranged in chronological order.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

## The Smart Set for November.


Among the interesting features of the *Smart Set* for November are contributions by five titled writers. Prince Vladimir Viansky is the author of a clever story, "The Sensation of the Archduchess," Countess Louveau de Chavanne relates the mystery of a beautiful Parisian known as "The Black Rose," Lady Violet Greville writes entertainingly of "Fashion in the Garden," Baroness von Hutten tells the story of an artist's love for a girl whom he calls "Bread and Butter," and Lady Katharine Morgan contributes an amusing poem, "From Ooe to Twelve."

Edgar Fawcett writes the leading novelette, entitled "The Wonderful Idea," a fascinating story of London society and the stage, and some special features that follow are "The Ambassador's Burglar," a humorous play in two scenes, by Caroline Duer, the production of which at a villa in Newport was deferred by the death of the President; "King Edward the Seventh," a review by Stephen Fiske of the royal visit to America of "Baron Renfrew"; "Lassitude," a poem by Julien Gordon (Mrs. Vao Rensselaer Cruger); "At the End of the Course," a thrilling racing story by Martha McCulloch-Williams; "The Princess of Lilies," a strange story by Justus Miles Forman; "God's Messenger," the inquisition of a sentimentalist, by G. Vere Tyler; "Mrs. Edgerly's New Maid," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "Like a Thief in the Night," by John Regnault Ellyson; "What Hell Might Be," by Mrs. Stephen Crane; "Le Collier d'Or," a story in the original French by Quesnay de Beaurepaire, famous in connection with the Dreyfus trial; "The Count of Mirandol," a poem by Clinton Scollard; and "A Maid Who Died Old," a poem by Madison Cawein.

Andrew Lang's new hook on Queen Mary is nearly ready for publication. It is said that he has found materials, hitherto unknown to historians, which throw an entirely new light on the case against her. These consist of the manuscript used by her accusers in getting up this case.

Charles Dana Gihson's new book, "A Widow and Her Friends," has just been published. It depicts the story of the life of a fascinating young widow in Mr. Gihson's most skillful style, and consists of ninety drawings.

## BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



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## ROSTAND TO THE CZARINA.

The Critics' View—Austin Dobson's Eighteenth-Century Verse—The Reverse of the Medal—Tolstoy's View.

Much has been written about the Czar's visit to France in its official and diplomatic aspect—the oaval review, the imposing military manoeuvres to his honor, and the elaborate precautions taken for his safety. But it is to the Czar's visit that France is indebted for an apostrophe from the pen of Edmond Rostand. The poem is one a poet laureate might have written to his queen, so brimming over is it with adulation. It was at the little theatre of Compiègne, where once there were *parterres* of kings and queens, that the poem was recited to the empress by Mlle. Bartet, of the Comédie-Française, in a flowered gown of the First Empire, with a Louis XVI. coiffure, a Louis XV. complexion, and ferns in her hair. Not alone the costume of the oymph and setting of the old *château* gave the affair an eighteenth-century air, but the poem itself savors of an epoch that is past. It might have been in the days of the Little Trianon, and to Marie Antoinette herself, that the lines were written, so little do they bear the imprint of republican France, so much do they savor of homage to a crown. Furthermore, a semi-official character was given to the presentation, in that Mlle. Bartet is a member of the Comédie-Française, a band of players which performs in the Théâtre Français, which is a national theatre supported by the French Government—thus the actors are in the employ of the republic.

Aside from the circumstances of its presentation, the poem itself has aroused not a little discussion in France. Some of the critics question M. Rostand's taste in commenting so freely upon the charms of her imperial majesty. Does even "poetic license" warrant the liberties he has taken with the Czar's golden tresses? May the poet, without an appearance of too great familiarity, declare that from a tear the empress will be transformed into a "rosy-rose"? In republican France is it seemly that even the rugs and carpets should be elated because "her imperial majesty glides over them"? And may the very "marbles on their pedestals and the royal mahoganies cry with joy 'We have an empress'?" Are all these sentiments suited to the spirit of equality which should prevail in a republic?

These are the questions which are agitating not only the critics but even the admirers of Rostand. In the literary *salons*, where it was the fashion only a short time ago to gather about his shrine, and to shower upon the author of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon" the most extravagant praise and adulation, there are now mutterings that he has lost his head.

On the other hand, it may be argued that Rostand has wrought a marvel of lightness and foam for the delectation of France's imperial guests, whose visit to the quaint old Château of Compiègne—relic of another age—will ever be memorable by reason of his happy conception: a oymph from the shades of the past offering at the feet of the empress "the roses and lilacs of France."

In this frothy apotheosis, the poet tells the tale

of how "a large and gloomy castle, standing in a park of amber and amethyst, is roused from its loag, sad sleep by the arrival of Prince Charmiog, whose ermine-lined robes absorb the darkness, and the cheerless pile bursts into light and radiance; in a moment, when he arrives, it is transformed into a royal dwelling as it had been of old." Through three hundred and thirty lines the poet rhapsodizes, making his oymph to sing the praises alternately of France, of Compiègne, and of the imperial guests, mingling it all in a surfeit of adulation that is fantastic and audacious to a degree. To a succession of metrical metaphors, the oymph relates that even the crystal chandeliers, the vases of Sévres, the old furnishings, the Gobelins looking joyfully out of their little eyes of silk, the old ceiling of Girodet—all the royal accessories which have known our queen since Marie Antoinette—adore the blonde tresses of her majesty. For, says the poem, "it is our mistake to say that you, with the Emperor, have found a dwelling-place in the heart of France."

It would be almost impossible to give a synopsis of the poem, for the lines can but ill be rendered into prose. "Who would know how to tell in prose of the brilliancy, the sparkle, the Venus-like charm, and irresistibility of your majesty," the oymph declares, and thus proceeds to analyze her charms in Gallic phrases far too flowery to bear translation:

Je viens dire, ô trois grands saluts:  
Madame, ce soir, à Compiègne,  
C'est Votre Majesté qui règne.  
Tout, ici, ce soir, est pour Vous  
—Musique, fleurs, chaots, comédie—  
Plus que pour votre Auguste Epoux,  
Et comme à chacun l'on dédie  
Le cadre le mieux adapté  
A son genre de Majesté,  
Caons, flotte, escadrons, escadre,  
Le cadre à l'Empereur offert  
Est fait de bois sombre et de fer,  
Mais l'Impératrice, on l'encadre  
D'un cadre d'or et de bois clair.

Madame, ce soir, à Compiègne  
C'est Votre Majesté qui règne.  
Compiègne est sous des dômes d'azur;  
Les meubles de Jacob sont fous;  
Les Gobelins ont de la joie  
Dont tous leurs petits yeux de soie;  
De haut en bas du vieux château  
Pris d'une fièvre adoratrice,  
On o'écoute partout que ce mot:  
"Impératrice!... Impératrice!"...  
Les marches sur les piédestaux,  
Les larges lustres de Bohême  
Et l'air de tinter leurs cristaux  
Comme les rimes d'un poème,  
Les acajous impériaux,  
Se répètent avec délice:  
"Nous avons une Impératrice!"  
Un ancien tapis d'Aubusson  
Sur un air de vieille chanson  
Frodoose: "Rico qu'à la façon  
Doot je sens sur moi qu'elle glisse—  
Oh! Oh! c'est une Impératrice!"  
Et le plafond qui demandait,  
Peodant que l'oo Vous atteodait,  
A tous les meubles à la roode,  
A tous les satios qu'oo tendait:  
"Vous, savez-vous comment Elle est?"  
Le vieux plafond de Girodet  
Ajoute, affolé par un jet  
D'électricité qui l'écoude:

"Et cette Impératrice est blonde!"

Et, comme eo un rêve, je vois  
Marcher—parmi les mêmes bois  
Dorés de la même lumière,—  
Sous les mêmes tilleuls épais  
Où je voyais marcher oagère  
Le grand Empereur de la Guerre—  
Marcher—sur la même huyère—  
Le grand Empereur de la Paix.

The eighteenth-century epoch which Rostand endeavors to resuscitate in this apotheosis of the Czarina is a period which has been deftly limned in English by Austin Dobson in his "Old World Idylls," "Proverbs in Porcelain," and other similar rhymed trifles. Take, for example, "A Marquise":

As you sit there at your ease,  
O Marquise!  
And the meo flock round your knees  
Thick as bees,  
Mute at every word you utter,  
Servants to your least frill-flutter,  
"Belle Marquise!"—

As you sit there growing prouder,  
And your ringed hands glance and go,  
And your fan's *frou-frou* sounds louder,  
And your "beaux yeux" flash and glow:—  
Growing proud, I say, and prouder

To the crowd that come and go,  
Daity Deity of Powder,  
Fickle Queen of Fop and Beau,  
As you sit where lustres strike you,  
Sure to please,  
Do we love you most, or like you,  
"Belle Marquise?"

You are just a porcelain trifle,  
"Belle Marquise!"  
Just a thing of puffs and patches,  
Made for madrigals and catches,  
Not for heart-wounds, but for scratches,  
O Marquise!

Just a pinky porcelain trifle,  
"Belle Marquise!"  
Wrought in rarest *rose-Dubarry*,  
Quick at verbal point and parry,  
Clever, doobless:—but to marry,  
No, Marquise!

The gay doings at Compiègne touched on by Rostand are also hinted at by Dobson in "After Watteau":

The silk sail flaps, light breezes blow;  
Frail laces flutter, satins flow;  
You, with the love-knot in your hair,  
"Allons, embarquons pour Cythère;"  
You will not? Press her then, PIERROT,—  
"Embarquons nous!"

Or, take his ballade "On a Fan That Belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour":

See how they rise at the sight,  
Thronging the *Ciel de Baux* through,  
Courtiers as butterfly bright,  
Beauties that Fragonard drew,  
Talon-rouge, falbala, qoeoe,  
Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,  
Eager to sigh or to sue,—  
This was the Pompadour's fan!

It is strange when one reflects that beneath all this eighteenth-century babble of powder-puffs and patches, of the froth and frivolity of France's most frivolous and most frothy time, there is a sombre

oote. This alliance is not so much for peace as for war. For there is talk in France of striking a medal in honor of the visit of the Czar and Czarina, and of the alliance of the two countries. A leading Italian editor, Pietro Mazzioli, has addressed to Count Tolstoy several questions concerning the Franco-Russian alliance, asking for detailed replies. Tolstoy probably wrote either in Russian or in French, but we find his reply in Italian in Mazzini's paper, and print it in English in a condensed form. This trifling trial may interfere with the exact rendering of Tolstoy's words, but his meaning is quite clear. He says:

"Your first question is: 'What do the Russian people think of the Franco-Russian alliance?' This is my answer: The Russian people, the true people, have not the least idea of the existence of this alliance. But if this alliance were to be brought to their knowledge I am sure that their good sense as well as their humanity would convince them that such an alliance could have no other end than ultimate war with other peoples, and therefore it is an alliance to be shunned.

"To the question: 'Do the Russian people share the enthusiasm of the French people?' I will reply that not only do the Russian people not share the enthusiasm of the French people (admitting that this French enthusiasm exists, which I very much doubt), but if the Russian people knew what was being done and said in France concerning this alliance, they would certainly feel a sentiment of distrust and antipathy for a people who, with no reason whatever, could thus profess for them spontaneous and hysterical affection.

"As to your third question, 'What bearing will this alliance have on civilization in general?' I reply: As this alliance can have no other motive than war, or threats of war, directed against other nations, its influence can not be other than evil. As to its influence upon the two nations themselves, up to the present it has produced, and in future it will produce, nothing but untold evil for the two countries. The French Government, the French press, and that part of the French people which favors this alliance, have made, and will be obliged to make, yet greater concessions and compromises with their own traditions as a liberal and humanitarian people, before they can be really allied and united with the most despotic, most retrograde, and most cruel government in all Europe.

"Before this mischievous alliance, the Russian Government paid some heed to, and slightly feared, the opinion of Europe; now, however, it mocks at that opinion, feeling itself sustained by its incestuous alliance with the most civilized people in the world, and so sustained it becomes every day more retrograde, more despotic, and more cruel.

"Therefore this alliance can have only the most evil influence upon Russia, upon France, and upon civilization in general. LEO TOLSTOY.

"SEPTEMBER, 1901."

If France is about to strike a medal in honor of the alliance, in honor of the Czar and Czarina, and of the fulsome flattery and mediæval pageantry and pomp that have attended their visit, the gloomy words of Tolstoy certainly go to show that there is a reverse side to the Franco-Russian medal.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1901.

The Queen of Roumania, "Carneo Sylvia," who has for several years been resting from her labors, will reenter the field of books this autumn with a volume of "A Real Queen's Fairy Tales."

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## An Artistic Story of Confederate Camps.

The appearance of a new book by George W. Cable is a literary event of importance. His views of life are clear, his sympathies agreeable, his art is sure, and his readers form a loyal and expansive circle. But his gifts are rarely displayed. For more than twenty years he has been in the first rank of American novelists, yet there are but twelve volumes in all to his credit. Popular favor has time to ebb in the intervals, but its returning flow is certain, so long as the attraction of "The Grandissimes" and the succeeding stories is maintained. And this latest volume deserves to stand with those. It is, in some respects, a more forceful work than any of them. Its scenes and main thread of interest are less distinctive than those of the earlier books, and it is more easily compared with two or three of the so-called historical novels of the day, but its purpose and its quality are so excellent that it will not suffer from these comparisons.

"The Cavalier" is a record of service in Mississippi during the closing months of the Civil War, of adventures in camp and on the battle-field, with an engaging romantic interest carried through to the end. It purports to be the story of a young Confederate, told by himself, but he is not the hero of the campaign. Through the favor of friends the youth is appointed quartermaster's clerk, but before his duties are well begun he is called upon to act as guard for his commanding officer's two daughters, his niece, and their aunt. On the trip with the carriage across the country to camp, he meets a dashing lieutenant, Ned Ferry, of Ferry's scouts, and in spite of the awe with which he regards this popular hero, he makes a good impression on the officer. Then he captures, by accident, an escaping prisoner, a Federal captain, and in reward is taken from his post as clerk and made a member of the famous scouts, a distinction beyond his wildest dreams. Of course the youth falls in love with one of the major's daughters—that is, the reader recognizes this impending certainty when they are described, for no novelist has drawn more bewitching portraits of Southern graces and Creole beauties than Mr. Cable, and these New Orleans girls are all that the most exacting could ask. However, the youthful soldier's love-affair is not the only one. He has a rival, who finally wins the niece. And Lieutenant Ned Ferry, the real hero of the story, is the despairing worshiper of a brilliant and beautiful but mysterious woman, who is nominally a newspaper correspondent, but actually a spy and blockade-runner.

There are plots and counter-plots. The general mistrusts the newspaper correspondent, Coralie Rotbvelt, and, in trying to trap her, discovers that she is Charlotte Oliver, the wife of a treacherous friend to both Confederate and Union men. Oliver is always ready for any desperate enterprise, even to murder, if he can turn it to personal gain. But the wife, who had been trapped into the marriage and repudiated it immediately afterward, is a staunch supporter of the Confederate cause, and suffers only because of her husband's villainous record. Her beauty and wit serve her well, and she is wonderfully successful for a time, until her husband comes to believe that she has given evidence against him, and then he pursues her with the fiercest hate. The Northern army is pressing the Confederates closely during all this time, and there are frequent surprises, skirmishes, battles, and hurried dashes for escape. One of the most dramatic scenes of the story is the capture of a small federal force while they are being entertained at the home of a Union sympathizer. Lieutenant Ferry surrounds the house with his men, and posts guards at windows and doors to prevent any escape. Then he enters and mingles with the dancers, till the old fiddler, chanting the calls for a reel, shouts his name in the improvised verse, and starts the assembly.

Another impressive picture is the death of the federal captain, who has been taken after a battle to an upper room of the house and nursed by the New Orleans ladies and Charlotte Oliver. The captain asks Mrs. Oliver to sing, and after she has sung a hymn he pleads for "The Star-Spangled Banner." The Southern woman hesitates, but bravely begins the song. Outside on the lawn are grouped the captain's men, prisoners of Ferry's scouts. Though Mrs. Oliver sings softly they catch the air, and listen hungrily, then one by one join in the refrain. Enraged, the Confederates order them to cease, and level their guns, but the boys in blue sing on, undaunted.

In all the stories of the war there have been few descriptions of its dangers and destruction, its contrasted demoralizing and inspiring influences, equal to these. It is history, but without any effort to follow the official record. The men and women of the story are real, their impulses and acts the consequences of natural causes. And the work as a whole is invested with the charm that Mr. Cable has been a master of from the first. It bids fair to be considered the most attractive of his books.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$ 50.

## Edward Noyes Westcott's First Story.

Mr. Edward Noyes Westcott lived there would have been good reason to expect more than one "David Harum" from his pen. Not that he could

have duplicated the success of that unique story, or have created another figure that would appeal so surely to the regard of the great reading public; but with his gift for story-telling there must have been results of interest and value, books whose humanity, pathos, and home flavor would have raised them above the mass of fiction. "The Teller," his earliest effort, is a short story, simple and direct in style, and marked by some effective touches. It is a chapter from the life of a bank employee, who fell in love with the daughter of a rich manufacturer. All might have gone well had not the manufacturer's son quarreled with his father and secured a place in the bank. Then small amounts began to disappear mysteriously from the money-drawer. The teller verified his suspicions, then advised the youth to resign. In return the manufacturer forced the directors to discharge the teller, who had made good the losses sustained by the bank. The author straightened this tangle with skill, and in a manner not strictly conventional. There is a characteristic twist in the concluding paragraph of the story, that illustrates the odd fancies which possessed the writer. To quote it would be to spoil the story for those who have not read it, and few who have known the spell of "David Harum" will deny themselves the pleasure of its perusal.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Ernest Seton-Thompson's new book, "Lives of the Hunted," a sort of companion book to his "Wild Animals I Have Known," will contain more than two hundred drawings from his pen, and is to be published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in the course of the present month. It includes all the animal stories Mr. Seton-Thompson has written since the publication of his last book, together with several that have never appeared in serial form.

"The Life and Letters of John Richard Green," by Leslie Stephen, is in the press for immediate publication by the Macmillan Company.

The Century Company is about to publish a novelle, "Tom Beaulieu," by Gouverneur Morris. Mr. Morris, who is a recent graduate of Yale, is the fourth of his name, and the great grandson of the distinguished citizen of New York who helped frame the United States Constitution. This is his first book.

Mark Twain and his family will occupy a cottage at Princeton again this winter. The college town is a great resort for the literati, and many distinguished in the literary world are already located there for the season.

A second edition is now being printed of R. H. Russell's *édition de luxe* of Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues," the first edition having been exhausted by the large advance sales. It is beautifully illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, and contains a number of new dialogues, written especially for this book.

The Macmillan Company is publishing a volume on the English lake country, by A. G. Bradley, called "Highways and Byways in the Lake District." It is full of little drawings by Joseph Pennell, reinforcing the author's account of the picturesque features of the country.

George W. Cable's exceedingly dramatic novel, "The Cavalier," went into its second edition before publication, and this means a good deal, for Charles Scribner's Sons had prepared for a big demand at the start.

"Marlowe," a five-act drama in blank verse, by Josephine Preston Peabody, is to be brought out in book-form soon.

The Liverpool *Daily Post* says that the life and death of little Joseph in Hall Caine's "Eternal City" will take a permanent place in literature, side by side with Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Paul in "Dombey and Son."

Edward N. Dingley has nearly completed a biography of his father, the late Congressman Dingley, and it is expected the biography will be published this fall. It will consist of two independent volumes, one purely biographical, the other containing the most notable addresses and speeches of the late congressman. The author has been cogged for two years on this work.

Cy Warman is making his home at London, Ontario, and is at present engaged in writing a volume of tales of the Klondike.

Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have in press a second edition of "Miss Barbara," by Halliwell Sutcliffe. This charming work of Yorkshire life is receiving on all sides the warmest praise.

Professor Franklin H. Giddings's "Inductive Sociology" will be published at once by the Macmillan Company.

A book of nonsense verse entitled "Junk: A Book to Stagger Sorrow," by Leon Lempert, Jr., has been published by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company.

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company's October announcements include "The Quiberon Touch," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "The Alien," by F. F. Montrosor; "The Apostles of the South-East,"

by Fraok T. Bullen; "Some Women I Have Known," by Maarten Maartens; "Shipmates," by Morgan Robertson; "While Charlie was Away," by Mrs. Poultny Bigelow; "The Wage of Character," by Julien Gordon; "Other Worlds," by Garrett P. Serviss; "Dragons of the Air," by H. G. Seeley; and "The Most Famous Loba," by N. K. Blissett.

A queer instance of the way in which the world is progressing is the announcement, in the *Athenaeum*, that the Crown Prince of Siam is going to publish a volume of essays on the War of the Polish Succession, as the result of his studies at Oxford University.

George Bird Grinnell, whose new book of Indian tales, "The Punishment of the Stingy and Other Indian Stories," has just been published, has recently been dignified with the title of "War Chief" by his friends the Pawnee Indians.

A volume of biography and reminiscence, which will have the charm of an unusually personal and intimate note, is "The Personality of Thoreau," by F. B. Sandborn, which is to be brought out soon.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood declares of her new American romance, "Lazarre," that, save for the dialogue and the situations, the theme represents an historical episode—the career in this country of the son of Louis the Sixteenth.

The Putnams announce that the first edition of Merejkowski's "Death of the Gods" is exhausted. They are planning to publish in January the second volume of the Russian writer's trilogy of historical romances, "The Resurrection of the Gods," translated, as was the first one, by Herbert Trench.

When asked on what work he is now engaged, Winston Churchill, the author of "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis," said, the other day:

"Well, I can't tell you precisely what my next book will be, as I don't want the period in which it is placed to be known. You see, I work so slowly that some other writer might easily get ahead of me, and that would cause me no end of trouble. Still, I don't mind telling you about it in a general way. My idea is to write a series of four or five interconnected novels, showing the great forces which have gone to the making of this country, and ending up with a book dealing with the contemporary life around us. There are to be a couple in between 'Richard Carvel' and 'The Crisis.' I wrote 'The Crisis' second, instead of waiting for it chronologically, as I had had the good fortune of talking with many of the veterans of the Civil War, and with men who had known Lincoln intimately, and I wanted to get that material into shape without loss of time."

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"Far stronger than Zola's 'Rome.'"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

**D. APPLETON & COMPANY, Publishers, New York**



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Works of a Poet and Humorist.

Few American readers are familiar with the name of Charles Stuart Calverley, and the modest volume in blue that is offered as his "Complete Works" may fail to win particular notice. Yet Mr. Calverley had some claim to being considered a poet, and there is no little justification for the belief that his epigrammatic and humorous verse should rank with the best of that which follows Hood and Gilbert. In the past decade, many of his parodies and rhymed satires have gone the rounds of magazines and literary periodicals, and ephemeral as they were, they displayed the marks of scholarship, as well as the genial spirit that animated nearly all his work. Besides these lighter pieces, he wrote much that is of value, to students especially. His translations of Homer's "Iliad," Virgil's "Eclogues," the "Odes" of Horace and Theocritus, are something more than literary recreations. He turned into Latin some of the English lyrics, culling from Marlowe and Herrick, as well as from Coleridge and Tennyson. But it is in his pleasure excursions into the fields of verse that the casual reader will find most delight, and some of those are reprinted to bring back to memory a name that should not pass without a tribute. Mr. Calverley was born in 1831 and died in 1884. He was an Oxford man, and his compositions in college won him the praise of his associates and some of the highest rewards of his career.

In a little travesty, describing his meeting with a tinker, the latter delivers the following parody of Tennyson's "Brook":

"I loiter down by thorp and town,  
For any job I'm willing;  
Take here and there a dusty brown,  
And here and there a shilling.

"I deal in every ware in turn,  
I've rings for buddin' Sally  
That sparkle like those eyes of her'n;  
I've liquor for the valet.

"I steal from th' parson's strawberry-plots,  
I hide by th' squire's covers;  
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's  
The art of trapping lovers.

"The things I've done 'neath moon and stars  
Have got me into messes:  
I've seen the sky through prison bars,  
I've torn up prison dresses;

"I've sat, I've sigh'd, I've gloom'd, I've glanced  
With envy at the swallows  
That through the window slid, and danced  
(Quite happy) round the gallows;

"But out again I come, and show  
My face nor care a stiver  
For trades are brisk and trades are slow,  
But mine goes on for ever."

The poet and wit had little esteem for obscurities, aestheticisms, or mock sentiment, and he parodied Browning, though not without a show of reverence for the real beauties of his verse. Here is an echo of a style that did not appeal to him seriously:

## BALLAD.

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,  
(Butler and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
A thing she had frequently done before;  
And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees.

The piper be piped on the bill-top high,  
(Butler and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
Till the cow said "I die," and the goose ask'd  
"Why?"

And the dog said nothing, but search'd for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farm-yard;  
(Butler and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard—  
The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes;  
(Butler and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,  
As she sits at her lattice and smells her peas.

The farmer's daughter bath ripe red lips;  
(Butler and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
If you try to approach her, away she skips  
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair  
(Butler and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,  
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

This is a protest that will go unheeded:

## "FOREVER."

Forever; 'tis a single word!  
Our rude forefathers deem'd it two:  
Can you imagine so absurd  
A view?

Forever! What abysses of woe  
The world reveals, what frenzy, what  
Despair! For ever (printed so)  
Did not.

\* \* \* \* \*

And nevermore must printer do  
As men did long ago; but run  
"For" into "ever," bidding two  
Be one.

Forever! passion-fraught, it throws  
O'er the dim page a gloom, a glamour:  
It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose  
It's grammar.

Forever! 'Tis a single word!  
And yet our fathers deem'd it two:  
Nor am I confident they err'd;  
Are you?

Most humorous verse from English sources, Calverley's not excepted, contains many allusions that lose their force in crossing the water, but there is enough of fun in this to overbalance such losses:

## THOUGHTS AT A RAILWAY STATION.

'Tis but a box, of modest deal;

Directed to no matter where:

Yet down my cheek the teardrops steal—

Yes, I am blubbering like a seal;

For on it is this mite appeal,

"With care."

I am a stern cold man, and range

Apart: but those vague words "With care"

Wake yearnings in me sweet as strange:

Drawn from my moral Moated Grange,

I feel I rather like the Change

Of air.

Hast thou ne'er seen rough pointsmen spy

Some simple English phrase—"With care"

Or "This side uppermost"—and cry

Like children? No? No more have I.

Yet deem not him whose eyes are dry

A bear.

But ah! what treasure hides beneath

That lid so much the worse for wear?

A ring perhaps—a rose wreath—

A photograph by Vernon Heath—

Some matron's temporary teeth

Or hair!

Perhaps some seaman, in Peru

Or Ind, hath stow'd herein a rare

Cargo of birds' eggs for his Sue;

With many a vow that he'll be true,

And many a hint that she is too,

Too fair.

Perhaps—but wherefore vainly pry

Into the page that's folded there?

I shall be better by and by:

The porters, as I sit and sigh,

Pass and repass—I wonder why

They stare!

The title of the volume in full is "The Complete Works of C. S. Calverley, with a Biographical Notice by Sir Walter J. Sendall."

Published by George Bell & Sons, London; the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

## New Publications.

"Her Grace's Secret," by Violet Tweedale, is a long novel of English life, and its mystery concerns the succession of a title. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, price, \$1.00.

"A Singular Sinner," by Charles R. Harker, is a crude attempt at a story of California life, with many serio-comic episodes for its dominant interest. Published by the Abbey Press, New York; price, \$1.00.

In the Temple Primers Series the latest issue is "Tennyson," by Morton Luce, a critical review of the poet's works as well as a biography. The little volume is concise yet thorough, and as excellent in quality as in method. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 40 cents.

One of the chief characters in the novel, "A Soldier of the King," by Dora M. Jones, is John Gifford, the evangelist who was a teacher and friend of John Bunyan. The story is a record of stirring scenes in the turbulent times of Charles the First. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Morgan's Men," by John Preston True, is a story of Revolutionary times that should please all boy readers. It describes the adventures of a captain of cavalry, and has no little humor in addition to its exciting episodes of the camp and field. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.20.

There are thirty-one tales of fairies and birds, educated pigs and other wonderful animals, in "The Tin Owl Stories," by L. J. Bridgman, and the pictures are worthy of notice as added attractions. The book will please most young readers. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Century Book for Mothers," by Leroy Milton Yale, M. D., and Gustave Pollak, is a practical guide in the rearing of healthy children. It is thorough, beginning with the earliest necessary instructions, exact, and clear, with no difficulties in the way of technical phrases. The arrangement of topics treated could not be improved, and the index is complete. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

A new edition of "The Listening Child," by Lucy W. Thacher, has been brought out. It is a pleasing indication of the demand for this excellent collection of verse for young readers, selected with judicious care from the best in the language. As an introduction to the beauties of the poets, especially suited to children, the compiler's work is worthy of high praise. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

The work of a lover of poetry and an amiable critic is presented in the "History of American Verse, 1610-1897," by James L. Onderdonk. The author died before his manuscript had been revised for publication, and no praise of his industry and good judgment can reach him. But the volume has decided merit. It is written in an easy, graceful way, and though the subjects have been treated by others, separately and collectively, the classification

and literary parallels are effective and interesting. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

Among the annual publications for young readers there is none that has won greater praise than "Chatterbox." The volume for 1901 is especially attractive, with its more than two hundred full page pictures, a number of colored plates, and variety of stories, sketches, and verses. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

English ballads of the early days of literature usually tell a story of human interest, and in the volume entitled "Old Ballads in Prose," Eva March Tappan has made new versions of a score or more that appeal to old and young lovers of the romantic. Some of them are not well known, and the book will serve not only as entertainment but as a spur to research in a rich field. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.10.

John Fox, Jr., has demonstrated his power in fiction, for his "Crittenden" and "A Cumberland Vendetta" are forceful works, and now he enters a new field with a volume of essays and sketches of real life, entitled "Blue-Grass and Rhododendron: Outdoors in Old Kentucky." The volume will delight old and new readers alike. It is humorous, pathetic, fanciful, and wise. Its portraits and reminiscences of the mountaineers are especially captivating. No brief notice can more than suggest the charm of these sketches. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

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It is always an exhilarating sensation to enter a packed theatre, resounding with the buzz of animated conversation, and surcharged with an atmosphere of delighted expectancy. Thus it was on Verdi night, when the usual Tivoli audience was swelled by large numbers of Italians who turn out to hear their own countrymen sing in opera as they never do for an American troupe. And so purely Italian is the personnel of the present Tivoli company that large numbers of the Italian colony in San Francisco have followed the changes of the bill regularly, and turned up periodically to hear the different operas. How they love to surrender themselves to the stealing, sensuous spell of the Verdi music. And how proud they are of the world-acclaimed genius of their wonderful old countryman! As the opening strains of the overture to "Forza del Destino" were heard, the floods of rolling Italian stopped as by magic, each swarthy, bearded face was fixed in attention, and the dark-eyed assembly became as one profoundly listening ear. The programme consisted of segregated arias, scenes, overtures, or acts selected from different favorite operas of the great composer.

The fourth act of "Rigoletto" was given in its entirety, and I could not but realize anew how thoroughly Latin is the spirit of this act as I observed how closely it seizes upon the interest of the Italian multitude.

How well the silver-throated Russo hits off the duke—temperamentally as well as musically. It is a part that calls out all that is dashing and debonair in a singer, and the little man plainly enjoyed himself to the last degree in winding his melodious way through the famous quartet. He outshone the others, for Repetto's delicately clear and flexible soprano was for some reason not sufficiently telling in the ensemble. Ferrari, although his fine voice is thoroughly dependable upon, is not magnetic, and Polletini has neither the devilry of the handsome Maddalena, nor the vocal richness and color, to sustain her part with appropriate warmth and spirit.

Russo is a very taking little man, with his round, smooth face, his boyish, twinkling eyes, and the nice, little curly edges to his hair, and he succeeds in winning from his audience a feeling of liking akin to the favor that one extends to a small, chubby urchin with fat calves, curly hair, and a face turned with friendly confidence upon his little world. The young tenor is lavish, almost recklessly so, with his voice, and his prodigality wins corresponding appreciation. He is delightfully childlike in his manifestations of pleasure, and, when his audience applauded "La Donna e Mobile" to the echo, his infantile countenance was illuminated by a smile of such generous proportions that even the back of his neck seemed to shine with happiness as he turned aside to conceal his artless joy.

Following "Rigoletto" came the scene from "Aida" between the rival princess and the slave, with Montanari as a girlish, sweet-voiced Aida and Collamarini as Amneris. It is possible to conceive of Collamarini having had too much of a good thing and being wearied by her Carmen rôle, and probably the part of Amneris affords her relief and proportionate enjoyment. Nevertheless, coquetry is unmistakably her *miel*; and as the inexorable Radames gave the poor princess never a chance to assume pretty airs of ownership over him, Collamarini, for one of her warm, expansive temperament, seemed a trifle out of her element in the stately Egyptian opera.

Agostini and Dado each elected to sing a solo, and instead of assisting in an operatic scene, appeared in the severe rigidity of concert decorum.

It is difficult, in a company of such general excellence, to select the leading singer, but these two men, as well as any in the company, can afford to dispense with the adventitious aid of scenery and costumes. Each, as usual, sang delightfully, and the house insisted upon an encore from Agostini. Strangely enough, he had come unprovided, and attempted, but in vain, to appease his admirers with a repetition of the same number from "Lombardi." The house tumultuously demanded more, and Agostini, always gentle and calm, extended his arms, with the familiar, deprecatory gesture that we have all become unreasonably attached to, merely because it is Agostini's. Dado had an air of being well used to the concert platform. He held the traditional piece of music in his hand, and permitted himself an occasional gesture, as he sang the beautiful number which displayed to admiration the smooth, mellow strength of his beautiful voice. His evening dress revealed him as a dignified, personable-looking man, who, from his countenance and de-

meanor, knows a good deal more of the world than the unsophisticated Italians around him.

Salassa's appearance was a pleasant surprise to the audience, for by some oversight his name was not on the programme. A buzz of pleasure at sight of him in his graceful Venetian costume testified to the popularity he enjoys, both in his own person and as an ideal Iago—for that was the rôle in which he appeared. The part is strikingly suitable alike to his voice and his appearance. In both of these particulars he entirely eclipsed Castellano, who, nevertheless, is a more than acceptable Otello. Beside Salassa, however, he is as a pigmy to a Titan. Last year, the contrast was not so disadvantageous to Avedano, for the two men, in spite of Salassa's real superiority, formed a remarkably even element in the excellence of the cast.

Salassa, by the way, in the street, with hair cut à la San Quentin, and head crowned by an infinitesimal cigarette hat, is a sight to wither up all the young, green susceptibilities of young, green matinee-worshippers. He appeared on Monday night in his finest rôle, that of Iago. The part is becoming alike to his appearance and his voice, both of which entirely eclipsed those of Castellano, who, as Otello, dazzled the vision in a brand-new suit whose vivid, cherry-colored tights seemed to blush vexation at the rivaling brilliancy of a fresh green velvet tunic.

There were, in all, close on a dozen singers who appeared in the cast on Monday night. The occasion was one which opportunely bore testimony in a marked degree to the processes of successful evolution through which the Tivoli grand opera seasons have passed. Always popular in the past, they have finally reached a plane of dignified merit which enables them to appeal to the most cultured musical taste of San Francisco.

In many operas there are heavy moments to be lived through, stretches of dullness, long or short as may be, where the composer's inspiration has given out. But "Otello" seems to be a work which is vitalized to its slightest measure by the fire and heat of a genius in its glorious prime. How wonderfully, in the scene given, the orchestral accompaniment blends with the color of Iago's musings. The lithe musical current runs dreamily along, questions, soliloquies, darkens with the hue of his thoughts, deepens and glows with the lurid light of his ambition. It is here that Salassa, by the careful finish of his phrasing, shows himself to be a musician in the truest sense.

The bill closed appropriately with the *misere* from "Trovatore." Barbareschi, looking quite handsome, represented Leonora with the ardor which she throws into everything. Such freshness of feeling is a valuable possession to the dramatic soprano, who has to assume many a trite and well-worn rôle with ever-kindling energy and ambition. With two or three degrees of added richness to her voice, and grace and depth to her individuality, Barbareschi would be a notable singer.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Death of Mark Thall.

Mark Thall, one of the lessees of the Alcazar and Central Theatres, who was well known all over the United States as an enterprising theatrical manager, passed away on Saturday afternoon, October 20th, after a brief illness. Mr. Thall was born at Montgomery, Ala., forty-three years ago. He came to California with his parents in 1855, and, after attending school at Placerville for four years, ran away from home with a circus company. This was his entry into the amusement world, in which he spent the remainder of his life. Upon his return to San Francisco, after various vicissitudes, he was engaged as an office-boy at the old Bush Street Theatre, and by sheer hard work and close attention to business he made his way up the ladder of success until he became treasurer. His first experience as a manager was at the head of the Henshaw Company Marionettes, some twenty-five years ago. After having made several tours of the country with all sorts of companies, he became associated with the Stockwell-Engelhart company in the palmy days of the Alcazar Theatre. About four years ago he and Fred Belasco formed a partnership, and their efforts to meet the requirements of the public for good shows at popular prices were rewarded beyond their most sanguine hopes. Thall leaves two children, a daughter, Ella, and a son, Charles, aged, respectively, nineteen and eighteen years.

#### The "Little Mothers" Training School.

A reception was given Saturday evening, October 20th, at the "Little Mothers" Training School, 942 Harrison Street, which was thoroughly enjoyed by those who attended. Rev. Dr. John D. Hemphill made the opening address, General William R. Shafter and Mr. William Greer Harrison followed with interesting talks. Others who figured in the programme were Miss Grace I. Davis, Miss Susie Wells, Mrs. Celeste Haskins, the Misses Horner, Miss Areal Lorne Heaner, Miss Beatrix Cooley, the Palma Quartet, Mr. J. F. Veaco, Mr. Frank W. Thompson, and Mr. William J. Hynes.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell-Lemoyne will follow Stuart Robson at the Columbia Theatre.

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#### MUSICAL NOTES.

##### Miss Moroney's Farewell Concert.

A farewell concert will be given at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall this (Saturday) evening by Miss Genevieve Moroney, the pianist, who is going to New York to extend her experience and her reputation and find a more remunerative field for her talent. The concert will be quite a social event, for among the patronesses are Mrs. J. Dennis Arnold, Mrs. Richard Hayne, Mrs. Horace B. Chase, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. W. E. Deane, Mrs. W. L. Deane, Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss Sallie Maynard, Mrs. J. F. Merrill, Mrs. S. G. Murphy, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, and Mrs. M. H. de Young.

Two singers who are rarely heard now will lend their aid to Miss Moroney. They are Mrs. Camille d'Arville-Crellin, who will sing some of her favorite numbers, and Donald de V. Graham, whose re-appearance will be most welcome. Lovel Langstroth, the cellist, will also be heard. Miss Moroney will give several selections from Schumann, Chamade, and Godard, and act as accompanist for the other numbers.

##### Mrs. Blanchard's Recitals.

Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, who has been absent for two years, continuing her musical studies in Boston and New York, will give two song recitals at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Tuesday evening, October 22d, and Saturday afternoon, October 26th. Mr. Fred Maurer will act as accompanist. The programme for the first recital is as follows:

(a) "O cessate di piangermi," (b) "Se Florida," Scarlati, (c) "The Ravens," (d) "Where the bee sucks," Old English, (e) "Jeunes fillettes," (f) "Maman, dites-moi," Old French; (a) "Im Herbst," Franz, (b) "Who is Sylvia," (c) "Hark, hark, the lark," Schubert, (d) "Auf Flügel in des Gesanges," Mendelssohn, (e) "Mainacht," (f) "Vergebliches Ständchen," Brahms, (g) "Aufträge," Schumann; (a) "Réveille-vous," Godard, (b) "Si mes vœux avaient des ailes," (c) "La lune blanche," Hahn, (d) "Trahison," Chaminade; (a) "Spinnerliedchen," Volkslied, (b) "Loch Lomond," Old Scotch, (c) "One spring morning," (d) "Dites-moi," Nevin, (e) "Nereid's lullaby," (f) "Wild Hunt," Clayton Johns.

##### A Pasmore Concert.

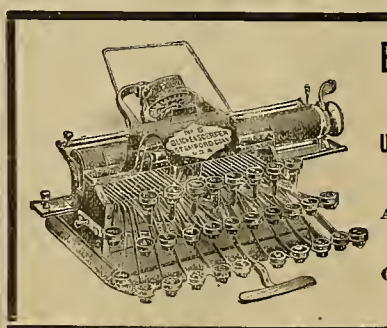
The first of the series of Pasmore Popular Concerts will be given in Maple Hall of the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening, October 22d. Those who will assist at this concert are the Misses Mary, Susan, and Dorothy Pasmore, whose occasional appearance in concert has given such delight to their hearers through their fine rendering of the difficult trios for violin, cello, and piano; Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Mrs. Edith Scott Basford, Mr. R. E. Nowlan, and Mr. Pasmore, in vocal quartets; and Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Basford, Mary Pasmore, and Mr. Pasmore, in solos.

Miss Beulah George, Miss Adelaide Birchler, Mrs. Charles C. Hughes, Miss Lida Benedict, Miss Anna Moore, Mr. Edward Cahill, and Mr. Thomas Nowlan will assist at future concerts. Miss Elizabeth Warden, a former pupil of Mr. Pasmore, who has been studying in London with William Shakespeare and has sung successfully in concerts in that city, will also appear during Mr. Pasmore's series of concerts.

Willie Collier will be here next month in Augustus Thomas's comedy, "On the Quiet."

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinée, October 20th. Beaux and Belles Octette; Mignonette Kokin; Francis Le Page; John Geiger; De Courcy Brothers; Thomas Baker; the Three Keatons; Last Week of Monroe Mack and Lawrence; and New Biograph Views, including Columbia and Shamrock II. Yacht Race. Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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## PINERO'S NEW PLAY.

## What the Critics Say of "Iris."

All the leading dramatic critics unite in a chorus of admiration of the exceeding cleverness and interest of A. W. Pinero's new play, "Iris," which is now crowding the Garrick Theatre in London, but there are variations of opinion as to the real value of it. Says the critic of *Vanity Fair*:

"It is sombre, almost gloomy, but brilliantly clever. It is the work of a man whose knowledge of human nature and stagecraft runs on twin lines. His story is not a pretty one, but you forget the subject in the treatment of it. He lets you look right into the heart and soul of a woman. He interests you in all that concerns her and in the people who go to make up her little world. We know how complete a study of temperament he gave us in *Paula Tanqueray*. She ceased to be a stage-puppet—she was a reality, a human being whose development you watched with almost painful interest. As it was with *Paula*, so it is with *Iris Bellamy*. But with a difference. *Iris* has a moral sense—in prosperity, a very acute one. Her upbringing is responsible for her undoing. She is like a great many women—brave in the face of misfortune and coward when poverty reveals its ugliness. She had lived all her life in luxury. The beautiful things of life were essential to her well-being. She married and further riches were hers. Her husband died, leaving her his fortune on condition she should not marry again. She had no lack of suitors, and she lived her life in a charmed circle—where friends were many and every hour held enjoyment. Into this circle came a young man, impressionable and penniless. He fell in love with the reigning queen, and she looked very kindly upon him. She wanted his love, but she could not allow herself the luxury of love without riches. She sent him from her. Gossip was busy with their names, and to silence it she accepted an old suitor, a millionaire, a Portuguese Jew.

"But she must say good-bye to the boy who was about to go away to make a bid for fortune. Their meeting only serves to make parting impossible. The millionaire is given his *congé*. When *Iris* goes off and is quiet in Switzerland her boy-lover goes, too. It is while they are living in their fool's paradise that misfortune comes to *Iris*. She suddenly finds herself with an income of less than two hundred pounds a year. Under these altered conditions she promises to become the wife of Laurence Owen, the boy. He goes to make his fortune, and she decides to be brave and wait until he has prepared a home for her. Courageous in the strength of her new found happiness, she overrates her strength. It is impossible for her to live on such means as she has. The man Maldonado has laced a sum to her credit at his bank. She had at first refused to accept the check-book; but the old habit of spending could not be cured. First she drew a check to help a friend, then another and another, and so she soon overdraw the amount. When she came to face with this fact she took fright, sold what she could, and fled to England. Here she struggled for a time, finding a life of poverty more and more revolting. In an evil hour she met Maldonado. He gave her the key to a house he had furnished for her. Weakly, she accepted it; and her peace of mind died.

"Having sufficiently humbled her for wounding his pride by preferring the boy, Maldonado flatters to marry her; and it is when she is considering his offer that the boy lover returns. This is what she has dreaded; but she meets the situation calmly, and tells the truth. He listens in silence, is stunned, and can only tell her he is sorry. His love has died while she made her confession, and this has been overheard by Maldonado. His cry is terrible. For one awful moment murder is in his eyes and his heart. But he is a millionaire. Men like him can not afford the luxury of such folly; and must close this page in his life. With coarse and bitter taunts, he bids *Iris* leave his house. Thus this pretty, frail creature goes out into the night, a figure terribly pitiful in her sorrow, humiliation, and loneliness."

William Archer thinks that "in point of technical mastery, 'Iris' is by a long way Mr. Pinero's finest achievement," and he adds:

"From the first line to the last, everything is perfectly vitalized. There is not a superfluous word in the dialogue, and yet there is no sense of mechanical over-condensation—the dry, harsh, Euclid-like condition affected by one or two French playwrights of the day. It is marvelous what a fullness of life Mr. Pinero has concentrated into five acts and three hours. He has told a story, a long story, a story full of incidents and vicissitudes, yet never for an instant do we feel that character is being squeezed out by intrigue. There is only one, so to speak, external occurrence in the whole play—the embezzlement of \$5,000. Everything else that happens illustrates, develops, and is determined by character. The first thing that impresses the spectator is the intimate art of the story-telling—the way in which our interest is seized, absorbed, irresistibly led forward, by the mere process of events."

Mr. A. Walkley, of the *Times*, says:

"In 'Iris,' and in our judgment for the first time, Pinero does not shrink from a real *dénouement*. It must have cost him much to nerve himself to 'The dénouement' of 'Iris' overwhelms the spectator with horror. There is hardly room for pity. Indeed, there are no tears throughout the scene, save the *lacryma rerum*. Further, although *dénouement* is felt to be exactly right, the spectacle does not foresee it. At no step in the play does it foresee the next step, and yet, so soon as anything has happened, one feels that it must have happened, and just in that way. This means, of course, what we knew already, that Mr. Pinero has at least one quality of the great dramatist, the art of

stimulating curiosity, of stimulating it to a degree wherein it becomes almost gnawing anxiety, and then of satisfying it to the full."

The cast includes Fay Davis as *Iris*, Charles Bryant as Laurence Twenwith, Oscar Ashe as Maldonado, Dion Boucicault as Croker Harrington, Beryl Faher as Fanny Sylvan, Nora Lancaster as Aurea, and Mrs. Maesmar Morris as Miss Pinsent.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Stuart Robson in "The Henrietta."

"Florodora," after a prosperous three weeks' run, will give way at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night to Stuart Robson in an elaborate revival of Bronson Howard's greatest comedy success, "The Henrietta." It is a tragedy of Wall Street at bottom, but Mr. Robson has brought into prominence befitting a star the comedy rôle of Bertie, the Lamb, the anglo-norman youth who goes into "the street" and, by the luck that favors fools, contrives to block his unscrupulous brother's plans and save his father from ruin. For fourteen years now Mr. Robson has periodically revived "The Henrietta," and while he has appeared in many successful plays during that time, no rôle has won him so many admirers or fitted his personality so perfectly as Bertie.

In his revival, Mr. Robson will be supported by an excellent company, which includes Maclyn Arbuckle, once a popular member of the Frawley Company, and 'last seen here in Broadhurst's farce, "Why Smith Left Home"; Russ Whytall, who a few years ago appeared here with his wife in "For Fair Virginia"; Dorothy Rossmore, former leading lady of Fanny Davenport's company; Estelle Carter, Clifford Leigh, Mary Kealty, Charles Lane, Laura Thompson, Roy Atwell, Joseph P. Keefe, and Charles Gilbert.

## Puccini's "La Bohème."

"La Bohème," by special arrangement with Ricordi, the Milan publisher, will be presented at the Tivoli Opera House on Tuesday evening, October 22d, for the first time in this city at popular prices. The story of Murger, set to music by one of the greatest of modern composers, Puccini, will be heard in its entirety and with a cast which is sure to cover itself with glory. It will be remembered that Agostini and Montanari, when they were members of the modest Del Monte Opera Company, several years, sang the rôles of Rudolph and Mimì, respectively. This was the first time Puccini's opera was produced in the United States. On two occasions since, "La Bohème" has been revived by Ellis and Grau for Melba. Agostini and Montanari will again be heard in the leading rôles, and Repetto will appear as Musette, Ferrari as Marcel, Dado as Colline, Zana as Schaunard (which he sang before with the Melba cast), and Cortesi in the two parts of Renoit and Alcindora.

The alternating opera will be "Norma," which scored a hit a few weeks ago. Avedano, the popular dramatic tenor, will make his first appearance this season in the rôle of Pollio; Barbareschi is to be heard again in the title rôle; Polletini will appear as Adalgisa; Nicolini as the high priest, Oroveso; Cortesi as Flavio; and Sannie Krüger as Clotilda.

On Monday evening, October 28th, a grand testimonial benefit will be tendered to Director Steindorff by the Tivoli management.

## "Tennessee's Pardner" at the Alcazar.

"Tennessee's Pardner," Scott Marble's dramatization of one of Bret Harte's frontier stories, is to be given at the Alcazar Theatre next week. It is a strong picture of life in the Nevada hills, with no end of rich Western color, and brings into its atmosphere many actual happenings chronicled from daily events which took place during the early days of the Sage-Brush State. The quaint characters are distinctive studies, and are in much the same vein as those which figure in Augustus Thomas's "In Missouri," Frank Mayo's "Puddin' Head Wilson," and James A. Herne's "Shore Acres." Agnes Rankin will be the Tennessee Kent; M. L. Alsop will impersonate Caleb Swan, the high-toned gambler; Frank Bacon will revive his excellent characterization of Hay, the incurable liar and all-around vagabond; and Howard Scott will have the rôle of Asa Bice. Several picturesque stage-pictures are being especially painted for this production.

## At the Grand Opera House.

Walter E. Perkins begins a short starring engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday night, when he will present that amusing farce, "The Man from Mexico," in which Willie Collier scored one of the greatest hits of his career. This will be Mr. Perkins' first appearance here as a star, and the part of Benjamin Fitzhugh will afford him an excellent opportunity to display his powers as a comedian.

The plot revolves about the experiences of Fitzhugh, a sportive husband, who attends a convivial dinner at *la Seelye*, which is raided by the police, and the first act opens in his apartment late in the following day, when he discovers, after recovering from his alcoholic trance, that he has been arrested, tried, and sentenced to thirty days on Blackwell's Island. Even then he is haunted by a deputy sheriff, whose presence in the house has great difficulty in explaining to his wife. The real fun begins with the second act, where Fitzhugh, the "man from Mexico,"

has already done ten days of his time. He is attired in convict's stripes, and the lock-step has already become second nature to him, so that the least shock to his nerves sets him to marking time. Of course, all the other characters in the play gather in the warden's room on one pretext or another, and many very funny situations ensue, culminating in an attempted jail-break, in which Fitzhugh, by a happy inspiration, manages to evade the anarchistic prisoner who has concocted the plot and threatens to kill him if it fails, and to throw all the blame on an unhappy German professor. The third act shows the return of the ex-convict from his imaginary trip to Mexico, and is enlivened by a fanciful sketch of a bull-fight by Fitzhugh, which he relates to allay the suspicions of his wife.

## The Orpheum's New Bill.

The head-liners at the Orpheum next week will be the "Beaux and Belles Octet," which has been all the rage in the East. This specialty is given by four pretty girls and four gallant youths, who sing well and dance gracefully. The music is by Harry T. MacConnell, composer of the tuneful numbers of "The Casino Girl," and the lyrics are by Robert B. Smith. The numbers include "Chappies at the Old Stage-Door," "When Pa Goes Out at Night," "Look It Up in the Dream-Book," and "Magnolia Maid." Mignonette Kokin, *chanteuse and danseuse eccentricque*, will also make her first appearance in this city. Francis Le Page, the novelty pole jumper, will undoubtedly make a big hit, for he does some unique vaulting feats. Placing a basket of eggs on a table, he jumps from the stage up to the table, touching the eggs lightly with his feet, and landing on the opposite side without breaking them. A pair of lighted candles are subjected to the same treatment, only, in this instance, he snuffs them with his feet. John Geiger, a trick violinist, promises some amusing surprises; and Thomas Baker, the clever monologist, will have a lot of new offerings.

The hold-overs include the De Courcy Brothers, the best acrobats seen here in many a day; Monroe, Mack, and Lawrence, in "How to Get Rid of Your Mother-in-Law"; Joe, Myra, and Buster Keaton, the eccentrics; and the biograph, which will show many new moving pictures, among others depicting the third race between the *Columbia* and *Shamrock II*.

## Sibyl Sanderson's American Tour.

When Sibyl Sanderson arrived in New York a fortnight ago to join the Maurice Grau Grand Opera Company on tour, she said to an interviewer:

"I expect to be seen in New York in 'Thais,' 'Rigoletto,' 'Manon,' as Michaela in 'Carmen,' and as the queen in 'The Huguenots.' Next autumn, in Paris, I shall create the title-rôle in 'Circe,' a new grand opera by Hillmaker, and may also be heard in 'The Carmelites,' also a new production.

"If my audiences in San Francisco give me as enthusiastic a reception as did Mme. Nevada's, I fear I shall just sit down in the centre of the stage and cry. I shall sing there six times in the three weeks. When I was here in 1894—and I only sang 'Manon' in New York at that time—it was said that I wore nothing, so to speak. Now I've got twelve trunks full of dresses. No, it shan't be said this time that a hat-box would carry all my operative clothes.

"After my husband's death, I retired from the stage, but last spring I began a concert tour in Europe, and in June I sang 'Phryne' at the Opéra Comique in Paris. Then I sang for several weeks at the Winter Garden in Berlin. Everybody stopped smoking when I sang. I only had to give two airs a night. They gave me all the money I wanted, and I wore eighteen different gowns, so, you see, I was very happy. That rumor about my attempting suicide was all nonsense, too. I mistook a bottle of liniment for a sleeping potion in Vienna, last February, and was deaf as a post for eight days, but went up in the mountains and was soon all right again.

"I've had absolutely no trouble with my husband's family, notwithstanding all rumors. My mother-in-law and I are on the best of terms, and I've been taking care of my stepdaughter until I decided to go back on the stage. Then I arranged to have friends take care of her, and she is now with the Countess de Castellane. I had no thought last summer of coming back to America, and at first, after I had signed the contract with Mr. Grau, I was mad at myself, but now I'm glad I came, New York is so beautiful, and I hope the Americans will like me."

E. J. Baldwin, the former proprietor of the Baldwin Hotel, declares that he has had enough of San Francisco, and will hereafter make his home at Santa Anita. "The people in San Francisco are like so many pirates," he said in Los Angeles, the other day. "I did a lot for that town; spent my good money there for years, and helped build up the city. I was a good thing for a great many people, who, when they found I was 'broke,' turned their backs on me. Ranch life agrees with me, and I am better off financially than I have been in years. I have not got a dollar of floating debt. The papers up there treated me shamefully. There was no truth in the story that I intended to take to Cape Nome a lot of *hula-hula* girls. My Nome venture will turn out all right. My Santa Anita property is netting me a fine income, and will bring me in more money than ever next year."

—DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. SPECIALTY, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

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We believe that the wearing of woolen undergarments is injurious.

It is our opinion that the tendency to take cold, the prevalence of catarrhal affections, the frequency of pneumonia, bronchitis, and rheumatism, are direct results of the weakening influence of wearing wool next to the skin.

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It is a fact that those who wear the Dr. Deimel Underwear are in better health than they were before.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The official functions at the White House will not be omitted this season. Secretary Cortelyou has announced this fact positively. Hundreds of queries in regard to the period of mourning have deluged the White House recently, and much misinformation has been scattered through the land as to the precedents which prevailed when Johnson and Arthur succeeded to the Presidency. The older inhabitants recall that Andrew Johnson eliminated all gayety for nearly a year after Lincoln's death, and that Arthur for a year and three months kept the White House closed to the public. Mr. Cortelyou has explained, however, that neither of these episodes establishes a precedent. In the first case the country was mourning the dead of an internecine war, and there was no opportunity to indulge in social gayety. When Chester Arthur was called to the office of President, the White House was in need of a thorough renovation, and this work required nearly a year. It is announced that, owing to the early date of Ash Wednesday, February 12th, and the shortness of the social season, Mrs. Roosevelt will hold her public Saturday afternoon receptions during the last three weeks of December. In returning to this pleasant custom, the mistress of the executive mansion is following the example of Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Cleveland, as well as other "first ladies." Mrs. McKinley was the first President's wife of recent years who was not at home to the public at least three times during the winter. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt, although noted for their love of home, are both anxious to revive all the hospitable traditions of the capital, and will not only receive and entertain their friends and the public, but also encourage the return of the Cabinet receptions of Wednesday afternoons, which, under President McKinley, were almost abandoned. The four large evening receptions in honor of the diplomatic corps, the army and navy, the judiciary, and Congress will be given on Tuesday or on Thursday evenings, between January 1st and February 12th, as also will at least two state dinners. The formal dinner of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt in honor of the Cabinet officers and their wives may be given prior to January 1st.

There will be no race between the *Shamrock II*, and the *Columbia* or *Constitution* next season for the *America's* Cup, and unless there is a challenge naming some other boat there will be no race for the cup next year. Since the defeat of the *Shamrock II*, Sir Thomas Lipton has been trying to arrange another series of races. The Irish knight still thinks that he owns the fastest go footer, and that the *Shamrock* can defeat the *Columbia* and the *Constitution*. "Notwithstanding the fact that we were beaten," he said shortly after the final race for the cup, "I still believe the *Shamrock* is the better boat. I am not trying to detract in the least from the credit that belongs to the victor, nor disparaging the other boat or the New York Yacht Club in the least, but the fact is that the other boat, in the last two races, got the best of the wind, while we did not. I am not criticising my crew in the least. There is no fault to be found with the manner in which the *Shamrock* was handled, but the fact remains that the *Columbia* profited by getting puffs of wind that we did not happen to have." Therefore, he thought that the members of the New York Yacht Club might be disposed to waive the clause in the deed of gift which bars a beaten boat from racing for the cup until two years have elapsed or until after a contest with some other vessel. Many concessions have been made under the "mutual agreement clause," and Sir Thomas thought that the challenge committee of the club would so interpret the deed of gift that he might have another race. But the New York Yacht Club did not see things that way, and refused to establish so dangerous a precedent. It is however, generally supposed that the *Shamrock* will meet the *Columbia* and the *Constitution* in the racing of next year, when, although the contests will not be for the chief trophy, they will have the effect of trying out the merits of the present Watson design. This Sir Thomas Lipton is most anxious to do.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Express* says that the average French shooting-party resembles nothing more nearly than a comic opera or burlesque. Every Frenchman is a sportsman—or thinks he is. He dresses himself up like a Corsican bandit, arms himself to the teeth with guns and hunting-knives, and, with three or four fierce dogs—often blood-hounds—tugging at him, makes for the suburbs. At night he returns triumphant and in the seventh heaven, with a string of two unfortunate sparrows. He is the hero of the neighborhood for a week. Every community has its *chasse communale*, a limited area reserved for public shooting. In these commons, the population of sportsmen and sparrows is as two to one. The Parisian "sportsman" has no great distance to go for his game. There is plenty near the big towns in the great forests. Besides Compiègne, there are within easy distance of the capital, Fontainebleau, Rambouillet, St. Germain, St. Cloud, Vauxseure, Marly, etc., all what may be called hunting-grounds of the state. Ten thousand Parisians take out shooting licenses every year. The season is now only two weeks old, and already seven thousand residents of

the capital have sworn to have the blood of some doomed sparrow. They register these oaths at the license bureau where the right to blaze away in any part of France for a whole year costs only about five dollars. Sunday is the great shooting day. Soon after daybreak you can see at the Paris railway stations groups of men dressed as if for a lion hunt. They wear large picture hats like Fra Diavolo, and fierce, merciless scowls. They talk of the dangers of the chase as if they were nothing at all. They swagger up and down, almost bursting with excitement, elbowing out of their way mere men in ordinary attire. They are objects of great and admiring solicitude on the part of the young women. "There is the brave Alphonse! My heaven, regard him! Regard his face! He has no fear whatever as to the danger. Ah! the hero who goes to shoot the desperate sparrow in the lair of him!" The Parisian sportsman, before aiming at a bird, aims at the picturesque. He must look the part. It is a question of posing. The hat is the thing. It must be of the Tyrolean or *sombrero* type, recklessly turned up at the side in a devil-may-care, Three-Musketeers kind of way. There must be a feather in it, too, and a big one. The true hunter will not sell the game which falls before his gun, although the market price of a partridge is forty cents, of a pheasant eighty-five cents, and of a hare one dollar. The middle-class sportsman distributes his sparrows and larks among his friends, imitating in this the sportsmen of noble blood.

The citizens of Buffalo declare that it will be many a day before the electric display at the Pan-American Exposition will be equaled. At Paris the people thought they had a marvel in their electric fountain, the *château d'eau*. But it was illuminated only two or three times a week, and then for only a little while twice during the evening. Upon these great occasions, thousands of persons paid four cents apiece to sit and look at the spectacle. Of the lavish use of lights at Buffalo one little detail will give an idea. On the electric tower there are forty thousand incandescent lights that burn until two or three o'clock in the morning, although the exposition closes at eleven o'clock. The object of keeping the lights burning until such a late hour is simply that the cleaners may see to sweep and put in order the court of fountains and the plaza. One visitor to the fair thus describes the spectacle: "As the moment for the illumination approaches, the bands in the main court hush, and a stillness falls upon the multitude. Suddenly dull reddish threads appear in the globes on the near-by lamp pillars. For an instant the great tower seems to pulse with a thrill of life before the eye becomes sensible to what has taken place. Then its surfaces gleam with a faint flush, like the flush which church spires catch from the dawn. This deepens slowly to pink, then to red. Presently the eye notes that the transformation which has been worked in the tower has taken place everywhere. In a moment the architectural skeletons of the great buildings have been picked out in lines of red light. Then the magic current grows stronger, and the whole effect mellow into luminous yellow. The material exhibition has been transfigured, and its glorified ghost is in its place. A storm of applause arises from the crowds, the bands strike up, and one realizes that the darkness has settled down upon the "City of Light." Since the world began, this is the first time that human eyes have beheld such floods of artificial light as the untiring cataract of Niagara generates for this exposition."

In his volume on "Modern Athens," George Horton says that shopping in the Greek capital is a more elaborate, time-consuming, and minute process even than with us. "The Oriental method of doing business still prevails. The dealer sets a price, the buyer another, and often three or four hours of patient will contest pass before a compromise is reached. The patron asks: 'How much is this piece of silk?' 'One dollar a yard,' is the reply. 'Thirty cents' is offered. The merchant is thrown into something resembling an apoplectic fit. He swears by his father's soul that it cost ninety-five cents. The lady takes a seat with a sigh, and after twenty minutes, inquires, innocently: 'Finally, thirty cents?' 'Never! But to keep you and not lose your custom, you may have it for what I paid, ninety-five cents.' 'You poor thing!' sighs the lady, sarcastically. There are a dozen or more women sitting about the store. When finally the proprietor comes down to a price that one is willing to pay, she rises, receives her bundle and departs, declaring, good-naturedly, that she had been swindled, and that she will never come back again."

According to Wolf von Shierbrand, the current stories about the Czar of Russia wearing a cuirass made of finely wrought steel meshes, of his forever changing the location of his living apartments, and of the desks at which he works a number of hours every day, are baseless. He declares that Nicholas the Second, although a very mild-mannered and apparently rather diffident man, is quite fearless, and that the symptoms of extreme nervousness which characterized his father during the last few years of his life, owing to a number of hair-breadth escapes from diabolical plots, are happily absent in his son—as yet. But it is quite certain that at least five distinct and well-laid plans to murder the present Czar

have been frustrated. The Czar has great confidence in a personal attendant by the name of Keibel, a native of the Baltic provinces, whom he has constantly with him. This man is valued not so much because of his extraordinary shrewdness, but because of his never-ceasing vigilance and his slavish devotion to duty; and it is said that he, on the occasion of the Czar's former visit in France, personally and with great dexterity and swiftness disarmed a man near his master, who was probably a dangerous plotter. This incident at the time was hushed up by the Paris police. Another man whom Nicholas the Second holds in special favor, and for the same reason, is a Don Cossack named Ghoolitch, who is said to have distinguished himself in a similar way on several previous occasions.

A "rest-room" is to be a new feature of the Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, this fall. The opening of such a room was brought about by the experiences of a wearied professional, who stepped into the building last January in search of a quiet corner to rest. The visitor tried in turn the reception room, luncheon room, sales room, and Perkins Hall, but all these places were the scenes of sufficient activity to preclude any idea of rest. On explaining to the superintendent, Mrs. Osborne, her longing for a few minutes of uninterrupted rest, the visitor was ushered into an empty class-room, the only really quiet portion of the building. This incident resulted in the proposition to open the rest-room, the distinctive feature of which will be the opportunity for absolute repose.

According to the *London Tattler*, the red coat, the golfer's characteristic uniform, is dying out. It is now but rarely seen on Scottish links; and although when golf first became the rage in England it was in great favor, it is now by no means common wear. Even at club functions, where they used to be *de rigueur*, red coats are now the exception.

## Highest Award on Cocoa and Chocolate.

BUFFALO, October 10th.—The judges at the Pan-American Exposition have awarded three gold medals to Walter Baker & Co., limited, Dorchester, Mass., for the superiority of their breakfast cocoa and all of their cocoa and chocolate preparations and the excellence of their exhibit. This is the thirty-seventh highest award received by them from the great expositions in Europe and America.

—THE NAME IS A GUARANTY OF ITS PURITY—Jesse Moore Whisky is always right.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 16, 1901, were as follows:

|                                  | BONDS.            |                   | CLOD.   |         |
|----------------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|---------|---------|
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.....            | 2,000             | @ 106 1/2         | 106 1/2 | 107     |
| Los An. Ry 5%.....               | 2,000             | @ 117 1/2         | 117 1/2 |         |
| Los An. Lighting 5%.....         | 5,000             | @ 102 1/2         | 101     | 103     |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 6%.....           | 21,000            | @ 107 1/2         | 107 1/2 | 108     |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%.....            | 5,000             | @ 121 1/2         | 121 1/2 | 122     |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.....           | 1,000             | @ 123 1/2         |         | 122 1/2 |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....           | 6,000             | @ 103 1/2-104 1/2 | 103 1/2 | 105     |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%..... | 7,000             | @ 123             | 122 1/2 |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909           | 7,000             | @ 113 1/2         | 113 1/2 |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910           | 4,000             | @ 114 1/2         | 114 1/2 |         |
| S. V. Water 4%.....              | 1,000             | @ 103 1/2         | 103 1/2 | 103 3/4 |
|                                  | STOCKS.           |                   | CLOD.   |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra Costa Water.....          | 325               | @ 77-78           | 76 1/2  | 77 1/2  |
| Spring Valley Water.....         | 238               | @ 87 1/2-88 1/2   | 88 1/2  |         |
|                                  | GAS AND ELECTRIC. |                   |         |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Equitable Gaslight.....          | 250               | @ 3 1/2           | 3 1/2   |         |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....        | 260               | @ 44              | 44      | 44 1/2  |
|                                  | STREET R. R.      |                   |         |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Market St.....                   | 1,685             | @ 88 1/2-92 1/2   | 90 1/2  | 91      |
|                                  | POWERS.           |                   |         |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Giant Con.....                   | 55                | @ 75 1/2-75 3/4   |         | 75 3/4  |
| Vigort.....                      | 700               | @ 4 1/2           | 4       | 4 1/2   |
|                                  | SUGARS.           |                   |         |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Hana P. Co.....                  | 150               | @ 5               |         | 5 1/2   |
| Honokaa S. Co.....               | 765               | @ 10 1/2-11 1/2   | 10 1/2  | 11      |
| Hutchinson.....                  | 100               | @ 14 1/2          | 15      | 15 1/2  |
| Makawell S. Co.....              | 210               | @ 27 1/2-28       | 27 1/2  | 28 1/2  |
| Pauhaui S. Co.....               | 525               | @ 20-20 1/2       | 20 1/2  |         |
|                                  | MISCELLANEOUS.    |                   |         |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Alaska Packers.....              | 205               | @ 14 1/2-14 3/4   | 14 3/4  | 14 1/2  |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....              | 730               | @ 84-88           | 88      |         |
| Oceanic S. Co.....               | 80                | @ 42-44 1/2       | 43 1/2  | 46      |
| Pac. C. Borax.....               | 30                | @ 165             | 165     |         |

The feature of the week was the transactions in the shares of the California Wine Association, which, on sales of 730 shares, broke four points to 84, but at the close regained all its loss and closed strong at 88 sales and bid, with small offerings.

Market Street Railway Company's stock was active, and, on sales of 1,700 shares, opened with a break of three points to 88 1/2, ex-dividend, but reacted to 92 1/2—three and three-fourths points—but closed easier at 90 1/2 bid, or asked and sales.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was quiet, falling off one-half point, but on small buying orders advanced to 44, closing at that price bid.

The sugars have been fairly active, and in good demand at a fractional advance, but closed off slightly easier, but showing gains over last week's closing prices.

## INVESTMENTS.

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## Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY  
526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

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## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

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42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000  
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,  
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CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,851,860.11  
October 1, 1901.

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BRANCHES—NEW YORK, H. B. PARSONS, Cashier  
SALT LAKE, J. E. DOOLY, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. LEA BARNES, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

| ASSETS.                          |                 |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Loans.....                       | \$10,642,400.68 |
| Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants..... | 2,191,727.11    |
| Real Estate.....                 | 1,665,030.77    |
| Miscellaneous Assets.....        | 12,415.53       |
| Due from Banks and Bankers.....  | 1,104,308.11    |
| Cash.....                        | 3,973,676.00    |
|                                  | \$19,589,558.1  |
| LIABILITIES.                     |                 |
| Capital, paid up.....            | \$ 500,000.00   |
| Surplus.....                     | 5,750,000.00    |
| Undivided Profits.....           | 3,311,296.22    |
| Deposits, Banks and Bankers..... | 1,124,165.22    |
| Individual.....                  | 8,904,102.66    |
|                                  | \$19,589,558.1  |

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO  
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.18; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.  
411 California Street

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CEMETERY

LAWN PLAN PERPETUAL CARE

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PHONE BUSH 367 916 MARKET ST.  
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Perfect Breakfast and Dietetic Health Cereals.

PANSY FLOUR for Biscuits, Cake and Pastry.

Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.

For book of sample, write

FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"But my prayers are oot answered," complained a parishioner to the late Rev. Dr. Patten, of New Haven, Conn. "Possibly that's because your prayers are like some promissory notes—presented before they are due."

The late Lord Morris did not gain a very favorable impression of the House of Lords when he made his first speech there. When asked how he had got on, he replied: "Well, I made wao mistake. I should have practiced spakin' to a lot of grave-stones before I addressed their lordships."

When Bishop Potter was asked, the other day, what he thought of woman suffrage he made the diplomatic reply: "My dear madam, I have gottee away beyond that; I am trying to make the best terms with the sex that I can obtain." This brings to mind the *mot* of William M. Everts whoo asked by lady if he did oot think that woman was the best judge of womao. He replied: "Not only the best judge, madam, but the best executioner."

A story is told of a conscientious ministerial golfer who had been offered aooter pastorate, much better than the one he held, and with a ideal golf course attached. The family were all enthusiastic players. Happeeing to call one day at the minister's dwelling, a friend of the family aod a golfer himself met her daughter in the hall and asked her: "Is your ather going to accept the offer?" "Well," the girl replied, demurely, "papa is praying for guidance in the library aod mamma is upstairs packing."

Lord Rosebery, at the unveiling of King Alfred's statue, the other day, gave his audience a report of a conversation overheard on the steps of a free library in London. A young girl, coming away from the library, is greeted by aooter at the foot of the steps: "Hullo, Florry, what are you doing here?" "Florry in discontented accents—"Papa sent me here to nd out about King Alfred." The other girl—Alfred! What about him?" "Florry—"Papa asked us at tea last oight what was all this fuss about Alfred aod his millinery. [Laughter.] Not ooe of s could tell him, and he seot me here to find out." he other replied: "You stupid! Why, it's a rapery roud his statue, of course."

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, ceotly received the followig letter from a prospective girl-student at Peccatoocia, Ill.: "DEAR DR. ARPER: I know you will be pleased to learn that we have decided to attend the university school of lucutio this fall. I am going to Chicago oext sturday oo the moroing traio, aod as I have oever an to the city before, I would be glad if you would eet me at the depot. I am five feet four inches ll, have light hair and eyes, and a pleasing appearance. I shall wear a dark-brow travelog-skirt aod blue waist, with white yoke. I think I shall koo u from your pictures, but for fear I make a misse, will you please wear your card to your hat?"

Attorney Rayer, Rear-Admiral Schley's counsel the court of inquiry, began his exanioatioo of eutenao Bristol a few days ago with questions nceroring the accuracy of the stadimeter for the asurement of distances at sea. He asked if the uteaoat would rather trust his owo visual observao for a four-thousand-yard raogee than the iostrotr. The witness stated that the stadimeter was ore accurate for distances below four thousand rds thao above that distaoce. At that distaoce he ald make several observations for confirmation of visual observation. The error, he said, became ater as the distance increased. "Could you give," asked Rayer, "a point from which it is eoly reliable?" "Yes," was the reply, "at zero it absolutely accurate."

Pierpont Morgao makes his boast that he oever been interviewed, aod declares that in the last en years but ooe interviewer ever has beeo able approach him. This was on a recent trip to Eue, whoo a representative of the Loodon Times uld not take "No" for his answer. "Tell the mes mao my time is worth two pounds a mio—" at last said Morgao. "The Times mao says I take two minutes at that," came back the reply. e interviewer haoded Mr. Morgao twenty pounds, ed just two minutes by both their watches, did the talking himself, and rose to go oo the instaot. Why did you want to see me?" Morgao asked iosity. "Oh, I wagered one hundred pounds that I ould interview you personally, that's all," was his y. Morgao congratulated him oo his enterprise, dismissed him withio the third minute of his y. Wheo asked, the other day, if he kept the y pounds, Morgao said: "Yes, and I haven't ed money in a long time that gave me the satisfion that twenty pounds did."

One day I was invited to dioeer with the Count Enzenberg at the residence of Prince von Bisk in Berlin," says Herr de Braodt to the Berlio Press. "The count, a former *chargé d'affaires* Paris, was a great collector of autographs. After

the repast the count exhibited a sheet of paper oo which Guizot and Thiers had affixed their signatures. 'It is very interesting,' said Prince von Bismarck; 'allow me to show this to my wife.' (She was sick io bed at that time.) In a few minutes the chancellor returned, and, handing the sheet of paper to the diplomat from Wurtemberg, he added: 'I hope that I did not spoil it by writing something on it.' This is what was written on the paper: 'My long life has taught me that it is necessary to forgive a good deal and forget nothing. GUIZOT.' 'A little forgetfulness does not diminish the sincerity of forgiveness. THIERS.' 'My own life has taught me that I have a great deal to forget and a great deal for which to be forgiven. V. BISMARCK.'

In the 'eighties, when President Roosevelt decided to become a ranchman, he invested some money in cattle, and pastured the herd on the public ranges of Dakota. It is said that when he first arrived there, he told his hired cowboys that he intended to be one of them. As he was a college graduate and wore glasses, they set him down for a typical "teeder-foot" at first, but they were soon undeceived. At the first big round-up in which Roosevelt took part, he encountered "Long Ike," who had the reputation of being quick on the trigger. One of his favorite tricks was to line up alongside a drinking-bar, select the filled glass of some man he thought he could cow, and drain it. A glass half-filled with whisky had been poured out by a cowboy, and placed in front of Roosevelt. Long Ike reached out aod took it, and so ceerta he he that the stranger would submit that he did not take the precaution to make his customary bluff with his revolver. Before he could swallow the liquor, Roosevelt was on him like a catamount. He is an expert wrestler, and threw Long Ike heavily. Then he turned him over, aod stood him up, and rao him outdoors, taking the bully's revolver away from him in the run. Outside, Ike was throwo again, harder than before, and couldn't get up for five minutes. Wheo he did, he was dazed and amazed. The style of attack was so unusual, and withal so vigorous, that he was afraid to resent it. He sneaked out of camp. The young man with the eye-glasses and the gleaming teeth enjoyed the respect of the cowboys from that day forward.

## Love-Letters of Famous Men.

DEAREST: Doo't for the world destroy this letter; keep it carefully. I am about making arrangements for the publication of our letters. Ever your owo, MILTON.

MY ADORED: Be sure to keep all my letters, so as oot to destroy the sequence. Arrangements are now pending for publication. More oews soon. As ever, your owo, ROBESPIERRE.

DEAREST, MY OWN DEAREST: Remember to keep all my letters, as I do yours. I am oow holding out for twenty-five per cent. royalty. I will bring them around, I am sure. Your owo, as ever your owo, ARISTOTLE.

MY LIFE, MY LOVE, MY DARLING: Assure me agao that you keep all my letters. I am still contenting ooo the royalty matter. Franklin, Square & Company think it too much. Unless we cao come to a agreement sooo, I shall open negotiations with Skiboer & Soos. Always, always, my adored one, your owo, MOZART.

MY THOUGHT, MY MIND, MY LIFE, MY ALL ALL: Your suggestion about an asbestos box aod camphor-balls is a good one. The letters must be kept safe. I have just opened up the matter with Skibner. I am to see them again to-morrow. My adored, your loving captor, your happy captive, WELLINGTON.

DAINTY DEAR, SWEET FLEUR DE LIS, MY OWN CHARMING SUMA-SAN: Be sure to file this away carefully. Yours was so good; I waot to keep reading it, so have had a typewritten copy made to carry in my hat, while I have, of course, filed yours. Skibners agree to the twenty-five per cent. royalty. Other details yet to be arranged. Your loving, little wistful CORTEZ.

LOVELIEST LOVE: Do be careful, dear! Don't carry my letters about with you to the woods and other places; put them away at once after reading them. We are now discussing whether it shall be ooe volume 8vo, or two small volumes. I think I favor the two small volumes. What do you say, dear? A soft, sweet kiss in the shadow, my love, from WAGNER.

MY ONE, MY ONLY SWEET: Need I tell you, dear, to keep this carefully? Things are startig out fioe. The press-ageot has already started oo his work. Ao advance ootice is to appear io the Saturday *All-the-News* supplement. After that, there is to be an illustrated article in the *Book-Borrower*. They are also going to publish selections io the magazine. A first editioo of half a millioo will surely be required. That ought to furnish our flat comfortably. Love, love in fifty-seveo varieties. HEINE.

—H. R. Horr in Life.

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Soon Parted.

Came young Skaggs from Metamora,  
And he wore a straw fedora  
On his head.  
'Cute he was, and rather witty,  
And he'd come to do the city,  
So he said.

Met a man who seemed to know him,  
And who volunteered to show him  
Something odd.  
Went to see a caved-io tunnel,  
And a chap they called the Cunnel  
Got his wad.—Chicago Tribune.

## A New Version.

"Alas, I resemble poor little Bo-peep,"  
The editor cried to his throng;  
"I'm followed by naught but illiterate sheep,  
And they all bring their tales along."—Ex.

## Books.

See the publishers' announcements of the books,  
Story books,  
Gory books,  
Books for high and mighty ladies, books for cooks,  
Books for laddies and for lassies,  
Books intended for the masses,  
Books designed to please the clas es,  
Books in yellow paper wrappers,  
Books concerning scouts and trappers,  
Books of war and books of rhyme;  
Books at which the reader marvels,  
Books that have some later Carvels  
Dancig through them all the time!  
Historical romances by the score,  
Books the like of which were never writ before,  
Books for mooning, spooning lovers,  
Books in gay and sober covers,  
Books galore—  
An avalanche of books!

Oh, the world is being buried under books,  
Under Himalayao ranges of new books,  
Books, books, books, books, books, books,  
books!

See the lists the papers publish of the books that they receive,  
Fairy books,  
Airy books,  
Books that somehow shall achieve  
The success for which their hungry authors pray—  
Books that perished oo that day  
That the presses gave them birth!  
Books of mirth,  
Books concerning far-off corners of the earth,  
Books brimful of dash and go,  
Books of wee—  
Unintentionally so—  
Books by Rudyard and by Wioston and the rest of them you know  
Piled in windows aod oo couoters everywhere,  
Stacked io pyramids that tower io the air—  
Oh, the millioos and the billioos of the books  
For the coming holidays,  
How their numbers do amaze!  
The world is groaning under all the books.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Doric. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, December 3.  
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For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., Oct. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Nov. 3.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles); Steamer Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneue, East Sao Pedro, and San Pedro—Steamer Corona, Thursdays, 9 A. M.  
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**RED STAR LINE.**  
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Kensington, October 23. Southwark, November 13.  
Zeeeland, October 30. Vaderland, November 20.  
Friesland, November 6. Kensington, November 27.  
\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.  
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SOCIETY.

The Scott-Crockett Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Caro Crockett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, and Mr. Laurence Irving Scott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, took place at Grace Episcopal Church on Wednesday, October 16th. The ceremony was performed at high noon by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by the Rev. R. C. Foute, rector of the church. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father. Mrs. Walter S. Martin was the matron of honor and Miss Edith McBean, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Frances Hopkins, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Emma Grimwood, and Miss Genevieve Carolan acted as bridesmaids. Mr. Philip Backus was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Norman Livermore, Mr. Porter Garnett, and Mr. Willard N. Drown.

The church ceremony was followed by a reception and wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, 2029 California Street, at which about one hundred guests were present.

Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Scott will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, with whom they will spend the winter.

The Harley-Deming Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Florence Deming, sister of Mr. William H. Deming, and Mr. Charles Harley took place at the home of the bride, 740 Ellis Street, on Wednesday evening, October 16th. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. Father Prendergast. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, and her cousin, Miss Alice Deming, acted as maid of honor. Miss Leah Shingleberger and Miss Margery Gibbons were the bridesmaids. Mr. Walter S. Moore was the best man, and Mr. Isaac Upham and Mr. Vincent de Laveaga served as ushers.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley, upon their return from an extended wedding journey, will reside in San Francisco.

The Crocker Dinner.

Among those who were present at the dinner given by Mr. William H. Crocker in honor of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, at the Pacific-Union Club, on Friday evening, October 11th, were Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Judge W. W. Morrow, Mr. Frank A. Lewis, Mr. William Babcock, General J. B. Babcock, Judge W. C. Van Fleet, Mr. W. S. Wood, Mr. William F. Herrin, Prince A. Poniatowski, Mr. Julius P. Kruttschnitt, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. W. M. Skiddy, Mr. Hall McAllister, Mr. Frank J. Symmes, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. William Alvord, Mr. G. W. McNear, Mr. E. B. Pond, Rev. R. C. Foute, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. F. W. Zelle, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. A. F. Morrison, Mr. G. W. Kline, Mr. Charles E. Green, Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd, Mr. W. B. Cope, Mr. William J. Dutton, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. F. H. Wheelan, Mr. Frank P. Deering, Mr. Homer S. King, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Thomas L. Wood, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. M. F. Michael, Mr. W. B. Bourn, Mr. Charles P. Eells, Judge E. A. Andrews, Mr. Claus Spreckels, Mr. R. T. Paine, Professor David Starr Jordan, and General W. H. L. Barnes.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Pauline Rodrique, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. I. Rodrique, and Mr. Alexander Center, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Center.

The wedding of Miss Maybelle Stone, daughter of Mr. W. W. Stone and Mr. N. P. Cole, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Cole, took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening, October 16th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Reilly at half-after eight o'clock. The maid of honor was Miss Mabel Gale, and Mr. William Moore acted as best man. The ushers were Mr.

Walter Nagle, Mr. Sherman Sarle, Mr. Herbert True, and Mr. D'Arcy Stewart. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride, on Jackson Street. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Cole will reside at the Hotel Pleasanton.

The wedding of Miss Edith Patten and Major-General Henry C. Corbin, adjutant-general, U. S. A., will take place on November 6th at the bride's residence, on Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C. The ceremony is to be performed by Archbishop Corrigan, assisted by the Rev. Thomas S. Lee, of St. Matthew's Roman Catholic Church, Washington. Senator John P. Jones will give away the bride, who will have no attendants. Major-General S. M. B. Young is to be the best man.

Miss Katherine Dillon gave a tea in honor of Miss Jacqueline Moore on Tuesday afternoon, at which she was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Frances Hopkins, Miss Therèse Morgan, and Miss Cosgrave.

The Misses Helen and Virginia Gibbs entertained on Wednesday afternoon, October 16th, in honor of the Misses Scarborough, daughters of Bishop Scarborough, of Trenton, N. J. Among others present were Miss Mary Kip, the Misses Gertrude and May Palmer, Miss Harvey Anthony, Miss Agnes Simpson, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Helen Kline, and Miss Bertie Bruce.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin recently gave an informal tea complimentary to Miss Coleman, of New Orleans. Among others present were Miss Ruth McNutt, the Misses Edith and Norma Preston, Miss Bessie Cole, Miss Susie Blanding, the Misses Frances and Josephine Loughborough, Miss Mary Jolliffe, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Dr. Collins, U. S. A., Mr. Allyn Rochester, and Lieutenant Babcock, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore will give a reception at their home in East Oakland, on Saturday night, October 26th, when their daughter, Miss Jacqueline Moore, will make her formal debut.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant have sent out cards for a tea to be given October 26th at the Landers home, 2522 Octavia Street, when Miss Pearl Landers will make her formal debut.

Miss Edith Stuhbs was the guest of honor on Tuesday at a luncheon given by Miss Margaret Salisbury at her home, 2112 Steiner Street. Others at table were Miss Beulah Stubbs, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Lucie King, Miss Frances Allen, Miss Irene Baker, and the Misses Gertrude and Ethel Parker.

The hall at the Presidio on Tuesday night was largely attended, and proved one of the most successful functions which have been given at the post. The guests were received by Colonel George S. Grimes, U. S. A., Mr. S. Grimes, and Miss Rawles. At half-after nine o'clock the dancing began, and was continued until nearly midnight. The next hop will be given on Wednesday evening, October 30th.

J. C. Rains, of this city, and W. S. Ford, an attorney of Salt Lake, are two young men who went to Manila to establish themselves in business. The reason for their return to the United States is voiced by Mr. Ford when he says: "The cost of living in Manila is something appalling. To live at the only hotel there—the Oriente—one has to put up seven dollars a day, Mexican, in return for which he receives practically nothing. Everything is high; rents are way up, and an attorney who has been used to making one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars a month in the United States, and thought he was doing pretty well, finds that he has to make about five hundred or six hundred dollars a month, Mexican, just to meet expenses."

The good-by ride as far as the Sixteenth Street Station in Oakland is a thing of the past now. Unless you have an overland ticket, you can not ride up to the Sixteenth Street Station on an overland train. The natural limitations of space in a Pullman car have forbidden the continuance of the good-by crowd.

The Doctor's Daughters' Doll Show.

The Doctor's Daughters, a non-sectarian charitable organization founded fourteen years ago by Dr. Robert MacKenzie, will hold its fifth annual doll show in the Supper-Room of the Palace Hotel on Friday and Saturday, November 8th and 9th. The officers of the Doctor's Daughters are:

Miss Susie McEwen, president; Miss Jennie Blair, first vice-president; Mrs. Frank Bates, second vice-president; Miss Hyde, treasurer; Mrs. George B. Somers, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Watson D. Fennimore, recording secretary; and Miss Louise Bruce, assistant recording secretary.

The other members are:

Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Mrs. W. R. Cluness, Jr., Mrs. M. D. Brown, Miss Katherine Dillon, Mrs. Daniel Drysdale, Mrs. G. de Latour, Miss Jessie Fillmore, Mrs. John Flourney, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Mrs. Fred Green, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Reuben Hale, Mrs. Marshall Hale, Mrs. Ed. Horton, Miss M. F. McMillan, Miss Emma McMillan, Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mrs. Louis H. Long, Mrs. J. D. McKee, Mrs. Laura Roe, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Spinney, Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mrs. F. W. Tallant, Mrs. Charles Tuttle, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. James A. Watt, Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. J. Norris Hibbert, Miss Helen Stuhbs, Mrs. A. S. Tubbs, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Mrs. Andrew G. Griffin, Mrs. W. K. Guthrie, Miss Jean Pollak, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Margo, Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. George D. Cooper, Mrs. E. A. Belcher, and Miss Erberding.

In connection with the doll show, there will be a continuous performance, with features carefully arranged for the amusement of the children in the afternoons, and a vaudeville performance in the evening, which will include, among other novelties, two skits in which prominent members of the Bohemian Club will appear, and the "Florodora" double sextet rendered by six society girls and as many men. A temporary stage will be arranged at one end of the Supper-Room, and about the sides forty boxes will be erected. Among those who have already taken boxes are:

Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. James Folles, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Miss Katherine Dillon, Mayor Phelan, Mr. Thomas H. Williams, Jr., Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Reuben Hale, and Mr. R. Moore.

The committee in charge of the day entertainment includes Mrs. George B. Somers, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Mrs. Wakefield Bryan, Miss Hyde, and Mrs. William R. Cluness, Jr. The vaudeville performance in the evening is to be looked after by Miss Jennie Blair, the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels, Miss Katherine Dillon, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Watson D. Fennimore, and Mrs. A. S. Tubbs.

Golf Notes.

The Oakland golfers opened the tournament season on the Adams' Point links on Saturday, October 12th, with the qualifying rounds for the Captain's Cup tournament. This trophy, which is a perpetual prize and can never become the property of any player, has been contested for ever since the club was organized. Under the direction of Captain Orestes Pierce play in the inaugural contest was started on the links, eight players qualifying to play in the tournament proper, which will start today (Saturday), and will be a match-play affair over 18 holes. The scores were as follows:

|                       | First Round. | Second Round. | Total. |
|-----------------------|--------------|---------------|--------|
| E. R. Folger.....     | 42           | 46            | 88     |
| R. M. Fitzgerald..... | 40           | 50            | 90     |
| T. W. Hutchinson..... | 40           | 50            | 90     |
| W. P. Johnson.....    | 42           | 49            | 91     |
| F. S. Stratton.....   | 44           | 48            | 92     |
| C. Belden.....        | 44           | 54            | 98     |
| J. Higgins.....       | 47           | 51            | 98     |
| C. R. Winslow.....    | 50           | 55            | 105    |

After the competition for the Captain's Cup has been concluded, the first contest for the Goodall trophy will take place. It has been decided by Captain Orestes Pierce that ladies are eligible to enter the contest, but no competitor is to receive a larger handicap than eighteen strokes over 36 holes.

Miss Genevieve Hecker, of the Essex Country Club, of Orange, N. J., defeated Miss Lucy Herron, of Cincinnati, by 5 up and 3 to play on Saturday last on the links of the Baltusrol Golf Club, near Short Hills, N. J., and won the much-coveted title of champion woman golfer of the United States Golf Association.

The trip to Mt. Tamalpais, via the Sausalito Ferry and the Mill Valley Scenic Railroad, continues to offer the best means of having a delightful day's outing. Don't fail to avail yourself of this opportunity before the cool weather sets in. The accommodations at the destination of the railway are excellent.

One of the Paris exposition's attractive exhibits was a group of Sévres figures of dancing girls, valued at fifteen hundred francs. A bisque reproduction of this graceful group, suitable for a handsome table decoration, is shown in Nathan-Dohrmann Co.'s window.

Just Returned from Europe.

Annie L. Stone, 221 Post Street, is now ready to show the latest importations in Fall Millinery.

# Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

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The Great Leader of Champagne. Importation in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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HOTEL RICHELIEU CO

When using baking powder it is always economy to buy the Royal. Royal makes the finest, most wholesome and delicious food.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements in and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Irwin, Miss Irwin, and Mrs. Ivers arrived from Honolulu on Tuesday on the Oceanic steamship *Sonoma*, and are now at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. J. M. Driscoll and her son, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, of Oakland, have rented the house of Dr. A. H. Vnrbies, at 2111 California Street, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, who have been for some time in New York, will be at the Palace Hotel this winter.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs arrived from the East in his private car on Thursday to attend the wedding of his daughter, Miss Edith Stubbs, to Mr. Henry Parker, of New York, which will take place on Wednesday, October 23d. He was accompanied by his sister, Miss Stubbs, Mr. Parker, Mr. C. A. Crawford, Mr. George H. Sargent, and Mr. F. E. Meyers.

Mrs. William Thomas and her daughter, Mrs. Latham McMullin, have departed for the East, where they will later be joined by Mr. McMullin.

Dr. and Mrs. Brigham and the Misses Kate and Alice Brigham have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they spent the summer months.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has closed her villa at Newport and is at present occupying her New York residence, at 1 East Fifty-Seventh Street. She will shortly make a brief visit to the Pacific Coast, and expects to go to Egypt for the winter.

Miss Elvretta Elmira, of Astoria, Or., is visiting her cousin, Miss Olive Hahlbronn.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford arrived on Wednesday from New York, where she has been spending the past month. Since her year's absence from San Francisco, Mrs. Stanford has traveled extensively in Egypt, the Holy Land, Italy, and Switzerland. On Friday she proceeded to Palm Alt.

Miss Knise Nalle, who has been the guest of Miss Chrissie Taft, of Oakland, for several weeks, is visiting Miss Ruth Dunham.

Congressman and Mrs. E. F. Lund, who have been traveling in Australia, arrived from the antipodes on Tuesday on the Oceanic steamer *Sonoma*.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes were in New York during the week.

Major and Mrs. J. L. Ratbbane are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Miss Maud Mullins has returned from Fresno, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Moses.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin and family came up from Burlingame on Tuesday, and spent a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Senator John P. Jones, who is still at Santa Monica, will leave there for Washington, D. C., in two weeks, to be present at the wedding of Miss Edith Patten and Major-General Corbin. Mrs. Jones has taken an apartment in New York, where she will spend the winter with her three daughters.

Mrs. James A. Garfield, widow of ex-President Garfield, and her daughter, Mrs. Stanley Brown, will spend the winter in Pasadena, having taken the Hopkins house on South Orange Grove Avenue.

Mr. Horace Hill was in New York last week. Miss Agnes Lane, Mrs. Phebe Hearst's niece, and Miss Grace Wiltshire, of Los Angeles, sailed from New York for Europe on October 19th.

Mr. Charles Page left last week for New York, where he will be joined by Mrs. Page.

Mr. H. M. A. Miller and family will take apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton on November 1st.

Mrs. A. P. Hntaling and Mr. Frederick C. Hntaling have arrived in New York.

Miss Linda Cadwalader has returned from a three weeks' stay at the Hotel Del Monte.

Miss Bessie McNear and Miss Minnie Wilcox, of Oakland, have sailed for Honolulu.

Mr. George A. Knight registered at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mrs. C. L. Maynard, of Santa Clara, is stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Dr. and Mrs. J. Underwood Hall have returned in their home in San José, after a year's absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Dnie (*nee* Gallagher), who have been spending their honeymoon at Lake Tahoe, sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda* on Saturday, October 12th.

A party including Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cushing, of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. Munford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. George Lent, Miss Jennie Hooker, Mrs. Tubbs, and Mr. Newhall, visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. L. S. Sherman and his son are spending a few weeks at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. G. C. Simmons, of Sacramento, was at the Occidental Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. A. Chesebrough was in New York early in the week.

Miss Mary Barker and Mrs. Sawyer, of Oakland, will soon leave for an extended trip through Japan, making a three weeks' stay en route at Honolulu.

Dr. George F. Shiels was in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. Regua and children have gone to Salt Lake City for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older were at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mr. Joseph S. Spear, Jr., was in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Harnes and Miss Belle Harnes, of Sausalito, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. C. M. Dougherty and family will soon give up housekeeping, and return to the Hotel Pleasanton.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. R. C. McCreary, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gale, of Berkeley, Mrs. Charles E. Stokes, of Alameda, Rev. Mr. Gibbons, of Hunt-

ington, W. Va., Mr. Carroll Mercer, of Washington, D. C., Mr. C. B. Kaufman and Mr. R. B. Hime, of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. J. Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Janet Bruce, Miss A. J. Anderson, Miss Nellie A. Gwynn, Miss L. Wenzelberger, Dr. Beatty, and Mr. H. Beckman.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. James Newlands, of Mill Valley, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Curtis, of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. W. Blake, of Akron, O., Mr. and Mrs. Landers Stevens, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Chamberlain, Mr. Henry T. Lee, Miss Mary M. Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Mrs. John Wigmore, and Miss Beatrice Wigmore, of Los Angeles, Miss Paddock and Mr. E. V. Thomas, of New York, Miss F. B. Hurd, of Newark, Rev. Dr. G. Cornell, of Sioux City, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. McWilliams, Mr. J. F. Siebe, and Mr. Rudolph Herndl, Jr.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Cayley, of Riverside, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Post and Mr. and Mrs. S. Frankenhaimer, of Stockton, Mrs. W. A. Kimball and Dr. A. D. Mosher, of Stanford, Mrs. J. H. Williams, of Naples, Cal., Miss S. B. Thompson, of Chicago, Mr. W. A. Mackinder, of St. Helena, Mr. Ralph Lowe, of San José, Mr. P. C. Drescher, of Sacramento, Mr. E. A. Gerst, of Livermore, Mr. H. W. Bishop, Jr., of Los Angeles, Mr. E. W. Wright, of Bakersfield, Mr. C. M. Jencks, of Philadelphia, Rev. J. P. Fannon, of Hartford, Conn., Mr. Sam Thall and Mr. J. H. Cherry, of New York.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, U. S. N., left Washington, D. C., on Monday, for San Francisco, whence he will accompany Rear-Admiral Casey, commanding the Pacific station, on the flag-ship *Wisconsin* to Tutuila, Samoa. Rear-Admiral Casey is charged with the investigation of certain allegations made by missionaries in Samoa against the moral character of Captain Benjamin F. Tilley, naval governor of Tutuila. In case it should be found necessary to order a naval court for the trial of Captain Tilley, Admiral Evans will be appointed president of the court.

Lieutenant-Commander William Braunerseuther, U. S. N., accompanied by Mrs. Braunerseuther, arrived from the Orient on the Japanese steamer *America Maru* on Monday. Until he was taken ill, six months ago, he was captain of the port at Manila.

Lieutenant William H. Standley, U. S. N., has been placed in charge of the branch hydrographic office in San Francisco.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles C. Marsh, U. S. N., who was one of Rear-Admiral Sampson's aids, will sail on October 31st from San Francisco en route to China and Japan, where he goes as naval attaché to the American legation. Commander Marsh and Mrs. Marsh, who was Miss Charlotte Evans, a daughter of Rear-Admiral R. D. Evans, are to spend the coming winter in Peking.

Brigadier-General Henry C. Merriam, U. S. A., commanding the Department of Colorado at Denver, was in Washington, D. C., last week. He has but a few more weeks active service ahead of him, as he will retire for age next month.

Lieutenant-Commander George M. Stoney, U. S. N., and Mrs. Stoney will spend the winter at the Occidental Hotel.

Colonel William S. Muse, U. S. M. C., retired, is in San Francisco as a delegate to the general convention of the Episcopal church, and a guest of Dr. George W. Woods, U. S. N., retired, at 2119 Buchanan Street.

Chaplain Bartm W. Perry, U. S. A., was at the Occidental Hotel early in the week, accompanied by Mrs. Perry.

Paymaster W. G. Gambrell, U. S. A., returned early in the week from Portland, where he has been stationed for several months.

Lieutenant-Colonel Daniel D. Wheeler, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A., has been appointed chief quartermaster of the Department of California, relieving Captain Harml P. Wheeler, in temporary charge of the office.

General Oliver O. Howard, U. S. A., retired, of Vermont, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Captain J. R. Lindsay, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lindsay, who sailed for Manila on Wednesday, were at the California Hotel early in the week.

## The Channing Auxiliary Lectures.

Ernest F. Fennilosa will give his second illustrated lecture in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church this (Saturday) afternoon at 2 P. M., his subject being "The Landscape Art and Poetry of Medieval China." Mr. Fennilosa is prepared to speak of Chinese and Japanese poetry as important material for the world's study of comparative literature, and he has for the first time traced the whole course of evolution of the Japanese lyric drama from the primitive religious dance and chorus. All this instruction he proposes to make vivid and interesting through ample illustrations, using the unique photographs which he has been collecting for many years. Mr. Fennilosa's last lecture, "A Comparative Study of the Art of Asia and Europe," will be given on Tuesday afternoon, October 22d, at half-past two.

"KIM" RUOYARO KIPLING'S GREAT BOOK, \$1.50, at Conper's, 745 Market Street.

JESSE MOORE WHISKIES ARE FAMOUS THE world over for purity and flavor as well as for all the other qualities that make good whiskey.

## ART NOTES.

## Miss Prather's Miniatures.

An exhibition that has been attracting much attention during the week at Vickery's is Miss Laura Prather's miniatures, some of which have been reproduced from photographs and daguerreotypes, but the greater portion have been done from life. They include portraits of Mrs. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lukens, Mrs. Samuel Hubbard, Mrs. W. L. Prather, Mrs. Harry East Miller, Mrs. Jane K. Sather, Miss Smule, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Reginald K. Smith, Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. C. C. Webb, Miss Elizabeth Orrick, Mrs. Thomas Prather, and Miss Flannrie Brown. Two charming little miniature portraits of Master Will and Master Van C. Herrin and an ideal head, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, complete the collection.

Mr. George Cole, youngest son of ex-Senator and Mrs. Cornelius Cole, of Calegrove, now visiting his parents, has a few of his latest paintings on exhibit at Los Angeles, which have elicited critical praise. This artist studied two years in Vienna, at the National Academy; two years in Paris, under Bonna; and during the past year at Munich.

Miss Helen Hyde, after an extended stay in Japan, arrived from the Orient on Monday on the Japanese steamship *America Maru*, and will be the guest of Mrs. David Bixler, during the winter. Miss Hyde will have an exhibition of her water-colors, woodcuts, and etchings at Vickery's in the near future.

## Wills and Successions.

A suit was commenced on Saturday, October 12th, at Redwood City, in the superior court, by the First National Bank of this city against Minnie M. McMinnagle and Nellie B. Moody, as executrices of the last will and testament of William Corbitt, and Beverly McMinnagle, S. G. Murphy, James K. Moffitt, and Isaac Kahn, to declare a deed of mortgage and to foreclose the same. The complaint recites that on October 15, 1897, William Corbitt executed his promissory note to plaintiff for \$50,000, and deeded as a security therefor two tracts of land near Burlingame. Corbitt died in 1898. The complaint alleges that the executrices have disposed of some of the estate and paid an account of the note the sum of \$33,000, leaving a balance due of \$17,000. The property involved is the beautiful Corbitt home, between San Mateo and Burlingame, and comprises also the Corbitt stock farm. The matter is still in probate, and the affairs can not be closed until such time as the property is sold and the debts paid.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin J. Wiel was brightened by the advent of a son on Saturday, October 12th.

## Life Perhaps, Health Surely—

## Depend Upon It.

The Ideal of Holland Gins—and Holland Gins are conceded as the best of Tonic Beverages—is WOLFE'S AROMATIC SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS, the essence of the Italian Juniper Berry and of selected Barley. For Travelers compelled frequently to change drinking water it is an absolute necessity—his health surely, his life perhaps, depending upon it. For the Debility of Old Age, for Female Troubles and Infantile Ailments it has no Peer. No specific has Warmer Professional Indorsement. But—be sure to get the Genuine.

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RESERVE AND SURPLUS.....150,000  
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Little girl, nine years old; pretty, refined, and well brought up. Best of references given and required.  
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## HUGO MANSFELDT

Will return from Europe and resume teaching November 1st. Applications for lessons may be made at once at the residence of

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# Christmas Holidays

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### SOUTHERN PACIFIC. Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

| LEAVE    | From Oct. 6, 1901.  | ARRIVE   |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.  | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Kelsey.   | 7:55 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.  | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.  | 12:25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.   | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.  | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.                    | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.             | 4:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carters.  | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.   | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.  | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.                | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.  | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.   | 6:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | Sacramento River Steamer.   | 11:00 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.   | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.                          | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.  | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:30 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.   | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.  | 11:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.   | 10:25 A. |
| 5:00 P.  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.                    | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.  | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.   | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo.  | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oregon Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.  | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oregon Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.  | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.         | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.  | 11:25 A. |
| 18:05 P. | Vallejo.  | 7:55 P.  |

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).  
(Foot of Market Street.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 8:15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.                        | 5:50 P.  |
| 12:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations. | 10:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.   | 18:50 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hunters' Train—San José and Way Stations.  | 17:20 P. |

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.  
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—  
7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M.  
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  
18:05 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).  
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

|          |   |          |
|----------|---|----------|
| 6:00 A.  | San José and Way Stations.  | 6:30 A.  |
| 7:00 A.  | San José and Way Stations.  | 1:30 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | New Almaden.  | 7:40 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.  | 7:45 P.  |
| 10:30 A. | San José and Way Stations.  | 4:10 P.  |
| 12:30 A. | San José and Way Stations.  | 5:30 P.  |
| 12:45 P. | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove. | 10:45 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.  | 6:30 A.  |
| 4:15 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.  | 9:45 A.  |
| 15:00 P. | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.  | 19:00 A. |
| 5:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.  | 8:30 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.   | 10:05 A. |
| 6:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.  | 8:05 A.  |
| 4:15 P.  | San José and Way Stations.  | 6:30 P.  |

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Sunday excepted. Sunday only.  
Saturday only. Tuesdays and Fridays.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

At the church door: "Are you one of the wedding party?" asked Mr. Fresh, the usher. "Only the groom. Don't mind me," replied the prospective victim.—*Baltimore World*.

Bilkins—"The doctor says I have only a year to live. Ah! If I could only lengthen that year out into a respectable lifetime." Callton—"Why don't you move to Oakland."—*Ex*.

"Bridget, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last evening?" "Will, mum, that's fr him t' say. Oi done me best wid th' m'terials at hand, mum."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Mrs. Guinnivoice—"I never have any trouble with baby. I've only to sing to him and he goes right off to sleep." Mrs. Phaser—"What a knowing child!"—*Boston Transcript*.

A good thing: Consulting physician—"Do you think the patient can stand an operation?" Family doctor—"Can he stand it? Why, my dear sir, the man is a millionaire."—*Town Topics*.

Minnick—"Well, there was one thing I remarked about your wife the first time I saw her—she was undoubtedly outspoken." Henpeck—"You don't say! By whom?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mrs. Boerum (hopelessly)—"Mortimer, I can not make Willie mind." Mr. Boerum (sternly)—"William, do as your mother wishes, or I will make you go and sit in the cozy corner."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The hero: "Who is the hero of this piece?" asked the man who was coming out of the theatre. And the manager thoughtfully replied: "The man who is putting up the money."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Murphy (to her husband, excitedly)—"Run, run for the doctor, Pat. The child has swallowed the halfpenny you gave him to play with." Mr. Murphy—"Oh, keep your mind easy, Bridget; it was a had one, anyway."—*Tit-Bits*.

He lived untimely: "I have often thought of what an unfortunate fellow Jonah was." "How's that?" "Why, if he had turned that whale trick in the twentieth century, he'd have been in every soap advertisement in the civilized world."—*Denver Times*.

"Lizzie, does yo' hab dat joyful feelin' in yo' bones dat's always de forerunner of 'possum for dinner?" "Um. I never believes we's gwine ter have 'possum till I hab dat joyful feelin' in my stomach which is de after-runner of habing had him."—*Life*.

Anastasia—"Didn't I bury Mike, didn't I bury Tim, didn't I bury James and Jack?"—so I think, William, it would be wiser for me not to marry again." William—"Chance me, Anastasia, dear. Who knows but the tables may be turned this time!"—*Ex*.

Mrs. Grogan—"My, oh, my! Phwere did yez git th' black eye, Pat?" Grogan—"O, 'twas wan o' thim anarchists that had some wurdz wid me an' Clancy." Mrs. Grogan—"O! the murderin', black-hearted, dirthy—" Grogan—"Sh', darlint, don't shpake hard ay the dead."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"It used to be my ambition," said the business man, "to accumulate a fortune and then retire." "Well," answered the friend, "haven't you realized it?" "No. I've got the money, but I don't dare retire. I've got to stay awake night and day to keep somebody from getting it away from me."—*Washington Star*.

Employer—"I saw you coming out of a saloon just now." Bakely—"Yes, sir." Employer—"And didn't I tell you I would fire you if I ever caught you doing that again?" Bakely—"Oh, no. You said you'd fire me if you saw me going into one. You surely can't reproach me for coming out."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Some of those foreign dishes on the dinner menu were a puzzle to me," confided the First Seaside-Passenger to the Second Seaside-Passenger, as they stood conveniently near the rail. "Puzzles?" asked the Second Seaside-Passenger; "I guess they were, but I gave them all up long ago."—*Baltimore American*.

"Where was the battle of Santiago fought?" asked the teacher. "Well," replied the wise youth, "it was begun near Santiago, Cuba." "And where was it ended?" "It isn't ended yet, but it is expected that the finish will take place and the final victory be announced at Washington, D. C., where the fighting is still going on."—*Chicago Post*.

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Showing John Bull around: "And what is this?" asked the visitor. "This is Wall Street. It is the most celebrated of all our American watering-places."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

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When a President of the United States steps aside from the beaten path of custom and party tradition in the performance of his duties, he is certain to arouse a storm of criticism, augmented by the interests of political partisanship and the activity of the sensational press. President Roosevelt has in various instances shown such a tendency, and, in consequence, is storing up difficulties for himself, the solution of which will severely test his courage, his strength, and his judgment. Politicians will rage, but the general public, having credited the President with the best of intentions, will watch

with hopeful interest the course of his administration. Mr. Roosevelt, it is conceded, favors the new treaty negotiated in connection with the building of the Nicaragua Canal, and in connection therewith is reported to have said to Senator Mason that an opponent of the treaty in the Senate would have difficulty in explaining to his constituents an attitude which would on its face appear to be antagonistic to this country and exclusively friendly to Great Britain. Such a statement would be an unusual one, but the public, in the first place, does not know what the President actually said, and, in the second place, is ignorant of the particulars of the proposed treaty.

We hear also that a serious break is imminent between Senator Hanna and the President on account of the latter's distribution of federal patronage in the South. The rumored threat of Senator Hanna to denounce the President's methods and resign from the national chairmanship, is considerably weakened by later news that the Ohio leader has stated in a mass-meeting in the State campaign that he has no intention of resigning, and calls upon the party everywhere to support the President.

Reports also have it that the President has arrayed himself as the champion of one of the factions in Delaware Republicanism. The basis of it is his appointment of William H. Heald, an anti-Addicks man, to be postmaster at Wilmington. One swallow does not make a summer, neither does this appointment belie the President's announced intention to make selection from merit, nor prove who will be his sole adviser in dispensing Delaware patronage.

The fact that President Roosevelt entertained Booker T. Washington at dinner is stirring up much criticism in the South. It may be taken to demonstrate the President's expressed purpose to represent the whole country and not a party, a class, or a faction.

The decision of the supreme court, holding the work of the code commission invalid, has led the lawyers of the State to resolve themselves into a committee of the whole on the state of the laws. The general opinion is that the effect of the decision will be more wide-reaching than was generally supposed at first. The court held that the entire code must be published with the amendment of any part of it. In the amendment of any section of the codes it has been the practice to publish only the original section and the section as amended, treating the section as a separate law, and not as a part of the code. Will any of these amendments stand? This is a question the lawyers are discussing. Some of the more important amendments thus brought into question may be mentioned. The county government act is perhaps the most important. Its object is not set forth in its title, so it comes within the decision. It has been in force more than a year, and a new classification was made under it in nearly every county in the State. San Francisco will not be affected, as the charter gives it a government independent of the legislature, except as to the justices of the peace, who hold under the county government act. The Taylor-Kelly act, restricting the power of boards of supervisors, city councils, town trustees, and other governing bodies in levying taxes on various kinds of business for police regulation only, and not for revenue, has been declared constitutional, yet it is an amendment of the political code, and comes within the decision. It is of interest, particularly to the liquor dealers. The new primary law is also an amendment to the political code, enacted without the publication of the entire act, and its constitutionality is called into question. In 1895, a law was enacted providing that real estate upon which the taxes remained unpaid for five years should be sold to the State. Under its provisions, considerable holdings have been bought by the State and resold to private individuals. It is an amendment of the political code, and thus a cloud is thrown upon the title of these private purchasers. The new civil code provides that marriages may be solemnized by police judges and recorders. The validity of all marriages so solemnized is thus called into question, though

many lawyers think that the courts will hold that they were solemnized by *de facto* officials, and therefore valid, it being the policy of the law to uphold the validity of the marriage tie on grounds of public policy. In the code of civil procedure, section 170 relates to the right of a defendant to obtain a change of venue on the ground of the judge's prejudice. Several cases are now before the supreme court on appeal under this section, and will be affected. These are but some of the points that are raised by this decision, which has thrown the legal fraternity into a state of confusion.

Lyman T. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, appeared recently before the convention of the American Bankers' Association, in session at Milwaukee, and gave his views in favor of an immediate and radical revision of the national currency system. The present he considered to be a most auspicious time for entering upon the work of reforming the elements of weakness which have appeared. It is a period of peace, prosperity, and plenty. Late reports show an abundance of money on hand, and a very satisfactory and growing surplus in spite of reductions made in the war taxes. Including the redemption fund of \$150,000,000, there is now in the Treasury an accumulation of gold amounting to more than \$350,000,000. The rate of increase shown by the surplus indicates an excess of \$70,000,000 for the year in receipts over expenditures, and an amount exceeding \$100,000,000, not being needed, has been placed with depositaries for its beneficial influence in the arteries of trade. Under such conditions in our finances, it is believed that necessary remedies might now be applied without injury to the course of business.

Mr. Gage outlined what he thought ought to be done, and his different suggestions are thus summed up: To put the demand liabilities of the government, known as legal-tender notes, in the way of retirement and cancellation, accomplishing it without the burden of any interest cost to the Treasury; to modify the system of bank-note circulation, making it more responsive to commercial and industrial requirements; to curtail the government guaranty for bank-note issues to the point of acting as guardian and trustee for the people in their relations to national banks; to deposit the excess of public moneys, beyond a reasonable working balance, in national banks; to continue the accumulation of Treasury funds by excess of revenue over expenses in time of peace, and applying the surplus to the reduction of the national debt.

While the present condition is gratifying, the Secretary believes in preparing for adverse conditions and changing a system under which he says "there is too close an intimacy between government finances and commercial affairs." If his ideas prevail, there may be legislation in accordance with them proposed in Congress this coming session.

It seems difficult to realize now that it is barely seven months since cases of bubonic plague were being reported to exist here, and San Francisco was being published to the world as a plague-stricken city. The federal authorities were then considering the propriety of establishing a quarantine of the port, the San Francisco board of health was doing all in its power to create a panic, and its efforts were ably seconded by the daily press. The *Argonaut* and the *Chronicle* were the only papers published in the city which steadily insisted that there was no danger of an epidemic, and no occasion for a scare. In this emergency the governor appointed a commission to investigate the facts. The report of that commission has just been published.

The first work of this commission was to avert the danger of a quarantine that would seriously injure the commerce of the port. With this purpose in view they went to Washington to interview the authorities. There the surgeon-general of the marine hospital service showed them a telegram of instructions to the officer in charge in San Francisco that is important. It is dated two months before the



appointment of the commission, and says that the situation in San Francisco was not acute. Experience in other places and climatic conditions in this city made it more a matter of future menace to be guarded against than for present alarm. No measures need be taken that would excite alarm, and there was no necessity for publication. In other words, our contention that there was no occasion for a scare was correct.

The commission then returned to this city, and, in coöperation with the federal authorities, began its work here. This was divided into two parts—a cleansing of Chinatown and an investigation for cases of the plague. In all 1,185 buildings were cleansed, disinfected, and fumigated; 1,511 loads of garbage were removed and burned. For inspection a corps of seven physicians was engaged. A house-to-house canvass was made, and the seventeen blocks of the Chinese quarter were covered eight times. Every case of sickness was examined, a clinical history compiled, and a diagnosis made. In all 307 Chinese cases were found, and not one had the bubonic plague. Between April 8th and August 27th, autopsies were made on 103 cases, not one of which showed signs of the plague. It is significant that not one case of alleged bubonic plague was found by the local authorities after April 8th, the date when the commission began its work. Suspicious cases were reported, but in every case the autopsy proved that there was no basis for the suspicion. The commission concludes that there was not then and never had been a case of bubonic plague in San Francisco. After the commission began its work only one paper in this city continued to be an alarmist. Some of the interior press continued the cry, and probably never will abandon it. The character of these papers, however, is such as to make their outpourings of no consequence.

One by one the various strikes that have paralyzed industry in this city for some time past are dwindling away. The whole movement is crumbling because of the instability of its foundation. The latest accessions to the ranks of the laborers from the ranks of the idlers are from the Shipwrights' and Caulkers' unions. They have been out of work five months. On May 20th they went out on strike to reinforce the demands of the iron-workers. They had no grievance of their own, but desired to take a hand in the fight between the iron-workers and their employers. Their desire has been gratified, and what do they get for it? In the first place, they lose their wages for five months—nearly one-half the earnings of an entire year. In the second place, they have driven business from the city, thereby reducing their opportunities for employment. In the third place, they are now obliged to work with non-union men. In the fourth place, those whose positions were taken by non-union men are thrown out of employment entirely, for no non-union men were discharged and only those union men were employed for whom there was work. They have returned to work in the Union Iron Works and in the Risdon. In neither place was any concession whatever made to them. The iron-molders returned to work some time ago without gaining any concessions. The machinists say that they will be unaffected by the defection of the shipwrights and caulkers. They say that they are used to seeing others return to work, and that they will continue the strike indefinitely until brighter prospects appear.

Recent outbreaks in the Philippines are giving new uneasiness to the national authorities. Following the news of the disaster to a company of the Ninth Regiment, which we published last week, comes a report of an attack of nine hundred holomen upon a detachment of the same regiment at Bangajon, also in Samar. The details are as yet not fully known, but results reported are of the killing of ten and the wounding of six Americans; the timely arrival of reinforcements, the final rout of the natives, and the slaughter of over a hundred of their men. While there has been of late some sporadic violence in Luzon, the recent troubles are mainly confined to the Islands of Samar, Cebu, and Leyte—Samar being the main seat of disaffection.

Samar is occupied by thirty-eight small American posts mostly distributed along the coast, while the helligent natives of the interior consist of five roving bands, officered and incited by Filipinos who have been driven from Luzon. The difficulty of dispersing or capturing them is increased by the character of the country, which is mountainous, cut by deep and rushing torrents, an absence of roads, and the prevalence of an almost impenetrable underbrush. General Hughes, in command of that region, reports a gradual submission of the natives in some parts of the island—sixteen thousand having come in between the Hibitan and Gandara Rivers—but extreme difficulties are experienced in getting possession of rifles and in making roads and trails. In Leyte, Chief Pacheco has surrendered, but the Capile

brothers are still in the field. There is also an unsold element at large in Cebu.

Sixto Lopez, who represents Aguinaldo, has forwarded an appeal to the President, concerning Filipino dissatisfaction with American rule, but in what the dissatisfaction consists is not disclosed. It also comes to the surface that there is a difference of opinion between the civil and military authorities in the Philippines as to the wisdom of reducing the American forces in the islands, the civil officers believing that many could be spared. The late hutcheries in Samar have rather strengthened the position of the military men, that the force can not be reduced, but may need to be enlarged. The question has been taken up at Washington, and the discovery made that the terms of nearly twenty thousand men now in the Philippines will expire between now and the first of June next. If the situation does not improve in the meantime, these men will have to be replaced, and if it improve, the transport service will be taxed to the uttermost to bring them back to this country. The President is expected to take up the subject soon with Secretary Root.

Army officers are bringing back specimens of gold with reports that many of the valleys are so extremely rich in the precious mineral that, when the government is in a position to issue permits and franchises, there will undoubtedly be a great influx of mining men to the Philippines from all over the world.

The newly born Union Labor party has been struck a body blow by those whom it formerly considered its friends. During June of this year, before the strike had inflamed men's passions, the Building Trades Council, one of the most powerful labor combinations, adopted a resolution strongly deprecating the idea of combining trades organizations into a separate political party. To-day, after its advice has been spurned, and the Union Labor party has been organized by certain trades-unions and trades-unionists acting independently, it reiterates its opposition, and repudiates any affiliation with the movement. The June resolution declared that any such organization would be inimical to the interests of labor, would cause dissensions in the ranks of organized labor, and was opposed to the principles of trades-unionism. To-day it repeats these opinions, and declares that it is only within the recent past that it has, by affiliation with existing parties, brought about laws such as that providing for the eight-hour day, the minimum rate of wages, the initiative, and the referendum. As the council has done in the past it will do in the future with increasing energy. The council, having accomplished so much by affiliation with the old parties, does it not follow that a continuation of the same methods through the same channels will ultimately bring about the greatest success looked forward to by trades-unionism? Therefore, the Building Trades Council "desires it to be distinctly understood that it is not a party to, has no candidates in, nor affiliation with the Union Labor party, and desires to impress upon every trades-union man connected with the building industry that this municipality is best governed when public servants are selected from the entire community without regard to any particular class." Such, in brief, is the declaration issued by the council. It deprives the Union Labor party of a large percentage of the support it counted upon.

It is no secret that the retail vendors of intoxicants in this city are in politics as a class. They form no party, and belong to none; they nominate no candidates, and hold no conventions. But they have an organization that looks after their interests in political affairs, and at each election there is a liquor-dealers' ticket, made up of the candidates of the regular parties who are favorable to them. When two opposing candidates are favorable, both are generally indorsed. They form a political force of sufficient importance to make the various political aspirants anxious to secure their support. This year the liquor dealers have been in a quandary as to whom they should support for the office of mayor. Other considerations being equal, they would prefer to indorse Eugene E. Schmitz, who heads the Union Labor ticket. But they are in politics for business, and sentiment has no place in business. It would avail them nothing to indorse an unsuccessful candidate, and a class candidate has little chance of being elected. Asa R. Wells, the Republican candidate, has a record that is very unsavory from the point of view of the liquor dealers. Some years ago he was a member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and as such advocated that the saloon license should be raised from eighty-four dollars to one thousand dollars a year. There are a few, but very few, liquor dealers who would favor this change. It would drive the small dealers out of the business and give a monopoly to those who could afford to pay the license that will amply recoup them for the extra expense. But the small dealers are vastly in the majority, and they have no approval for a scheme that would cause them to seek new

employment. Therefore, Mr. Wells is out of the running so far as their indorsement is concerned. Joseph S. Tobin, the Democratic candidate, occupies a negative position. He has no record such as that which damns Mr. Wells, nor is he as acceptable, personally, as is Mr. Schmitz. Under the circumstances, many favored the plan of leaving the indorsement blank, and letting fate and the preferences of the voters decide. At the time this is written, the question is in abeyance, with the fight between Tobin and Schmitz should any indorsement be made.

Recently President Roosevelt gave two shocks to the South. The first was when he appointed Governor Thomas G. Jones, an ex-rebel, to a federal judgeship in Alabama. The second was when he invited Booker T. Washington, a prominent colored man, to dine at the White House table. The first of these two acts of the President caused a profound sensation from the Chesapeake to the Gulf. The Southern papers at once joyously announced that the President "had Southern blood in his veins on his mother's side," that the Republican-negro party in the South would be broken up, and that the political loaves and fishes would henceforth go to good, sound, Democratic colonels and brigadiers. But when the President asked a negro citizen to dine with him, the vials of Southern wrath were uncorked. Senator Tillman at once put to the President the old ante-hellum question: "Do you want your daughter to marry a negro?" It sounded like 'sixty-one. If the President feels puzzled over the situation, we would suggest the following way out of it: Let him continue to appoint ex-rebel brigadiers to posts of honor and profit, but in each case let him invite the haughty Southerner to dine with some prominent negro at the White House table. If the haughty Southerner declines, let him appoint the negro.

An organization is being effected which, when in working order, will be the strongest of its kind ever brought together on this Coast. Under its control will be every coastwise vessel that enters or leaves this port. Several years ago there was a big strike of sailors that for a time tied up the shipping industry here. The most important outcome of that strike was the formation of the Shipowners' Association. Since that time, the members of the association have shipped and paid off their men in the office of the association. A few months ago, the sailors and firemen notified the managers of certain steamship companies that on a certain date they would require the steamship-owners to sign a new agreement relating to wages, hours, and overtime, under penalty of a strike. The date has passed, the agreement has not been signed, and the strike has not taken place. But, as a result of the demand, the Steamship Managers' Association was formed. The recent strike led the owners of steam-schooners to take preliminary steps toward the formation of an association. This led to a proposal for a combination of the three bodies. Informal talks were had between representatives of the associations, and now the consolidation is being consummated. In the meantime, the steam-schooner owners will obtain men through the Shipowners' Association. This is precisely what the *Argonaut* predicted not long ago. The organization of laborers and employees into unions for the purpose of enforcing their demands led inevitably to the organization of employers into associations for the purpose of resisting their demands. The situation is just where it was before, with two exceptions. The substitution of organizations for individuals will cause the contests to be waged on a larger scale. As each individual employer was stronger than each individual employee, so the association of employers is stronger than the association of employees.

The making of new Cabinet officials has been a constantly recurring subject since the Secretary of the Navy was made a Cabinet officer in 1798. Under the earliest administration there were but four members of the Cabinet—the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, and the Attorney-General. The Secretary of the Navy was the first, and the Postmaster-General was the second addition—the latter occurring in 1829. In 1849 the Department of the Interior was organized, and its chief added to the Cabinet. In 1889 the Department of Agriculture was created. Now Eastern merchants are urging a new Cabinet officer to be placed in charge of a Department of Commerce, and Western men are talking of the need of another to be placed at the head of a Department of Mines and Mining. There is undoubtedly much work which the government is well fitted to do in the interests of many branches of industry, but it is just possible that the gathering of statistics, the management of the posts, the tabulation of the population, and scientific experiments with seeds, ores, bugs, etc., might be more naturally conducted by bureaus than by departments with executive officers at their heads. We had already passed the line which divides the



bureau offices from those with governmental functions when we made the Secretary of Agriculture and the Postmaster-General advisers of the executive. The question will be where to stop. The same arguments in favor of a Secretary of Commerce will apply down the whole line of human endeavor, until every interest breaks into the Cabinet—mines, manufactures, labor, census, irrigation, pensions, horticulture, brewing, "and so *ad infinitum*."

Throughout the State, the country press is commenting freely, and with satire, on the anomalous position of the San Francisco dailies in the municipal campaign. They call attention to the facts that the *Examiner* refuses to support the labor-unions' ticket, and in a half-hearted way upholds Tobin, the Democratic candidate; that both the *Chronicle* and the *Call* denounce the Republican candidate for mayor; and that the labor paper does not favor the labor-unions' candidate, but declares against the movement that resulted in his nomination. The confusion of the self-appointed advisers is certainly an entertaining spectacle.

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### The Growth of the Beet Sugar Industry.

[The following communication is a timely statement, in view of the agitation of the question of Cuban reciprocity.]

ALVARADO, CAL., October 3, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Permit me to contrast two statements, the first from the *Observer*, of Corning, Tehama County, August 24, 1901:

"Henry Clark was in from his ranch, on Elder Creek, Tuesday. His grain, like the average crops in this vicinity, yielded eight sacks to the acre."

F. n. h. wheat prices this summer in the Sacramento Valley averaged 85 cents.

The second, from the Michigan *Sugar Beet*, quoting from a Colorado paper:

"At 24 tons to the acre, the yield of the 56 acres will be 1,344 tons, which . . . would make the returns foot up to \$6,048. Deduct from this \$1,680 cost of production, and there is left a net profit of \$4,368, or at the rate of \$78 per acre. This is simply a sample of what sugar-beets will do in Larimer County. There are smaller fields in the same vicinity, which it is believed will yield 30 tons to the acre."

While such yields are not the average, they are not uncommon, particularly in the rich alluvial soils of Colorado and California. Is it surprising that an industry which holds forth such possibilities to the farmer is expanding with marvelous rapidity? Ten years ago there were ten beet-sugar factories in the United States, to-day there are thirty-three in operation, ten building, and eight or ten in process of organization; and each one represents an average investment of half a million dollars. Their success rests on the primary prosperity of the farmer who furnishes the raw material, and, as an evidence that the farmer is pleased, look at Michigan's rapid expansion: One factory in 1898, eight in 1899, ten to-day, and seven building. Colorado: One in 1899, three to-day, and two building; but it appears better in tabular form:

##### Daily Factory Capacity.

|                     |                                       |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------|
| California. . . . . | in 1886, 80 tons of beets. . . . .    | To-day, 10,200 tons |
| Nebraska. . . . .   | in 1890, 330 tons of beets. . . . .   | To-day, 1,200 tons  |
| Michigan. . . . .   | in 1898, 350 tons of beets. . . . .   | To-day, 6,650 tons  |
| Utah. . . . .       | in 1891, 300 tons of beets. . . . .   | To-day, 2,400 tons  |
| Colorado. . . . .   | in 1893, . . . tons of beets. . . . . | To-day, 2,350 tons  |

Besides these there are factories in New Mexico, Oregon, Washington, Minnesota, New York, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Canada.

Unless the American farmer sees a profit in the beet crop, it does not interest him, and the expansion above noted is a direct outgrowth from the previous profit and satisfaction on the farm. And this growth is the mere preliminary start of an industry which Secretary Wilson says has already shown its capacity to supply us with home-made sugar. Consumption of sugar in the United States in 1900, 2,219,814 tons; imported during the same period, 2,009,043 tons. Almost 25 per cent. of this importation was beet sugar from Europe. Can any other commodity be named of which 90 per cent. is foreign make, every pound of which could be produced on the farm. The beet-sugar factory merely extracts the sugar; the beet in the field is really the manufacturer, and the amount made there is directly proportional to the care and attention bestowed. As they say in Germany, "Sugar is hnd into beets."

Here, then, is an infant industry established and conducted by the farmer. The total domestic production of beet sugar in 1900 was 82,736 tons. Our total consumption shows that if we maintain our present rate it would require 26 times 33 (the number of factories to-day), or 858 factories, to supply us. But our per capita consumption is increasing, as well as our population; in 1900 we used 141,779 tons more than the previous year (an increase of 6.8 per cent., an annual increase which has averaged for 19 years 6.3 per cent.), or, in other words, in order merely to keep pace with our yearly increase in consumption, the present beet factories must double in number each year; which means for factories alone a future annual investment of about \$33,000,000. And even with that tremendous investment in a purely agricultural industry we would be only meeting a prospective yearly increase in consumption; the increased home production would not lessen the imports a pound.

Expansion is an issue of the day; the farmer believes in it (expansion of beet culture), particularly when it means a crop with possible net returns of \$78 per acre. He also believes in protection to infant industries. He notes the interested zeal to give Cuba reciprocity—nothing more nor less than free admission of her sugar—he recalls his 8 sacks of wheat per acre, he notes Utah's marvelous success with irrigated beets, a success which has caused imitation in Oregon, Colorado, California, New Mexico, Persia, Egypt, and Algeria, and which, from actual commercial tests, has been proved a simple matter for California's great interior valleys—he notes all this, and then he turns to McKinley's last public words, and reads: "If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?"

With such an assurance from the very apostle of protection, standing as he was in the shadow of the end, neither the American farmer nor the beet factory should for a single moment fear that Cuban reciprocity will be accomplished. The sugar-refining interests are the only ones culling for it, and their cry is from the last ditch into which our growing beet business is crowding them. They know that with the maintenance of the policy of protection the day is not far off when their refineries will be idle and the American farm will be producing very pound of sugar we use. They know that free sugar is their only resort, and the plea of reciprocity for poor, dear, downtrodden Cuba's sake their only chance to get it. They recognize, being shrewd

business men, the menace of beet sugar to their business; yesterday they cut the price of sugar for all Missouri River points from 5.03 per pounds to 3½ cents, which is a quarter of a cent less than the New York figure for raw cane sugar! And which is 0.2 of a cent below the lowest figure ever reached in the New York market for raw sugars, which was in 1892 under President Cleveland's free-trade administration. This cut was held in reserve till the American beet factories put their output on the market; the statistical position of sugar was no different then from which it had been for months. Despite the bad effects of such a sugar war, it is in reality a very strong testimony to the standing of the beet industry.

I have noted these hurried conclusions thinking they might be of interest to you, although the letter is not meant for publication, though you are at liberty to quote. Very respectfully, H. B.

#### POLITICAL NOTES.

Mr. Tobin on Issues of the Municipal Campaign.

At a public meeting in Metropolitan Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, the Democratic nominee for mayor, made the principal address, and it was received with applause and cheers by an audience that filled the building. From his speech the following extracts are given, and brief as they are they state the claims of the Democratic ticket to popular favor with clearness and force:

"Fortunately for us in this campaign, the issue is a simple one. It is defined clearly, distinctly, accurately against the western sky, as clear and distinct as the statue of justice surmounting our City Hall. Upon the one hand you have men, honest and competent, men whose sole duty in public life has been to discharge faithfully their oaths of office. Upon the other hand, you have men lashed to the plans and steals of the corporations, and bosses who dominated the convention which spewed them forth, and breathed into their shapeless and distorted trunks the breath of political life.

"I use the word corporation carefully; I say it with regret. Corporations are the creatures, the creations, of the law, and as such are entitled to the protection of the law as much as the weakest, the humblest individual in our municipality. Their rights are sacred. But when their influence becomes an influence for evil, when it controls conventions and bribes legislators, when it dominates tickets, when it combines and conspires to steal into our legislative halls beneath the shadow of a party that has given us a Grant, a Lincoln, and a McKinley—when that hour arrives, it is time for action. It is the time and the hour for the people of San Francisco to arise and define clearly and distinctly where corporate control ends and municipal authority begins.

"After all, the questions presented in a municipal campaign are simply the questions of domestic economy. There are no national issues involved. We live out here, far from the centre of political and intellectual life. We form, as it were, a distinct community. We have our own issues, and we must make our own answers to those issues. The question is simply a question of better streets, of better school-houses, of better sanitation, of better parks, of better lighting, of better financial economy. That is the plain, simple question. There is no other issue involved, I say. And the only answer to that question is: 'Do you want honesty or dishonesty, honor or dishonor, corruption or open and fair treatment?'

"During the coming year the present franchise of the Geary Street Railroad Company will expire, and the long-sought opportunity will thus be afforded us of testing the practical utility of municipal ownership. But there is a plan on foot by which it has been determined that that opportunity shall be lost. There is a plan on foot to steal the Geary Street franchise from the city. The names upon the Republican ticket are not those of friends of municipal ownership. Their platform ignores the subject; their leaders repudiate it. I firmly believe that they have pledged themselves to take that franchise from the hall where it properly belongs—the hall of the legislative chamber of San Francisco—and place it where it will do the most good, in a tall building on Market Street. We, on the other hand, have pledged ourselves to secure this franchise for the city, and our purpose is to turn the Geary Street Railroad into an electric road, place the wires underground, and operate it for the benefit of the city. In that way we will give you all a practical, economical test of the utility and practicality of municipal ownership.

"We have been to a great extent in charge of the municipal government of the city of San Francisco for the past two years. We have put honest men into office. No man can say that there has been a breath of scandal affecting any one of them. They have conducted your financial affairs with thrift and economy. For the first time in its history your City Hall is as clean as the Mills Building. The clerks have been selected upon merit, to be retained upon good behavior. Look into our official history. We have nothing to conceal; we dread no judgment. We found the city floundering in debt, the streets in darkness, the public buildings neglected, the public credit impaired. We leave it now clean, its public buildings in the best of order, its streets well lighted, its gas and water rates fair and just, its finances restored, and its streets improved. Upon this record we submit ourselves to your judgment, together with the pledge contained for our future conduct in the platform. To your good common sense we submit ourselves, and we do not dread the judgment that will be given."

Mr. Tobin's record as a citizen, as a business man, and as a member of the present board of supervisors, is a guaranty of a dignified and honorable administration in any office, and should he be chosen mayor of San Francisco, the interests of the people will be safe in his hands.

Arthur G. Fisk, the Republican nominee for district attorney, should need no introduction to San Franciscans. He is a native son, a graduate of the Boys' High School, and was graduated from Harvard Law School in 1894. His first practice was in the law office of Hon. M. M. Estee. He was a member of the last assembly, and chairman of the ways and means committee, that reported the lowest tax levy ever made in the State. Mr. Fisk has an enviable reputation among his brother attorneys and in the courts, and his ability is acknowledged. He will be an able and energetic officer, if elected, and his support is not confined to any class or faction.

Mr. P. Boland, Democratic nominee for public administrator, is the present incumbent of the office. He has been a faithful and efficient officer and should be reelected. These are facts, stated briefly. The proof is in the unanimous praise of the superior judges, the attorneys, and all having business with his office. He has settled more than two hundred estates without a single complaint. Such servants of the public should be retained.

It is admitted that the only way to secure competent and faithful public officers is to reelect those who have proved themselves such. The last grand jury reported that the office of Franklin K. Lane, our city attorney, was conducted "in the very best manner possible." Is it not good moral policy, as well as good business policy, to reelect Mr. Lane city attorney?

#### ANOTHER CAUSE FOR DIVORCE.

President Roosevelt may have stirred up the South by asking Booker T. Washington to dinner, but that is as nothing compared to the tumult Mrs. Roosevelt will be responsible for by saying she has always dressed on three hundred dollars a year. Thousands of husbands will fling that in the teeth of thousands of wives. Millions of fathers will make life dreary by rubbing it into millions of daughters. Mothers will lie awake at night thinking how it was done. Editors of query columns in women's papers will be deluged with letters asking if they think it possible, and, if so, please explain how. Journalists, who don't know how much a single article of their wife's wearing apparel has cost, will write smart articles about it. The quarrels that it will give rise to will drag along as tediously as the siege of Troy. In States where the divorce laws are lax, it could be developed into a highly useful cause for divorce—the wife could not dress on three hundred dollars a year, which, being sufficient for the President's wife, should be sufficient for all American women, and the husband therefore seeks divorce from her on the ground of undue extravagance.

But the worst phase of the subject is, that it is going to be one of the statements that the male mind persistently fastens to, like a barnacle on a rock. Once let a man get an idea like this firmly planted in his brain, and it is hopeless to try and uproot it. And, of course, to make him realize that it is what might be called a curtailed statement is useless. The three hundred dollars was expended on three dresses. That is all right, possible, and proper. But what was spent on the rest—that enormous, expensive, beautiful, unenduring, necessary rest? A clever manager, with stern tastes for unbleached muslin, alpaca, and sailor-hats, might do it on two hundred. Quantities of women dress well on five hundred a year, but they don't spend one hundred dollars, or nearly that, on one dress. Where that is the division of expenditure, "the rest" would be at the rate of four or five hundred more. A woman would hardly wear a hundred-dollar dress and a three-dollar hat, or lisle-thread gloves, or cheap boots all out of shape and badly made, or an alpaca petticoat. She would be "en suite"—that is, if she were an American. If there are women who are going to follow Mrs. Roosevelt's system—and there probably will be by the thousands—they must remember that the hundred-dollar dress sets a high standard of expenditure. It means every other adjunct of the wardrobe at a proportionate cost, and that would mean in the year about six hundred dollars.

This would be an extraordinarily low figure for an Eastern American woman of high station who "went out" into society to spend on her clothes. Thousands of women throughout the country will make an excellent appearance on half that sum, but these, as a rule, are women who are clever with their fingers, and can "make things" for themselves. A woman with six children and a high social position to fill would certainly have no time to spend in that sort of way. She would be the very person who would have to have everything made for her, and made well, as she would not have time to fuss and waste with incompetent dress-makers or milliners. We must take it that the three hundred dollars is only, say, half Mrs. Roosevelt's annual outfit for clothes. Even doubling it this way, it is a very small sum for one of her position to expend. Let us hope that her example may have some effect in the East, where the money spent on dress by women of comparatively small means is something terrible and amazing. In New York, an average annual allowance for a girl in her teens, who has not yet become a star in the great world of fashion, is fifteen hundred dollars. This is by no means a generous allowance. Should the girl be a belle, and require many half-dresses, it would have to jump to the two thousand mark. If Mrs. Roosevelt's economical spirit will have a check upon such foolish extravagance, she will have instituted a reform as necessary and far-reaching as any of her husband's.

I see that the *Black Cat* has started another prize competition story contest, and have no doubt that all the English speaking peoples of the globe are feverishly writing stories "not longer than six thousand words and on one side of the paper only." During the last large contest I was in New York, and everybody you met took you confidentially aside and told you they were writing a story for the *Black Cat* contest—"just a little thing I'm dashing off in my odd moments"—when you knew they were watering it with the sweat of their brows, and burning gallons of midnight oil in the throes of composition.

But this year's contest brings with it a blank feeling of dismay. Why don't the *Black Cat* people realize that we all want money, and we all expect to take the first prize. And the first prize is a trip around the world. *Quelle Cordee!* Who wants to take a trip around the world without large amounts of money to spend en route! And the person that will get that prize will be some clerk in an office, or school teacher, who could no more get one hundred and seventy-six days off than they could square the circle.

But the second is worse—a Skene automobile. Fancy becoming suddenly possessed of a Skene automobile, which seats four and is propelled by steam! It would be like winning Jumbo in a raffle. What would be one's feelings when the Skene automobile rattled up to the door and stood there, gasping and puffing and waiting to hold four?

Several "writing-machines," and an "Angelus" are added to the list of prizes that are not money. An angelus is not Millet's painting, but some kind of instrument. I'd like to compete for it, just from curiosity, but I am so afraid I might get the Skene automobile, or the round-trip to Boston, that I lack the courage. Personally, I have a great tendresse for the *Black Cat*. It gives large prizes and it pays promptly, but I do wish it would go back to the happy days when money was all it offered. I think of thrilling subjects for stories, and then I dream at night of the Skene automobile thundering to the door, with a phantom chauffeur clamoring for three victims. GERALDINE BONNER.



## A TRAGEDY OF TEMPERAMENT.

Extracts from Máxim Górký's "Fomá Gordyéeff"—A Hero Who Ruined Himself Because of His Best, Not His Worst Instincts—The Modern Volga Merchants.

Rebellion against the established order of the social and commercial morals of the Russian merchant class is the sonorous undertone of Máxim Górký's much-discussed Russian novel, "Fomá Gordyéeff." This is not surprising, for the author has seen more of the seamy side of life than most men, and endured many trials and privations before he finally won recognition in his own country as one of the leading writers in fiction. In "Fomá Gordyéeff," he depicts the modern Volga merchant as being without culture, slavish toward his superiors, overbearing toward the peasants, constantly in pursuit of the rouble, and varying his life only with drinking-bouts and immorality. Górký's hero is the son of one of these wealthy merchants, Ignát Gordyéeff, a curious blend of tyrant, schemer, and sensualist. When his first wife passes away, after having borne him four daughters, all of whom have died, Ignát allows only six months to elapse before he takes another wife. She is the daughter of one of his business acquaintances, and of the mystic, dreamy, melancholy type. Ignát's one passionate longing is to have a son, an heir who shall inherit his wealth and carry out his vast enterprises—and his happiness knows no bounds when one day he is informed that his wife Natálya has presented him with a fine, sturdy boy:

A maid came to him in his study and said in troubled tones: "Ignátí Matoyévitch! Natálya Fominishna is asking for you. She feels badly—"

"Badly? How so? It will pass off!" he hellowed, his eyes sparkling with joy. "Tell her I will come at once! Tell her she's a fine fellow! Tell her she'll get her confinement-gift immediately! Wait! Prepare luncheon for the priest—send for my friend Mayákin!"

His huge form seemed to have grown larger, and, intoxicated with joy, he flung himself awkwardly about the room; he smiled, rubbed his hands, cast glances of emotion at the holy pictures, and crossed himself with a flourish.

At last he went to his wife.

Then, the first thing he noticed was a tiny red hody, which the midwife was washing in a tub. When he saw that, Ignát rose on the tips of his boot-toes, and, putting his hands behind him, he drew near with cautious steps, and with lips amusingly puffed up. But it whimpered and floundered in the water, naked, helpless, pitifully—touching.

"What are you about—grasp him more carefully—for he hasn't any bones as yet," said Ignát to the midwife, in a low and entreating tone. She laughed, opening her toothless mouth and, as it were, playing ball with the baby from hand to hand.

"You go off to your wife. . . ."

He moved obediently toward the bed, and, as he went, inquired:

"Well, how goes it, Natálya?"

Then, as he reached the bed, he thrust aside the curtains which cast a shadow on it.

"I shall not survive it," said the gentle, hoarse voice. Ignát said nothing, as he gazed at his wife's face buried in the white pillow, over which, like dead serpents, were scattered her long, dark locks. Yellow, lifeless, with black rings around the large, widely opened eyes—he did not recognize it. And the gaze of those terrible eyes, fixed immovably upon something afar off, beyond the wall, was strange also to Ignát. His heart, seized with a heavy foreboding, ceased its joyful beating.

"Never mind, it's nothing—it is always so," he said, softly, bending over to kiss his wife. But she moaned straight in his face:

"I shall not survive it—"

Her lips were gray, cold, and when he touched them with his lips, he understood that death had already laid its hand upon her.

"O Lord!" he ejaculated, in a frightened whisper, conscious that terror was throttling him and preventing his breathing.

"Natásha! What will he do? For he needs the mother's breast? Why do you behave so?"

He almost shouted at his wife. The midwife bustled about her; as she dandled the crying baby in the air, she talked to him in a persuasive tone, but he heard nothing, and could not tear his eyes away from his wife's dreadful face:

Her lips moved, and he heard gentle words, but did not understand them. As he sat on the edge of the bed, he said in a dull and timid voice:

"Consider—he can not get on without you—for he is a little baby! Take courage; drive away the thought! Drive it away—"

He spoke—but understood that his words were superfluous. Tears welled up within him, and something heavy as a stone, cold as an iceberg, came into being in his breast.

"Forgive me—farewell! Be careful—see that you don't drink. . . ."

whispered Natálya, almost inaudibly.

The priest came, and covering her face with something, he began, with a sigh, to read over her words of gentle entreaty:

"O Lord God Almighty, who healest every infirmity, heal also thy servant Natálya, who this day hath borne a child—and raise her up from the bed whereon she lieth—for as spake the Prophet David: For in sin were we conceived, and we are all vile in thy sight. . . ."

The old man's voice gave way, his gaunt face was stern, and his garments gave forth an odor of incense.

"—preserve the child which hath been born of her from all evil, from every cruel thing, from every storm. . . . from evil spirits of the day and of the night. . . ."

Ignát listened to the prayer and wept in silence:

His tears, big and hot, fell upon his wife's bare arm; but her arm must have been insensible to the fall of the tears—it remained motionless, and the skin did not quiver from the dropping tears. Having received the prayer, Natálya became unconscious and died on the following day, without having said another word to any one—died as taciturn as she had lived. After providing a magnificent funeral for his wife, Ignát had his son baptized, and named him Fomá, and, repressing his feelings, transferred the baby to the family of the godfather, his old friend Mayákin, whose wife had also had a child a short time previously. The death of his wife sowed many a gray hair in Ignát's thick, dark beard, but a new expression—a softly-gracious expression—made its appearance in the surly gleam of his eyes.

Ignát's whole existence—save for occasional periods when he indulges in wild drinking-bouts—centres in his son, who is reared by Aunt Anísa—the most wholesome woman character in the book. When Fomá reaches manhood, his father patiently and cautiously initiates him into the round of commercial affairs, takes him with him to the exchange, tells him about the contracts and enterprises he has undertaken, about his fellow-merchants, describes to him how they "have made their way," what property they now own, and what are their characters:

Fomá quickly mastered the business, hearing himself seriously and thoughtfully toward everything.

"Our burdock is going to blossom into a scarlet poppy!" laughed Mayákin, winking at Ignát.

And yet, even when Fomá had passed his nineteenth birthday, there was something childlike, ingenuous, about him, which distinguished him from other young men of his own age. They laughed at him, considering him stupid; he held himself aloof from them, offended by their attitude toward him. But this vagueness of character in Fomá

inspired serious misgivings in his father and Mayákin, who never let him out of their sight.

"I can't understand him!" said Ignát, in affliction. "He doesn't go on sprees; apparently, he doesn't run after the women, he's respectful to me and to you, he minds everything we say—he's a handsome girl, and not a young man at all! And yet he doesn't seem to be stupid?"

"There's no particular stupidity apparent," said Mayákin.

"Just look at it! It's as though he were waiting for something. . . . There's a sort of curtain over his eyes. . . . His dead mother went through life gropingly, in the same fashion. Now, there's Afrikán Smólin, whose two years older—and just see what he is! I mean to say that it's even difficult to understand which of them—father or son—is the head of the other. He wants to go off to some factory or other to learn the business. . . . he rails: 'You've brought me up very badly, papa.' . . . There you have it! But my boy never makes any move on his own account. . . . O Lord!"

"Now see here, this is what you must do with him," counseled Mayákin, "do you pitch him, head over heels, into some urgent business or other! Really! Now, I mean it! Gold is tried by fire. We shall find out what are his propensities, if we leave him free to act. Send him off to the Káma—alone."

"Do you think we can risk it?"

"Well, if he ruins the affair, you will lose something. . . . but, on the other hand, we shall find out what he has in him."

"Indeed, then, I will send him off," said Ignát, with decision.

Accordingly, in the spring, Ignát dispatches his son with two barges of grain to the Káma River. Fomá gets his first taste of the power of money on this brush with the outside world, and instantly falls in love with a peasant, Pélagáya, who, at thirty, "was quaffing the last drops from the cup of life." But she is soon forgotten on his return home, for Sósya Pávlovna Medynsky, the wife of a wealthy architect, soon snares him with her coquetry. In the meantime, Ignát grows more and more erratic, and complains more and more frequently of indisposition. Early one Sunday morning he comes to his son's bedside and bids him arise at once and go into the garden. When Fomá joins him there, he finds Ignát seated in a large oaken arm-chair, under a wide-spreading apple-tree:

"Sit down," said Ignát.

"It would be best to send for the doctor," hesitatingly advised Fomá, as he sat down opposite him.

"It is not necessary. My distress seems to have passed off in the open air. And when I drink my tea, perhaps I shall feel still more relieved," said Ignát, pouring the tea into the glasses, and Fomá noticed that the tea-pot shook in the old man's hand.

"Drink."

Silently drawing his glass toward him, Fomá bent over it, blowing the froth from its surface, and, with a heavy heart, listening to his father's short, stertorous breathing.

All at once something clanged on the table so loudly that the tea-things rattled. Fomá shuddered, threw up his head, and met the startled, almost unconscious gaze of his father. Ignát stared at his son, and whispered, hoarsely:

"An apple fell—like a shot! crashed down as though from a gun—didn't it?"

"You'd better take some brandy in your tea," suggested Fomá.

"It's all right as it is."

Both fell silent. A flock of finches flew over the garden, showering their irritatingly merry twitter in the air. And again solemn silence wrapped the mature beauty of the garden in its embrace. The terror had not yet disappeared from Ignát's eyes.

"O Lord Jesus Christ!" he began, in a low tone, crossing himself vehemently—"we-ell it has come, my last hour of life."

"Enough, papa!" whispered Fomá.

"Enough of what?—come, let's finish our tea, and then do you go for the priest and my crony."

"I'd better go at once."

"The bells are just ringing for the liturgy. . . . you can't get the priest—and there's no hurry, perhaps it will pass off again."

And he began to sip his tea noisily from the saucer.

"I ought to live a year or two longer—you're young, and I have great fears for you. Live honorably and solidly—do not covet other men's property, keep a firm hold on your own."

It was difficult for him to speak; he paused, and rubbed his chest with his hand.

"Put no trust in people, do not expect much from them. We all live for the purpose of taking, not of giving. . . . O, Lord! have mercy upon a sinner!"

From somewhere in the distance, the heavy sound of a bell fell upon the morning silence. Ignát and his son crossed themselves thrice:

The first clamor of brass was followed by a second, a third, and soon the air was filled with the sounds of bells ringing for church, which were borne thither from all quarters—calling in smooth, sonorous, measured cadence.

"They have chimed for the liturgy," said Ignát, listening to the brazen roar. "Do you know the bells by their voices?"

"No," replied Fomá.

"Then listen. That one—do you hear it?—the bass, belongs to the church of St. Nicholas, the gift of Piór Mitrich Vyagin; and that other, the hoarse one, to the church of St. Prascóvia Pyatnitsa. . . ."

The singing floods of sound shook the air, which was filled with them, and melted away in the clear blue of the sky. Fomá gazed thoughtfully at his father's face, and saw that the alarm was vanishing from his eyes, which were growing more animated. But all at once, the old man's face turned a dark red, his eyes opened widely, and started from their sockets, his mouth opened in amazement, and from it proceeded a strange hissing sound.

"F—axh!"

Then Ignát's head dropped on his shoulder, and his cumbrous body sank slowly from the arm-chair to the ground, as though the earth were drawing it imperiously to itself. For a few seconds Fomá did not move or utter a sound, as he gazed at his father with terror and surprise; but then he rushed to Ignát, raised his head from the ground, and gazed into his face. That face was dark, motionless, and the widely opened eyes had no expression—either of pain, or terror, or joy. Fomá looked about him; as before, there was no one in the garden, and the resonant speech of the bells still floated in the air. Fomá's hands trembled, he let go of his father's head, and it struck the earth with a dull blow. Dark, viscid blood flowed in a slender stream from the open mouth across the blue cheek.

Fomá beat his breast with his hands, and kneeling down before the corpse, began to shout wildly and loudly. And quivering all over with fear, he continued, with crazed eyes, to seek some one amid the verdure of the garden.

After his father's death, Fomá falls into the clutches of Mayákin, who is firmly resolved to marry his godson to his daughter Liuba. Disgusted with society, however, Fomá gradually drifts away from the crafty Mayákin, and no longer heeds his advice. He begins to squander his money and to drink heavily, figures in escapade after escapade, and finally takes unto himself a mistress, with whom he journeys openly on the Volga. Mayákin connives to meet him one day, and proposes that they go to a hotel where they can talk over matters. Fomá readily agrees, having hit upon the idea of securing his absolute freedom by giving up his entire inheritance into the control of his godfather. When he makes this proposition, however, Mayákin shouts, angrily:

"Don't talk twaddle! Why do you play the fool?"

"Very well, then!" replied Fomá, quietly. "All right! You won't do it? Then—there will be nothing! I'll get rid of everything! And

we have nothing more to say to each other—farewell! I'll set to work now—you shall see! Rejoice—there'll be the devil to pay!"

Fomá was composed, and talked confidently; it seemed to him that if he had come to this decision—his godfather could not hinder him. But Mayákin drew himself up stiffly in his chair, and said—also simply and composedly:

"Do you know how I can deal with you?"

"As you please!" said Fomá, with a wave of the hand.

"Here, then, if I choose, I can go to town and have it arranged that you shall be declared crazy, and put in the lunatic asylum."

"Is it possible?" inquired Fomá, incredulously, but with a touch of alarm in his voice.

"Everything is possible with us, my dear fellow."

"You don't say so!"

Fomá dropped his head and stared furtively at his godfather's face, trembling as he reflected:

"He'll do it. . . . he'll show no mercy."

"If you play the fool seriously, then I must also take serious measures with you, I pledged my word to your father to set you on your feet. And I'll do it. . . . if you don't remain standing, I'll hoop you with iron. . . . then you will stand. . . . As if I didn't know that all these words of yours are mischievous extravagances bred by liquor. . . . But if you don't give that up—if you continue your indecent conduct, and undertake to ruin the property your father accumulated, out of insolence—I'll cover you up completely, from the head down—I'll put a bell-glass over you. It's an awkward thing to jest with me."

Mayákin spoke suavely. The wrinkles on his cheeks all curved upward, and his little eyes smiled sneeringly, coldly, from their little, dark bags. The furrows on his brow also formed a sort of strange pattern, as they rose toward his bald spot. His face was inflexible and pitiless, and inspired Fomá's soul with cold and melancholy.

"So there is no alternative for me?" said Fomá, sullenly. "You are cutting off all outlets from me."

"You have an alternative—go ahead! But I will guide you—don't worry—it will be safe! You'll find yourself in exactly your proper place."

This self-confidence, this unshakable boastfulness, made Fomá explode. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, in order to avoid striking the old man, he straightened himself up on his chair, and, with clenched teeth, began, straight in his godfather's face:

"Why do you brag? What have you to brag about? Your son—where is he? Your daughter—what is she? Ekh, you manager of life! Come now, you're clever, you know everything—tell me, why do you live? Why do you accumulate money? Aren't you going to die? Well, what then? You have kept me in bondage, you have taken possession of me, subdued me. . . . Wait a bit—just wait, perhaps I shall break loose! I'm not done with you yet! E-ekkh, you! What have you done for life? By what are men going to remember you? There was my father—he built a house, but what have you done?"

Mayákin's wrinkles quivered, and all assumed a downward curve, which imparted to his visage a suffering, weeping expression. He opened his mouth, but said nothing, as he stared at his godson in amazement, and almost with fear.

"How do you justify yourself?" inquired Fomá, in a low tone, never removing his eyes from him.

"Shut up, you puppy!" said the old man, softly, casting a glance of alarm round the room.

"I've said my say, and now I'm going! Just try to stop me!"

Fomá rose from his chair, flung his cap on his head, and cast a hostile glance at the old man.

"Go—b—but I'll . . . I'll . . . catch you! I'll have my day!"

said Yákov Tarasóvitch, with a broken voice.

"And I'll go on a debauch! I'll squander everything in carousing!"

"All right—we'll see about that!"

"Good-by. You hero. . . ." laughed Fomá.

"Farewell, for a short time! I won't give up my own way. . . . I love that. . . . and I love you—never mind, you're a good little lad!"

said Mayákin, softly, as though sighing.

"Don't love me—instruct me. . . . But what you can not do is to instruct me in the real way!" said Fomá, turning his back to the old man, and he left the room.

Up to the time of his quarrel with his godfather, Fomá had cared because he found life tiresome, out of curiosity and half indifferently—now he does it out of exasperation, almost in despair, being filled with a sentiment of revenge. One night, while seated alone on the banks of the Volga, he is overcome with a feeling of melancholy and isolation, and thus soliloquizes:

"If only some misfortune were sent to me—if I could but fall ill—but I am well, I am—like iron—I drink, I carouse—I live in filth—but my body does not even grow rusty, and only my soul aches. O Lord; to what end is such a life! How am I to free myself? O Lord, O Lord! Here am I—entirely alone, like that fire. Only, there is no light from me, nothing but stifling vapor. . . . deadly fumes. I wish I could meet a sensible man. . . . I should have some one to talk with. . . . It is utterly impossible for me to live alone. . . . I can do nothing. . . . I wish I could meet a man."

Far away, on the river, two large, crimson lights made their appearance, and above them a third. A dull roar proceeded thence, and something black moved toward Fomá.

"A steamer going down the river," he said to himself. "There may be more than a hundred people aboard her, and. . . . I have nothing in common with a single one of them. . . . They all know whether they are floating. . . . They all have interests. . . . every one of them, I suppose, understands what he wants. . . . but what do I want? And who will tell me? Where is there such a man?"

It is at the blessing of Ilyá Kónonoff's huge new steamer that Mayákin's turn comes to triumph over his misguided godson. In the midst of the feasting, Fomá is called upon for a toast, and, to the surprise of all, hurls brutal denunciations at the assembled merchants, every one of whom he knows is a rascal. Led by Mayákin, they spring upon him and bind him, and, when the vessel lands again, he is driven to a hospital for the insane. Upon his discharge, Mayákin sends him off to his mother's relatives in the Ural. Some three years later he is again seen on the streets of his native town, shattered by incessant intoxication, shabby, disheveled, and half-witted. As he slinks along, heeding no one, mumbling to himself, the townspeople call after him: "Hey, Prophet! come and tell us about doomsday!"

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Joseph Choate, United States ambassador to Great Britain, has arrived in America, and may not return in an ambassadorial capacity. Since the accession of President Roosevelt the American colony in London has been speculating when a change would be announced at the embassy, Choate being regarded by many as the positive antithesis to Roosevelt's stalwart policy. Senator Lodge and ex-Senator Wolcott are mentioned as possible successors.

Of the first eight Presidents, between 1789 and 1841, none died in office, and they averaged six and one-half years of service; while, from 1841 to 1901, a period of sixty years, there have been seventeen Presidents, with an average service of three and one-half years.



## FAMOUS CASES OF BRIGANDAGE.

How Lord and Lady Muncaster's Party Was Captured in Greece—  
Anecdote of Lefteri, a Noted Chief Who Operated in  
Asia Minor—Sicily's Powerful Brigands.

The capture of Miss Ellen M. Stone by brigands in a lonely pass in the mountains near the Turkish-Bulgarian frontier on September 3d, brings to mind the case of a party of English travelers, who, in the spring of 1870, were seized by Greek brigands at Oropos, and held for ransom. A picnic to the historic Plain of Marathon had been arranged by some of the members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Greek court. The party consisted of Lord and Lady Muncaster; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lloyd and their child; Fred Vyner, brother of the Marchioness of Ripon; Count Albert Bayl, secretary to the Austrian legation; the Hon. Edward Herbert, secretary to the British mission; and several other young *attachés*. They were on their way back to Athens when they were suddenly pounced upon by a party of brigands, under the command of the well-known brigand chief, Arvanitaki, and were carried off to the hill country lying between Pentelikon and Mt. Parnassus. The brigands, after about twenty-four hours, let the women go, not from any motives of chivalry, but merely because their presence impeded the rapidity of the movement of the band. At the same time, the men of the party were directed to draw lots for one of their number to return to Athens, and to announce the terms under which his companions might recover their liberty. It was Lord Muncaster, now an elderly gentleman and a frequent visitor to the United States, who was fortunate enough to be selected as emissary, and the demands with which he was intrusted by the brigand chief called for a ransom of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in money, a free pardon for present and past crimes, and the liberation of certain bandits then in custody. Lord Muncaster was given to understand, moreover, that if any attempt were made to pursue the band the prisoners would be put to death.

Lord Muncaster on reaching Athens hastened at once to the English legation, and sought the assistance of Mr. Erskine, the British envoy. The latter immediately arranged to pay the ransom demanded, and at the same time took steps to obtain from the Greek Government the promise of pardon for the bandits. It was here that Mr. Erskine and Lord Muncaster encountered difficulties. For, while the Greek constitution empowers the sovereign to grant amnesties for political offenses, he can not grant any pardon for criminal offenses, save with the consent of the national legislature, which was not then in session.

Negotiations were in progress with the brigands, with the object of conveying to them some assurance that a pardon would be granted in their favor as soon as parliament re-assembled, when the Greek cabinet, foreseeing not only trouble in the Chamber about the amnesty, but likewise that it would be called upon by Great Britain in course of time to defray the amount of the ransom paid by Mr. Erskine, started large bodies of troops and constabulary after the brigands. This was done without the knowledge of the king, and in defiance of the pledges of the Greek premier to the British envoy and to Lord Muncaster. The brigands, enraged by this breach of faith, carried their captives still further into the mountains, and, when hard pressed by their pursuers, murdered every one of them, servants and all, in cold blood. Some of them were shot, others stabbed in the back, while others had their throats cut.

So great was the indignation created by the behavior of the Greek Government in breaking its promises to the British legation, that King George was forced to dismiss the entire cabinet, and while the Greek treasury escaped the payment of the ransom, it was compelled by England to grant heavy damages to the families of some of the victims of the tragedy. A year later, owing to the energy displayed in the matter by King George, not only Arvanitaki and his entire band were captured and brought to justice, but likewise several members of the Greek parliament and an Englishman named Noel, established at Negroponte, who were proved to have been accomplices of the brigands, Noel, indeed, having furnished the information as to the amount of ransom which it would be well to demand for the release of the Muncaster party. A number of them were convicted and put to death, while the others were sentenced to various terms of penal servitude.

A curious anecdote is related of Lefteri, a noted brigand who operated in the vicinity of Yalova, a small village on the Gulf of Ismid, in Asia Minor. An American missionary was one day stopped on the road by Lefteri, who desired him to give up all the money he had about him, and to unpack his boxes in order that he might see what they contained. The missionary's reply was that as for money he had little or none, being nothing but a *kitabdj*, or seller of books, and that his boxes contained nothing but Bibles. Lefteri, having satisfied himself by a personal inspection of the truth of this statement, asked him if among the Bibles there was one which he could read. The American missionary readily offered to make him a present of one in the Turkish language, printed in Greek characters, but Lefteri insisted upon paying the price for it, which was seven *piastres*, saying as he did so that he had waylaid and stopped him fully expecting to get some money out of him, instead of which he (the missionary) would profit by their encounter.

That Lefteri made good use of his purchase was subsequently proved. One of his band having been some time later executed by the Turks in consequence of evidence furnished to them by a villager, Lefteri succeeded, with great difficulty, in decoying the informant out of the village, with the intention of revenging this act of treachery. Producing this very Bible, Lefteri pointed out the well-known text: "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." "You see," said he, "that as you have caused the death of my comrade, I should, according to this book, have a perfect

right to take your life; but not only is it not my practice to do this unnecessarily, but I wish you, for the rest of your days, to be a living example to your fellow-villagers of the danger they run in betraying any of my people. I shall therefore limit myself to cutting off your hand." This he accordingly did, and sent him back to his village.

It is related that on one occasion the chief of a band of brigands in Macedonia succeeded in capturing a young Armenian, whom he suspected of having given information to the authorities as to the whereabouts of his band; whereupon he sent a message to his mother, who lived in a village near, telling her that if she wished to see her son alive she must come at once to a certain spot. Fearing to disobey, the poor woman hurried to the place named, where she met the brigand chief, who immediately said: "I have sent for you to show you the way I treat traitors;" and, drawing his *yataghan*, he cut the wretched man into four quarters before his mother's eyes, adding, as he wiped the blood off his weapon: "Now, I am going to the top of that hill. Before sunset you will tell all the inhabitants of your village that they are to come out and see what I have done; should you not obey—and, mind, I shall be watching—I shall come and burn the whole village." Of course, there was no choice but to carry out the orders, and witness the ghastly spectacle.

F. Marion Crawford gives an interesting description of the brigands of Sicily in his volume entitled "The Rulers of the South." The principal reason, he says, why brigandage continues to exist there is that the outlaws make themselves useful to certain great land-holders, who in return protect the malefactors from the police. It may even be known that a whole band—supposed to be traveling together, which rarely happens—may be concealed in the house of a rich man, and that the police may be cognizant of the fact. In order to search the house, the commander of the detachment must produce a judicial warrant authorizing him to do so. The little squad of carabinieri and soldiers of the line have very probably tracked the bandits for several days through a wild and dangerous country, not having the slightest idea where they might next take refuge. It would be manifestly impossible to issue a general warrant authorizing the police to search any house in the country, for this would be regarded as an act of tyranny, and the Mafia would probably retort by bringing on a general revolution throughout the island. If the officer commanding the pursuing party sends back to his chief, therefore, for the necessary authority, the bandits, well informed of their pursuer's movements, have plenty of time to escape to another hiding-place; and if the officer at last receives the warrant, uses it, and finds no brigands in the house, the proprietor makes complaint to the heads of the Mafia, who have innumerable weapons at their command with which to make the action of the police publicly ridiculous. But if the officer, being quite sure that the brigands are in the house, takes upon himself the responsibility of searching it without a warrant, and if, as will very probably happen, the whole band escapes through a subterranean passage, such as may be found in many Sicilian houses, he is liable to an action at law, in the course of which the Mafia will spend hundreds of thousands of francs and exert its whole strength to destroy him. If by any possibility he escapes being dismissed from the service for having over-stepped his authority, his only chance of life is to leave the island secretly and at once.

As for a proprietor who refuses to receive the brigands, or to offer them the best he has so long as they are pleased to prolong their visit, neither his property nor his life will ever be safe from that day. His crops will be burned, his orange and lemon-trees hacked to pieces, his vines torn up by the roots; and if he is the possessor of great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, the professional cattle-lifters, who abound in Sicily, will mark him for their prey, knowing that neither the Mafia nor any band of outlaws will raise a finger to protect him. By twos and threes his cows and his oxen will disappear; with a skill that would do honor to Texas the brands on the animals will be converted into new and different ones, and before long the stolen property will be sold at a cattle fair a hundred miles away. If at the end of a year the unhappy victim is alive, he is wholly ruined, but it is far more probable that a bullet will have ended his troubles long before that time. To bring about such dire results, it is not even necessary that he should have shut his doors against the outlaws; he may receive them, entertain them, and thank them for the honor of their visit, as is customary in such cases, but if he should afterward give the least clew to their movements, he is a doomed man as surely as if he refused to receive them.

A recent cable message from Manila to the New York *Sun* says that Governor Romblon sent some of the American school-teachers assigned to him to Banton Island, where there is no American garrison, in care of the *presidente*. The latter, who feared to assume responsibility for the safety of the teachers, confessed that the district was a refuge for one hundred and fifty rebel riflemen. Thereupon the governor would not permit the teachers to remain. He arrested the *presidente*, and sent troops to destroy the band.

The Presidents that Ohio has given to the nation have been pursued by a curious and most lamentable fatality. Of the four, only President Hayes failed to die in office. Garfield and McKinley were assassinated, and William Henry Harrison served but one month of his term. Ohio men have been elected to five terms in office, but succeeded in serving only nine years and one month of the twenty years—Harrison one month, Garfield six months, Hayes four years, and McKinley four years and six months.

Major-General Adna R. Chaffee, commanding the division of the Philippines, has recommended to the War Department that a medal of honor be awarded to Second-Lieutenant Oliver P. M. Hazzard, Third Cavalry, for capturing Arthur Howard, the American deserter, under exceedingly difficult circumstances.

## THE FINGER OF THE SUN.

How Father Anselmo Stayed the Famine.

Beyond the alkali and cactus of the Arizona desert lies the red line of the Colorado, and beyond that the land of romance and of dreams. There, in a district apart and of itself, lived Father Anselmo. He had been born and raised in the place. He knew each stone and tree and hut and moving thing. Here he had thought the deep thoughts and dreamed the lofty dreams that had led him to the bosom of the church; and now he walked among his people, black-robed and loving, a veritable incarnation of good. And the simple people loved him, as simple people will, giving him full measure of faith and confidence. He knew them all—Juan and Sanchez and Pachita; Teofilo, Concepcion, and Pasqual; lived in their joys and hopes; sorrowed in their sorrows and defeats; and, counseling and aiding, walked with them down the stony road of life. It was fine, on a summer's evening, to see Father Anselmo standing on the *azoteo* of the house, gazing over the broad valley where the corn was ripening, and the people, with noise and laughter, were coming down the lanes toward home; for he loved to gather his flock to him in one all-embracing glance.

Thus they lived quietly, these people, until the season of the great drought. One will not soon forget those days. Year upon year the brazen sun looked down pitiless and tearless. Year by year the harvests burned in the fields until the stores of corn were gone and there were none from which to draw. Day by day the frames grew gaunt and the faces full of wonder that looked upon Father Anselmo in inquiry. And then came pestilence, and at last despair. Stricken for a fault unknown, they folded their blankets about their bowed heads, and with the simple stoicism of their race awaited death. There was little wailing or complaint. The low-murmured "*Ah Dios!*" could scarce be heard beyond the threshold, but none the less was the grief intense. And the sun beat down upon the fields, and the dust grew deeper upon the roads, and the world melted farther and farther away, and the rains or succor came not.

Passing from house to house where the grim visitor had been, or was awaited, Father Anselmo poured out his meed of comfort, condolence, or encouragement; but his heart was heavy and his feet leaden upon the stones. And when worn out he sought the shadow of his *patio* and the simple refreshment which gave him strength to endure, still in memory the mild eyes looked with wonder into his, and the soft voices murmured "*Ah Dios!*" in that strange note of astonishment and inquiry. So the days grew, and the horror. And one night Father Anselmo, sitting in the deep shadow in the garden of the plaza where the few trees were still alive, heard low-murmured conversation:

"*Madre de Dios.* Pablo the *agudador* died to-day."

"*Hombre. The agudador?*"

"*Si.* He was too weak. The long fasting had made him so. He was not the strong man he had been."

"And Monica?"

"Dead, too."

"*Ah Dios!* How will it end?"

"Who knows. They say that from the great valleys to the north, corn could be had if one had the money to buy."

"But with what could we buy?"

"Even so. There is nothing. God in good time will provide."

The voices sank to silence, and Father Anselmo sat in thought. Corn to be had for the purchasing? But how buy? These wretched people who had been stripped long since. The money—could it be had? Ay, faith. That will remove mountains. And prayer. Are not all things given to him who asks?

The soft sandals of Father Anselmo made little noise upon the flags as he passed up the aisle of the chapel at midnight and kneeled at the altar for prayer. Well he prayed and long, with an abiding faith, believing that by some miracle would his prayer be answered. But the dark shadows in the chapel answered not. And still the father prayed. The night passed and the day was born; and still the father prayed. Gradually the light broke in the east and the broad sun arose and shot its beams across the stricken land; and Father Anselmo prayed. And as he prayed a long line of light entered at the window and made a golden glory among the rafters; and it moved like a pointing finger along the roof and down the wall; and on a sudden it lit the altar-loft where the treasures of the church lay, and where the great picture of the Christ hung sheltered in its golden frame; and it lit the frame with a two-fold glory and paused—lingering. Then flashed a thought upon Father Anselmo and a revelation like a blow. Gold for the corn; here it was, here in this frame. But how? To rob the church, the Christ? God forbid the sacrilege. And there came a still, small voice: "The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." What need had he then of a golden frame? He who had scorned the riches of the world. Still Father Anselmo shrank in horror. And the light, traveling, awoke the face of the Christ, that face glorified with its tender eyes, and there hovered there a smile, which seemed to say: "Fear not. This do in my name."

And the sun rose higher till the whole chapel was full of light, and for the first time in many weary weeks a bird's song broke upon the morning air. Then Father Anselmo crossed himself, and, rising reverently, approached the great altar; and he took the golden frame which for so many years had been the awe and wonder of the people, and he left the picture of the Christ upon the altar, thinking it well that this homeless son of man should be within God's hands. And Father Anselmo passed out carrying the frame beneath his robe, and before many days the sufferings of the patient people were relieved. But it is a question which is discussed even to this day, whether the holy father committed sacrilege in thus robbing the church. Some say it was a miracle.

E. F. GREEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1901.



## MR. MIDDLE-WEST IN PARIS.

His Yankee Frenchman—The Founder of the Duval Restaurants—  
The Paris Cafés—Cook's Tourists and the Boer War—  
"Pour-Boires" and "Poor Boys."

"Say!" said Mr. Middle-West, "I've been studying French history. I've been visiting historic towns. I've read Henry James's 'Little Tour in France,' and Charles Dickens's trip from Calais to Naples in his private carriage, which he called 'Pictures from Italy.' But Bay Decker is the best guide-book. Then I've read a French history with an interpreter, studied the French, know the people, understand them, and speak their language with a Chicago pronunciation. But I'll tell you this, the greatest Frenchman ever horn was not Charley Maine; nor Louis Fourteenth, the Grand Monarch; nor Napoleon; but a Yankee Frenchman named Duval. Those other fellows sacrificed the French people, sent them to wars, let them get killed, as King Ned is doing, taxed them to death, while Duval started the idea of feeding his fellow-citizens good clean food at reduced prices. Before his time the French restaurants gave a man and his wife one portion and two plates, and charged for two, so in the hotels and restaurants of Paris a single man or a widow had to pay as much as a married couple."

Mr. Middle-West was right. Duval was a benefactor of his kind. Here is his history. He was a hutchner. He had a Yankee brain. He thought business all day—for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. He talked little. Seated one evening, after the day's business was over, wondering how he could buy beef, mutton, and veal cheaper, and sell them cheaper, it came to him that the wholesale butcher makes his profit, the retail man also, and the restaurant as well. Three profits. He rolled this fact around in his brain for a while, his gray matter working. Then suddenly there burst upon him the culminating idea: "In wine also there are three profits, in vegetables, fruits, confitures, cheese—in everything that man eats and drinks there are three profits. Why not get them all myself?"

So Duval started restaurants all over Paris. He bought his meat on the hoof, his wine at the vineyards, his cheese at the dairies, his fruit at the orchards, his confitures at first hands. There are now in Paris twenty-five Duval restaurants. They began in small rooms on the ground floor; additional rooms have been added gradually, the original room not holding the crowd that came. Now the floor above (the *entresol*) is also used.

Duval is dead now, and the plan is run by a corporation. But it is due to him. It was his work.

Some of the Duval restaurants seat three hundred people. Thrice a day these restaurants are crowded, for six hours in all, and scores of thousands of meals are sold during the month. The French go in great numbers to the cheap restaurants. In my opinion, they are getting poorer and poorer every day. They are being taxed to death. They pay taxes on every window, every door, every piano, and every dog. They don't go to the swell restaurants any more. They crowd the places where meals are served for three and a half, two and a half, and one and a half francs, with wine included; they frequent the Duval establishments, which are *à la carte*. Tourists dine mostly at their hotels, where they pay six and eight francs for the *table-d'hôte* dinners. The big restaurants, excepting the Café de Paris and Larue's, are never filled. The Ritz and the Palace get a good many people, mostly foreigners. In the days when the English who came to Paris were the millionaires (they are not so spoken of now), it was said by the Parisians that "one must be English to dine at the Café Riche, one must be 'riche' to dine at the Café Anglais." How is it now? The Café Riche is hardly more than a *brasserie*, where Munich beer, absinthe, and vermouth are sold. Few dine there. There is more money to be made in serving cheap drinks than in serving expensive dinners. The Café Anglais closes before the theatres are out. The Café Americain is also a *brasserie*. These are on the Boulevard des Italiens. Paris is moving toward the Bois de Boulogne as New York is moving up Broadway toward Central Park.

To return to Mr. Middle-West and his reflections on the greatness of Duval. "I met," said he, "a Frenchman on a train the other day. He spoke English. I spoke Chicago French. We understood each other. I remarked that Duval was a great man. He answered that Duval was a Yankee Frenchman. In France they call a man who gets an original idea in his head, and makes money, a 'Yankie.' He told me that England had produced a greater man than Duval—this was M. Thomaw Koookkk, who had invented 'le voyage circulaire.' 'The English like to travel,' said he, 'and that man Koookkk invented a cheap way of getting around foreign countries. M. Thomaw Koookkk was a Yankie Anglais.' My Frenchman added: 'The English, when they want to have some fun, go to foreign lands and kill something. When the Boer war began, the English Government made arrangements with 'la maison de Thomaw Koookkk et fils' for an army. The English army in the Transvaal *sont des touristes de Koookkk*, and the officers *sont des guides de Koookkk*.' My Frenchman had a twinkle in his eye as he told me this. The French laugh at the English very much."

"Say," continued Mr. Middle-West, "this France is getting so poor that every Frenchman wants a tip—'pour-boire' they call it. I call France the land of the 'poor boys,' because they all want money. The other day I got some good news from Chicago. I felt rich. I was leaving my hotel to go and do up another town. I went out and changed a French hundred-franc bill into one hundred silver francs. I had paid my bill, and my trunks were brought down. There were seven hotel servants—six 'poor boys' and one poor girl, a chambermaid—waiting for tips. The elevator-boy was there, also. But the cooks and scullions were not. So I sent for them. The elevator-boy said that his sister was not there. I sent for her. Then

I found we were shy a few chambermaids, so I sent for all the other chambermaids. Then I distributed the francs. Everybody was excited and delighted. 'Mercy, bokoo!' (This means in United States: 'Thanks very much!') Hearing the roars of delight a man in a black coat came out of the office to see what was the cause of the riot. My francs were all gone, but I dug down into my pocket and dug up a handful of coppers. These I pressed into his hand, remarking: 'Vive lah France!' The look of surprise on his face I shall never forget. I jumped in the omnibus. When we arrived at the station, I noticed that the driver was sniggering as I tipped him. I asked him what was the matter, and he said that the man with the black coat to whom I gave the coppers was worth about 'steen hundred thousand francs and owned the whole hotel and two others in Switzerland and one at Nice."

"Say, wouldn't that jar you? Well, oh roveer!"  
PARIS, October 8, 1901. COVINGTON JOHNSON.

## SAN CARLOS.

Its arches laid in the long ago,  
When the Mission Fathers came;  
With its towers above, and nave below—  
San Carlos of sacred fame.

They set their feet on the wave-worn strand,  
With words of peace and good-will;  
And saw before them a goodly land  
Of valley and wooded hill.

There were pink and purple peaks outlined  
Against the blue of the sky;  
All months were May, and ever the wind  
On its velvet wings went by.

With holy zeal, on the heights above  
They reared these walls on the sward,  
Crowned with the emblem of faith and love—  
The cross of our Sovereign Lord.

But faith and love were of small avail  
In the quest that was to be;  
With eager feet on the landward trail,  
And full-blown sails on the sea.

To that house not made with hands on high,  
They have passed forevermore;  
The winds through the broken arches sigh,  
The ebb-tide moans on the shore.

Where the Padre Serra knelt, a glow  
On the silent chancel falls;  
And there in his crypt he sleeps below  
The rift in the ruined walls.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

San Francisco and San Diego are to be ports of call for the Hamburg-American line of steamers, and the steamers are under instructions to take cargo for these ports from all the Southern and Central American ports. The first one, the *Nicacia*, has already started from Hamburg for New York, and will follow down the coast of North and South America, around Cape Horn, up the Pacific side of the two Americas to San Diego and San Francisco, thence to Yokohama, Hong Kong, through the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, and the Mediterranean to Hamburg. All business will be done in the name of the Kosmos Company, and for the present two distinct lines will be maintained. This arrangement will be continued so long as trade warrants it. This, doubtless, is the solution of the question as to what the Santa Fé is going to do when the California and Oriental Company goes out of existence. The combination forms a gigantic monopoly in the steamship carrying business, and it will mean much to the Pacific Coast by bringing it in close steamer connection with the Atlantic and European ports.

General Buller has been relieved of his command in the British army and placed on half-pay. The king has approved the appointment of General French to succeed Buller as commander of the First Army Corps, the appointment to become effective when French's services are no longer required in South Africa. Pending his return, General Hildyard will assume command. General Buller's supersession was not unexpected, but the manner of it caused a sensation. It is understood that the government endeavored to break the fall by giving him the option of resigning, but that Buller declined to give way. The papers all express sympathy for the unfortunate ending of a brilliant career, but they are unanimous that no other course was open after his indiscreet speech, acknowledging that he advised the surrender of Ladysmith, and they express the greatest approval of the selection of General French to succeed him.

The woman's suffrage convention last week in this city decided to obtain the necessary money to put an energetic organizer in the field. Work will be toward the securing of sufficient revenue to renew the fight for suffrage made in 1896. The society elected among its officers for the coming year Mrs. A. R. Wood, of Alameda, president; Carrie A. Whelan, of Oakland, corresponding secretary; Miss Clara K. Schlingheyde, of San Francisco, treasurer.

Because a Seattle telephone-girl was pert and impertinent, and refused to connect a subscriber to the fire department when he wanted to give notice of a fire, a loss of sixty thousand dollars was incurred, and now the telephone company is being sued for damages by the person refused service and by the insurance company which suffered the loss.

The Post-Office Department has decided to place the late President McKinley's head on the new issue of postal-cards that will appear shortly after December 1st next.

Mrs. Anna Taylor went over Niagara Falls in a barrel a few days ago and lives to boast of it.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

According to the Chicago *News*, a laurel has been stripped from Byron's brow, and also from Leander's. Two plucky women have just succeeded in swimming across the Hellespont at its widest part—which is about two miles. They are Miss Wood, daughter of Vice-Admiral Wood of the English navy, and the wife of the German military *attaché* at Constantinople.

Robert Fitzsimmons, the ex-champion prize-fighter, who lives at Bensonhurst, recently applied in Brooklyn for final citizenship papers. He will not be entitled to vote at the coming election, but will have that right on the second Tuesday of November, 1902. Fitzsimmons was born in Cornwall, and took out his first citizenship papers three years ago in New Orleans.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Margaret Kelly, daughter of the late Edward Kelly, to Frank Jay Gould, son of the great financier, marks the end of a feud which existed between the two families for many years. It had its inspiration in the financial fights in which Jay Gould and Eugene Kelly engaged. Many bitter lawsuits resulted, and a number of them are still unsettled. Miss Kelly is just seventeen, and Mr. Gould is twenty-four.

When not yet twenty-one years old, ex-Governor Jones, of Alabama, who has been appointed to a federal judgeship by President Roosevelt, bore one of the flags of truce at Appomattox, and after the war was among the first in the South to plead for a genuine reconciliation between the sections, on the idea that in the war of 1861-65 the millions at the North and the South, though warring, were united by the higher and immortal bond of equal fidelity to principle, and that in later years, not wishing to keep a trophy in a war between brothers, he restored a captured flag to the Sixteenth Connecticut Regiment.

Ernest Seton-Thompson has been studying the haunts and habits of the wild animals of Colorado with John Goff, the famous guide who accompanied President Roosevelt last January on his cougar hunt, which he describes at length in the October *Scribner's Magazine*. Their arrest a few weeks ago for an alleged violation of the Colorado game laws will cost Warden Bush, of Rio Blanco County, his position, as Game Commissioner Harris announces that he will be removed. The evidence showed that the two men had baited a bear-trap with the carcass of a young deer which had been killed by a snowslide, and the jury promptly acquitted them.

The consent of Emperor Francis Joseph having been obtained, the announcement has been made of the betrothal of Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Crown Prince Rudolph, to Prince Otto Windisch-Graetz, a lieutenant of Uhlands. He is twenty-eight years of age and belongs to an ancient but poor family, and while the marriage will not be regarded asmorganatic, the archduchess will certainly wed beneath her. Czech journals, by the way, report that a joyful event is expected in the home of Count Lonyay, who married the Archduchess Elizabeth's mother. The Emperor Francis Joseph has just given a fresh proof of his kind-heartedness toward his former daughter-in-law, by offering her the imperial castle of Hetendorf as a permanent abode. This lies near Schönnbrunn, and a residence there would enable the countess to be always near her daughter.

As the daily papers have seen fit to make some comments upon the house which he is building, William J. Bryan takes occasion to present the facts to the readers of the *Commoner*. "In the spring of 1893," he says, "I purchased five acres of ground about three miles south-east of Lincoln. The land is situated on the top of a beautiful knoll overlooking the Antelope Valley. The view from this spot is unsurpassed; as far as the eye can reach the land is under cultivation, and the colors change with the crops and the seasons. In 1897 twenty acres were purchased adjoining the original five, and in 1898 I began improving the place by setting out an orchard and shade-trees. Since then ten acres more have been added, so that the farm now consists of thirty-five acres. Our only son is past twelve, and, believing that life on a farm will be beneficial to him as well as pleasant to the rest of us, we are now about to realize the plans made years ago. The first day of October was the seventeenth anniversary of our marriage, and the fourteenth anniversary of my removal from Illinois to Nebraska. To celebrate this double anniversary, Mrs. Bryan and I went out to the farm on that day and helped to stake off the ground for the house and took out the first shovelful of dirt. The foundation will be put in this fall, so that the house can be completed early next spring."

M. Laurent Tailhade, editor of the *Libertaire*, an anarchist sheet, was recently tried before the correctional police tribunal of Paris, for the article he published in the *Libertaire* during the visit of the Czar to France, encouraging the murder of the royal guest, President Louhet, and the French ministers, as "tyrants and oppressors of the people." He was sentenced to imprisonment for one year and to pay a fine of two hundred dollars, while M. Grandidier, manager of the same paper, was sentenced to imprisonment for six months and to a fine of twenty dollars. The announcement of the judgment was followed by an ovation to M. Tailhade on the part of his friends and sympathizers, who shouted, as they crowded around and shook him by the hand: "Down with tyrants!" and "Long live anarchy!" After vainly endeavoring to restore order, the judge directed the police to clear the court. M. Tailhade is an inveterate anarchist, although a man of great literary talent, and is particularly famous for the article he wrote at the time of the Vaillant outrage in the Chamber of Deputies, in which he spoke of the throwing of the bomb as "a beautiful gesture." He was himself injured subsequently by an anarchist explosion in the Café Foyot, where he was quietly dining, and the newspapers then sarcastically asked him if he still found bomb-throwing a beautiful gesture.



## GENERAL ALGER'S DEFENSE.

His History of Our War With Spain—General Miles and Admiral Sampson Criticised—Effect of the Round-Robin Letter—The Miles-Eagan Controversy.

After reading General Russell A. Alger's account of "The Spanish-American War," one can readily understand why he requested his publishers to delay its publication a few weeks instead of bringing it out at practically the same time as the passing of President McKinley. It was not because he had written a line casting reflection upon the late President, but he knew that his criticism of other well-known officials would create a storm of discussion and controversy which would be in poor taste at a time when the nation was in mourning. He defends General Shafter for his conduct of the Santiago campaign, and severely criticises General Miles for the impracticability of his plans of campaign at the beginning of the war, and his attitude in the "embalmed beef" controversy. He also discusses the appointment of officers, the delay in the embarkation at Tampa, the demoralizing effect of the famous "round-robin" letter, Admiral Sampson's failure to coöperate with General Shafter, and excuses the conduct of General Eagan, whose reply to General Miles read before the War Investigation Commission he considers "unanswerable in its logic and incontrovertible in its facts," although he admits that it should have been couched in language less vituperative and extravagant.

General Alger says that his life at the opening of the war was not a happy one, for with over a quarter of a million men in the army, it seemed as if there was hardly a family in the United States that did not have a friend or relative in the service, and for that one reason or another found it necessary to write to or personally visit the war office:

Persons of all ages, conditions, politics, and antecedents—senators, representatives, national, State, and city officials from every part of the Union—visited the Department. Many a disappointed contractor appealed his case to the Secretary, and usually presented his claims for a hearing. There were men with advice as to plans of campaign, and many who came only to express their unsolicited opinion of the military conditions and affairs.

Great and constant was the pressure for appointments. Applicants, by mail and in person, would beg, appeal, and demand commissions. Before breakfast, and even after midnight, they besieged the Secretary's residence with a determination superb in its inflexibility.

Once an applicant for office presented a card in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln, which read:

"Sec. of War, please see Major ———, of the 6th. Md. Regt., and give him good arms if possible.  
A. LINCOLN.  
"OCT. 1, 1862."

This note, he claimed, had secured an audience with the Secretary of War in '62, and ought to entitle him to the same consideration in '98. One young seeker came from California to personally press his claim. When his disqualifications were explained to him, he replied: "But, Mr. Secretary, I have come all the way from the Pacific Coast for this appointment, and that should certainly entitle me to some consideration." Still another applicant based his claims upon the statement that he "was a friend of the Prince of Wales."

Of all the requests, however, received, perhaps the most unique was that which came from a young lady in Boston:

Her note-paper, handwriting, and rhetoric vouched at least for the culture of the writer. Her request was simple and plainly worded. With much unfeigned earnestness she stated her case. The press dispatches had announced that the volunteer regiment of which her brother was a member was to leave for Cuba on a fixed date. But the brother's birthday occurred two days after the date assigned for his embarkation. A birthday box of cake, jellies, pies, etc., she said, had been forwarded to him, and would not be received if the regiment left on the date announced. She naively asked that the regiment be detained until the sweetmeats arrived, as she was sure it would make no difference to the government, whereas it would be: "Oh, such a disappointment for my brother!"

The number of acceptable young men seeking commissions was so great that the government could afford to be extremely strict in its requirements. Says General Alger:

For every man appointed there were necessarily hundreds disappointed. The successful applicant, of course, withdrew from the uproar of solicitation, but the less fortunate aspirant and his many friends, political and otherwise, condemned the system of appointments and the Secretary of War, who was generally supposed to have devised its limitations. There is no feature connected with the conduct of the War Department during the war with Spain so persistently misunderstood and misrepresented as the method of making appointments for the volunteer army. I doubt whether I was more vilified and slandered in any other connection. Yet there were not a dozen commissions issued during the entire Spanish-American War in which I had any personal interest. The appointments were made by the governors of the States and the President, and subsequent events have proved that in most instances the appointments of the latter were made wisely.

That the judgment of the President in appointing volunteer officers was good, was shown by the fact that not one was court-martialed during the war:

Of the eighty-seven paymasters commissioned, eighty-six were appointed from civil life. Not a dollar was defaulted, and all accounts have been closed. These eighty-six paymasters were a part of the five hundred and ninety-one volunteers commissioned before mentioned. At great risk they took the money to the field with them, and there paid the army. In all the expenditures of every kind, aggregating upward of two hundred million dollars, no charge has been made of jobs or favoritism. This statement applies alike to all officers of the volunteer and regular army.

General Alger, at the close of his chapter on "Appointments," says that the appeals for discharges were another source of annoyance:

The increased army had hardly been organized before the clamor for discharge from the service began. The report of every battle, or death from disease, naturally frightened the friends and relatives of the soldiers who had recently entered the service, and they requested their discharge. These requests were more often from their families or sweethearts than from the soldiers themselves; but they nevertheless came in large numbers, and did not cease with the end of the war. There were instances where relatives or friends of enlisted men came all the way from the Pacific Coast to secure the discharge of volunteers on no other grounds than that they were "wanted at home by their mothers." With few exceptions, it was impossible to listen to these appeals, but every conceivable excuse was made to get into the Secretary's presence and urge them personally.

Commenting on the "Plans of Campaign," he recounts what he calls General Miles's "impossible and impracticable" plan to move an army from Nuevitas westward to Santa Clara, building roads with the aid of prisoners, and adds:

This proposition, however, was only one of numerous others which were not approved. Many of the general's proposals were obviously

impracticable, and not infrequently absolutely impossible. He recommended the shipment of 12,000 men to Key West, where all drinking-water would have to be brought in tank-ships; with our hands full at Santiago, and not enough troops there, he proposed to send "a battery of artillery and a regiment of infantry," as an expedition to the Isle of Pines, then of no military or strategic importance. He insisted on sending to Cuba, for use with infantry operating in a tropical jungle and over a country impassable to vehicles, his "portable" shields, each weighing 1,000 pounds, and each occupying as much room on a transport as a hospital ambulance; he recommended the abandonment of Santiago after Cervera's fleet had been destroyed, thereby lifting the siege of the city and large garrison, without reaping the fruits of victory then practically in our hands; he wanted 200 marines of the navy placed under his control; he expressed the opinion that a proposed force of 16,452 men, mostly volunteers, was "10,000 more than will be required" for General Merritt's Philippine expedition; and while in Porto Rico he cabled to the War Department a recommendation that "the manufacture of Springfield rifles, .45-calibre ammunition, all white canvas tentage, and black leather equipments of every description be discontinued, as they are obsolete and should not be a part of the army equipment." In answer to this last recommendation the following dispatch was sent:

GENERAL MILES, PORTO RICO: As you ought to know, the last .45-calibre Springfield rifle was manufactured in 'ninety-three. Smokeless powder cartridges are now being manufactured, and will be forwarded. I suggest that you get along with what the government has on hand. . . .  
R. A. ALGER, Secretary of War."

During the week in which war was declared he recommended that the manufacture of Krag-Jorgensen rifles "be reduced to the minimum, if not entirely suspended," advising at the same time the substitution of another small arm twice previously rejected by the military experts who had selected the adopted type of gun then in the hands of our regular army. Of the general's numerous disapproved recommendations none demonstrated his lack of judgment more than this. To suddenly change the type of the magazine rifle meant also a change in the machinery and methods of the government armory, where these arms are made. Even if his recommendations in this respect enjoyed the advantage of some reason or excuse, a crisis like the outbreak of a war is not the time to change the type of arms or the machinery for their manufacture.

Moreover, the law making appropriations for the manufacture of arms at the Springfield Armory always designates the model of the gun to be fabricated, a fact which the president of the board of ordnance and fortification, and the officer bearing the highest rank in the army, certainly should have known.

General Alger declares that General Miles regarded the Porto Rico movement of greater importance than the expedition to Santiago, and through his desire to head the force which went to Porto Rico, he "lost the opportunity to command in the greatest land battle of the war." In his accounts of the engagements in Cuba, Alger scarcely mentions President Roosevelt. He gives General Wood all the credit for the achievements of the Rough Riders:

Notwithstanding the very trying conditions under which these volunteers received their baptism of fire, they pushed fearlessly and steadily forward. The thickness of the jungle and the use of smokeless powder made it impossible to discover the enemy. The regiment was untried; it had had less than three weeks' drill before being shipped to Tampa. It is true these dismounted troops had an advantage over other volunteers in that they were armed with Krag-Jorgensen carbines and smokeless powder, and, in fact, with all the best accoutrements furnished the regulars. But Colonel Wood had done wonders with his raw recruits, in organization, equipment, and discipline. It was Wood's spirit and genius that made the regiment what it was. Colonel Wood's high qualities served him in good stead that hot June 24th in the Cuban jungle. He was at all times at the front, in the most exposed places, with his little apparent concern as if he were on the streets of Washington. His coolness inspired the admiration of his men, who dubbed him "The Ice-Box."

The general says that he has no criticism of the "round-robin" letter itself, but he was very indignant at the manner in which it was given to the public at such a crucial time:

General Shafter invited his officers to a conference, and himself telegraphed to the War Department their conclusions and recommendations, which was entirely proper for him to do. But I do criticise the agencies through which these alarming utterances were given to the world. The publication of the "round robin" at that time was one of the most unfortunate and regrettable incidents of the war. This communication did not, as commonly reported, result in a selection of Montauk Point; neither did it hasten the return of the Santiago army, as every possible effort had already been made, and was then making, for the speedy repatriation of our troops. On the other hand, the information this startling paper made known not only brought terror and anguish to half the communities and neighborhoods in the land, but it returned to Cuba in due time to spread demoralization among our troops. It did more than this—it threatened, and might have accomplished even, an interruption of the peace negotiations then in progress between the United States and Spain. Those negotiations had been inaugurated by Spain on the twenty-sixth of July, through M. Cambon, the ambassador of France, and had reached their most delicate stage at the time when the "round robin," with all its suggestions of panic and disaster, was made public in the four corners of the earth. That a satisfactory agreement between the two governments was at last reached can not be credited to those who precipitately gave out information which might have prevented it.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the mischievous and wicked effects of the "round robin." It afflicted the country with a plague of anguish and apprehension. There are martyrs in all wars, but the most piteous of these are the silent, helpless, heart-broken ones who stay at home to weep and pray and wait—the mother, the sister, the wife, and sweetheart. To their natural suspense and suffering these publications added the pangs of imaginary terrors. They had endured, through sympathy, the battle-field, the wasting hardships of the camp, the campaign in the tropics, the fever-stricken trench. They might at least have been spared this wanton torture, this impalpable and formless yet overwhelming blow.

General Alger gives a great deal of attention to the relations of Admiral Sampson to the army at Santiago. After recounting Admiral Schley's delays in reaching Santiago, his departure and return, and Admiral Sampson's assumption of command, the writer says:

Admiral Sampson's original proposition seems to have been to prevent a sortie pending the arrival of the army by blocking the channel; and that the army should then attempt the impracticable task of assaulting the precipitous heights of the Morro, with the Spanish army in its rear, and after capturing the forts at the entrance of the harbor, protect the navy while removing the mines in the channel. But this plan would also have required that our forces should remove the *Merrimac*, if it had successfully obstructed the channel, as was supposed and intended.

There can be no doubt that this was his plan, for he thus states, in a letter to General Shafter, on July 24: "It was my hope that an attack on your part of these shore batteries from the rear would leave us at liberty to drag the channel for torpedoes." This would imply that, if the entrance were clear of mines and obstructions, the admiral proposed to engage the enemy's fleet within the harbor. And yet he made no effort to enter the harbor after the Spanish fleet had gone out, and had been destroyed, even though repeatedly urged to do so by General Shafter.

It is fortunate that the plan for blocking the channel by sinking the *Merrimac* did not succeed. It is the consensus of opinion of the military officers at Santiago that it would have cost us many thousand additional lives to take the city by assault, even after the capture of San Juan Heights.

The detail correspondence between Admiral Sampson and General Shafter is given, showing that the admiral made re-

peated promises to force the harbor, which he did not keep. Alger's final comment on Admiral Sampson is:

It is difficult to account for Admiral Sampson's seeming attitude toward the army during the operations before Santiago, as well as to excuse him for his contradictory statements, subsequently made in his official report. After July 3d, the admiral's conduct may be due to the keen disappointment resulting from his non-participation in the engagement with Cervera's squadron. Possibly he felt that Shafter's request for a conference on the morning of July 3d, innocent though it was, was responsible for his being deprived of the honor of actively participating as commander-in-chief in one of the most remarkable victories in the annals of naval warfare.

Of the Miles-Eagan controversy over the alleged furnishing of "embalmed beef" to the army, General Alger says:

The commission appointed by the President at my request to investigate the conduct of the War Department in the war with Spain, commonly known as the war investigation or the Dodge commission, met on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1898. Up to the twenty-first of December, 1898, this commission had taken testimony in seventeen towns and cities, and in many different camps, granting, wherever it went, to the citizens, soldiers, or ex-soldiers, an opportunity to appear for complaint or testimony of any kind regarding the conduct of the war. The commission visited numerous camps, in which there were still many soldiers, both regulars and volunteers, who were invited to give their evidence without regard to rank or service. On the twenty-first of December, the major-general commanding the army of the United States appeared before the commission, then sitting in Washington, and made his statements with respect to the canned, fresh, and refrigerated beef furnished to the army during the war. Although the commission had been sitting nearly three months, the charges with respect to the canned and refrigerated beef were now made for the first time; and, stranger and more inexcusable and more unsoldierly still, during all those months, with this pretended knowledge of facts which, if they existed, should have been made known to the Secretary of War, for the protection of the army, General Miles had never mentioned the subject.

With such exceptionally favorable opportunities as he enjoyed for observing the effects of the canned beef, and with expressed instructions to make a daily report of the state and condition of his command to the Secretary, General Alger expresses his surprise that General Miles should have waited three months to make such an important charge when he found plenty of time to request by cable that his entire command be at once supplied with "blue rosettes, aigrettes, and cords for infantry hats." He adds:

If General Miles believed that "beef pulp" was being issued to the troops under "pretense of an experiment"—and that expression can mean nothing but fraud and experimenting upon the lives of the men of our army, than which no graver charge save willful murder could be made—or if he believed that 275,000 men of our army were being fed upon "embalmed beef," why did he not take steps immediately to stop the issue of such alleged unwholesome food? So far as I am aware, there are not any formal charges on file in the War Department from him in this matter.

Why did he fail to notify at once, in the interest of the brave men whom he commanded and who were intrusted to his care, the President, his commander-in-chief, or the Secretary of War? An officer who permits in silence what he believes to be hurtful and unlawful food to be served to the men under his command in the field, certainly forgets the first duty of a soldier. The court of inquiry went further than to prove that General Miles's allegations were not sustained. It specifically stated: "The court also finds that the major-general commanding the army had not sufficient justification for alleging that the refrigerated beef was embalmed, or was unfit for issue to troops. It also finds that he committed an error in that—having belief or knowledge, as claimed, that the food was unfit; that it caused sickness and distress; that some of it was supplied under pretense of experiment; that other beef was embalmed—he did not immediately report such knowledge or belief to the Secretary of War, to the end that a proper remedy might be promptly applied." The court also said, evidently referring to General Miles: "It has been developed in the course of inquiry, as recited in this report, that in some instances certain individuals failed to perform the full measure of duty, or to observe the proprieties which dignify high military command."

General Miles won deserved fame as a fighting soldier during his active career, and it has often been remarked of him that he looked carefully after the well-being of his soldiers. Time and circumstances must have wrought great changes in him in this respect, for his anxiety about the food which was furnished to his men must have been an afterthought, and proceeded from a motive apart from their interest. Had I consciously permitted a ration of food which I believed to be bad to be served to a soldier on duty in the field under the flag of this republic, I should not dare to hope or ask to be forgiven.

The general contends that no other supply bureau of the army had excelled the commissary department in promptness, efficiency, and successful administration during the war, and pays this tribute to Eagan:

I never entered the War Department, whether early in the day or late at night, and called for the commissary-general, that he did not report at once. I never gave him an order that was not immediately carried out to the letter. Indeed, his zeal and anxiety for the soldiers in camp and field was so great that his efforts in their behalf, during the long and weary days and nights of the hot summer, nearly resulted in his prostration from overwork. The charges of General Miles, made so publicly and so positively, and the manner in which they were for the first time made known, seemed to General Eagan, in his nervous condition, the more magnified and horrible. Upon hearing them, he exclaimed: "General Miles has crucified me upon a cross of falsehood and misrepresentation."

He declares that the allegation that he had inspired or had any knowledge of General Eagan's intended attack upon the statement of General Miles, is absolutely untrue:

He did not make known to me the nature of his proposed answer to the charges. Neither did he consult me in the matter. He gave me not the slightest hint of the nature of his proposed statement before the War Investigation Commission. I never saw the reply, nor did I know its character until a copy of it was handed to me by a member of the press. Had General Eagan submitted his manuscript to me, he would undoubtedly at this writing still be in full possession of the rank and privileges of the office of commissary-general of the United States army. As it is, even the self-prejudicial and intemperate presentation made by General Eagan convinced the commission that there was no foundation in fact for the charges and insinuations deducible from the terms "pretense of experiment" and "embalmed beef."

As soon as I learned of General Eagan's statement before the commission, I sent for him. I informed him of my surprise and mortification at his conduct. "Why did you not permit your friends to read your testimony? Why did you not show it to me, and thereby have prevented the disgrace that is now sure to come upon you and the uniform you wear? You had no right," I continued, "to make use of such unbridled language at a time and under circumstances which will assuredly result in associating the President's name and my own with such a disgraceful episode."

The volume is supplemented with seven excellent maps, showing a fac-simile of map drawn by General Wood of the fight at Las Guasimas, San Juan battle-field, the theatre of military operations in Cuba, Porto Rico, Manila and environs, Northern Luzon, and Eastern Cuba, showing positions of Cuban and Spanish forces prior to July 3, 1898.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Escape of a Petticoated Bachelor.

Molly Elliot Seawell's latest story, "Papa Bouchard," is a French farce without the illusions of the theatre. But it is amusing, in spite of its reminiscences of "Pink Dominoes" and other importations of the sort, and its occasional jostling of the proprieties results in no serious damage. Its principal character, who has the title rôle, is a bachelor of fifty-four, who has been watched over and hemmed in all his life by a prim and severe maiden sister. He escapes from his bonds in the first scene, being prompted to his wild prank by the flight of the family parrot, who suddenly discovers that the solemnity and quiet of the household in the Rue Clarisse are unendurable. Papa Bouchard secures a bright, modern apartment in the Rue Bassano, across the street from music-halls and gay restaurants. His valet, who for thirty years has been the victim of double tyranny—his wife and her mistress, the redoubtable Mlle. Bouchard, having treated him with the contempt all men merited, according to their ideas—is overjoyed with his master at the change. Then enter two more prominent figures—Captain de Meneval and his wife, the latter the ward of Papa Bouchard. The captain comes first, to beg for an advance from his wife's funds, to pay his bill at the Pigeon House, a delightful place of entertainment in the suburban town where he is stationed. His request is refused until he produces his wife's diamond necklace and declares that he will pawn it if the money is not forthcoming. Papa Bouchard hesitates and gives way, when the captain explains that on his marriage he had paid forty thousand francs for the diamonds, and, at the same time, at the suggestion of the jeweler, had purchased a paste substitute for seven hundred and fifty francs. The captain disposed of, his wife comes in, and she wants money also, innocently offering the paste necklace as security. Papa Bouchard again refuses and again relents, but takes her necklace and gives her in its place the real necklace, telling her it is paste. Next, a sprightly widow mistakes Papa Bouchard's apartment for her own, dazzles the old bachelor, flirts with him, and goes away with the sham diamonds.

So much for the first act. The second takes place at the Pigeon House, where Papa Bouchard goes to pay the bill of his sportive nephew by marriage. There are numerous complications here, with much of embarrassment and humiliation for the old bachelor, in which the widow, the captain, and the captain's wife take part. The last scene is at the captain's quarters, where he has spread a little supper for a brother officer and some favorite ladies of the chorus from the Pigeon House, and to which come uninvited all the other characters in the comedy.

The illustrations, by William Glackens, are sketchy, but full of life and humor.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

## When a Woman Ruled Maryland.

The story of the earliest days of Baltimore, told in "Missess Brent," by Lucy Meacham Thurston, is a notable addition to the historical romances of the year. There is less of fighting and desperate dangers than in many of its class, but it is none the less an interest-compelling story, with many dramatic scenes in which living figures have leading parts. Its heroine is a woman of beauty and rare spirit, cousin to Lord Baltimore, proprietor of the colony. With her brother and sister she comes from England to St. Mary's, determined on being a free-holder and mistress of a broad domain, under grants from the lord proprietor. Her sister straightway falls in love and marries the captain of a vessel in Baltimore's service; her brother is appointed governor of Keot, the island in Chesapeake Bay whose ownership was disputed by the first settlers under William Claiborne; but Mistress Margaret will listen to no words intended to turn her from her purpose, though the governor, Leonard Calvert, tries to win her for his wife. She takes her land, builds her house, and holds it successfully, though there are a night attack by the Indians and a narrow escape from torch and tomahawk. Later comes the capture of St. Mary's by the rebelling settlers of Kent, under Claiborne's leadership. Spurred on by Mistress Brent, the governor plucks up new courage, raises a force in Virginia, and drives out the invaders. Then Calvert, worn out by fighting and care, is stricken by illness and dies, leaving his affairs in Margaret's hands. And the woman proves her ability to administer them. She quiets the murmurs of discontent, pays off the disaffected soldiers, and restores peace and harmony. And then the members of the assembly gather, and proceed to carry on the colonial government, denying the woman who had saved their fortunes and caused a voice in the making of the laws. But she was content, and the curtain falls on a solitary figure who might well have been the queen of a happy realm.

The story is rich in color and vivid in description, and many of its episodes are taken from the records of the time. In most of the mannerisms of the early years of the seventeenth century the author has found no difficulties, and if the speech translated seems odd and artificial, it might be easy to verify it by reference to chronicles of the period.

Whatever faults may be found, there is more than enough of merit to overshadow them.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Isle of the Shamrock" is the attractive title of Clifton Johnson's new book which the Macmillan Company will publish this month. His other two books, "Along French Byways" and "Among English Hedgerows," have prepared us for this account of his jaunt through the lanes and country-sides of Ireland.

For some time Horace E. Scudder has been engaged upon a biography of James Russell Lowell, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish this month, in two volumes. Mr. Scudder knew Lowell well, and has had access to all material that would enable him to make his work full and complete.

The authorized "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Graham Balfour, has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, in two volumes, uniform with the "Letters."

Ernest Seton-Thompson has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"God Wills It: A Tale of the First Crusade" is the title of a new novel by William Stearns Davis, the author of "A Friend of Caesar."

John Kendrick Bangs, who is yet a young man, has thirty-eight volumes to his credit, and Robert W. Chambers, who is also a young man and who had written not a line previously to 1893, has fifteen.

W. W. Jacobs's "Light Freights," which will soon be brought out, is a continuation in the vein of "Many Cargoes," being a delineation of the life of the sailor ashore and afloat, and is said to be full of the humor and whimsicality that have been relished by many readers of Mr. Jacobs's previous books.

Colonel Richard Henry Savage, the novelist, is in Russia, gathering material for a new romance.

The volume of poems by Lionel Josaphare, whose little poem, "The Lion at the Well," caused such a diversity of opinion among critics, will be entitled "Turquoise and Iron."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce an undertaking of wide popular interest—the publication of the finest edition of the novels of James Fenimore Cooper ever issued. The first impressions of the *de luxe* edition are to be sold at twenty dollars a volume, making the set of thirty-two volumes cost subscribers, for whom the edition will be bound especially in each case, six hundred and forty dollars. The edition will be limited to fifty numbered copies.

Joel Chandler Harris has finished a novel based upon the reconstruction era in Georgia which will be published this month.

The third edition of "The Benefactress," by the anonymous author of "Elizabeth and Her German Gardener," is on the press for publication within a week of the book's first appearance.

Clara Morris, the well-known actress and author of "Life on the Stage," which has just been brought out, will go on a lecture tour this winter under the management of Thomas W. Broadhurst.

A biography of Aaron Burr is in course of preparation by C. F. Pidgin, the author of the novel called "Blennerhassett." Before this life is published, however, two novels continuing the defense of Burr will be brought out by this enthusiast.

Professor Josiah Royce's second series of Gifford Lectures will be called "The World and the Individual—Nature, Man, and the Moral Order." It is on the press for immediate publication by the Macmillan Company.

Another travel book, Archibald Colquhoun's "Mastery of the Pacific," is the outcome of the author's conviction that in that region the great conflicts of the twentieth century will be waged.

"The Confessions of a Caricaturist," by Harry Furniss, the well-known English draughtsman, is soon to be published. It will tell of his career and experiences before and during his connection with *Punch*, his parliamentary career, his relations with Gladstone and Disraeli, his experiences in this country during a Presidential campaign, and his observations on the American girl.

The sales of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Men" now amount to two hundred and eighty thousand copies; the young are steadfast in their adherence to their favorites. A new holiday edition of this famous book for young people, with illustrations by Reginald B. Birch, is in preparation for publication this month.

Hall Caine has just finished revising the manuscript of C. Fred Kenyon's monograph, "Hall Caine: The Man and the Novelist," which will form the next volume in the English Writers of To-Day Series. Mr. Kenyon's work will contain some hitherto unpublished letters from R. D. Blackmore, W. E. Gladstone, Robert Buchanan, and Ruskin to Hall Caine.

"The Ruling Passion," by Henry van Dyke; a second series of "Views and Reviews," by W. E. Henley; "Lives of the Handed," by Ernest Seton-Thompson; a sketch of the life of John Trumbull,

with a catalogue of his works, by John F. Weir; "Orloff and his Wife," translated by Miss Hapgood from the Russian of Máxim Gorky; and "The Book of the Courtier," translated by L. E. Opdycke from the Italian of Baldassare Castiglione, are forthcoming from Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lafcadio Hearn's new volume, "A Japanese Miscellany," will contain a curious paper upon native poems dealing with the dragon-fly, which were collected for Mr. Hearn by a friend. The fact that in making this collection fifty-two volumes of native poetry in the Imperial Library were read through before a single composition on dragon-flies was found, gives a faint idea of the wide dimensions of Japanese literature.

"Medieval London" is the title of a book by Canoo W. Benham, joint author of the "Life of Archbishop Tait," and Charles Welch, librarian of the Guildhall Library, which the Macmillan Company will publish immediately.

Rider Haggard's gossip about his recent journey through Palestine, Italy, and Cyprus is coming out soon under the title of "A Winter Pilgrimage."

"Wagner at Bayreuth and the Festival Plays," by Francis Gerard, will shortly be published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## How to Raise Chickens.

The amateur chicken-fancier will find many practical suggestions in the little volume entitled "Farm Poultry," by George C. Watsoo, professor of agriculture in the Pennsylvania State college. It is one of the latest of the Rural Science Series, a set of a dozen or more readable hand-books edited by L. H. Bailey. Other recent numbers of the series are "The Principles of Vegetable Gardening," "Rural Wealth and Welfare," and "The Feeding of Animals"—all useful books for the library of a country house.

"Farm Poultry" is designed to instruct the amateur in raising chickens for home consumption, and also to point out how he may undertake poultry-raising as a business, if he so desires. Mr. Watsoo classifies fowls, as to their useful qualities, under four heads—Egg Breeds, Meat Breeds, General Purpose Breeds, and Fancy Breeds. Among the distinctly egg-producing varieties are the Leghorn, Minorca, Spaulish, and other Mediterranean fowls. The heavier Asiatics, so called, are preferable for their meat, and include the Brahmas, Cochins, and Langshans. Among "general-purpose" fowls, the Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte are probably the most popular. The Dorking and Iodan Game are excellent farm fowls, being fairly good layers and persistent sitters; but they are particularly prized for their quality of flesh.

After this classification, including descriptions of all the well-known breeds, the following subjects are comprehensively treated: Buildings for Fowls, Location, Construction, Internal Arrangements, and Yards; Improvement and Breeding; Feeding for Eggs and Meat; Little Chickens—Care, Feeding, Incubators, and Brooders; Capons and Broilers; Diseases and Enemies of Fowls, and the Handling, Shipping, and Preservation of Eggs. There are, in addition, several chapters devoted to turkeys, ducks, geese, and other domestic birds, and the preparation of poultry products for the market. The illustrations add much to the interest of the text.

It is regrettable that so little attention is paid to the production of poultry in the United States—an industry which at a conservative estimate, Mr. Watsoo says, is worth—including the annual production of eggs—more than \$240,000,000 annually. The system of forced feeding, known as cramming, which is resorted to in France and England, for fattening poultry for the market, is practically unknown here. The food, mixed with water or milk to the consistency of thick porridge, is forced into the crop of the chicken by means of a machine. A rubber tube leading from the receptacle in which the food is placed in the machine is forced down the chicken's neck. Pressure with the foot on a lever forces the food through the tube, while, with his hand on the outside of the crop, the operator can determine the proper quantity. This cramming process is continued for about ten days, when the fowls are dressed and sent to market. The fact that we have no operators of this kind here goes to show that the chicken industry is still undeveloped in this country.

However, comparatively good results may always be obtained by careful breeding, intelligent feeding, and strict cleanliness in the poultry-yard—upon which points Mr. Watsoo lays great stress in his book.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; Price, \$1.50.

## New Publications.

"A Nest of Girls," by Elizabeth Westyn Timlow, is a well-printed and charmingly illustrated story of boarding-school days that should please and inspire the young women for whom it is written. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Crimson Weed," by Christopher St. John, is a novel of Italian and English life, of woe, and suffering, and revenge, simply told and with some power, but there is little of sunshine and fragrance in its memories. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Eleven eminent scholars and divines have furnished the essays that make up the volume entitled "Great Religions of the World." Confucianism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Brahmoism, Positivism, Judaism, Christianity, and other religious beliefs are discussed with reference to their influence in the nineteenth century and present outlook. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.00.

"Love of Comrades," by Frank Matthew, is a novel of Ireland in the seventeenth century. In it the heroine tells her own story, and describes the manner in which she rode to Duhlio, dressed as a boy, and had many strange adventures with a brave captain who did not recognize her when she returned to the costume of her sex, but speedily lost his heart to her. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Two new volumes of interest and value to students of the French language are "L'Enfant Espion, and other Stories," by Daudet, Maupassant, Coppée, and Mérimée, edited by Reginald R. Goodell, and "Le Neuvaime de Colette," by Jeanne Schultz, edited by Florence I. C. Lye. Both volumes are annotated and have a vocabulary. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 45 cents each.

"Runaway Robosoo," by Charles M. Snyder, is an extravaganza in prose and verse and humorous illustrations, with modern settings for medieval ideas and figures, and all sorts of quips and conceits. It is planned to lighten chance half-hours of weariness, and will succeed with most readers. The pictures are printed in color and the book is artistic in all particulars. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; price, \$1.20.

Balzac wrote five plays in the heyday of his career—from 1838 to 1850—of which one only, "Mercadet," has survived, and is still occasionally presented. It is hardly conceivable that the great novelist could have written a drama without literary excellence, whether it was adapted to stage use or not, and it is a matter for congratulation that at last a translation of the plays has been made for English

readers. The translator, E. de Valcourt-Vermont, has done his work well, and the publishers have made the books attractive. The frontispieces are reproductions of the Balzac statues by Rodin, Falguière, and Peigné, and there are several wood engravings from the original French editions. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago; price, two volumes, \$2.50.

All readers of the sprightly yet finished stories which Elizabeth G. Jordao has written will be pleased with her portrait, which appears as the frontispiece of her latest book, "Tales of the Cloister." The volume is the fourth in the Portrait Collection of Short Stories, and well deserves its handsome dress. There are ten of the stories, and they are full of the atmosphere of convent life, and so less moving because of their simplicity and directness. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.15.

A correspondent of the London *Pall Mall Gazette* points out what he calls "a curious coincidence" between the assassination of President McKinley and an incident in Frank Norris's new novel, "The Octopus," which has just been published in England. In its comment, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "That very able American writer makes his principal character murder the organizer of a great railway trust. Somewhere in the jumbled organism which Czolgasz calls his brain there seems to have lurked an idea that the only cure for labor troubles was the assassination of the head of the state. Our correspondent would not suggest for an instant, of course, that 'The Octopus' and the deed at Buffalo stand in the relation of cause and effect. But it is a strange chance that an American novelist should have published a book dealing with wild doctrines and their violent execution within a few days of the stroke at the President." That this is a far-fetched "coincidence" will strike every one who has read Mr. Norris's novel. The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* seems to be laboring under the idea that the book was brought out simultaneously in America and England "within a few days of the stroke at the President," when, as a matter of fact, the book was published in this country last March.

It is announced that the publication of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, edited by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West (Lady Randolph Churchill), will cease with the present issue. The quarterly review which Mrs. West started was intended exclusively for the aristocracy of England, and for all book lovers of means. It was a quarterly, finely printed and richly bound, and the subscription price was a guinea, or five dollars, a volume. Its distinguishing feature was a different binding for each volume. Each of these bindings was copied from some work of a famous English or European biographer, and Cyril Davenport, one of the experts on this subject, contributed a note on the binding to every number. It is evident by the failure of the enterprise that the work did not meet the support that was expected, or that the business management of the venture was poor. The value of the volumes will now advance, as collectors will be anxious to secure complete sets.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Story of a Boy Miner.

Elizabeth Gerberding has told a plain, matter-of-fact story of San Francisco in "The Golden Chimney," but it will interest older readers as well as the boys for whom it is intended. To many the book will recall actual occurrences of recent date, and none will have less regard for the story because it is founded on fact. It tells how a boy of seventeen earned a start in life by four months of thought and hard work, and how his success sprang from an idle remark by his girl cousin. The two were looking out on the bay from a hill, and the old, deserted smelting-works at the edge of the water stood just below them. "I should have thought some of the gold would have stuck to the chimney," said the girl, and a moment afterward the boy had grasped the significance of the thought. He paid all the money he had in the world, the little amount saved out of his father's incumbered estate, for the right to work over the ground and buildings for gold, and he found his hopes realized when the labor was completed. But in the meantime there were numerous complications, some discouraging and others that turned directly in the boy-miner's favor. An honest, helpful partner shared in the find, and the boy thoroughly appreciated the aid he furnished in the enterprise.

Boys will find many details of mining in the story, and practical descriptions of methods that have the attraction of gold-making in them. Aside from these, the story illustrates the value of study, energy, and perseverance, and is as entertaining as it will be without a moral. There are some pictures of San Francisco life that are not too familiar, and the colors are never too bright. It is a good story, told with spirit and directness, and should please all who read it. Its frontispiece is a photographic reproduction of a view from Russian Hill across the bay to the Marin shore.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

## New Publications.

A good story for boys, and for girls as well, is "A Bad Penny," by John T. Wheelwright, illustrated by F. G. Attwood. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

Exact and comprehensive details of an episode of international interest are given in "A Diary of the Siege of the Legations in Peking During the Summer of 1900," by Nigel Oliphant. Maps, plans, and a complete index add to the value of the work, which will remain an authority on many questions connected with the dangers that threatened the foreign residents. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

In his latest work, "At the Point of the Bayonet," G. A. Henty has gone back to one of the earliest campaigns of the English in India, the war in which the power of the Mahratta confederacy was broken, and the great stretch of country between Bombay and Delhi came under British sovereignty. It is a story full of dash and stirring adventure, as all of Mr. Henty's stories are, and it will rank with the best of them. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Talks with Great Workers," by Orison Swett Marden, is a volume made up of personal interviews with more than fifty of the successful men of the day in nearly all walks of life, and it is full of philosophy and practical hints, as well as of biography. The illustrations are good portraits of such men as Secretary Hay, Senator Dewey, and Henry Clews. It will entertain all serious readers, and should prove especially valuable to young men. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason's first book, "Women of the French Salons," was a success, and it is now followed by another entitled "Woman in the Golden Ages," which deserves an equally favorable reception. The women of Greek poetry, Sappho, the Spartan mothers, the Athenian women, Aspasia, the revolt of the Roman matrons, famous women of the Renaissance, Marcella, Paula, the first woman's club, the first convent, and the first salon, are among the topics of the series of essays. Mrs. Mason has a finished style, and her papers are thoughtful treatises, illuminated with historical and philosophical references. The volume is handsomely made. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.80.

A volume of history that is devoted to one of the earliest movements in the life of the nation, which has never been adequately described before, and that has almost as romantic an interest as a novel, is "Arnold's Expedition to Quebec," by John Codman, Second. The work occupied all the later years of the author's life, and he died at thirty-four. He went over the route on foot, and verified every detail of his history by personal research. The story of the long march and its disastrous ending, of Arnold's bravery and energy, is well told, and it is so well worth the telling that it is remarkable that no historian had taken it up before. The volume is well illustrated with engravings, maps, and plans, and will be accepted as an authority on the invasion. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.25.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Robson's Success in "The Henrietta."

That Stuart Robson has great wisdom in discarding his repertoire of historical comedies for an elaborate revival of Bronson Howard's successful comedy, "The Henrietta," has been fully demonstrated by the large audiences which have greeted him during the week at the Columbia Theatre. His characterization of Bertie, the Lamb, is as droll as ever, and his supporting company, which includes Maelyn Arbuckle, Russ Whytal, Dorothy Ross more, Laura P. Thompson, Mary Kealty, Estelle Carter, Clifford Lee, Charles Lane, Charles Gilbert, and Roy P. Atwell, is especially strong.

Mr. Robson will continue to present "The Henrietta" during the second and last week of his engagement, and then we are to have Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne in her production of Charles Henry Meltzer's new historical play, "The First Duchess of Marlborough."

## Close of the Tivoli Grand-Opera Season.

The last week of the grand opera season at the Tivoli Opera House is to be a gala one. On Monday night a testimonial benefit performance will be tendered to Director Paul Steindorff by the management, and an especially interesting programme has been arranged. The "William Tell" overture will be the first number; then comes the last act of "Trova-tore," with Collamarini, Barbaresi, Castellano, and Ferrari; Agostini will sing "Spirito Geotil" from "La Favorita"; an orchestra of forty pieces will render the overtures from "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin"; the trio from "Lombardi" will be sung by Dado, Agostini, and Barbaresi; and the sextet from "Lucia" will also be given.

On Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, "Carmen" will be heard for the last times, with Collamarini, Russo, Nicolini, and Repetto in the cast. "La Bohème" is to be the bill on the alternate evenings.

On Monday evening, November 4th, the Tivoli will present a distinct novelty in a production of "The Belle of New York," by the Pollard Juvenile Opera Company, which recently arrived from Australia. The precocious youngsters are fifty in number, and they have a large repertoire of comic operas and comedies. This will be the first appearance of this organization on the American continent.

## "Tennessee's Pardner" at the Alcazar.

After a two weeks run at the Alcazar Theatre, the French farce, "The Girl in the Barracks," will give way on Monday night to a revival of "Tennessee's Pardner," Scott Marhle's dramatization of one of Bret Harte's frontier stories. It is a strong picture of life in the Nevada hills, with no end of rich Western color, and brings into its atmosphere many actual happenings chronicled from daily events

which took place during the early days of the Sage-Brush State. The quaint characters are distinctive studies, and are in much the same vein as those which figure in Augustus Thomas's "In Missouri," Frank Mayo's "Puddin' Head Wilson," and James A. Herne's "Shore Acres." Agnes Rankin will be the Tennessee Kent; M. L. Alsop will impersonate Caleb Swan, the high-toned gambler; Frank Bacon will revive his excellent characterization of Hay, the incurable liar and all-round vagabond; and Howard Scott will have the rôle of Asa Bice. Several picturesque stage-pictures are being especially painted for this production.

## "My Friend from India."

Walter E. Perkins has scored a great success in "The Man from Mexico" at the Grand Opera House during the week, and on Monday night he will appear in another comedy from the pen of H. A. du Souchet, "My Friend from India." In this play he will have the rôle of Augustus Keene Shaver, a theosophical barber, which is considered by some critics to be even more amusing than that of Benjamin Fitzhugh. The remainder of the cast is as follows: Erastus Underholt, Fred J. Butler; Charles Underholt, Herschel Mayall; Tom Valentine, Gilbert Gardner; Rev. James Tweedle, William Bernard; Jennings, H. D. Byers; Bill Finnerty, Charles Waldron; Ed. Watson, Burr Caruth; Marion Hayste, Laura Nelson Hall; Mrs. Beckman Street, Agnes Maynard; Bernice Underholt, Mahel Graham; Gertrude Underholt, Caroline Frances Cooke; and Tilly, Alfa Perry.

## Return of Lillian Burkhart.

At the Orpheum next week Lillian Burkhart, the dainty comedienne, who has a host of friends and admirers in San Francisco, will commence a brief engagement. Her opening sketch will be "The Way to Wio a Husband," written for her by Francis Livingston and Walter L. Hackett. Another specialty which it is expected will win an enthusiastic reception is "Miyo San," a Japanese musical comedy, in which a trio of pretty girls and a handsome tenor will appear. The libretto is by Herbert H. Lome, and the music by Byrd Dougherty. Charles Harris and Nellie Walters will re-appear, after an extended absence, in an amusing travesty, "The Black-Haired Widow"; and the Leslies, direct from Australia, promise a decidedly novel musical act.

Those retained from this week's bill are the "Beaux and Belles Octet" in their singing and dancing act; John Geiger, the trick violinist; Mig-onette Kokin, *chanteuse* and *danseuse eccentricque*; and the biograph.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison in New York was brightened by the advent of a daughter on October 17th.

## Mrs. Hanson's Recital.

Mrs. Fred H. Hanson's first monologue recital which will be given at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Thursday evening, November 14th, promises to be quite a social event. Mrs. Hanson will be assisted by Mr. S. Homer Henley, haritone, and six charming young ladies will act as ushers. Mrs. Hanson only recently arrived from Boston, where she gained much prominence through her talents and is now teaching elocution and physical culture at 1224 Haight Street.

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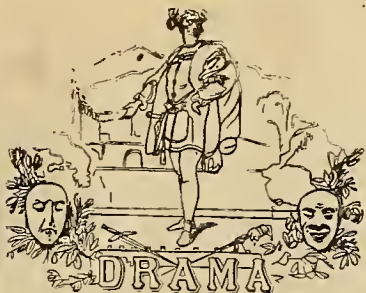
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Bronson Howard's plays, at the time of that author's most fruitful creative epoch, generally had the quality of perfect modernness. He was given to creating character and atmosphere which were born of the hour. This quality has always formed a delightfully piquant element in his plays, for nothing in dramatic form can make so sure and universal an appeal to the interest of the public as the dramas which reflect the times in which we live. To be sure, "Shenandoah," one of Bronson Howard's most popular pieces, was a drama of war-times in the 'sixties, but it came at a peculiarly auspicious epoch. The war was long since over, and the consequent bitterness had passed away almost as utterly as the *casus belli*, and the heroes who died for it.

During the after-season of calm, when the people looked back with clear, comprehending eyes and marveled at the might and ghastly destructiveness of the struggle, the war dramas began, and enchained the interest of new generations, whose interest in the times was heightened from the fact that their forebears had fought on historic battle-grounds. And many a grizzled hero, who had long since turned down the last leaf of his war time stories, found the interest of his hearers quickened to new life after witnessing Howard's play of "Shenandoah."

Everybody has seen "The Henrietta," and knows that it mirrors the Wall Street struggle which is going on to-day as actively as at the date of "The Henrietta's" birth. In one sense, therefore, the play is still modern. There are, however, slight evidences here and there of the rust of time creeping over the structure. The soliloquy in evidence, and it is apparent that the curtain must fall on an effective situation, even if it is untrue to nature. What, for instance, can he more unreal than the *finale* of act second, when Bertie sacrifices his own reputation, his place in his sweetheart's affections, her peace of mind as well as his own, and his good standing generally in the estimation of his family and connections, for a scoundrel brother, who mutely makes the appeal to Bertie to spare him for his wife's sake. Apparently, his sister-in-law's happiness is more to Bertie than that of the girl of his heart. But, in fact, the latter is sacrificed merely to make a good situation. And a situation, built on a basis of unreality and untruth to nature, is not a good situation.

I have always admired the sterling good sense displayed by both Howells and his characters in "The Rise of Silas Lapham," when Penelope and her lover do the only right and sensible thing, and ignoring, however pitifully, Irene's misplaced affections, marry and live happily ever afterward. There is something engaging in useless sacrifice—after all, it is generally nothing but a frightfully erring tribute paid to monumental selfishness.

However, one does not repine much over Bertie's sacrifice. We have a cheerful conviction that the author has taken him under his wing, and means to land him on his feet at the end of the play, with wealth, fair fame, and a loving bride for his portion. Which is just exactly what happens.

Robson is perfectly adapted to the part of Bertie. There is something in his personality which is most likable, and which is a very necessary leaven in order to win favor for the dandy whose lack of judgment can not quite conceal his superabundance of heart. But how much better pleased Mr. Robson would be if he were not held down by his physical peculiarities to a part that does not really allow for the dignified, intellectual work toward which his real tastes and ambitions impel him. It is amusing to see Bertie blink, and look dudishly vacant, to see his head rotate like a puzzled baby's from side to side, to hear his voice break into a comical crack at the moment most favorable for laughter; but this is the same old thing that Mr. Robson has been doing for unnumbered ages, and I do not doubt that, well as he does it, he is thoroughly tired of it. Really, when one comes to think of it, Mr. Robson is a sort of Cyrano de Bergerac, with a voice, instead of a nose, for his cross. And the love that ever eluded Cyrano is, in his case, the desire of years to create rôles of lasting dramatic value. How thoroughly one must like and respect a man who has striven so pluckily to break away from the puerility of farce, even with its accompanying pecuniary profit. The comfort of it that he has, in some degree, succeeded, for in the several revivals of famous old comedies that he has made, and in his creation of the character of Oliver Goldsmith, he has put himself on a considerably higher plane of dramatic achievement, and still held a secure place in the favor of the public.

Mr. Robson is surrounded with an only tolerably good company. The women are pretty, refined,

and well-dressed; the men, save for Mr. Arbuckle, Mr. Keefe, and Mr. Whytal, are uninteresting. The first two mentioned men play their parts in the spirit of nature. Mr. Arbuckle has an enormous fund of expansive, hearty humor. There is nothing subtle, searching, intellectual about it. One does not respond to a humorist of his type with what has been cleverly denominated as the "smile of the mind." But what the part calls for he fills to admiration. He looks it, too; the burly, fresh-colored, confident, energetic money-king wins confidence in his nerve, his fighting powers, and his financial judgment.

Mr. Whytal fills the disagreeable rôle of the anemic son, who has turned against his father, with somewhat melodramatic abandon. So much so, that it was, on the whole, quite a relief when he died an athletic, cross-eyed death.

There is a doctor in the cast, who, I fear, never copied his professional manner from nature. He is tall and good looking—two traits which it is just as well a doctor should possess. Some women choose their doctors on the same principle with which they select their toilet articles—"most for use designed, yet not of beauty destitute." But where is Mr. Lane's professional manner? Where is the repose of conscious strength, the healing balm of gentleness, which should subdue and strengthen the nervous, agitated patient? Mr. Lane bursts in like a cyclone, instead of a sunbeam, chases around after his patient like a runaway automobile, and delivers himself of his lines with such impetuosity that the ear aches with indignant efforts to keep pace with him, or catch up when he rattles off in the following manner: "My memory recalled the days when we first met oh Rose does not your heart tell you," etc.

Miss Dorothy Rossmore, the fascinating widow of the cast, is a handsome, straight-browed brunette, who, except for an over-liberality of smiles, is sufficiently attractive to account for the financier's infatuation. Estelle Carter assumes the emotional rôle of the wife of the villain. Her most pronouncedly pleasing traits are an agreeable voice and distinct, refined enunciation. As an emotional actress, however, she lacks power. Her facial expression is at fault, and she fails to lose consciousness of self at the crucial moment. Youth and earnestness are her good allies, however, as is also the case with Miss Mary Kealty, a pretty, young creature, who plays the *ingénue* too much like one who is still passing through that phase in real life. Miss Kealty relapses so suddenly and spasmodically from vivacity of feature to a fixity of pose, as to suggest recent tutelage and slight experience in her profession.

The idea of an international marriage, whose dramatic value, both from a humorous and a serious point of view, has attracted Mr. Howard's attention in other plays, again is illustrated rather farcically in "The Henrietta." Miss Thompson, as the American bride, has a natural vivacity of expression, but, like Mr. Lane, she often needs to curb her too swiftly rushing speech. They have a real Englishman for Lord Arthur Trelawney's part, a little man with the correctly impassive expression, and an accent that is noticeably less English than the exaggerated imitation made so familiar to us by numerous devotees on the New York stage.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Leoncavallo has recently had an altercation with an Italian journalist, named Carlo Zangarini, who claims to have written his opera texts for him. He always maintained that he wrote his own because no capable writers could be found. For that reason it was a surprise when Zangarini claimed to have written the text of "Zaza" and other Leoncavallo operas, and allowed his name to remain unknown.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt are at present in Dresden, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Sauer. The Austrian Government has just conferred upon Mr. Sauer the directorship of the Vienna Conservatory of Music.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The discussion which has been brought about by President Roosevelt entertaining Booker T. Washington, the negro educator, who has done more for the South than any other member of his race, recalls an incident which Mr. Washington relates in his autobiography, "Up from Slavery." "On one occasion," he writes, "when I was making a trip from Augusta, Ga., to Atlanta, being rather tired from much travel, I rode in a Pullman sleeper. When I went into the car, I found there two ladies from Boston whom I knew well. These good ladies were perfectly ignorant, it seems, of the customs of the South, and in the goodness of their hearts insisted that I take a seat with them in their section. After some hesitation I consented. I had been there but a few minutes when one of them, without my knowledge, ordered supper to be served to the three of us. This embarrassed me still further. The car was full of Southern white men, most of whom had their eyes on our party. When I found that supper had been ordered, I tried to contrive some excuse that would permit me to leave the section, but the ladies insisted that I must eat with them. I finally settled back in my seat with a sigh, and said to myself: 'I am in for it now, sure.' To add further to the embarrassment of the situation, soon after the supper was placed on the table one of the ladies remembered that she had in her satchel a special kind of tea which she wished served, and as she said she felt quite sure the porter did not know how to brew it properly, she insisted upon getting up and preparing and serving it herself. At last the meal was over; and it seemed the longest one that I had ever eaten. When we were through, I decided to get myself out of the embarrassing situation and go into the smoking-room, where most of the men were by that time, to see how the land lay. In the meantime, however, it had become known in some way throughout the car who I was. When I went into the smoking-room I was never more surprised in my life than when each man, nearly every one of them a citizen of Georgia, came up and introduced himself to me and thanked me earnestly for the work that I was trying to do for the whole South. This was not flattery, because each one of these individuals knew that he had nothing to gain by trying to flatter me."

In describing the costumes worn by the ladies who participated in the championship golf tournament on the links of the Baltusrol Golf Club last week, one enthusiastic writer says: "The players were a living defiance of the proposition that to play golf one must dress and look like a washwoman. Miss Genevieve Hecker, of the Essex Country Club, of Orange, N. J., and Miss Lucy Herron, of Cincinnati, the best players out of eighty-two representative golfers, attired for the final contest neither in skirts up to their knees, without collars, nor with their sleeves rolled up. Miss Herron played with her hat on, and it wasn't strictly an outing hat, either. It was gray felt, and it had birds and bows and things on it that the girl whose golf rarely goes further than her clothes would be sure to say interfered with her game. Miss Hecker's tan-colored corduroy skirt was so long that the dew had transferred a deep damp dado to the hem, but the whole was graceful and girlish—not a bit rough-and-tumble and unfeminine. Miss Hecker wore no hat, but her yellow hair remained untumbled until the end of the match, and her rosy cheeks—likewise her nose—gave the lie to the sensational story published in one of the yellows a Sunday or so ago that she was the victim of a melancholy love affair. Both girls were a scathing commentary upon the young women—and some not so young—who have desecrated the landscape for the past two or three summers in undress costumes with tousled heads, and whose excuse has been, whether they ever touched a golf club or not: 'Oh, but you know, a girl has to look and dress this way to golf.'"

Commenting on the permanent closing of Chamberlin's club-house in Washington, D. C., the New York Sun says: "John Chamberlin, in his day, asked the highest prices charged in Washington. He had a method in it. 'Why,' he exclaimed one night, 'if I sold two drinks for a quarter and beer at ten cents a bottle it would not be a month before every Tom, Dick, and Harry in this town would be dropping into Chamberlin's to meet prominent people. And, boys, you would not come in here if I ran a cheap place.' His cooks were negro women from Maryland and Virginia, and his dishes purely American. 'No French or German cooking in here,' was his constant boast. 'We can beat them all hollow. With sauce, gravy, spices, and herbs they serve had stuff. You can not do it if you stick to the American way of cooking, and I will not have any other.' Chamberlin's place was always run wide open, night and day, and Sundays as well. The police did not bother him. The law-makers of the land, who were inclined to be gay and sportive, frequented his place in such numbers that he knew he was safe in conducting the establishment as he pleased. Policemen would pass Chamberlin's on Sunday afternoons in summer, when the windows were up and the waiters served drinks and cigars to customers just as if it had been Saturday. You could see senators, representatives, governors, and public officials at the tables. A merry crowd it was,

and the genial host was flitting from table to table, chatting with this group and that, and taking more drinks than any other man in the place. Chamberlin was a most hospitable man. He cared nothing for money. If his income had been one million dollars a year he would have spent it all on his friends. He knew that in being so generous and convivial he was shortening his life. That did not, however, trouble him. He would get up out of bed after a severe attack of rheumatic gout, and give a big dinner to some prominent man, to which he would invite the choicest spirits to be found in the land. He tried to drink with everybody who came in, and that hastened his death. Nothing pleased him more than to have a lively gathering, and sit up until broad daylight. He was the great attraction of his place. Men liked him for his good, honest nature, his wit, his fund of anecdote, and because he attracted to his establishment the most successful and entertaining men who were in the habit of visiting Washington. It was Mr. Chamberlin's intention to write a book about the men he had met in New York and Washington. He was a good story-teller, and a joker of the finest sort. He was intimately acquainted with more distinguished men and raconteurs than probably any other hotel proprietor that ever lived. So his book would have been of interest had it been written. Chamberlin failed physically so rapidly that he could not carry out his intentions. It was a source of sincere regret to him."

Final action was taken in the United States Supreme Court last week in what are known as the "hat-trimming" cases, which have been pending since 1886 by the notice given by Solicitor-General Richards that the government had abandoned its intention to ask for a rehearing of the matter. Several millions of dollars duty collected on silk ribbons under the Wilson tariff act will, therefore, be refunded to importers. The customs officials assessed duty on the articles at fifty per cent as goods of silk, while the importers claimed they should be admitted at twenty per cent, as material for trimming hats, and brought suit to recover the difference. After a legal battle lasting three years, the Supreme Court, in 1899 decided against the government. A motion for a rehearing was then made by the Department of Justice, and that motion had been pending until October 15th, when, by direction of the Solicitor-General, it was dismissed, bringing the case to an end.

Berlin newspapers have been making good copy out of a semi-serious agitation, recently inaugurated in Germany by women against the mustache and beard habit, which has sprung into existence since the Kaiser set the example by allowing his beard to grow. These women rebel against men wearing such adornments, and declare they are relics of barbarism. The Kaiser's barber was interviewed on the subject, and unhesitatingly declared that as long as the ruler of Germany continued to set this fashion all the women in Germany could not induce the best of the men to go clean shaven. He added that the headless face had come to stand for cab-drivers and butlers.

It is said that all the hotels in New York are doing a record business this fall, and the amount of trade that they are having can be compared only to the days of the fall of 1899, when the home-coming of Admiral Dewey and the *fetes* in his honor, together with the cup-races, brought such throngs to New York that every hotel was taxed to its utmost. That week has been known as "Dewey week" among the hotel men, and they never thought that they would see anything that would approach it in the size of the crowds and the amount of money that the people were anxious to spend. During October, however, the trade that has been done has been nearly as great, and in the weeks of the yacht races the business was fully up to the standard set in 1899. The proprietors of the hotels say that they have been unable to provide accommodations for the guests that have sought them, and that those who have applied for rooms have acted as though money was plenty.

William E. Curtis declares that there is no country, not even the United States, where women exercise a wider influence, both direct and indirect, in the home, the school, the church, upon the platform, and in the press, than in Sweden. "There is no other country in which the professions, trades, and other occupations are so free to them," he adds, "or in which their opportunities are utilized with greater zeal, ability, and success. They work side by side with men upon the farms, in the factories, in mercantile establishments, counting-houses, government offices, and in art, science, and literature, and are equally capable, although, as in other lands, their pay for the same labor and equal results is less. From the time that Margaret Larssen saved Gustavus Vasa from capture by the Danish soldiers by hiding him in her cellar, the women of Sweden have exercised a powerful influence in politics, although it has been indirect, and the ablest and most progressive to-day prefer that their present political condition shall remain unchanged. They do not think it wise to extend the franchise any further for fear that universal suffrage will result in the corruption of national politics, which is now comparatively pure. They prefer the present restriction, which gives the ballot only to women who pay taxes, be-

cause it deprives the ignorant and incompetent of a voice in the government, and avoids the dangers that often attend the participation of the masses in elections. They prefer to direct their efforts to securing an increase in women's wages, so that they may receive the same compensation as men for the same work, and hope to accomplish practical results by educating public sentiment, and bring moral pressure upon the employing class."

The souvenir postal-card craze has reached its height in Germany. The imperial post-office instituted a check for a week, and discovered that the daily average of these pictorial mementoes of travel reached the enormous total of 1,446,938. The postage paid on these cards averaged \$17.25 a day!

—PHYSICIANS WOULD NOT RECOMMEND JESSE MOORE WHISKY if they did not know it to be the best in the market.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 23, 1901, were as follows:

|                                  | BONDS.            |                   | Closed. |         |
|----------------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|---------|---------|
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| U. S. Coup. 4%.....              | 1,000             | @ 112             |         |         |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.....            | 10,000            | @ 106 1/2         | 106 1/2 | 107     |
| Los An. Ry 5%.....               | 8,000             | @ 117 1/2         | 117     | 117 1/2 |
| Market St. Ry. 6%.....           | 2,000             | @ 128             |         | 128     |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.....           | 36,000            | @ 121 1/2         | 121 1/2 | 122     |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%.....            | 15,000            | @ 121 1/2         | 121 1/2 | 122     |
| Oakland Gas 5%.....              | 15,000            | @ 112             | 112 1/2 |         |
| Oakland Transit 5%.....          | 7,000             | @ 112 1/2         |         | 112 1/2 |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....           | 9,000             | @ 103 1/2-104     |         | 104 1/2 |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%..... | 22,000            | @ 123 1/2         | 122 1/2 | 123 1/2 |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909           | 23,000            | @ 113 1/2         | 113 1/2 | 114     |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910           | 14,000            | @ 114 1/2         | 114 1/2 |         |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912            | 6,000             | @ 119 1/2         | 119 1/2 | 119 1/2 |
| S. V. Water 6%.....              | 3,000             | @ 111 1/2         | 111 1/2 | 112     |
| S. V. Water 4%.....              | 15,000            | @ 103 1/2-104 1/2 |         | 104 1/2 |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d.....           | 5,000             | @ 103 1/2         |         | 104     |
|                                  | STOCKS.           |                   | Closed. |         |
|                                  | Shares.           |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra Costa Water.....          | 530               | @ 76 1/2-77 1/2   | 77 1/2  | 77 1/2  |
| Spring Valley Water.....         | 345               | @ 88 1/2-89 1/2   | 89      | 89 1/2  |
|                                  | Gas and Electric. |                   |         |         |
|                                  |                   |                   |         |         |
| Equitable Gaslight.....          | 100               | @ 3 1/2           | 3 1/2   | 3 1/2   |
| Oakland Gas.....                 | 20                | @ 5 1/2           | 5 1/2   | 5 1/2   |
| Pacific Gas.....                 | 350               | @ 4 1/2-4 3/4     |         | 4 3/4   |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....        | 525               | @ 4 1/2-4 3/4     | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
|                                  | Banks.            |                   |         |         |
|                                  |                   |                   |         |         |
| Anglo-Cal.....                   | 100               | @ 78              | 75 1/2  | 79      |
| Bank of Cal.....                 | 16                | @ 406 1/2-408     | 406     | 410     |
| London P. & A.....               | 25                | @ 160             | 159 1/2 | 160     |
|                                  | Street R. R.      |                   |         |         |
|                                  |                   |                   |         |         |
| Market St.....                   | 1,112             | @ 87 1/2-90 1/2   | 87      | 87 1/2  |
|                                  | Powders.          |                   |         |         |
|                                  |                   |                   |         |         |
| Giant Con.....                   | 290               | @ 75-79 1/2       | 79      | 79 1/2  |
|                                  | Sugars.           |                   |         |         |
|                                  |                   |                   |         |         |
| Hana P. Co.....                  | 40                | @ 4 1/2-4 3/4     | 4 1/2   | 5       |
| Honokaa S. Co.....               | 1,005             | @ 10 1/2-12 1/2   | 11 1/2  |         |
| Hutchinson.....                  | 680               | @ 15 1/2-17 1/2   | 16 1/2  | 16 1/2  |
| Kilauea S. Co.....               | 210               | @ 11-11 1/2       | 11      | 12      |
| Makaweli S. Co.....              | 1,355             | @ 27 1/2-29 1/2   | 27 1/2  | 28      |
| Onomea S. Co.....                | 40                | @ 24 1/2          | 24      | 25      |
| Pauhanu S. Co.....               | 345               | @ 11 1/2-12 1/2   | 11      |         |
|                                  | Miscellaneous.    |                   |         |         |
|                                  |                   |                   |         |         |
| Alaska Packers.....              | 70                | @ 140 1/2-141     | 140 1/2 | 141     |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....              | 355               | @ 88 1/2-90       | 89 1/2  | 91      |
| Oceanic S. Co.....               | 225               | @ 45-45 1/2       | 44 1/2  | 46      |
| Pac. C. Borax.....               | 35                | @ 165             |         | 165     |

Giant Powder was strong and advanced four and one-half points to 79 1/2 on sales of about 300 shares. The advance was made on the announcement of a raise in the price of powder in the neutral belt, also in the East, and on the return of the representatives of the Western companies, which will be very shortly. The price will also be raised here, which, it is claimed, will increase this company's earnings \$4,000 per month. The company also has all the orders it can fill, and at present is behind in filling them.

The sugars have been in fair demand, and on sales of about 4,000 shares made advances of from one-fourth to one and three-fourths points—the latter in Hutchinson and Honokaa—but, at the close, eased off about one-half to three-fourths of a point.

The gas stocks were strong, and San Francisco Gas and Electric sold up to 45 on sales of 325 shares; Pacific Gas Improvement selling at 42.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
**Choice Woolens**  
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
822 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

AROMATIC DELICACY,  
MILDNESS and PURITY.

**Milo**  
CIGARETTES.

AT YOUR CLUB OR DEALER'S.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,290,156.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,836,283.11

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; Vice-President, JOHN LLOYD; Second Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWNY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Robte, H. B. Russ, N. Oblandt, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901..... \$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,894  
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. de FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL..... \$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES..... President  
WILLIAM BARCOCK..... Vice-President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR..... Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,851,860.11  
October 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON..... Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS..... Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York..... (Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.)  
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore..... The National Exchange Bank  
Boston..... The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago..... (Illinois Trust and Savings Bank)  
Philadelphia..... The First National Bank  
St. Louis..... The Philadelphia National Bank  
Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California  
London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris..... Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
Berlin..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies..... Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

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## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK.

President, JOHN J. VALENTINE, Manager, HOMER S. KING, Cashier, H. WADSWORTH, Asst. Cashier, F. L. LIPMAN, 2d Asst. Cashier, H. L. MILLER.

BRANCHES—New York, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. Dooly, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

| ASSETS.                          |                 |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Loans.....                       | \$10,642,400.61 |
| Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants..... | 2,191,727.10    |
| Real Estate.....                 | 1,665,030.77    |
| Miscellaneous Assets.....        | 12,416.53       |
| Due from Banks and Bankers.....  | 1,104,308.12    |
| Cash.....                        | 3,973,676.04    |
|                                  | \$19,589,558.17 |
| LIABILITIES.                     |                 |
| Capital, paid up.....            | \$ 500,000.00   |
| Surplus.....                     | 5,750,000.00    |
| Undivided Profits.....           | 3,911,290.28    |
| Deposits, Banks and Bankers..... | 1,124,165.27    |
| Individual.....                  | 8,904,102.62    |
|                                  | \$19,589,558.17 |

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$3,092,661.01

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.  
411 California Street



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Shah of Persia is said to have once told the Duchess of Westminster that the fame of her beauty had reached Teheran. "Ah," said she to some one who stood by, "he takes me for Westminster Abbey."

"Some gentlemen of the press wish admission, sir," Sir Francis Knollys once said to King Edward, when he was Prince of Wales, and the heir apparent, with a laugh, remarked: "Let them enter. For, if they don't obtain admission at the door they'll come in through the ventilator."

Dean Swift, of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was one day watching with a friend the roof of a building on which several men were at work fixing slates. Suddenly one of the men vanished. Thereupon the dean turned to his companion and said: "I like to see a man go quickly through his work."

A friend once apologized to Robert Louis Stevenson for not visiting him, and said that the real reason was that he did not know where Samoa was. Stevenson replied that it was simple enough to find it. All you had to do was to sail out of San Francisco on a ship, and take the first turning to the left.

As a preface to his attack upon the recent army appointments in England, Rudyard Kipling tells a story of a man who was carrying a bag, and of whom a fellow-traveler asked what it was that the bag contained. "Mongooses," was the answer; "my brother sees snakes, and I'm taking the mongooses up to kill them." "But your brother doesn't see real snakes." "No; but these aren't real mongooses."

On one occasion Hans Richter was present at a concert given by a brother composer, at which the latter performed a long and not particularly interesting work of his own. When the composition came to an end Richter expressed his criticism in a very few words. "Well," he said, "I too have written compositions to make a pile so high," raising his hand three feet from the ground; "but I have burned them!"

It is said that when in India, Winston Spencer Churchill, Lord Randolph Churchill's son, presented a copy of his first book to General Tucker, who, previous to his South African command, was all-powerful at Secunderabad. "Do you like it?" young Churchill inquired of the general. "Haven't read it. Is it meant to read?" "Why, yes." "Wish you'd told me so before. I keep it hanging up in my dressing-room, and tear off a page every morning to wipe my razor on."

Several years ago, a colored Baptist minister who was anxious to be appointed to a vacancy in a Georgia church, went to one of the old residents and asked him what he should preach about in his trial sermon. He was informed that a good topic would be the proper rearing of children, who in that section were greatly neglected. When the would-be pastor arose to preach the next morning, he started out this way: "I'm gwine to preach to you to-day on de subjee' of chilluns. You ain't raisin' 'em right. Instid of dem bein' in Sunday school dey is strayin' away, fightin' and playin' marbles, and de Bible is pitterly agin de las' one of dese acts beca' it says in two or three places: 'Marble (marvel) not I say unto you.'"

Apocryphal of the never-ending canteen discussion, an interesting story is told of Fort Hays, in Kansas, which in 1865 was in command of Colonel Nelson, of the Fifth Infantry. A mile from the post was the town of Hays, one of the "toughest" towns of early Kansas. Rarely a night passed that some soldier from the fort was not cut or shot there. Despite all precautions, Colonel Nelson found it impossible to keep the men away from the town, for when they wanted a drink they had to go there to get it. Finally Colonel Nelson ordered the sutler to enlarge his store and fit up a billiard-room, a reading-room, and a bar, where he might sell all kinds of liquor. The sutler demurred, as he said he did not want to have dealings with a lot of drunken soldiers, but Colonel Nelson assured him that the military authorities were able to take care of that part of it. The result of the innovation was an immediate change in the whole atmosphere of the post. The men ceased to go to town; drunkenness, instead of being the rule, became the exception, and not another murder of a soldier is recorded in the town of Hays.

During the early part of General "Phil" Sheridan's operations, in 1864, against the Confederate forces under General Jubal Early, in the Shenandoah Valley, Major-General Forrester Williams fell into disgrace with the federal commander, owing to some descriptions of battles which he reported. After one of these articles had appeared, he met Sheridan, who remarked: "So you have been making fun of me in your blanked newspaper!" "Fun! General?" "Yes; you told all about those comounded ambulances and paid no sort of respect to

the commander of the army in which you are suffered to live." "There was no exaggeration in my story, sir. You must admit that." "Admit h—ll! This business has got to stop. You are ordered to leave my department within twenty-four hours." "Well, general, you have just been made commander of the United States Military Department. Even if I go back to New York, I shall still be within the lines of your command." "Oh, go to the d—l, if you like. I don't care where you go!" cried Sheridan, in anger. To which the reporter replied: "All right, general; but I am afraid I shall not be out of your department even with his Satanic majesty."

Frederick Palmer tells a story of M. de Witte, the Russian minister of finance, which is illustrative of his character. An American drummer, fresh from our direct methods of business, dropped in on him one morning to get certain information necessary for the sale of his goods. The minister refused it. The young man persisted. The minister still refused. Then the young man made the eagle scream. "You're the only man who can give me what I want," he said; "I'm not going back to my folks and tell them that I couldn't do any business. I've got to know. I could get the same thing in two minutes in America, and I'm not going to leave the room until—" The minister pressed an electric button. In walked two guards. The minister spoke to them in Russian, and directly the drummer found himself walking down the Nevsky Prospect with an uncongenial escort. As he thought the matter over in jail, he concluded that his hand was not strong enough, as he put it, to bluff the whole Russian Empire. Within an hour he was led back into the presence of De Witte, who told him that a decent apology would save further trouble. After the drummer made it, De Witte gave him the information, with the reminder that it was not wise to be rude to ministers of state.

## A Puzzling Ghost Story.

In his autobiographical volume, "A Sailor's Log," Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans relates a very curious ghost experience which occurred while he was cruising in the Mediterranean:

At about midnight, when over a hundred miles from land and while everything was perfectly quiet about the deck, the sound of a tolling bell was distinctly heard. It could be plainly heard by the officer of the deck as well as the men, and it continued for several minutes. To the crew it sounded like a funeral bell, and they decided that some one was going to die. With much difficulty the men were finally sent to their hammocks and ordered to keep silence. The next morning the story was all over the ship, from the forecastle to the officers' messes. When night came again many had forgotten the incident, but at about the same hour the tolling of the bell was again distinctly heard, and the whole crew gathered on deck to listen in superstitious silence. The officers were much puzzled, and many theories were advanced to account for the strange and unusual noise. The third night found the captain and all hands, officers and men, on deck, determined if possible to find a solution of the mystery. At the proper time the sound of the bell came clear and distinct, tolling as if for a funeral. The captain and several of the officers then began a careful investigation, which soon cleared the matter up. The galley of the ship, where the cooking was done, was under the top-gallant forecastle, about twenty feet from the ship's bell. The fires in the galley were put out at nine o'clock, and it was found that at a certain point in the process of cooling the contracting of the metal in the galley made it give out a cracking noise which accorded with certain tones in the bell and caused it to ring. The very puzzling ghost story was solved, and the men went to their hammocks, many of them still shaking their heads and predicting that there was trouble in store for somebody.

## When Sir Thomas Returns.

The king fixed his eyes on Sir Thomas a little reproachfully. The gallant knight flinched slightly beneath the steady gaze.

"Did you catch the cup, Tommy?" his majesty asked, and he asked it in the tone of a man who knows just what the answer will be.

"I did not," said Sir Thomas.

He heave a heavy sigh as he said it. Then he heave two.

"You did not," repeated his majesty. "I know you did not. The trouble is that in knotted parlance you did not knot fast enough."

The king's features relaxed as he relieved himself of this humorous sally, and taking Sir Thomas by the arm he permitted one eyelid to slightly droop as they passed down the corridor and through a green baize swinging-door.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Didn't believe in them: "Willie," said his father as he proceeded with the laying on of hands, "I am sorry to have to do this—it hurts me more than it does you." "Well," returned the precocious youngster, resignedly, "I never did believe in these here sympathetic strikes anyhow. They always do more harm than good."—*Chicago Post.*

## In Substitute Feeding

For infants, physicians agree that cow's milk is the basis for all beginnings. What is required, then, is the best possible milk product. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is ideal, pure, sterile, and guarded against contamination.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Lady of the Links.

An autumn day,  
A pretty girl  
In coat of brightest scarlet;  
A youth elate, her golfing mate,  
Likewise a caddie varlet.

Again the girl,  
Another day,  
Same youth, but where's the caddie?  
He was *de trop*, he had to go,  
That watchful little laddie.

—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

## Malay Influence.

He came home from Manila,  
With health somewhat precarious,  
And to inquiring friends he said  
He guessed he was Malayious.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Remodeled Woman.

I can not guess the inwardness  
Of Fashion's strange decrees,  
For I should think they'd make a dress  
To fit the form with ease.  
The waist should be, it seems to me,  
Where'er by Nature placed,  
But study woman, and you'll see  
She has a sliding waist.

For now the gown—at least in town—  
N'er fits the damsel fair;  
The waist-line is now up, now down,  
Diagonal or square.  
You can't evade the truth displayed—  
To Art her form she owes;  
And every year she is remade  
To fit the latest clothes.

—*Elliott Flower in Life.*

## As the Private Sees It.

When Sykes gets tired o' riotin', an'  
Slinks back inter the slums;  
When Debs gets wreckin' railway cars,  
An' Most' explodin' bombs;  
When Dons are doused, an' Tagal chiefs,  
Are shakin' hands all round,  
An' everythin' 's med right agen—  
The price o' sojers' 's down!

But when the drums roll thru the land,  
An' war is in the air;  
When brickbats, bombs, an' barriers strew  
Each city thoroughfare;  
When all that saves yer precious hides  
Is threatenin' fer ter flop,  
An' life ain't worth a pinch o' salt—  
The price o' sojers' 's up!

—*Army and Navy Journal.*

A wise client: "Lawyer—" "I must know the whole truth before I can successfully defend you. Have you told me everything?" "Prisoner—" "Except where I hid the money. I want that for myself."—*Ex.*

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; WITH which cook can please all.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO  
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

ROUND  
THE  
WORLD  
FOR HEALTH  
AND  
PLEASURE.

Last party of the season (limited to 12 members) leaves San Francisco, Thursday, Oct. 31st. Illustrated descriptive programme mailed free.

THOS. COOK & SON,  
621 Market Street, San Francisco

## DOMINION LINE

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.  
NEW MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.  
Boston to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa.  
S. S. Commonwealth (twin-screw, 12,000 tons), November 27th, January 4th, February 12th.  
S. S. Cambrian, January 15th, February 26th

To Alexandria, Egypt.  
S. S. Commonwealth, Saturday, January 4th, February 12th  
This new twin-screw steamer is one of the largest afloat; has splendid accommodations for passengers.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast,  
621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

**MENNE'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**  
A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all affections of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or guided on receipt of 25c.  
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

## It's Fun to Ride in an Automobile

that goes like the wind, yet gives not the slightest jar; that is so perfectly constructed that it can be governed by a child without fear of mishap. We build this kind of horseless vehicles to order, and supply automobile parts. Our system of selling automobiles on monthly installments places them within the reach of all.

**California Automobile Co.**  
222 SANSOME STREET.  
Factory, 346 McAllister St. Phone Jessie 366.

**Shade Won't Work**  
Because it isn't mounted on THE IMPROVED HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.  
A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**  
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
**YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.**  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, November 7  
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, December 3  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 28  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha  
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)  
IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.  
Hongkong Maru. Saturday, November 16  
Nippon Maru. Wednesday, December 11  
America Maru. Saturday, January 4, 1902  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

**OCEANIC S. S. CO.** Sierra, 6200 Tons  
Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, November 2, 1901, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Australia, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Friday, November 29, 1901.  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, November 14, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts, 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1.30 P. M., Oct. 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Nov. 3.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles); Steamer Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneeme, East San Pedro, and San Pedro—Steamer Corona, Thursdays, 9 A. M.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
For further information obtain company's folder.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing without previous notice.  
Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel), GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

**AMERICAN LINE.**  
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cebu, Hong Kong, and Yokohama.  
St. Paul, October 30 | St. Paul, November 20  
St. Louis, November 6 | St. Louis, November 27  
Philadelphia, November 13 | Philadelphia, December 4  
**RED STAR LINE.**  
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Zeeland, October 30 | Vaderland, November 20  
Friesland, November 6 | Kensington, November 27  
Southland, November 13 | Zealand, December 4  
Stop at Cebu, Hong Kong, and Yokohama.  
International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Parker-Stubbs Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Edith Stubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, and Mr. Harrison Parker, of New York, took place at the First Presbyterian Church on Wednesday afternoon, October 23d. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the Rev. J. E. Stubbs, an uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, pastor of the church. Miss Helen Stubbs, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Miss Irene Baker, the Misses Gertrude and Ethel Parker, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Margaret Salisbury, and Miss Ethel Cooper acted as bridesmaids. Mr. Charles A. Crawford, of Chicago, was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. George Sargent, Mr. Walter Gibbons, Mr. William Smith, Mr. John Newlands, Mr. William Everett, and Mr. Isaac O. Upham.

The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents on Pacific Avenue, where about two hundred guests were entertained. Later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Parker departed for New York, which will be their future home.

## Notes and Gossip.

The formal announcement of the engagement of Miss Norma Preston to Mr. Worthington Ames, and that of Miss Edith Preston to Mr. Willard N. Drown, was made at a tea given by Mrs. Edgar F. Preston in her apartments at the Palace Hotel on Saturday afternoon, October 19th. The Misses Preston are the daughters of Mr. Edgar F. Preston, the well-known attorney, and, with Mrs. Preston, recently returned from a year's absence in Europe. Mr. Willard N. Drown is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert N. Drown, and Mr. Worthington Ames is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Pelham W. Ames. No date has as yet been set for the weddings.

The engagement of Miss Eloise Davis and Mr. Wallace W. Everett was announced at the wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison M. Parker (née Stubbs) on Wednesday. Miss Davis is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Davis, and Mr. Everett is the associate editor of one of the leading trade journals of this city, and a graduate of the University of California.

The engagement is announced of Miss May L. Budd, daughter of Mr. John E. Budd, a regent of the State University and a prominent lawyer of Stockton, to Mr. Francis Hodgkins, also of that city.

The wedding of Miss Clare Harding, daughter of Mr. J. E. Harding, and Dr. Neil D. Gunn, of Montreal, Canada, will take place on Thursday, October 31st, at St. Thomas's Church, New York.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Hooper, daughter of Mr. John A. Hooper, and Mr. Henry Oscar Beatty took place at the home of the bride's father, 2201 Laguna Street, on Tuesday evening, October 22d. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by the Rev. Robert Mackenzie. Miss Jeannette Hooper, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and Miss Alma Beatty and Miss Sophia Palmer were the bridesmaids. Mr. Albert Hooper, a brother of the bride, was best man. The wedding was a quiet one, owing to recent bereavement in the families of both bride and groom.

The wedding of Miss May Lowell and Mr. John E. Medau took place at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Frank W. Sumner, 2321 Central Avenue, on Tuesday evening, October 22d. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt. Miss Gertrude Church was the maid of honor, Mr. William Horn acted as best man, and Mr. Henry Lund and Mr. Leslie Harkness were the ushers. A reception followed the ceremony, and on Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Medau departed on their wedding journey. Upon their return, they will reside at the Hotel Granada, where they have taken apartments for the winter.

The wedding of Miss Violet Carey, daughter of Captain M. Carey, of Sydney, Australia, and Mr. Daniel Callaghan, brother of Mr. Arthur V. Callaghan, will take place in the Church of the Holy Lady of the Rosary, at Vancouver, B. C., on Tuesday, November 12th.

Miss Edith Stubbs gave a dinner on Monday evening, October 21st, at her home on Pacific Avenue, at which she entertained Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss

Gertrude Parker, Miss Irene Baker, Miss Ethel Parker, Miss Helen Stubbs, Mr. Harrison M. Parker, Mr. Charles Crawford, Mr. George Sargent, Mr. Walter Gibbons, Mr. John Newlands, Mr. William Smith, Mr. Isaac O. Upham, and Mr. Wallace Everett.

Miss Jacqueline Moore will make her formal debut at a reception given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, at their home in East Oakland this (Saturday) evening. Mr. and Mrs. Moore and family have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu and, during the month of November, the ladies will be at home on Mondays.

Miss Leontine Blakeman gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Floretta Elmore, of Portland, Or. Those who assisted her in receiving were Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Ethel Keeney, the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Ethel Cooper, and Miss Mamie Polhemus.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa recently gave a dinner at their home in Piedmont complimentary to Bishop and Mrs. Whittaker, of Pennsylvania. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. John P. Irish, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ralston, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Taft, Colonel and Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. Farr, Mrs. Neilson, Mrs. Moorehead, Mrs. W. E. Hale, Miss Sadie Hale, and Mr. James Stevens.

Miss Maye Colburn gave a tea on Saturday afternoon, October 19th, in honor of Miss Polly Dunn. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Lyman Colburn, Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Jessie Fillmore, Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Marie Voorhies, and Miss Elizabeth Cole.

Miss Margaret Sinclair gave a luncheon at her Oakland home last week in honor of Miss Lucy Moffitt and Miss Josephine Chabot. Others at table were Mrs. Robert Lee Stephenson, Miss Mary Meux, Miss Kate Chabot, Miss Martin, of New York, Mrs. Edward Hale Campbell, Miss Ruth Gardiner, Miss Jane Rawlins, Miss Laura Crellin, Miss Ray Wellman, and Miss Florence Hush.

Mrs. George A. Crux will receive on the second and fourth Thursdays in November and February at her residence, 1673 Larkin Street.

The members of the Entre Nous Cotillion inaugurated their twelfth season with a brilliant assembly and german on last Friday evening, in the new ball-room of the Palace Hotel. Sixty couples were in attendance, and six new and original figures of the cotillion were given under the leadership of Mr. Sanford G. Lewald, assisted by his partner, Miss Gladys Delzelle. The next reception will be given on Friday evening, November 29th, at the Palace Hotel.

## Features of the Doll Show.

The vaudeville programme which the Doctor's Daughters will offer on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, November 8th and 9th, in the Supper-Room of the Palace Hotel is gradually taking shape, and will include many attractive novelties. The "Florodora" double sextet of society belles and beaux is now complete. The "pretty maidens" will be Miss Berenice Landers, Miss Elsa Cook, Miss Mary Payne, Miss Chispa Sanborn, and the Misses Lally. The "gentle strangers" will be Mr. Walter H. Feldmann, Dr. C. Clark Collins, U. S. A., Mr. Frank Rodolph, Mr. Philip P. Paschel, Mr. Harry Lambertson, and Mr. William Klink.

Among the other features will be miniature pictures, in which Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Mary Jolliffe, Miss Marie Wells, and Miss Marie Oge will pose; a solo by Miss Ardella Mills, in costume; Mr. Orrin Peck, Mr. Charles J. Dickman, Mr. J. C. Wilson, and Mr. R. M. Hotelling in a sketch entitled "A Billionaire," which has been especially written for the occasion by Peter Robertson; Mr. Ernest Mendenhall and Mr. W. H. Clum in "The Littlest Girl," adapted from Richard Harding Davis's short story; Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. D. L. McLachlan, and Mr. Peter Sloane in another skit; Judge H. A. Melvin in vocal solo; Mr. William H. Hynes, monologist; Mr. Horace Miller in sleight-of-hand feats; Professor Bothwell Browne in a Carmen dance, *a la* Collamarina; Mr. Fritz Bottom in a lightning-change specialty; Dr. Guido Callieri in vocal solos; and two quartets of the Bohemian Club.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Grau Opera Season.

The sale of seats for the twenty subscription performances of the Maurice Grau Opera Company will begin on Monday morning at the Grand Opera House, and will continue until Tuesday, November 5th, when tickets for single performances will be offered to the public. Among those who have already subscribed for balcony loges are Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. Frank, Mr. J. de Witt Allen, Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mrs. Isadore Schwartz, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. W. S. Keyes, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. J. D. Spreckels, Mr. M. H. Hecht, Mr. W. F. Herrin, Mr. Leon Sloss, General William R. Sbafter, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. Alexander Morrison, Mr. Charles E. Green, and Mr. William Bourne.

## The Loring Club's Concert.

The Loring Club will give the first concert of its twenty-fifth season in Native Sons' Hall on the evening of Thursday, October 31st, when a programme of exceptional interest will be presented. The soloists will be Miss Annie Louise Daniels, Mr. H. E. Medley, Dr. S. Schalkhammer, and Dr. J. F. Smith; the accompaniments will be a quintet of strings with piano and organ, and Mr. D. W. Loring will direct. This season the club has arranged to produce a series of musical novelties of considerable importance. At the opening concert they will sing for the first time a cantata, "The Birth of Love," by John Hyatt Brewer, composer of the very popular setting of "Sing, Sing Music was Given." The accompaniments to the cantata are for piano and organ.

Miss Wilson's season of piano illustrations of Richard Wagner's music dramas is proving a great treat, and will especially appeal to those who want to appreciate and understand those operas of the "Nibelungen Ring," which are to be given by the Grau Opera Company. The remaining operas to be treated are "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung." Each is to be divided into three recitals. The first act of "Siegfried" will be illustrated on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock, the second act on November 6th, and the third on November 13th.

Enid Brandt, the child pianist, will give her first concert at Sherman, Clay & Co's Hall on November 5th, when she will render among other difficult selections the Bach Prelude and Fugue No. 5, and Chopin's Fantasia Impromptu in C-sharp minor.

## An Interesting Sale.

The lady managers of the Woman's Hospital will hold a sale in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, October 30th, when a wealth of pretty articles will be offered for sale. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the free ward and free clinic of the hospital, and it is to be hoped that the public will generously assist these worthy institutions. Mrs. Francis Carolan has sent from New York a number of pretty novelties, and the managers of the hospital have contributed some beautiful needle-work. There will be fortune-telling and other diversions, the admission price being placed at twenty-five cents.

## The managers of the hospital are:

Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. J. H. Hatch, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Mrs. F. J. Carolan, Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mrs. E. E. Park, Mrs. C. F. Stokes, Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mrs. D. H. Whittemore, Mrs. H. C. Campbell, Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mrs. James Otis, Jr., Mrs. J. T. Hoyt, Mrs. E. C. Evans, Mrs. A. E. B. Ridley, Mrs. F. A. Robbins, Mrs. G. Leviston.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels gave a dinner on Friday evening, October 25th, in honor of their silver wedding, at the residence of Mrs. Michels's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levy, 1321 Sutter Street. The guests, which numbered about one hundred, were seated at five tables, which were artistically decorated with orchids, roses, lilies of the valley, and chrysanthemums. During the repast and after dinner, the guests were entertained with music.

Hirsh & Kaiser, the well-known opticians and photographic supply merchants, have leased the premises, 5½-7 Kearny Street and 12-14 Geary Street, for a term of five years at a rental of thirty thousand six hundred dollars. The expansion was necessary to meet the demand of an increased business.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch has returned from the Klondike after an absence of several months. He has fully recovered from the accident with which he met through the breaking of a tramway at his mine near Dawson City about six weeks ago.

The Linda Vista Golf Club of San José will give an "at home" on Saturday evening, November 2d, at which dancing and whist will be the features of the evening.

"THE TRAITOR'S WAY," BY THE AUTHOR OF "Honour of Seville," just received at Cooper's.

— FOR HOME USE, FOR BAR USE, FOR PHYSICIAN'S use, for everybody's use, Jesse Moore Whisky is always the best and is in most general demand.

## Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. You can trust a soap that has no biting in it, that's Pears'.

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C. H. MUMM & CO.  
EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O/E, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

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## CONGRESS SPRINGS.

The gem of the Santa Cruz Mountains. An ideal summer and winter resort. Always open. New management. Table unsurpassed. Best mineral water on the coast.

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P. O. Saratoga, Cal.

## Hotel Rafael

Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Sixteen trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

## HOTEL PLEASANTON

Cor. Sutter and Jones Sts.

The Leading Family and Tourist Hotel in San Francisco, situated in a warm and pleasant part of the city, near the Theatres, Churches, and Principals Stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the Hotel. Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries and the Golden Gate Park and other points of interest. All modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service as leading features, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel. Rates for board and room, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day for one person. Special terms by the month. Guests desiring rooms without board will be accommodated.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

## HOTEL GRANADA

THE NEWEST AND FINEST-EQUIPPED FAMILY HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO

N. W. Cor. Sutter and Hyde Sts., S. F., Cal.

MRS. J. C. LEVY, Proprietor.

## THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee  
San Francisco, Cal.

The Finest Cake  
Is made with Royal Baking Powder. Always light, sweet, pure & wholesome.



# DEMOCRATIC MUNICIPAL TICKET

**Municipal Government is  
business, not politics.**  
The citizens must elect  
men who will not betray  
them to the corporations,  
but act honorably and  
justly to all.

**Mayor.....** Joseph S. Tobin  
**Auditor.....** John H. Wise  
**City Attorney.....** Franklin K. Lane  
**District Attorney.....** Lewis F. Byington  
**Treasurer.....** S. H. Brooks  
**Recorder.....** Edmond Godchaux  
**County Clerk.....** George Dahlbender  
**Tax Collector.....** Joseph Fassler  
**Public Administrator.....** P. Boland  
**Sheriff.....** J. S. Wardell  
**Prisoner.....** Dr. T. B. W. Leland

## Supervisors:

**William T. Bock** L. J. Dyer  
**P. Booth** John Landers  
**U. Brandenstein** Knox Maddox  
**Amuel Braunhart** William M. McCarthy  
**James Butler** Henry Payot  
**Comte, Jr.** Maurice V. Samuels  
**Ann Connor** Henry J. Stafford  
**J. Curtis** Luther Wagoner  
**A. D'Ancona** William D. Wasson

## Police Judges:

**J. Fritz** C. T. Conlan

## FOR COUNTY CLERK

**GEO. DAHLBENDER**

Democratic Nominee

## FOR SHERIFF

**JUSTUS S. WARDELL**

Democratic Nominee

**THE OFFICIAL RECORDS OF THE  
office of RECORDER during the past  
fifteen months under**

**EDMOND GODCHAUX**

show a **SAVING** of \$24,533.53 over the  
same period of his predecessors.

## For Sale or Rent in Santa Barbara

Use and corner lot, 105 by 225 feet, with  
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beans, and flowers; also two-room cottage, stable,  
chicken-yard. House contains eleven rooms,  
fully papered and painted, new plumbing, all in  
best order. For particulars inquire of the owner,  
Miss MATILDA MCGOWAN,  
1434 Garden Street, Santa Barbara, Cal.

## RENT—LOS ANGELES

Handsomeness home, completely fur-  
nished, in best residence section of  
Los Angeles, for rent. Thirteen  
rooms and two bath-rooms.

Press Box 15, Argonaut office.

## AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S DRINK

**HUNTER**

**ALTIMORE RYE**

Whisky & Wine Commission Co.

Sole Agents for California

223-225 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to  
and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts  
of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs.  
William H. Taylor, Jr., Miss Carrie Taylor, and  
Miss Georgina Hopkins are sojourning at Catalina  
Island.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood (*note* Di-  
mond), who have been traveling abroad for several  
months on their wedding journey, have returned to  
San Francisco, and are at the Sherwood home on  
California Street.

Miss Sophie Pierce has returned after a three  
weeks' stay at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker visited San José last week.

Mr. William H. Crocker departed for the East last  
week.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels,  
who are at present in New York, expect to sail for  
Europe in a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck and Miss Ger-  
trude Van Wyck have given up their home, and taken  
apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the  
month of November. They expect to leave for the  
South about the first of December.

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies have moved into  
their new residence.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have been making a  
short stay at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Callaghan are now set-  
tled in their new apartments at 1602 Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Katherine Dillon  
expect to sail for Honolulu early in November.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Morgan have been  
spending a fortnight in New York.

Miss Agnes Tobin and her guest, Mrs. Alice  
Meynell, the noted English writer, were visitors to  
the Yosemite Valley last week.

Miss Florence Ives, who left for the East last  
week, will visit friends in Washington, D. C., and  
New York.

Miss Gwendolen Overton, of Los Angeles, after a  
fortnight's stay in Pittsburg, is now in New York,  
where she will be joined this week by her mother.

Mr. T. C. Van Ness was in New York early in the  
week.

Mrs. Richard Sprague expects to occupy her new  
residence on Broadway early in December.

Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, the well-known  
author, arrived from the East on Wednesday, and  
expects to remain here several months.

Mrs. John E. de Ruyter has been visiting friends  
in Montreal, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, formerly Mrs. Janin,  
have taken a house on California Street, between  
Octavia and Laguna.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Hays and the Misses  
Hays have been visiting in the Yosemite Valley.  
They leave for Europe soon.

Mr. W. R. Hearst arrived from New York on  
Wednesday.

Mr. Philip M. Lansdale, nephew of the late Lieut-  
enant Philip Van Horn Lansdale, is visiting Mr.  
and Mrs. Sydney M. Smith.

Miss Maud Howard will pass the winter in New  
York.

Mrs. Walter Felton leaves for her home in Mazat-  
lan, Mexico, on Monday, after a four months' visit  
to her daughter, Mrs. Linda Bryan.

Miss Elizabeth Rawn, of Cincinnati, who has been  
visiting Miss Mabel Cluff during the past three  
weeks, will return East on Wednesday.

Miss Ada Sullivan is visiting her sister, Miss  
Georgia Sullivan, in New York, and will not return  
until after the holidays.

Mrs. P. M. Lussan came up from San José last  
week, and was the guest of her daughter, Mrs.  
George A. Crux, at 1613 Larkin Street.

Mrs. J. L. Moody and Miss Moody were in New  
York last week.

Miss Josephine Saalburg will leave on Tuesday  
for New York, where she expects to spend the winter.

Mrs. William Willis, Miss India Scott, Mr. Arthur,  
Miss Millie Daherty, Mrs. George Knight, Mr.  
Arthur Spear, and Mr. W. H. Alvord made up a  
party which visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last  
week.

Colonel Addison E. Head, after a long absence  
in Alaska, has returned to San Francisco.

Mr. John Lawson was a visitor at the Hotel  
Rafael last week.

Mrs. Chris Reis and her niece, Miss Fannie Harris,  
have departed for the East, en route to Europe.

The Misses Marie and Eva Withrow, accompanied  
by their mother, left for the East on Wednesday, en  
route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stubbs and the Misses Stubbs  
arrived from Reno, Nev., early in the week to at-  
tend the Parker-Stubbs wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny have departed for the  
East.

The Misses Kate and Ethel Beaver sailed for  
Japan on the Japanese steamship *America Maru*  
on Wednesday, October 23d.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wells (*note* Hush) were in  
Paris when last heard from.

Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., was in New York early  
in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. H. Ferguson will leave  
next week for an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Macfarlane, of New York,  
were at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton have taken apart-  
ments at the Hotel Granada for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Fowle and their two  
daughters have taken rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton  
for the winter.

Mrs. and Miss McChrystal, of Salt Lake City,  
will spend a few months at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. E. H. Conger, wife of the United States  
minister to China, sailed on the Japanese steamship  
*America Maru* for Shanghai on Wednesday. She  
was accompanied by Mrs. John Drake.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael

were Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Johnson, of Andover,  
Mass., Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cevderberg, of Allen-  
town, Pa., Miss Murr, Mr. J. Murr, and Mr. A.  
Birden, of New York, Dr. A. Mackay-Smith, of  
Washington, D. C., Mr. W. A. Allen, of Chicago,  
Mr. C. A. Gay, of Boston, Mr. E. L. Woods, of  
Sausalito, and Mr. John Lawson.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tam-  
alpais were Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Wallan, of Tarry-  
town, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sexland, of  
Auckland, New Zealand, Mr. and Mrs. David  
Blake, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hutchins,  
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Brown, and Mrs. J. W. Mc-  
Donald, of Honolulu, Mr. E. W. Runyon, of Red  
Bluff, Mr. W. S. Williams, of Minneapolis, Mr.  
Charles Ellis Smith, of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. F.  
E. Magee, and Mr. John W. Butler.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel  
were Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hartman, of Los Angeles,  
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fretwill, of Belvedere, Mr.  
and Mrs. E. B. Towne, of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs.  
J. M. Johnson, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. A. T.  
Lightner, of Bakersfield, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ham-  
mond, of Visalia, Mrs. B. F. Bauer and Miss Ethel  
Bauer, of Salt Lake City, Mr. H. S. Kirk, of Sacra-  
mento, Mr. R. A. Bray, of Oakland, Mr. George  
H. Cowie, of Stockton, and Mr. R. H. Tucker, of  
Mt. Hamilton.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and  
navy people who are known in San Francisco are  
appended:

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, U. S. N., sailed  
for Pago Pago, Samoa, on Monday on the United  
States transport *Solace*.

Captain W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., has de-  
parted for Malden, Mass., where his marriage to  
Miss Louise Gore Chaffin will be celebrated on  
Wednesday, October 30th.

Mrs. George W. Melver is the guest of her  
parents, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, at their  
residence, 1611 Larkin Street. Captain Melver, U.  
S. A., was expected during the week from Fort  
Davis, Alaska, where he has been stationed for some  
time.

Brigadier-General M. I. Ludington, quartermaster-  
general of the United States army, accompanied by  
Mrs. Ludington, returned from a trip of inspection  
to the Philippines and a pleasure trip to Japan on  
the Occidental and Oriental steamship *City of Peking*  
on Wednesday.

Lieutenant Guy T. Scott, U. S. A., and Mrs.  
Scott are expected here soon on a visit to Mrs.  
Scott's parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies.

Captain Harry P. Patterson, Third Cavalry, U.  
S. A., has returned from a prolonged leave of ab-  
sence, which he spent in Indiana, and is now under  
orders to rejoin his regiment in North Luzon.

William Howard Tobin, at present captain and  
adjutant of the First Infantry Regiment, National  
Guard of California, has received a commission from  
Washington as first lieutenant of the Artillery Corps  
in the regular army. Lieutenant Tobin saw service  
in the volunteer army in the Philippines during the  
Spanish-American War and the Filipino insurrec-  
tion.

—MR. F. LOUI KING, FOUNDER OF THE  
King Conservatory of Music in San José, has  
opened a studio in this city at 721 Geary Street.

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The method of extending the export trade of the United States by means of reciprocity treaties was inaugurated previous to the Civil War, when the first one was negotiated with Canada. It produced very satisfactory trade results, and expired by limitation of the term for which it was arranged. It would have been renewed but for the hostility engendered between the two countries by the attitude of Canada at the inception of the rebellion. Our next permanent treaty was with Hawaii, which continued more than twenty years, giving this country a practical monopoly of the island commerce, and was only terminated by annexation. The McKinley Tariff Act of 1890 made provision by which the President was

empowered to make reciprocal agreements by proclamation. Under this, and the influence of Secretary Blaine's Pan-Americanism, a dozen arrangements were made with South American countries, nearly all of whom were eager to make valuable concessions to secure reciprocal advantages. These were not treaties in the strict sense. They were not permanent, because they were dependent upon the continuance of the McKinley act, neither did they require the assent of the Senate. Their whole fabric fell to the ground by the replacement of the McKinley act by the Wilson Tariff Law, and left this country in bad odor with many other countries, some of which began at once to devise retaliatory tariffs, and put unjust discriminations in force.

By 1896 it was discovered that in order to retain and expand our export trade, made urgent by the vast growth of our production, which imperatively demanded the outlet to be had through new foreign markets, some concessions must be made in our high protective tariffs—a situation which has increased in intensity ever since. The Republican party, in its national platform of 1896, proclaimed reciprocity to be, with protection, "a twin measure of Republican policy," and a year later it was incorporated in the Dingley Tariff Act as a fulfillment of the party pledge. It was again approved in 1900 as an associated policy "to open our markets on favorable terms for what we do not ourselves produce, in return for free foreign markets." (The italics are ours.) The rates of the Dingley tariff were made intentionally high, in order that reciprocal concessions might be made without destroying the principle of protection.

President McKinley began his first term with an effort to carry out promptly the reciprocal policy permitted by the Dingley act. He appointed Hon. John Kasson, of Iowa, a special commissioner plenipotentiary to represent him in negotiating with foreign countries. Mr. Kasson's public service had been long and varied. He was Assistant Postmaster-General under Lincoln; minister to Austria, and, later, to Germany; delegate to the Congo Conference; Commissioner of the United States to the Samoan Conference; and had served twelve years in Congress.

The problem before him was to obtain from foreign countries seeking reciprocal arrangements the maximum concessions for our exports in exchange for minimum sacrifices on our part. The Dingley act, in section 3, empowered the President to negotiate certain agreements with foreign countries, and enter into them by proclamation, suspending the high rates of duties imposed, and collecting instead reduced duties which the act specified, where equivalent concessions could be obtained. These arrangements were confined to those countries which exported to the United States argols, crude tartar, crude wine-lees, brandies, wines, spirits, vermou, paintings, or statuary.

Under this section, four agreements have been negotiated and are in operation. That with France went into effect June 1, 1898. One with Portugal was put into effect by proclamation June 12, 1900. Its term is for five years from that date. An agreement with Italy began to operate July 18, 1900. It is terminable by either party at the end of 1903, if one year's notice is given. An agreement with Germany has been effective since July 13, 1900. It may be terminated by either party on three months' notice.

Section 4 of the Dingley act provided, further, that, within two years following its passage, treaties covering a period of five years might be negotiated within certain specified limits. Duties might be reduced not to exceed twenty per cent.; a natural product of a foreign country, not produced in the United States, might be transferred from the dutiable to the free list, or it might be agreed to retain on the free list any articles already there. These treaties would require ratification in the Senate by a two-thirds vote.

Under this section of the Dingley act treaties have been prepared with France, Turks and Caicos Islands, Ecuador, Nicaragua, Argentine Republic, Dominican Republic, with Denmark for the island of St. Croix, and with Great Britain for Barbadoes, British Guiana, Jamaica, and Bermuda. Of these, none has been ratified by the Senate. Most, if not all, of them were in the hands of the proper

Senate committee at the last session, but only one was reported—that of France—and it did not reach a vote.

Last March Mr. Kasson placed his resignation in the hands of President McKinley, but it was not accepted. The influences which have so far prevailed to smother the treaties are not so much along party lines as representative of trade interests. A sample of the feeling against them is the strenuous objection of California to the admission of the citrus fruits of Jamaica at a twenty-per-cent. reduction of tariff duties, as provided by the arrangement negotiated. California growers of citrus fruits are urging that their interests will be sacrificed and their benefits from protection curtailed. On the other hand, friends of reciprocity in general point out in this particular case that as a reduction of twenty per cent. would be a diminution of the tariff of only one-fifth of a cent per pound on oranges and lemons, the California industry could scarcely be imperiled, especially when it is considered that the Jamaica crop is marketed at a season when it can not compete with that of the Pacific Coast. On the same lines the interests of the wool-growers have already proved so strong that the managers of reciprocity are reported to have dropped the Argentine treaty from the list that will be urged for ratification.

No one knows what President Roosevelt's attitude will be toward the treaties, beyond his general assumption of the McKinley policies. If he favors them, it will still be problematical whether he can push them through the Senate, where McKinley, with all his popularity and shrewdness, had, up to last spring, entirely failed.

Evidence is not lacking that Minister Wu is making progress in his campaign against the renewal of the Chinese exclusion act. He has been working very quietly and very energetically, and the results of his work are beginning to be apparent. It will be recalled that it was only after long years of educational work that the people of the Eastern States were persuaded to consent to the enactment of the exclusion law, and then they consented with evident reluctance. They had not had the practical experience with the Chinese that the people of this Coast had had, and they felt confident that the reports of the danger in Chinese immigration were exaggerated. They held that opposition to the Chinese on this Coast was confined to the turbulent classes, until the question was submitted to popular vote in this State, and the count showed practical unanimity in opposition. The subject has been allowed to lie dormant for a number of years, and now the contention in the Eastern States is that the adverse sentiment has died out. The New York Times, for instance, says that "the interest in continuing the present stringent law is confined largely to the Pacific Coast, and whether it is as strong there as the leaders of the labor organizations would have us believe is a question which it is difficult to answer without a more intimate knowledge of public opinion on this subject than can be gained from the newspapers of the California cities." The lack of confidence in the newspapers is perhaps natural, considering the unreliability of the daily press. The Times declares that while the initiative of the opposition to the renewal of the exclusion act comes from the Chinese themselves, the movement is gaining strength among Eastern and Southern congressmen. In the East the general feeling is that the Chinese are a peaceable, industrious race, who trouble nobody, and, if not molested by the lawless, mind their own business, and fill a very useful place. "The excitement of twenty years ago, over the inundation of this country by a tidal-wave of Mongolian immigration has completely subsided, and it would be impossible to revive it," continues the Times, thereby proving that it lacks that "intimate knowledge of public opinion" necessary to an understanding of the subject. In the South there is a demand for Chinese labor to supplant the negro, and throughout the East and South they are reaching the conclusion that there are large areas of the United States where an important increase of cheap labor would be advantageous. It is evident that Minister Wu has been gaining ground. The Pacific Coast delegations have a hard struggle before them.



this winter in Congress—a struggle so hard that they are liable to be defeated unless the work of education in the Eastern and Southern States is taken up anew.

Periodically, the pride that Californians feel in their State receives a rude shock from a realization that in some localities the people have not yet emerged from a condition of barbarism.

The latest evidence of this fact comes from Modoc County. It will be remembered that five months ago a party of ranchers at Lookout, in Modoc County, lynched five men because they suspected them of complicity in horse-stealing. There was not even the semblance of a trial, and the evidence against the accused was not such as would be accepted in a court of law. It was a cruel and cold-blooded murder of five defenseless men. The case was investigated by the county authorities and evidence collected pointing at three ranchers as leaders of the lynching party. The attorney-general sent two deputies to assist in presenting the cases against the three suspects before the grand jury, and the result was that indictments were returned against all three. Thus far the course of justice proceeded smoothly. The sympathy of the community was with the murderers, however, and steps were taken to secure their release. A jail delivery was talked of, and it would not have been difficult of accomplishment, for the jail is a flimsy affair. It was thought better to depend on the weakness of the sheriff and district attorney for a dismissal, however, and nothing was done. A hand was brought from a neighboring town and the prisoners were treated to a serenade to keep up their spirits. The next step has been taken by the district attorney. He has received petitions numerously signed "by leading citizens all over the county, irrespective of political lines or geographical," urging a dismissal of the cases, and these petitions have shaken his nerve. This individual, whose name is Bonner, writes to the attorney-general, suggesting that the cases should be dismissed. "Unless you can give me strong additional evidence," he writes, "I shall consider it my duty to move dismissal of these cases." The deputies of the attorney-general who assisted in the preparation of the cases are convinced of the guilt of the accused, and consider the evidence sufficient to secure convictions. This Bonner is a candidate for the superior bench, however, and he is unwilling to risk unpopularity. It is evident that even if the cases are brought to trial in Modoc County convictions will not result. The district attorney is half-hearted, and any jury impaneled there will be in sympathy with the accused. In the cause of justice, the case should be removed to another county for trial. The penal code provides for a change of venue on application of the district attorney when from any cause a jury can not be obtained in the county where the action is pending. An unprejudiced jury can not be obtained in Modoc County apparently, and a prejudiced jury is no jury at all. Bonner may object to make an application that will reflect so strongly upon himself, but the attorney-general should be able to force him to do his duty to that extent, at least.

The State campaign in Ohio is now fairly under way, and warming up to the degree which always makes an Ohio election of interest from a national point of view. The representative spirits on the Republican side are Governor Nash and Senators Hanna and Foraker, while Democratic leadership is consigned to Joel Kilbourne, the candidate for governor; Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland; and Charles W. Baker, who is considered Democratic timber for the senatorship in case the party carries a majority of the legislature. The opening speeches on both sides indicate that the conflict is not joined on any particular issue or set of issues, the question between the parties being as to what the real issues are.

Senator Hanna announced in his speech at Delaware, O., that the real issue was fraught with as much national importance as that of any campaign conducted in the State, and that it was represented by the text: "Let well enough alone." By it he meant that the policies of the Republican party, which had gained the confidence of the people, should be maintained and advanced, securing the prosperity and importance which they had brought to the whole nation, and that an Ohio campaign should be an expression of that sentiment, rather than the "side issues of State affairs, such as taxation and three-cent fares," which he characterized as the issues of the demagogues. He denied the reports that he would retire from his office and from politics, and claimed for President Roosevelt's administration "the united support of the party which had just lost by a foul murder its great leader."

The Democratic speeches concur in calling the Republican tactics "firing from behind the tomb of McKinley." Their idea of the issues is that they are confined wholly to State affairs and the questions of internal government.

They pose as the friends of the constitution, the enemies of the trusts, the supporters of labor interests, and the opponents of foreign expansion. They ridicule the alleged Republican attitude as to issues, as favoring a canal in Nicaragua while they allow the Ohio canals to go to electric-traction companies without compensation, and as carrying the war into the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba to distract attention from political reforms which should be inaugurated in Ohio.

The result of the election is beyond prediction. The Republicans will have a most unusually defensive campaign, while the Democrats are subject to the handicap which comes from general division in the national party. The abandonment of silver in the convention nearly precipitated a bolt in the interest of Bryanism. While that danger was avoided, it will not be known until the votes are counted whether the Silverites of Ohio have accepted the counsels of Bryan and decided to support the Democratic ticket without reserve. If they do, it will be a unique and refreshing instance of Democratic harmony.

The recent report that petitions for the annexation of Cuba to the United States have been quietly circulated, receiving the signatures of large numbers of influential Cubans throughout the island, has been followed by a corresponding political flurry in this country likely to produce a crop of congressional debates this winter. The Democratic party, with an eye to the congressional elections of next year, and regardless of its fervid pleas for Cuban independence in 1898, will probably attempt to make political capital out of the situation. The Republican policy has been to gratify the Cuban demand for independence as soon as a stable government could be secured and tried, which, if successful from our point of view, would lead to the negotiation of trade relations with the new government.

It is expected that the Democrats will first demand absolute free trade with Cuba, and, secondly, annexation. But their strength is liable to split on both propositions, as it did on the Porto Rico bill, while the Republicans will be found solidly arrayed against both demands. The Louisiana delegation is wholly Democratic and its attitude is well known. Its senators and representatives are already preparing to resist every movement made by any party having for its object either free trade for or annexation with Cuba. The reason, of course, lies in the interests of competing productions. All of the sugar-producing interests of the United States, whether beet or cane, as well as the growers of citrus fruits, will be up in arms over each proposition, and the result is liable to be that Cuba will get neither free trade nor annexation, unless she gives evidence of abandoning independence and throwing herself upon the protection of some European power, in which case she will force herself into our arms.

It has long been conceded that the future of Cuba must be either an European protectorate, an independent republic, or a member of the American sisterhood. The first we can not permit. The second is of doubtful possibility, and if it fails there remains only the final solution—that of annexation. Reciprocity we might concede, if the conditions were suitable, but free trade is out of the question, and too sweeping a change in our economic principles. Efforts for free trade with Cuba, although doomed to failure from the start, are liable to dampen the ardor of the friends of reciprocity, who are having too much trouble with the treaties already prepared. As annexation also means free trade of even a more permanent variety, the efforts toward either will have a neutralizing effect on the work for reciprocity in general. As an independent state, Cuba has a hard row to hoe. We have kept faith with the island, but in such a way that she is virtually an American protectorate. No one knows whether she can make treaties, or who is to be responsible for the safeguarding of foreign interests there. In trade matters she is equally unfortunate. Concessions to her sugar will be fought by many of our States. If she favors the importation of South American cattle, Texas cattle-men will have something to say. Connecticut, Virginia, and Florida, with other States, will keep an eye on her tobacco trade. If she fails at self-government, the better it will be for her, but not for American producers.

More than a hundred publications in New York and Chicago have been refused transmission through the mails at the rates for newspapers and other postal matter of the second class. The orders from the Postoffice Department were dated for October 1st, but the exclusions became operative nearly three weeks later. So far, the publications affected are paper-covered novels, issued at intervals as numbers in a series. Hereafter such issues will be forced to pay postage at the third-class rate of one cent for each two ounces. Formerly they were carried at the rate of one cent a pound. The new ruling of the department is but a beginning, as

many trashy periodicals, offered at a nominal price of subscription and deriving their main support from advertising, are under the ban.

The California State Miners' Association held its tenth annual convention in this city last week, and considerable business of importance was transacted. The committee on legislation presented a report urging that reforms in the laws be secured by amending existing statutes rather than by attempting to secure the enactment of a new code of laws. They also favored looking to the general laws of the federal government rather than seeking State laws of local application only. In the work of building restraining dams on the Yuba River it was pointed out that the State government has appropriated its share of the money, and it now remains for Congress at its next session to appropriate \$150,000 in accordance with the terms of the original agreement. The constitutionality of the Débris Commission Act was discussed. The miners have gone to the commission for permits to work, while the Anti-Débris Association goes into court and obtains injunctions ignoring the commission. It was urged that a suit be instituted to test the constitutionality of the act, the executive committee undertaking the defense of some miner operating under a permit. The mineral lands committee reported that after seven years of work for the mineral lands bill the miners are just where they were when the work was begun. It was broadly intimated that the lack of success was due to opposition from the railroad company. The committee urged continued agitation in favor of the bill. In behalf of the petroleum miners a report was presented pointing out the importance of the industry to the State, and estimating this year's output at 8,000,000 barrels. The repeal of the law intended to protect minority stockholders was favored on the ground that it was cumbersome, ineffective, and injurious to the formation of oil companies.

The resolutions adopted by the convention are lengthy, and cover the whole field of the association's activity. The creation of a Cabinet Department of Mines, headed by a Secretary of Mining, was favored on account of the great importance of the industry and the beneficial effects that it was claimed would flow from the labors of such a department. The committee on legislation was requested to draft a law to carry out this purpose. The improper and fraudulent appropriation of mineral lands received considerable attention. The appropriation of such lands under the claim that they are agricultural in character was strongly denounced, and the immediate segregation of mineral lands within the railroad grants which, by their terms, include only agricultural lands, was insisted upon. Those who take up mineral lands by the use of scrip are condemned, and it is made the duty of the secretary of the association to lay such cases before the federal grand jury, to the end that such false locators shall be prosecuted for perjury. An amendment to the statutes is urged, so that locators may have a reasonable and definite time in which to mark the surface boundaries of their ground, and the present injurious practice of holding mineral claims year after year without development may be effectually checked. The appropriation of \$650,000 by the State and national governments is referred to, and the further legislation and appropriation by the national government to complete the work are urged. The convention favors the construction at the earliest possible date of additional restraining dams on the tributaries of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. The test of the constitutionality of the Débris Commission Act by the executive committee is directed. Forest preservation and water storage are advocated, as is a renewal of the Chinese exclusion act. Resolutions were adopted approving the work of Binger Hermann, commissioner of the general land office; the California Club, for its efforts in preserving the big trees; and the State mineralogist; and urging liberal appropriations for the support of the State mining bureau.

A curious complication has arisen in connection with the labor situation in this city. It will be recalled that the teamsters struck because they could not bring themselves to risk moral contagion by working side by side with teamsters who had not been purified by paying regular dues into the union's treasury. The longshoremen, among others, struck to uphold the sacred and exclusive principles of unionism. Outside barbarians, whose desire to earn an honest living rose superior to their fears of personal violence, took their places. When the strikers discovered that they had had enough, and the strike ended, one of the terms of the treaty of peace was that the barbarians should retain the positions they had held during the continuance of the trouble. Now the barbarians have proved that, if they are outsiders, they have a capacity for observation and an ability to profit by it. They have formed a union of their own, distinct and separate from the old Longshoremen's Union, and not altogether friendly to it. A case arose the other day when a member of the non-union

PARTY STRUGGLE  
FOR CONTROL  
OF OHIO.

PAPER-COVERED  
NOVELS IN  
THE MAILS.

THE BITTER  
AGAIN  
BITTEN.



union was discharged and a member of the union union was employed in his place. The non-union union threatened to strike if their man was not reinstated, and they were strong enough to carry their point. The members of the union unions are now probably in the humor to appreciate thoroughly the story of the mythological character who sowed a crop of dragon's teeth.

Eastern papers now arriving bring full accounts of the bi-centennial celebration of Yale University, meagre descriptions of which have come by wire for publication on the Pacific Coast. Interest in the event was not confined to the Connecticut Valley, to the East, or to the continent. From Maine to Manila, and in Europe as well, congratulations and good wishes have been expressed by thousands who have known the influence of the university. Her graduates and loyal friends are to be found in every land. Her support is drawn from all sections of the country, and from her doors comes steadily a procession of young men who soon make for themselves prominent places in public life. Harvard has been Yale's equal in progress, her superior in literary development, but she has not given to America so great a number of men of action as the younger university. This is a peculiar fact. Yale's part in the history of America has been a notable one, and the force of tradition aids in the training she gives to future citizens. Her position in the front rank of educational institutions will be maintained.

The more the legal fraternity study the results of the supreme court's decision declaring valueless the work of the code commission, the more they dislike it. Many suits are now pending in the courts which were brought under the amended codes, and the status of those suits is now shrouded in uncertainty. Some lawyers had forethought enough so to draw their pleadings that they would hold under either the new or the old codes, but many did not, and these latter are now suffering. Under these circumstances, they turn to the provision allowing the supreme court to rehear a case after they have once decided it, and if the arguments presented on the rehearing are sufficiently strong, they may reverse their former decision. Precedents are not wanting for such reversals, not only in the State court, but in the Supreme Court of the United States. It is not necessary that the petition for rehearing should be filed by any of the parties to the original action; any interested person may file it, and any lawyer may, with the consent of the court, present his views on the question. There has been so much discussion of the decision since it was rendered that considerable additional light should be thrown on the subject at a rehearing. Moreover, there is a feeling that when they see how much confusion they have precipitated, the supreme justices may strain a point and reverse themselves. Whatever the prospects may be, a petition is to be filed, and the whole question will be re-opened should the justices consent to grant a rehearing.

A claim against the city and county for damages sustained in the disorder growing out of the recent strike has been filed with the board of supervisors. It is the first of the kind, but it is to be presumed others will follow. A draying company, represented by its attorneys, asks for \$119.86, the value of three puncheons of wine spilled by a mob at the corner of Sixth and Folsom Streets on July 30th. In its claim, the company sets forth "that the city and county, by its duly constituted authorities, failed and neglected to prevent and suppress the acts of the mob, and failed, further, to make and enforce necessary local and police laws and regulations necessary for the prevention and suppression of the same and for the protection of said property." No action concerning the claim has been taken by the board.

Sullen and indifferent, Leon Czolgasz, the assassin, went to his death, declaring with his last words that he felt no sorrow for his crime. The execution took place in the prison at Auburn at seven o'clock Tuesday morning, October 29th. Twenty-two witnesses saw the death chair prepared and watched the instantaneous effect of the electric current of seventeen hundred volts. The body was hurried in quicklime in an unmarked grave in the prison cemetery.

The next issue of the Argonaut will be a special PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER. It will be largely devoted to announcements of the forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, facsimiles of title-pages, half-tones of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. In addition, it will contain the usual miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy, coated paper, handsomely illustrated, and will consist of thirty-six pages. Price, ten cents. News-dealers would do well to send in their orders in advance.

## POLITICAL NOTES.

### The Non-Partisan Ticket.

After several days of discussion and consideration, the Citizens' Non-Partisan County Committee, of which G. K. Fitch is chairman and C. C. Burr secretary, has endorsed the Democratic candidate for mayor, and selected a supervisorial ticket composed of fifteen Democrats and three Republicans. The address of the Non-Partisan County Committee to the voters of San Francisco is as follows:

The late Joseph Britton and A. S. Hallidie, founders of the Non-Partisan movement, left us a record of unselfish devotion to clean government. Having been instrumental in securing the adoption of the new charter and in electing an honest government to put it in motion, this party has not deemed it necessary to participate in recent elections. It has, however, maintained its organization, ready to act whenever any crisis in municipal affairs threatened the public good.

This party believes that such a crisis has occurred.

Aggressive and greedy corporations, controlling public utilities and franchises, in combination with every degraded boss that has ever brought disgrace on this city, have combined to force a government on the people.

If this conspiracy should meet success, honest government will be dead for years to come, and the people will be at the mercy of corporate and official rapacity.

The board of supervisors now in office has been honest, intelligent, and effective;

- It has lowered water rates;
- It has lowered gas rates;
- It has lowered taxation;
- It has lowered car fares for school children;
- It has improved street-lighting.
- It has improved the streets.
- It has improved the municipal buildings.
- It has paid the debts of the city.

As many as have been renominated should be reelected.

The all-important offices are the mayoralty and the board of supervisors.

For mayor—Joseph S. Tobin has been one of this best board of supervisors. We recommend his election as mayor.

For Supervisors—We recommend the election of the following eighteen Supervisors:

- |                                      |             |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| James P. Booth (incumbent).....      | Democrat.   |
| Samuel Brauchart (incumbent).....    | Democrat.   |
| George R. Sandersoo (incumbent)..... | Republican. |
| Dr. A. A. D'Acooa (incumbent).....   | Democrat.   |
| H. U. Brandenstein (incumbent).....  | Democrat.   |
| Horace Wilsoo (incumbent).....       | Republican. |
| Peter J. Curtis (incumbent).....     | Democrat.   |
| John Coocor (incumbent).....         | Democrat.   |
| Lawrence J. Dwyer (incumbent).....   | Democrat.   |
| Henry J. Stafford (incumbent).....   | Democrat.   |
| A. Comte, Jr. (incumbent).....       | Democrat.   |
| James Butler.....                    | Democrat.   |
| John Landers.....                    | Democrat.   |
| Henry Payot.....                     | Democrat.   |
| M. V. Samuels.....                   | Democrat.   |
| Koox Maddox.....                     | Democrat.   |
| Dr. Charles Boxtoo (incumbent).....  | Republican. |
| W. N. McCarthy (incumbent).....      | Democrat.   |

### CITIZENS' NON-PARTISAN COUNTY COMMITTEE,

G. K. FITCH, Chairman.

C. C. BURR, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 29th.

In a recent speech at a Democratic meeting, Mr. D. M. Delmas spoke of the "Silver-Headed Candidates" for supervisors, and added:

"But take a representative of more recent birth. Take, for instance, my young friend, Koox Maddox, who returned but a year ago covered with honors from the halls of that venerable university which is this very week celebrating its bi-centennial. Bore in the county which has been my home for so many years, and from parents who were associates of my early life, in him and his career I may be pardoned for taking an especial interest. I am glad to see him so soon entering a public career. I am proud to behold him enlisted in this, his first campaign, under a banner uplifted in the cause of good government. I am, beyond measure, delighted to contemplate him thus early following in the honored footsteps of his father and grandfather, both of whom successively represented—ably and honestly represented—the County of Santa Clara in the senate of this State. Far, indeed, would the State have to go to find worthier and abler representatives of her cause than these."

To Mr. Delmas's commendation it may be well to add that all who know Mr. Maddox speak of him in the highest terms as one calculated to fill public office with honor.

The importance of the office of coroner is often overlooked, and the necessity of its administration in a considerate and courteous manner is seldom appreciated by those who have never come in contact with its duties and responsibilities. All fatal results of accidents or misadventure are placed in the coroner's province, and his good judgment and ability must be depended on. Dr. T. B. W. Leland, the present incumbent, and the Democratic nominee, has demonstrated his fitness and won general commendation by his official course. Especially has his tactful and sympathetic conduct gained the esteem of those who have been so unfortunate as to be interested in his investigations. He has been at all times a capable and efficient officer, and should be retained.

It is understood that as a result of the conclusion arrived at by the British cabinet last Monday, every available infantryman will be sent to South Africa before Christmas.

## THE ENDING OF THE PLAY.

Pinero, in his new play, "Iris," has evidently done something big. He has done something especially big in not being afraid of his *dénouement*. The play moves forward to this ruthlessly and logically. It is the natural outcome of the things that go before it—what a *dénouement* ought to be, and what nine out of ten dramatists and novelists are afraid of making it. In reading it, it sounded oddly like the ending of "Louise," Charpentier's realistic modern opera. Both terminate with the heroine going forth, weak, alone, and with the first steps already taken, into the night of the great, waiting city. "Her feet go down to death," as the Preacher expresses it, with his Biblical sonority of phrase.

Heretofore, Pinero himself was one of those who are afraid of their *dénouement*. He spoiled his best comedy, "The Benefit of the Doubt," by this timidity. It held his hand constantly, and made its touch uncertain. He, on a bigger scale, was like the people who write stories and who say to themselves: "Well, that's the way it ought to end; but if it does, no publisher will print it. So we'll have to make it end the wrong way." And go on to spoil their piece of work and find their publisher. Who has not read hooks by the hundred whose mystery is never big enough for the preamble that goes before it, whose tragedy is never the real, dark tragedy the preceding embroglio made us expect? Now and then some one is brave and does not shy before the climax.

Stevenson did this in "The Wrecker." Heaven knows, the mystery did not disappoint, there. It is one of the bloodiest things in modern fiction. Hardy walked straight on to this natural *finale* in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." And when that flag expands from the jail flag-pole, one realizes the ending of the drama with a feeling of horror that is slightly sickening as it would be in actual life.

But the mass of American and English writers shun the truth from fear. Some of them are afraid themselves of creating a too-gloomy impression. Most of them, however, fear the middleman and the public. The former says: "What's the matter with being so true to life? What we want is to produce the thing that sells." The latter says, simply: "Amuse us—don't bother about being truthful, or logical, or artistic, or any other of those dull things. Entertain us." The public—our Anglo-Saxon public—is a soft-hearted animal, and doesn't want to have its feelings harrowed. Enough dreary things happen in real life without seeing them on the stage or reading them, one often hears it remarked. And this has always been its attitude. I was reading the other day that in the seventeenth century it rebelled against the ending of "Romeo and Juliet," and so the obliging management changed it, and had the star-crossed lovers come to life and be happily united. This was the version Pepys saw, of which he said: "It is a play of itself—the worst that I ever heard." Even that genial lover of life and its pleasures felt that there was something wrong in the revised tragedy.

The French who are warmed by a natural gaiety of heart, and who are all good critics where the theatre is concerned, are not afraid of the truth on the far side of the footlights. They demand it, and they have made their dramatists masters. But then the French are a nation of artists, if they are nothing else. It goes through all classes. One evening, on the Rue de la Paix, I saw a hutch's boy of about sixteen standing by a jeweler's window, apparently looking in. I went to look in, too. The evening was dark; the window brilliantly lit. When I drew up beside the boy, I saw that he was not looking at the display, but was reading a small book, and so standing that the light fell on it, and that from the street he appeared to be merely staring at the allurements of the *bijoutier*. He was a dirty, ugly boy, in a stained blouse, and with the blunt, knotty hands of a laborer. But the book that he was reading, in this stolen moment of leisure, was Victor Hugo's "Hernani."

This reading hutch's boy will see and read so much that from his seat in the gods he will become a serious, exacting, and intelligent critic. He gets to know human nature pretty well through the life of the streets, which he sees all day long, and he can detect the false note in the modern realistic drama from a wide, if chaotic, experience of everyday dramatic things. He and his companions up there under the chandelier would never have tolerated the American ending of "Zaza," which Belasco had to do over to suit that curious Puritanism of ours which doesn't mind what Zaza does in the first three acts, if she only will get respectable in the fourth. The French ending did not bother itself about her morals. In the first place, they were hopeless; in the second place, they were not the point in question. Zaza was a leopard, who never could have changed her spots, and it was folly to expect it. The one tremendous experience of her sordid life made of her not the regenerated and gently melancholy lady we saw, but an artist. She found her compensation for that volcanic rendering of her soul not in a life of refined repentance, but in that magic word, a "career."

Old Dumas, who was the father of the modern French drama, never shied before his *finales*; in fact, he rather revelled in having them the most gawdies and appalling that could grow out of the preceding situations. All he demanded was the absence of blood-spilling upon the boards. When killing had to be done, he had it done outside. Somewhere in his memoirs there is an account of his trouble in getting rid of the superfluous woman in "Richard Darlington." Finally, he hit upon the expedient of having her thrown off a balcony. The hero carried her out, shrieking; then, like a gentleman, shut the shutters, and all the audience heard was a despairing wail as she went over. The ending of "Anthony" became famous for its terse effectiveness. "She repelled me," says Anthony, entering with a blood-stained dagger, "and I assassinated her." And the curtain fell upon this unexpected and amazing sentence.

GERALDINE BONNER.



## THE REVENGE OF THE MEDIAEVAL.

A Story of the Uxmal Ruins and Their Secret.

The crimes of Mexico are strange; they have a quality which is all their own. The mixture of races, the remnants of the antique in two of the strangest peoples of the earth, lend here a magic touch. The annals of any year of modern Mexico will show true tales that seem to savor of "Arabian Nights."

In Yucatan a feudal system yet exists. The fiefs are large. Some of the nobility are Spaniards and some are Mexicans of mingled blood. Many families are very old. The serfs are Indians, and in general are not oppressed, but happy. But the system is not called feudalism, for the Mexican constitution never yet denied that all men are created free and equal.

Near Uxmal, those mysterious ruins of a dead race, stretched out the lordly domains of a *hacienda*. Benjamin Oviedo, thirty years of age, owned ten thousand square miles of land. The great fields of *heniquen*—that austere plant—stretched away from the low, white buildings of his castle for leagues and leagues, and lay shimmering beneath a tropic sun. The soil was grayish-brown. The clustered bayonets of that sisal hemp, which brought him fabulous wealth, slept in rows receding before the eye, came closer together in the limitless furnace of the tropic distance, and joined and lost themselves in a noonday haze away against yon mountain.

The buildings, all low, spacious, with wide tile-roofed verandas, occupied several acres. The central castle of the lord was formed about a hollow square wherein high trees cast shade, and a horse was drinking thirstily at a fountain. "Come out, Cousin Soledad!" cried Benjamin, throwing himself from the saddle.

She came out, a girl of a coquettish eye, sweet lips, and gold hair. She was fair and slender, and a big hat shaded her face.

"I don't like to talk to you, stupid," said she. "You don't know anything but *heniquen*. Now, Federico has been to the United States and studied at the Leland Stanford University. Ha! ha!—you big old stupid!"

They sat down together in the shade, in front of a tremendous ancient god, brought from the ruins of Uxmal, and stuck up to glare with his hideous eye at the fountain.

"Is it stupid to love you?" He caught at her hand, smiling exceedingly, and feeling sure of himself.

She began to act very shy. "You are a mediaeval brute. Federico says we are all mediaeval. You beat Indians—you know you do. I saw you hit that old woman's face with a whip, and it bled. You wicked thing." She let her eye coquet with him, and tossed her gold hair, which hung down. The neck of her dress was low.

"Let me kiss yours—to make up for it? It will not bleed," said he, audaciously, twirling his mustache with hegemmed fingers.

"Hush, stupid!"

He was in truth mediaeval—a big, fierce animal of a man, but handsome. He did beat Indians; he was cruel. He had never been out of Yucatan, and, unlike others more progressive, was a thirteenth-century feudalist at heart.

"Soledad! One—just one!"

"Oh, no!" She pushed him away, sweetly, with gentle hands, and blushed, pleased.

"One!"

"Not a half of one, big stupid."

"Then a whole one! There!"

He did kiss her—and the truth of the thing is that she let him. She loved him not; but it was sweet to coquet—just once. She did that thing which, though reprehensible, is yet done by many a good woman. The hideous old god glared down. So long, so long, since he had seen a kiss!

Benjamin's immediate family were all dead. He was literally emperor of all he surveyed. She was an orphan, living in his house temporarily with some old women cousins, till they should put her in the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Mexico city in the fall.

"I have won her love!" cried Benjamin to himself.

"No convent for her!"

Next day Robert de la Mora rode over from his *hacienda*, thirty miles away. He came along between two endless rows of austere *heniquen*. But Benjamin had gone away to look after some horses. So Roberto and Soledad went walking in the shade of the evening to see the ruins. They tower up—strange, fascinating. There are dead temples; curious pyramids, carvings barbaric, a wide imperial avenue leading to a vast and tottering pile.

They sat down, just when the sun went under the endless world of *heniquen*, a red ball. Oddly enough, they were at the feet of another hideous god who stood there, his countenance that of some transcendent villain. A breeze blew her gold hair gently round her bare, white neck. Roberto, the taciturn, sighed:

"Why, Soledad, do you call us all mediaeval?"

"Because, living under the shadow of these brutal gods, you can not get away from mediaeval brutality. Other *haciendados* in Yucatan are not so. Progress and light are very strong and very bright in Yucatan. But you and Benjamin—ugh!"—she looked so dainty just then—"you are two stupid tigers. You, also, beat Indian women." She admonished him with a sweetly severe finger, put up all but into his eye. "I saw one, sir," the finger went up and down slowly, "with a scar on her back!"

"Pff!" said he, with a sneer. "Indians are beasts. Don't I own them? They've got to work."

"Federico doesn't beat his, you old silly," she pouted. Her face was strung, if roughish.

"Plague Federico! Soledad, I hate the beasts of Indians. In their master, I am; they've got to obey. I own six thousand of them. Cholita, I am a man of few words. I

want you to own them, too. I want you to marry me. I must, I must have you!"

His eye was now sinister, burning, compelling. He sat with his powerful hands gripping his knees, and his gaze consuming her. She blushed clear down to the low neck of the dress.

"Oh, no!" she murmured, turning round to the god's feet, all confused.

"Love me!" burst out he, stern and fierce.

"I—I can't!" She shrank, but was tingling.

"I'll kiss you!" swore he.

He did it—and the truth of the thing is that she let him. She had no love for him; nor was she in the habit of being kissed, either. But this was such a powerful, big, mediaeval animal, who bloodily beat Indians—it was sweet to win him. In permitting this second kiss she did that which, though highly reprehensible, a woman may just possibly do and yet be good.

"I have won her!" said Roberto. "No convent for her!"

Three days afterward, at dusk, Federico came over from his *hacienda*, fifty miles away. On the morrow there would be a ball and an entertainment, and all the people for a hundred miles were coming. Federico lived with his parents on that distant neighboring domain. There is a freedom here among neighbors. To come a day too soon, to make himself at home, to spend two nights instead of one—this was all natural enough. But not the entertainment of to-morrow drew here the high-spirited young Mexican so early.

She thought Roberto was ten leagues distant. She believed Benjamin, who had been inspecting some poor land away off somewhere, would not be home till ten o'clock. She just chanced to be walking between two mighty rows of that austere *heniquen* when Federico appeared. She blushed to begin with; and just sat down right away, not feeling like doing anything. He was handsome and slender. He dismounted and sat down, too, beside the stiff arsenal of a *heniquen* plant. The evening breeze blew her hair, and she was white. She was not now coquettish; she was not roughish. She did not say anything at all, but just sat there and trembled.

He was not mediaeval. He had been to the United States and spoke English. Leland Stanford University had been a grand field to win continuous victory in, and he had come back full of life and happiness—and then Soledad had walked smiling into his existence.

"It is—it is cooler," said he, with consummate awkwardness; for to say it was a great task; to open his lips and not let his heart flow out was a great task.

She could not reply at all; she did not know it was cooler. Indeed, it was not. She was hardly breathing, and shrank under the spear of the *heniquen* plant. There was one minute of frozen silence. And then he, able to wait no more, took her in his arms, murmuring that which was not words at all, but love inarticulate and sweet. And she, with her gold hair hanging over his arm, and her face pale and beautiful, let him kiss her not once but a hundred times. In giving her love to him so fully and so richly, she did that which no woman can do and not be good.

"You will marry me," he said, at last. "There shall be no convent any more for you."

"Your heart, Federico," she replied—"your heart is my convent now."

But the unhappy thing is this: Benjamin and Roberto had met, some leagues away, and, talking about machinery and the entertainment of the morrow, had ridden back together. They had examined certain *heniquen* plants behind the ruins, and then had climbed to the summit of the highest ruined temple, that Benjamin might point out some spots in his fields which were growing poorly. Wide was that mighty view—an empire of great wealth—and the tropic evening cast across its limitless expanse of greenish bayonets a hue of pink. Down there, just visible, was Soledad, and Federico's kisses were being pressed upon her cheek.

Benjamin turned his eye of fire on Roberto. Roberto's cruel gaze came round and rested on Benjamin.

"Curse her! Curse her!" grated the latter, his fists clenched.

"You fool!" raged Benjamin; "what is it to you—you! The shame is mine. Had she not given her love to me?"

"You lie in your throat," said Roberto, his eye colder and crueler.

"Dog—do you call me liar in the very moment of my dishonor? I'll kill you, you dog—and her, too! She gave her love to me four days ago—yonder, do you hear?—hy the fountain, under that infernal god!"

He flew at Roberto, in his rage, to knock him down. Roberto fought him, but in defensive manner; and presently held him off. "You mad man!" sneered he, his face vicious and white. "You are duped, then, as I am duped. Let us not fight each other. Three days ago, beneath this other god, she was in my arms at sunset, and I kissed her."

Benjamin, stunned, sat slowly down, answering the other's sneer with a look of hate. "Then," said he, at length, "we should be revenged together."

"Revenge? What revenge is there but death?"

They remained long in silence there on the ruined temple's summit. Roberto's form was cut against the evening sky, and it grew dark. "Then let it be death," said he.

They were silent for half an hour—a slow, cold half an hour. The night hid the *heniquen* fields below.

"Whose death?" asked Benjamin, his eyes turned to the eastern stars.

There was no answer for another hour—a whole long hour.

"Hers," said Roberto, at last.

"That will not be revenge enough on him."

"I will devise," Roberto said, "revenge for him."

At nine o'clock in the morning Soledad was pasting many colored papers on a large earthen jar. The jar was assuming the shape of a doll, decked out ludicrously; was being hid, in fact, by paper skirts of yellow and red. Soledad was under the trees by the veranda.

"What is it?" growled Benjamin, who had not slept, and looked at her in a manner she had never seen before.

"The *piñata*—have you forgotten, stupid? To-night is not Christmas eve, no, no! But we're going to have a *piñata*, anyhow. Everybody is coming—you invited them yourself, big stupid. I'll fill the jar with the sweetest things you ever saw, and we'll all have a knock at it."

Federico was mounting his horse yonder, and riding away to inspect some fields, and return in the evening. She was confused, and could say no more, but patted and patted. The *piñata* was put away then, with a sigh, in a corner of the kitchen, and she sat down beside it and dreamed for an hour.

At ten Benjamin called her out behind the low white walls. It was very hot and she came in the big straw hat. Its ribbons were red, and hung across her shoulders with her hair, or blew with it languidly. There stood her cousin and Roberto, looking like sick men, but stern. They seized her hands and bound them with ropes. She cried out a little, but was too proud to beg for anything. Then they led her to the ruins. She was terrified, but she defied them. She laughed at them, as she went, dragged on; and they but turned smoldering eyes on her.

The ruins were lonely. Only the all-powerful sun looked on the mysterious avenue of the race long dead. They tied her, standing, to the column of a ruined temple, in the sun.

"Tell me now," said Benjamin, slowly, all the evil of his nature looking from his burning eyes, "did you give me your love at the feet of that god?"

"And if you say yes," said Roberto, his voice like the ring of iron, "then are you traitor to me."

"And if you say no, then are you traitor to me," echoed her cousin.

She was very white, and could not move her hands, which, tied behind her, hurt her. "Big stupid!" she dared, throwing defiance at them, "you think you have me cornered. Ha! ha! Have you not seen the corn give a single blade to the evening breeze, that the breeze might wave it to and fro? Thus, only thus, Benjamin, the mediaeval, did I give my love to you!"

"And did you not," cried Roberto, "give me, then, your love, at this other stone god's feet?"

"And if you say yes," said Benjamin, "then are you double traitor to me."

"And if you say no," the other's voice echoed, "then are you double traitor to me."

"Yes, yes, oh, bloody heater of women!" mocked she; "as the corn gives its tassels to be tossed, once, by the morning wind, thus, only thus, Roberto, the mediaeval, did I give my love to you!"

"And did you not, last night—confess it, unbelievable wretch—yonder by the *heniquen*, rest in the arms of Federico?—for thus are you triple traitor to us both."

"Beaters of women," she mocked, haughty, erect, and smiling, "you remnants of the mediaeval, as the corn gives up its fruit in the fall, thus did I give my love to Federico!"

"Triple traitor—hase!" raged Benjamin, whirled away in his transport, "as the corn is cut down—so you die!"

They slew her, and buried her body secretly at the god's feet. To this day, so carefully did they conceal their work, it is not known who killed the fair-haired Soledad.

The slow, hot day dragged on. Benjamin and Roberto were seen no more till the hot hours passed. The evening came, and the guests—on horseback or in curious, old, high carriages—arrived. At night the great parlor was alight. From *haciendas* as far as two hundred miles away rode the guests. They are a unique people, and have their own amusements. They feel themselves lords of the earth. They are enormously rich, and many have traveled widely.

The *piñata* is an earthen jar filled with sweets or little presents, and dressed up like a doll. It is hung from the ceiling. Each man or maid is blindfolded, takes a stick, and strikes three times, often with comical effect, to break the jar. Many miss, and, in succession, others try. When at last the lucky striker hits the doll, crash goes the *piñata*, and the sweets all fly. Then for the scramble. This is distinctly a Christmas sport, but is sometimes indulged in at other seasons.

Dark maidens hid their dancing eyes in that handage, and struck at air amid peals of laughter. Strong men stumbled around in awkward blindness. Once a stick shattered a window. Once a fair lady hit a noble gentleman on the shins. The fun was uproar, and the doll swung whole.

But where was Soledad?

"I saw her recently," said Benjamin, and shut his jaws.

"She will come, no doubt, in due time," echoed Roberto, his lips sneering and cruel.

It came Federico's time to strike.

"But where is Soledad?" all were now crying.

"She will come," said Benjamin. But he could stand no more; he grew dizzy and went away.

Amid shouts of merriment, Federico tied the cloth about his eyes. The crowd gave way, leaving the room's centre free, making a circle of excited faces and many colors all about him. Yonder by the farthest door stood Roberto. He did not grow dizzy, but he did not laugh.

Once the strong arm of Federico struck out with the stick, and hit the air. A cheer went up. He struck again, but only tore away the poor doll's skirt. He raised his arm and struck once more, and a crash was heard. The pieces flew wild; but the sweets that came from that earthen jar were never made by man. At his feet they fell. A cry rose up; then silence held the crowd spell-bound. He tore the handage off.

The head of Soledad was at his feet. There was nothing horrible about her face. It did not seem the face of death. It was white, but very beautiful; and the gold hair that streamed therefrom lay shining on the floor.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1901.



## BALFOUR'S LIFE OF STEVENSON.

Side-Lights on the Scotch Novelist's Career—How "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" Was Inspired—Bitter Days in San Francisco—His Influence in Samoa.

While it is to be regretted that Sidney Colvin could not see his way clear to prepare the authorized biography of Robert Louis Stevenson as a supplement to the "Letters" which he edited, we may be thankful that Graham Balfour, the author's cousin, was selected to prepare the life, as he has executed a difficult task with thoroughness and tact. He was a companion of Stevenson at the most important epochs in his life, and made his home at Vailima up to within a few months of the popular Scotch romancer's death. Mr. Balfour does not add much that is new to our knowledge of Stevenson as a man or author, but he has accurately arranged all the facts which have been scattered through many different publications, and quotes many lengthy excerpts from autobiographical manuscripts hitherto unpublished. He shows how Edinburgh and Swanston set the seal upon the novelist's nationality, how, from father and mother, he drew the diverse elements of temperament and character, the effect of his schooling, such as it was, and the prolonged leisure of his boyhood. Then we get an insight into the influence of his friends and his reading, the results of his training as an engineer and as an advocate, of his wanderings in France, his breakdown in America, and the happiness of his married life.

Commenting on the reception of "Treasure Island," Stevenson's first popular success, Mr. Balfour says:

It reads like a fairy-tale. Statesmen and judges and all sorts of staid and sober men became boys once more, sitting up long after bedtime to read their new book. The story goes that Mr. Gladstone got a glimpse of it at a colleague's house, and spent the next day hunting over Loodoo for a second-hand copy. The editor of the *Saturday Review*, the superior, cynical "Saturday" of old days, wrote excitedly to say that he thought "Treasure Island" was the best book that had appeared since "Robinson Crusoe"; and James Payn, who, if not a great novelist himself, yet held an undisputed position among novelists and critics, sent a note hardly less enthusiastic. Mr. Andrew Lang spent over it "several hours of unmingled bliss." "This is the kind of stuff a fellow wants. I don't know, except 'Tom Sawyer' and the 'Odyssey,' that I ever liked any romance so well." It was translated and pirated in all directions, appearing within a couple of years as a *feuilleton* even in Greek and Spanish papers. For all this, it brought Stevenson too very great encomium, for during its first twelve months no more than five thousand six hundred copies were sold.

Few people, perhaps, know that "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was inspired by a dream. Mr. Balfour says:

A subject much in his thoughts was the duality of man's nature and the alternation of good and evil; and he was for a long while casting about for a story to embody this central idea. Out of this frame of mind had come the somnre imagination of "Markheim," but that was not what he required. The true story still delayed, till suddenly one night he had a dream. He awoke, and found himself in possession of two, or rather three, of these "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," its waking existence, however, was by no means without incident. He dreamed three scenes to considerable detail, including the circumstance of the transforming powders, and so vivid was the impression that he wrote the story off at a red-heat, just as it had presented itself to him in his sleep. "To the small hours of one morning," says Mrs. Stevenson, "I was awakened by cries of horror from Louis. Thinking he had a nightmare, I awakened him. He said, angrily: 'Why did you wake me? I was dreaming a fine boyce tale.' I had awakened him at the first transformation scene."

His stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, adds:

"I don't believe that there was ever such a literary feat before as the writing of Dr. Jekyll. I remember the first reading as though it were yesterday. Louis came down stairs to a fever; read nearly half the book aloud; and then, while we were still gasping, he was away again, and busy writing. I doubt if the first draft took so long as three days." He had lately had a hemorrhage, and was strictly forbidden all discussion and excitement. No doubt the reading aloud was contrary to the doctor's orders; at any rate, Mrs. Stevenson, according to the custom then in force, wrote her detailed criticism of the story as it stood, pointing out her chief objection—that it was really an allegory, whereas he had treated it purely as if it were a story. In the first draft, Jekyll's nature was bad all through, and the Hyde change was worked only for the sake of a disguise. She gave the paper to her husband, and left the room. After a while his bell rang; on her return, she found him sitting up to bed (the clinical thermometer to his mouth), pointing, with a long, denunciatory finger, to a pile of ashes. He had burned the entire draft. Having realized that he had taken the wrong point of view, that the tale was an allegory and not another Markheim, he at once destroyed his manuscript, acting out of a sense of duty, but from a fear that he might be tempted to make too much of it, and not rewrite the whole from a new standpoint. It was written again in three days ("I drive on with 'Jekyll,' bankruptcy at my heels"); but the fear of losing the story altogether prevented much further criticism. The powder was condemned as too material a agency, but this he could not eliminate, because the dream it had made so strong an impression upon him. "The mere physical feat," Mr. Osbourne continues, "was tremendous; and, instead of harming him, it roused and cheered him inexpressibly." Of course it must not be supposed that these days represent all the time that Stevenson spent on the story, for after this he was working hard for a month or six weeks in bringing it into its present form.

One of the chapters which will interest California readers specially is that headed "California, 1879-80," in which Mr. Balfour tells how Stevenson struggled and suffered in an Francisco:

About the middle of December, 1879, he came to San Francisco from Monterey, and there hired the most economical lodging he could find, at all compatible with the conditions of his work—a single room in a poor house in Bush Street. All his meagre belongings were packed in a cheap restaurant; in San Francisco it is probably easier to fare ill than to spend than in any other city in America. He lived at twenty cents a day, and worked yet harder than before. He made inquiries about work on the *San Francisco Bulletin*, but the payment offered by that newspaper for literary articles, which were all he was able to undertake, was too small to be of any use to a writer so painstaking and so deliberate. The *Bulletin* afterward accepted, at its owner's, a couple of papers which he had not written specially for it, but considered unsuitable for any other purpose, but his connection with the *San Francisco* press was absolutely limited to this transaction.

The worst part of the change from Monterey, however, was that he was thrown more upon himself:

On the place of the bright social life of the little Spanish town, a life such as commoos on the continent of Europe, but is hardly to be found in this land, he was plunged into the terrible solitude of a large city. On a twenty-sixth of December he writes: "For four days I have spoken no one but my landlady or landlord, or to restaurant waiters. This is not a gay way to pass Christmas, is it?" And again: "After weeks in this city, I know only a few neighboring streets; I seem to be cured of all my adventurous whims, and even of human curiosity, and am content to sit here by the fire and await the course of fortune."

His friends were very few; and those of but a few weeks' standing:

They hardly extended, indeed, beyond Mr. Virgil Williams and his wife, the artist couple to whom "The Silverado Squatters" was afterward dedicated, and Mr. Charles Warreo Stoddard, whose picturesque lodging is commemorated in "The Wrecker." To Mr. Williams he found a man of great culture and refinement, a scholar as well as a painter, who was always ready to respond in his verses, and, together with his wife, able and eager to discuss the literatures of Europe. Their house was always open to Stevenson, and their only regret was that he could not come more frequently. To Mr. Stoddard also he was no less welcome a companion; from him he borrowed the delightful books of Herman Melville, "Typee" and "Omoo," and the "South Sea Idylls," which charmed Stevenson alike with their subject and their style. So here in his darkest hour he received the second impulse, which in the end was to "cast him out as by a freshet" upon those "ultimate islands."

Of Stevenson's marriage to Mrs. Osbourne, Mr. Balfour says:

It need only be said that, from the beginning to the end, husband and wife were all to one another. His friends rejoiced to find in her, as Mr. Colvin says, "a character as strong, interesting, and romantic as his own; an inseparable sharer of all his thoughts, and steady companion in all his adventures; the most open-hearted of friends to all who loved him; and most shrewd and stimulating critic of his work; and in sickness, despite her own precarious health, the most devoted and most efficient of nurses." Two years before his death Stevenson wrote, in reference to another love-match: "To be sure, it is always annoying when people choose their own wives; and I know only one form of consolation—they know best what they want. As I look back, I think my marriage was the best move I ever made in my life. Not only would I do it again—I can not conceive the idea of doing otherwise."

Mr. Balfour naturally devotes much space of his second volume to Stevenson's cruises in the Pacific, and his home life at Vailima. Of the exact amount of influence that Stevenson possessed with the natives, he says it is hard to speak with any certainty:

From what I have said of his stationary life it will be evident that there are many Samoans who had no opportunity of coming in contact with him at all; but, in spite of this drawback, his prestige and authority were gradually spreading, and his kindness and fidelity in misfortune produced a real effect upon the native mind. His influence was probably as great as that of any white resident to the islands, with the possible exception of two or three who had married native wives. But this, after all, did not amount to very much; the Samoans, in common with other native races who have not been too well treated by the whites, have learned to protect themselves by an armor of reserve and diplomacy, and they seldom accepted any foreigner's advice unless it recommended to them the course which they were already disposed to follow. As Mr. Whitmee, who knew the islands well, said: "There have been paragraphs in British papers representing Mr. Stevenson as being something like a king in Samoa. I believe I have seen it stated that he might have been king of the islands had he wished. That was simple nonsense." (Aod, I may add, nonsense which irritated Stevenson more than almost any other idle rumor.) "But he was respected by the natives as a whole, and by many he was beloved."

The writer estimates that Stevenson's output was nearly four hundred pages a year for twenty years. Of the conditions under which most of it was done, Stevenson wrote to Mr. George Meredith in 1893:

"For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have worn my wicker and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. Aod the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle; so it goes. I was made for a cootest, and the Powers have so willed that my battle-field should be this doggy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic-bottle."

Stevenson had planned many works which his death made impossible:

There were endless schemes, for the most part projected, and perhaps not even begun—over, certainly, brought near to completion. He wrote to Mr. Charles Baxter: "My schemes are all in the air, and vanish and re-appear again like shapes in the clouds." So, likewise, to Miss Boodle: "I have a projected, entirely planned love-story—everybody will think it dreadfully improper, I'm afraid—called 'Canoomills.' Aod I've a vague, rosy haze before me—a love-story, too, but not improper—called 'The Kiss of Sun.' It's the name of the wayside inn where the story—or much of the story—runs; but it's a kind of a pun; it means the stirring up of a boy by falling in love, and how he rises to the estimation of a girl who despised him, though she liked him, and had befriended him. I really scarce see beyond their childhood yet, but I want to go beyond, and make each one-top the other by successions. It should be pretty and true if I could do it."

Neither of these was ever written. There was also a play for home representation, showing the adventures of an English tourist in Samoa; and I can remember two more serious schemes which were likewise without result. In the August before he died, he drew up with Mr. Osbourne the outline of a history, or of a series of the most striking episodes, of the Lodian mutiny, to be written for boys, and sent home for the books necessary for its execution. Another day he sketched the plan of an English grammar, to be illustrated by examples from the English classics. These are but a few—the many are unremembered—but all alike belonged, not to the fleet of masterpieces unlaunched, but the larger and more inglorious squadron whose keels were never even laid down.

The sudden death of Stevenson is described in the words of Mr. Osbourne, which are already familiar to the public. In his concluding chapter, "R. L. S.," Mr. Balfour says:

It is very difficult to give the impression of his demeanor and the brilliancy of his talk without falling into the contrary error, and suggesting a self-consciousness full of act and exaggeration. Nothing could be further from the truth, and it is easily shown. His singleness of mind, always, in later days at any rate, impressed friends and foes alike with his sincerity of purpose. He was an sportsman and no athlete—fragile and long-haired—yet nobody ever hinted he was unmanly; he was given to preaching, and himself out beyond reproach, yet one for an instant suspected him of hypocrisy. Whatever he did he did with his whole heart, and it was hard for any one to think otherwise. All the fables of mysteriousness and secrecy which formed a part of his life in student days fell away from him before the end. The burden of responsibility had diminished, it may be, the gaiety of his temper; but his character shone out the more clearly as the years showed the man.

The volumes are supplemented with several appendices, including an address to the Samoan students at Malua, January, 1890; an address on "Missions in the South Sea"; Vailima prayers; "Samoan Affairs"; a facsimile of four drafts of the beginning of his last and greatest work—"Weir of Hermiston"; and a chronological list of Stevenson's writings.

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Charles James, appointed collector of customs in San Francisco by President Lincoln, and of late years a prominent figure in the national capital, died in Washington October 20th, aged eighty-four.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Paul Blouet, who is better known as "Max O'Rell," has become a member of the editorial staff of the Paris *Figaro*.

Miss Carrie B. Hunter, of Snow Hill, Md., has obtained a pilot's license from the Baltimore board of steamboat inspectors. Miss Hunter's father owns a small steam yacht, and her license entitles her to navigate vessels of that kind on Pocomoke Sound, river, and tributaries. Miss Hunter is said to be the second woman on the Atlantic coast to receive a pilot's license.

Leopold Sonneman, one of the best-known public men in Germany, and for thirty years the leader of the German democracy, celebrated his seventieth birthday on Tuesday, October 29th, at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. He is the founder and editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and was for more than twenty years a member of the Reichstag, in which body he was one of the most earnest and successful advocates of progressive ideas. The adoption of the gold standard in Germany is largely due to Mr. Sonneman's untiring efforts in the German parliament.

M. Leygues, the French minister of fine arts and public instruction, whose departments comprise the Grand Opéra, the Théâtre-Français, the Odéon, and the national museums of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, is the most decorative personality in President Loubet's cabinet. He is a fashionably dressed, smartly groomed man of polished but somewhat exuberant manners, and an indefatigable talker, his speeches forming the antithesis of those of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, for they are full of rhetorical effect and invariably terminate with nicely turned phrases.

Indiana Republicans say they are convinced that Perry Heath bought the Salt Lake *Tribune* in order to pave a way to the United States Senate. The term of Senator Rawlins expires in March, 1905, and Heath is said to have his eye on Rawlins's seat. Heath is a good friend of Senator Kearns, of Utah, and is credited with effective work in causing the State to go Republican. He was sent to Utah by the Republican National Committee. Heath was mentioned for United States Senator from Indiana when Beveridge and Hanly were running. His old home was Muncie.

"General" J. S. Coxey, of Commonwealth Army fame, is endeavoring to take advantage of the conditions created by the strikers in the city of Chicago and secure the services of its expert laborers. Recently he sent an invitation to Chicago workmen informing them that they could find employment at Oskaloosa, O., where he has established a big cooperative factory. The invitation was extended particularly to men belonging to the Chicago unions who were out of work. It is said that there is work for nearly one thousand laborers, and that three or four hundred men are expected to be secured from Chicago.

Lord Rosslyn, who is the brother of the Duchess of Sutherland, and the half-brother of the Countess of Warwick, has withdrawn the petition for divorce which he had lodged against his wife. A complete reconciliation has taken place between the young couple through the efforts of Robert Vyner, Lady Rosslyn's father, who has effected a compromise with his son-in-law's creditors, thus obtaining for him his discharge from bankruptcy, and enabling him to resume his seat in the House of Lords. It will be remembered that some months ago Winston Spencer Churchill challenged certain of Lord Rosslyn's statements concerning the English troops in South Africa, with the result that Rosslyn was forced to retract them in the newspapers.

It is said that the depression into which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts sank after the death of Queen Victoria, with whom she was very intimate, has never lifted, and it is now believed that the end of her active and beneficent life is not far off. She was born on April 26, 1814, and is the daughter of the banker, Thomas Coutts. She inherited from him an immense fortune, which, under her careful management, has expanded into proportions which make her one of the richest women in the world. In 1871 the queen elevated Miss Coutts to the peerage of England in reward for her noble and notable benefactions. In 1881 the baroness was married to William Ashmead-Bartlett, who has been given royal license to use the surname of Burdett-Coutts. Until a few weeks ago she insisted upon attending to the direction of her banking house in London.

The failure of the aerostation commission to award M. Santos Dumont the Deutsch prize of one hundred thousand francs on October 19th, when he successfully rounded the Eiffel Tower in his airship and returned to the place of starting, at St. Cloud, within thirty minutes, has aroused the keenest discussion in Paris sporting circles. Prince Roland Bonaparte, the president of the commission, and M. Deutsch are of the opinion that the Brazilian aeronaut has won the prize, but the Count de Dion and others differ with them. The dispute is due to the fact that, while Santos Dumont covered the distance in twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds—thirty seconds less than the conditions prescribed—he consumed at least a minute more in descending, which he considers should not be taken into account. On September 7th, after he had made several trials for the prize, the commission modified the original conditions by defining the end of the course as "the moment when the guide-rope of the balloon shall be seized by a man at the starting point." Santos Dumont, three days later, publicly protested that this subsequent modification of the conditions of the competition, made after he had already acted upon them, was null and void, and that he did not intend to take them into consideration. The public and newspapers generally side with the enthusiastic amateur balloonist, who, although by no means a millionaire, has expended four hundred thousand francs and risked his life twenty-five times to win the Deutsch prize.



## BRIGANDS AND BRIGANDAGE.

Truxtun Beale, former Minister to Greece and Persia, Discusses Them—Grecian, Levantine, Persian, and Turcoman Brigands—An Interesting Interview.

When Hon. Truxtun Beale, the former minister to Greece and Persia, was interviewed a few days ago in regard to the safety of travelers in foreign countries, apropos of the capture of Miss Ellen M. Stone by brigands in a lonely pass in the mountains near the Turkish-Bulgarian frontier, on September 3d, he emphasized the fact that, although such a large portion of the laws of civilized states are devised to insure the safety of life and property, it was surprising to find such comparative security in many of the semi-civilized and uncivilized portions of the globe.

"In many parts of Siberia, Central Asia, and China," Mr. Beale said, "you can travel with as much safety as you can in this country. This condition of affairs has been brought about in many strange ways, some of which are historic. For instance, in the southern part of Persia, the *Zil E Sultan* (Shadow of the King) made life and property secure by holding the tribe in which the depredations were committed responsible for the act. He would go in the midst of the tribe where the murder or the robbery transpired and, after picking out twelve or sixteen of the men, would make an example of them. Holes would be dug in a semicircle in which the victims were placed so that they were forced to face one another, and then *gatch*—a sort of plaster which the Persians use on their walls—would be poured in and the tribesmen left to die. No one was allowed to alleviate their sufferings by giving them water. The members of one tribe once tried to remonstrate with the Shah for this barbarous treatment, on the ground that the men taken were innocent, but he replied: "Think what I would have done, if I had happened to catch the guilty." After resorting to this means for a short time, he made the caravan route down to the Persian Gulf as safe for travelers as Market Street is to the people of San Francisco. In fact, you can lie out at night on the Great Desert, and watch the moon rise over the mountains of ancient Media, and enjoy the solitude of the desert with all the sense of security and safety that you could if you were admiring the Golden Gate from the Cliff House.

"Of course, occasionally a life is lost, but that is rarely the case in that part of the East. Now and then the Lurs from Luristan travel down across the caravan route with their flocks, and, if they meet you, the worst they will do is to cut down your baggage from your camels and mules, and sometimes run them off. But the severity of the Zil's punishment, and the fact that he makes a tribe responsible for any depredation that occurs in their midst, has effectually stamped out all assaults on travelers. But all parts of the East are not so safe. For instance, in going from Badghis to Babylon, and thence on to the Mediterranean Sea, your property and life are in constant danger, sometimes from mere robbers, but for the most part from religious fanatics, who attack you when they find that you are a *koffer*—that is, unclean or an unbeliever."

When asked whether Central Asia and most parts of Siberia were safe to travelers, Mr. Beale said:

"Yes. The Russians have done wonders to make life and property secure in all parts of Central Asia, which they have recently conquered. Occasionally, murders and robberies are committed, but these are unusual. They content themselves with sneaking up on you from behind when you are traveling in your sleigh, and cutting down your baggage and looting it. In fact, even in countries like Chinese Turkestan, which are outside the pale of Russian influence, one is comparatively safe. I have traveled with perfect safety for weeks among the Kirghiz, who, in Spencer's 'Sociology' are described as being a very fierce race. I have gone into their tents, lain down, and rested sometimes night and day. They might have harmed me, for they must have known that a traveler has large sums of money on his person. To show how much they needed and valued money, I once hired a Kirghiz to guide me through a Siberian storm to another Kirghiz encampment, and, when I reached my destination, I gave him what would amount to about seven or eight dollars here. He danced around my tent with delight and gratitude. During my stay among these people not an article of mine was stolen. In fact, when I performed my daily ablutions, I found it difficult to keep the men and women out of my tent, as they seemed fearful lest I might steal something which belonged to them."

"Did you ever cross Afghanistan?"

"No; for such a journey is fraught with peril for the traveler. I looked longingly over the Oxus, wishing that I could travel across Afghanistan to reach the beautiful valley of Cashmere. But few Russians or other Europeans who enter it ever return."

"Years ago, a Swedish explorer went into the adjoining country—Chinese Turkestan. He was traveling to one of the little provinces, into which the country was broken up in those days, to give a present to the khan. But, unfortunately, he met another khan on the way who demanded the gift for himself. The Swedish explorer demurred, and the impatient khan immediately ordered him killed."

"Six years ago, two Frenchmen, who were sent out by the French Academy, were also killed. They had had relations with the women of a village, and further aroused the anger of the natives by an unpardonable act. They went into the drove of horses owned by the village and picked one out for themselves, to replace another that had been stolen from them. The villagers set upon them, and when the Frenchmen jumped into the river they ran along the banks and stoned them to death. I met a Cossack who has been with the Frenchmen, and who succeeded in making his escape. This incident reminds one of Kipling's story, 'The Man Who Would Be King.'"

"The death in Turkey of young Lentz, while attempting to follow the two bicyclists who had made a trip around the world, is another peculiar case. A group of Turks were

startled at his appearance, as he came cycling along the road. 'What's that?' said one.

"I believe that's the devil," suggested another.

"Well, we'll see," replied a third, and he leveled his gun and fired, killing Lentz instantly.

"The English have made all parts of India quite safe. Arabia, on the other hand, is dangerous as soon as you cross the Shatel Arab from Persia. Beluchistan is also a very dangerous country to travel through. Once in Chinese Turkestan I had occasion to refuse the services of men, who, when I had penetrated into the mountains, volunteered to guide me through with safety. I have invariably declined such offers, feeling that the dangers were not so great as were represented, and I never was sure that they were not acting in conjunction with others. Therefore, I did not want them to become a part of my party or connected in any way with my caravan. I generally scared them away by telling them that my guns were of much longer range than their old flint-locks, and that we could easily dispose of them before their guns were within range of us."

"During your stay in Greece, did you meet any of Lord Muncaster's party, which was attacked on its way home from a picnic on the historic plain of Marathon?"

"No. But the death of Fred Vyner, brother of the Marchioness of Ripon, is still regretted by all those who knew him in Greece. He was a splendid young fellow, an athlete, and an Oxford graduate. While being held for ransom, he was in the habit of exercising and wrestling with the brigands, and one chief, to whom he had especially endeared himself, is said to have burst into tears when he learned of Vyner's death."

"Do you know what steps your sister, Mme. Bakhmetiew, wife of the Russian diplomatic agent at Sofia, is taking in behalf of Miss Stone?"

"Nothing further than what I have read in the cable dispatches, as I have not yet had time to hear from her by mail. I am sure she is deeply interested in the rescue of Miss Stone, as is also her husband."

Senator George F. Hoar has asked to be permitted to decline the invitation to eulogize President McKinley at a meeting in Worcester, Mass. In the course of his letter, Senator Hoar refers to the fact that he will be extremely busy during the next few weeks, but if business were the only reason he would endeavor to overcome it. Continuing, he says:

"But I ought in frankness to state another and even stronger reason. I think the eulogy should be delivered by some persons who were in full accord with him upon the principal political measure of his administration. I never questioned his absolute sincerity, his devotion to the public welfare, his love of liberty, and his desire to do his duty as God gave him power to see it. I was fully in accord with him on the great financial measures with which he was identified. But, as you know, I differed from him and his administration, and my opinion on that subject has been strengthened and not weakened in the lapse of time in regard to his policy in dealing with the Philippine Islands."

The official announcement by the United States Steel Corporation that its net earnings in the last six months exceeded \$54,000,000 gives some idea of the magnitude of this unparalleled aggregation of capital, but the extent of its operations will be better grasped with the help of comparison. The total net earnings of the 3,871 national banks in the twelve months of 1900, according to the Controller of the Currency, were \$69,981,810. In twelve months, if its earnings do not diminish, the steel corporation will have earned \$40,000,000 more than all the national banks. It will have earned, in fact, according to the *Financier's* calculation, as much as all the banks of every kind in the United States, their total number being about 14,000.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, gave out the following signed statement regarding the invitation of Booker T. Washington to the White House:

"President Roosevelt has an absolute right to eat with any man he may choose to invite. He also has the right to have colored men and women call on Mrs. Roosevelt and dine with the family. He has the right to have his children associate with negro children and in time to become himself grandfather to a mulatto. All of these 'rights' are on all fours. The obliteration of the color line in this case carries with it the possibility of all the others. It is a natural sequence. If it is the purpose of the President to solve the race question this way he is welcome to enter upon it, but millions of American men and women in the North and all the whites who live in the South will leave him severely alone in his new-found rule and take care we do not become a race of mongrels."

Perry S. Heath, former First-Assistant Postmaster-General and at present secretary of the National Republican Committee, is the new publisher and manager of the Salt Lake (Utah) *Tribune*, and is said to have purchased the paper to further his alleged senatorial aspirations. Patrick H. Lannan, who, for the last nineteen years, has been publisher of the *Tribune*, retires from active business life. Judge C. C. Goodwin, who has been associated with Lannan for many years as editor of the *Tribune*, also retires, and will devote his time to literary work.

Game is very plentiful in Yosemite National Park, according to the report of the superintendent. There have been four thousand visitors to the park this season, of whom two-thirds were campers. Stricter regulations are recommended for governing the presence of campers, as there is evidence that these people have used high explosives in the Bridal Veil Creek to kill trout. Every fire in or near the park this summer is attributed to either careless or criminal acts of campers.

December 1st has been chosen for the opening of the Coast line between San Francisco and Los Angeles. The new schedule will include an overland express service, with a train each way daily. The work of repairing and strengthening the roadbed of the Coast Division has been completed, and during November freight trains will be run over it in order to settle the ballast and make the road perfect for the heavy passenger service when it begins.

## MARK TWAIN ON TAMMANY.

The Humorist in Politics—Reads a Magazine Article in Place of a Speech—Edmund Burke's Impeachment of Warren Hastings Changed to Fit Croker.

For the first time Mark Twain is taking part in a political campaign. It is not a particularly active part, but it is particularly earnest and serious. The humorist declares that people will not take him seriously, except under protest, but he tries to keep the ludicrous out of his efforts now. He is for Seth Low for mayor, but not so much because he is an admirer of Mr. Low as because he is against Tammany. He says he thought in earlier days that Tammany was unconquerable, but he has changed, and now believes that Manhattan can throw off its yoke, and vote Chief Croker a permanent vacation. At first his work for the anti-Tammany ticket was limited to interviews with police officers, and he was soon convinced that he had found fruitful soil. He interviewed the members of the force who passed his gates at Riverdale, and those he met in his walks, and the results were cheering. There could be no happier illustration of Mark Twain's gracious confidence in his fellow-creatures than his statements of trust in the secret desire of these policemen to see the present city government overthrown.

Up in the quiet precincts of Riverdale, where Mr. Clemens and his family took possession of the old Appleton mansion three weeks ago, there is the right kind of atmosphere for dreams of that kind. The house looks down upon the placid Hudson. The fine old trees, nearly bare of leaves, are the home of dozens of squirrels, and when the sun comes out after a day of autumn rain, they frisk up and down the mossy trunks, and gambol and chatter on the lawn, undisturbed by their hosts and neighbors. It is rumored that Mr. Croker has under consideration the idea of moving to Riverdale, and, in noticing this, Mr. Clemens said that he should feel safer under the same roof with the Tammany chief than elsewhere, for all thieves, burglars, and second-story men would surely keep away.

As was to be expected, Mr. Clemens was asked many times to make some speeches during the campaign, but he declined. He gave many reasons, nearly all amusing, however seriously worded. He said he never could remember what he had intended to say when the time came for him to speak, and if he spoke merely what occurred to him at the moment he would expect to find his remarks very foolish when they appeared in print the next day. "I dread a speech, anyway," he remarked, "especially one I make myself." But his disinclination was partially overcome at last. He had joined the "Acorns," an anti-Tammany society, and he finally consented to read before the members of the club an article on the political situation in Manhattan, which he had prepared for the *North American Review*. Last night he fulfilled his promise, and his article was a vigorous denunciation of Chief Croker, and the great organization under his control that is responsible for misrule in New York.

With all its vigor, however, the article is hardly an up-to-date campaign document. There is too much of history and long-drawn parallels in its rhetoric. It is as scathing as his papers on the missionaries in China, but it is not satirical. In its entire length there is no flashing of his rapier of wit. It is a paraphrase of Edmund Burke's impeachment of Warren Hastings. The maladministration of the East India Company is declared to be an English example which Tammany has copied. "Let the supreme masters of British India, the giant corporation of the India Company in London, stand for the voters of the City of New York; let the Great Council of Calcutta stand for Tammany; let the corrupt and money-grubbing great hive of serfs which served under the Indian Tammany's rod stand for the New York Tammany's serfs; let Warren Hastings stand for Richard Croker, and it seems to me that the parallel is exact and complete."

Occasionally the humorist would interject a sentence or two, inspired by the occasion. Here are the most striking of them:

"The Calcutta Tammany—like our own Tammany—had but one principle, one policy, one moving spring of action—avarice, money lust. So that it got money, it cared not a rap about the means and the methods. It was always ready to lie, forge, betray, steal, swindle, cheat, rob; and no promise, no engagement, no contract, no treaty made by its boss was worth the paper it was written on or the polluted breath that uttered it. Now, the more I compare Hastings and Croker, the more those twins look indistinguishable. Why, look at that man Croker, and see what he has done for this town. For, is not its unsanitary condition and its big death rate, so much greater than it has any business to be, a sort of assassination?"

The address was given in the Myrtle Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, before a hundred and fifty invited guests, nearly all members of the "Acorns." Joseph Johnson, the great oak of the order, introduced the speaker. On the platform were District Attorney Philbin, Recorder John W. Goff, and Judge James A. Blanchard. There were no other speakers. Mr. Clemens's reading was frequently interrupted with applause and cheers, and, at its close, the humorist was greeted with all the enthusiasm so staid and self-contained an audience could manifest. It is to be hoped, however, that this new reading of an old page from history will not be followed by further parallels. Burke and Fox and Sheridan and Grey arraigned Warren Hastings, and the seven years' trial ruined the accused, but he was acquitted in the end. Croker could wish for no happier conclusion. Seven years' further distinction as the centre of metropolitan strife, and then a pension for life from his East India Company of serfs, would not seem especially dreadful, no matter what history should say of him.

Before the hour for the address, Mr. Clemens was the guest of Mr. William F. King at a dinner in the hotel, and there were a dozen others about the board. Altogether, the evening furnished one of the happiest and most picturesque events of the campaign, which is now at fever heat. As in 1895, even clubmen and clubmen's wives are thoroughly engrossed in the political game, and no circle is exempt.

NEW YORK, October 18, 1901.

FLANEUR.



LITERARY NOTES.

Famous Men and Women at Geneva.

A gossip, readable book, of a semi-historical, semi-biographical cast, is "Lake Geneva and Its Literary Landmarks," by Francis Gribble. It touches upon the more intimate personal life of the many interesting literary and historical characters—both men and women, whether strangers or native-born—who have lived near Lake Leman, or Lake Geneva, as it is generally called. The historic villas at Fernay ad Coppet—the homes of Voltaire and Mme. de Staël—and the picturesque castle of Chillon, made famous by the six years' imprisonment of Geneva's hero, Boivard, are chief to interest among the many charming excursions the tourist may take on the shores of Lake Geneva. One who has "done" oock-raoig galleries and musty churches in Southern Europe breathes a sigh of relief when he reaches the beautiful city on the lake, Geneva, where the sights are out of doors rather than of interiors, canvases, or marbles. Francis Gribble's book is as refreshing as the blue lake itself.

Earliest among the famous names of which Geneva boasts is that of François Bonivard, the hero of Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." The poem is as famous as the hero, though Byron knew neither who the prisoner was nor why he was a prisoner. Bonivard was a scholar and a gentleman. But because he was also a patriot, and resisted the encroachments of the Duke of Savoy upon the territory of the Genevois, he suffered the penalty of a six years' imprisonment in the dungeons of Chillon. His spirit was not broken by confinement, however. While there he wrote ballads and verses, and after his release he undertook his ambitious work, the "Chroniques de Genève." But the Geneva to which he returned after his long incarceration was a different city from the one which he had left. The Reformation had intervened, leaving its imprint on the thought and manners of the day. When Bonivard had brought to completion his history and applied for permission to have it printed, the question was referred to Calvin. But this stylist, who wrote only in the language of the schools, saw little but vulgarities and solecisms in the "Chroniques de Genève," and adjudged it unworthy to be printed. This was a mistake. Boivard's work was the expression of Genevan life and manners, and, as such, should never have been judged according to French standards as applied by Calvin.

The author devotes much space to the progress and effects of the Reformation, and to Calvin—disciplinarian of Geneva—his university, and his teachings there. Geneva was the Mecca of the reformers. Nearly all of them were there at one time or another—Farel; De Bèze, called the successor of Calvin; Viret; Froment; Olivétan, famous for his translation of the Bible; and Marot, author of the first metrical version of the Psalms.

Among the so-called pietists, whose assemblies took place there, are the names of Mme. de Warens—concerning whose life Rousseau made so many false and libelous statements in his "Confessions"—and Marie Huber, whose anonymous books, translated into English, German, and French, set the whole world of theologians discussing her doctrines. John Knox, too, dwelt there, and of the city wrote:

"This place is the most perfect school of Christ that ever was in the earth since the days of the Apostles. In other places, I confess Christ to be truly preached; but manners and religion so sincerely reformed I have not yet seen in any other place beside."

His days were consecrated to literary labors. But he saw not the blue waters of the lake, though they rippled before his eyes, nor the snow-clad Alps that towered above the lake on every hand; he wrote not of them. The beautiful surroundings had no effect upon the sternness of his views. He was principally occupied while at Geneva in writing "Blasts" against his fellow-men.

How different from this was the inspiration of Shelley, who, at a sitting, one may say, in the Vale of Chamouix, composed his splendid poem, "Mont Blanc." The poem is dated Switzerland, June 23, 1816. Its lofty lines give evidence that the poet was deeply moved by the grandeur of the Alpine panorama:

"Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled  
The veil of life and death? or do I lie  
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep  
Spread far around and inaccessible  
Its circles? For the very spirit fails,  
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep  
That vaishes among the viewless gales!  
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,  
Moot Black appears,—still, snowy, and serene—  
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms  
Pile around it, ice and rock; broad vales between  
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,  
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread  
And wind among the accumulated steeps."

It was during his sojourn at Lake Geneva that Shelley met Byron. The two poets soon became friends. Together they made a tour of the lake and were nearly shipwrecked on the rocks of Meillerie. Nightly they were together at Diodati, Byron's villa, discussing every topic under the sun. Both wrote many poems there.

Probably Geneva is more proud of Jean Jacques Rousseau than of any other of her citizens, either before or since his day. Mr. Gribble, however, has

no hesitation in pronouncing him "probably a liar and certainly a cad"—an opinion to which doubtless all the world outside of Geneva will concur. One of his most cordial haters was Voltaire—ao "apostle of pure reason," our author calls him, despite Voltaire's seemingly unreasonable hatred for Jean Jacques.

Voltaire would have preferred to live in Paris, but could not for political reasons. So, at the age of sixty, he settled on the shores of Lake Geneva, where he lived for twenty-four years the life of a country squire beloved by his retainers. He had many distinguished guests at Ferney—among them Oliver Goldsmith and Dr. John Moore. But he did not love Geneva, for he loved the theatre and Geneva did not. After a war waged for many years he succeeded in permanently establishing a theatre within the city walls. The bitterness of his feeling against this puritanical city has been made famous by his spicy epigram:

"On hait le bal, on hait la comédie;  
Pour tout plaisir Genève psalmodie;  
Du bon David des antiques concerts,  
Croyait que Dieu se plaît aux mauvais vers."

Or, halldly translating the epigram into prose:

They hate balls, they hate plays; Geneva's only recreation is psalm-singing, rendering the worthy David's ancient compositions—evidently believing that God takes pleasure in poor poetry.

With the freedom of a French biographer, Mr. Gribble comments upon the checkered career of Mme. de Staël and her famous salon at Coppet. The ancestress of the New Woman of the present day, he fitly dubs her. Stranger of all the irregularities of her tempestuous life, and probably the most typical of the moral standard of her day and generation, was the concealment of her marriage to the young French officer, Alibert de Rocca. He was twenty-three and she was more than twenty years his senior. She feared a young husband would make her ridiculous in the eyes of the world, therefore her husband posed as her lover, and together they traveled over Europe. They then lived for a time at Coppet, and subsequently in Paris, where Mme. de Staël died in 1817. She was buried at Coppet. Rocca survived her but a few months.

Among Mme. de Staël's visitors at Coppet were Chateaubriand, Lord Byron—who spent much time there after his final quarrel with his wife, when he left England forever—Schlegel, Benjamin Constant, Gihbo, Karl Ritter, Mme. le Bruo, Mme. Récamier, the Comte de Sahrn, and a host of other litterateurs, artists, and statesmen.

The distinguished strangers who have visited Geneva, and for a time have lived there, far outnumber the native-born geniuses. But there are a few great Swiss names our author mentions among the greater lights from abroad. Among them are Rousseau and Boivard, both Genevois. Merle d'Auhigné, author of "The History of the Reformation," and one of the great men of his day, was a Swiss. Amiel was a Lausanne professor, born in Geneva; though but little known during his lifetime, fame attached itself to his name, after his death, through the publication of his "Journal Intime." "The illustrious de Saussure," as the explorer of the Valley of Chamounix is most commonly known, belonged to an old and wealthy Geneva family. Nominally, he was a university professor, but by far the more important work of his life was that of a student of the Alps, over which he had crossed by eight different passes. He was the first Alpine writer whose works have stood the test of time, and the first student of geology who knew his business. And herein lies his title to fame.

Of poets in Geneva there have been a goodly number, but Genevan poetry has ever been but the handmaid of Genevan politics. Chaponnière and Didier, two of the most famous in their own country, are seldom heard of abroad. Philippe Bridel the world knows through his wit rather than his verse. A clever poet he made on the oame of a French official, called Rapinat, is often quoted in French memoirs and biographies:

"Le bon Suisse qu'on assassioe  
Voudrait, au moios, qu'oo décidât  
Si Rapinat vient de rapioe  
Ou rapioe de Rapinat."

This bare synopsis of Mr. Gribble's book touches upon but a few of the many interesting characters which appear in it. Throughout his tone is decidedly more chatty than serious, otherwise we might criticise an occasional lapse into a style that is somewhat too colloquial for elegance—as, for instance, on page 283. But this may be pardoned since the author intended the book to be oothio more than it is—an informal, anecdotal history of Geneva; and it admirably fills a gap, since nothing of the sort has heretofore existed in English.

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Death of Franklin's Great-Granddaughter.

Commenting on the recent death of Mrs. Elizabeth Duane Gillespie, whose "Book of Remembrance" was reviewed at length in the *Argonaut* of July 29th, the *Philadelphia Times* says:

"Philadelphia has lost, by the death of Mrs. Gillespie, to her eighty first year, one of its most distinguished and most useful citizens. We are accustomed to speak thus only of men; yet there are few men among us who realize the responsibilities and opportunities of citizenship as did this earnest, energetic woman, whose forceful personality will be

missed in many important fields of civic activity. She had many of the qualities that made Benjamin Franklin, her great-grandfather, the foremost Philadelphian of his day—the wide range of interest, the undaunted courage, and tireless invention, even the shrewd humor that was no small part of Franklin's power. If something of the combativeness of the Duane was joined to her inheritance, it all went to make up a character of quite uncommon worth, that kept alive in our variable society some influence of the intellectual forces of a former age.

"Had she been a man, Elizabeth Duane would have been a power in public life. Being a woman, she showed what a woman may do for the community, not with money, but with tongue, or pen, but with brains. In her delightful 'Book of Remembrance' she has recalled something of her work in the Civil War, but the present generation will more readily recall her activity in the Centennial, where the power of organized woman's work was displayed as it had ever been before. With the public museum, which perpetuates the teaching of the exhibits, and the great school that has grown from it, her memory will be lastingly associated. She was a woman in whom the true civic spirit was joined with a broad and fine aesthetic appreciation, and the authority which she held so long in Philadelphia was one of absolute moral force. It is pleasant to dwell on this honored career as an example and incentive. Mrs. Gillespie was neither rich nor fashionable, but rich and fashion bowed to her. No so-called 'society leader' will ever attain the influence of this hereditary democrat, who chose her friends for what they had done or could do that was of worth, and to whose unpretentious home the best of the world's workers were glad to be hidden."

RECENT VERSE.

Anotherhand.

The eight throbs oo : but let me pray, dear Lord I  
Crush off his oame a moment from my mouth.  
To Thee my eyes would turn, but they go back,  
Back to my arm beside me where he lay—  
So little, Lord, so little ad so warm!

I cao not think that Thou hadst need of him!  
He is so little, Lord, he cao out sig,  
He can not praise Thee; all his lips had learned  
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

Give him to me—he is not happy there!  
He had not felt his life: his lovely eyes  
Just koew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast Thou an angel there to mother him?  
I say he loves me best—if he forgets,  
If Thou allow it that my child forgets  
And runs not out to meet me when I come—

What are my curses to Thee? Thou hast heard  
The curse of Ahel's mother, and since then  
We have not ceased to threaten at Thy throo,  
To threat and pray Thee that Thou hold them still  
In memory of us.

See Thou teod him well,  
Thou God of all the mothers! If he lack  
Ooe of his kisses—Ah, my heart, my heart,  
Do angels kiss io heaven? Give him back!

Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief,  
And tired of tears and cold to comfortio.  
Thou art wise I koow, and teoder, aye, and good.  
Thou hast my child and he is safe in Thee,  
And I believe—

Ah, God, my child shall go  
Orphaned among the angels! All alone,  
So little and alone! He knows not Thee,  
He only koows his mother—give him back!  
—Josephine Dodge Daskam in November Scribner's Magazine.

The Little Snn.

When my little son is born on a suony summer  
morn,  
I'll take him sleepin' in my arms to wake beside  
the sea,

For the widdy wathers blue would be dancio' if they  
koew,

An' the weedy waves that wet the sand come  
creepin' up to me.

When my little son is here in the nooday warm an'  
clear,  
I'll carry him so kiodly up the gleo to Craiga'  
wood;

In a greo ao' tremblin' shadow there I'll hush my  
tender laddo,  
An' the fittin' birds'll quiet their soogs as if they  
understood.

When my pretty son's awake, och, the care o' him  
I'll take!  
Ao' we'll oever pass a gentle place between the  
dark an' day;

If he's lovely in his sleep on his face a veil I'll keep,  
Or the wee folk an' the good folk might be wantio'  
him away.

When my darlio' comes to me he will lie upon my  
knee—

Though the world should be my pillow he must  
know no harder place;

Sure a queen's soo may be cold io a cradle all o'  
gold,

But my arm shall be about him ao' my kiss upoo  
his face.

—Moira O'Neill in New York Tribune.

Mr. Ernest F. Feollosa began his second series of illustrated Chaoioig Auxiliary Lectures at the First Unitarian Church on Thursday afternoon with "A Talk About Japaoese Color Priots." The other two lectures include "The Japanese Lyric Drama," to be given this (Saturday) eveoing, and "Northern Buddhism in Chioa and Japan" on Tuesday afternoon, November 3d.

The Desperate Advertising Author.

The trials of the advertising author are rescurd to feelingly by *Punch*. The publisher reports to the puzzled and alarmed oovelist that his last book is a dead loss, and that "something must be dooe." Theo esoes the following dialogue:

AUTHOR [*in the spirit of a bright suggestion*—I was thinking—if it could be "currently reported that a titled lady had dictated it to her cook through the telephone."

PUBLISHER—But you did that with your "Seotimental Servant Girl."

AUTHOR—True. [*Sits abashed, but thoughtful.*]

PUBLISHER—Perhaps you don't write often enough to the papers. How are the drains in your district? Cao't you make them a subject of complaint?

AUTHOR—I'm afraid not. I'm on the vestry.

PUBLISHER—Have't you a oew theory to end the war?

AUTHOR—Not ready. I've given advice to all the generals, and severely censured the commissariat.

PUBLISHER—Yes. That did a little for your "Travels with a Type-Writer." What about being taken ill at the theatre?

AUTHOR [*dejectedly*—Last time I did that it was misunderstood, and I was turned out for being disorderly.

PUBLISHER—Yes. I am afraid there was a little mismanagement somewhere. Couldn't you keep a tiger in your garden?

AUTHOR [*with great trepidation*—Poor Typer bought what was supposed to be a tame giraffe, to give his last book of verse a fillip, and, if you remember, it ate him.

PUBLISHER [*with professional pride*—Yes, but he had the satisfaction of knowing before he died that the third edition of his stuff was completely exhausted. It established a record in minor verse.

AUTHOR [*encouragingly*—I've got a motor car.

PUBLISHER [*with contempt*—So has everybody. [*With sudden inspiration.*] Will it blow up?

AUTHOR—I hope not.

PUBLISHER—Think how it would send up your book!

AUTHOR—Yes, but I should go up with it.

PUBLISHER [*impatently*—Of course there is that possibility. Couldn't you moage a little inexpensive lawsuit?

AUTHOR [*with gloomy countenance at past recollections*—The last ooe oearly loaded me in prison and cost an enormous amount.

PUBLISHER—You were unfortunate in your counsel. Well, something must be done. I am afraid I shall have to ask you to fall down a coal-mioe.

AUTHOR [*hopelessly*—Well, if I must, I must; but [*with a piteous appeal*] I have only just recovered from falling out of a halloo to boom my last hook!

Wills and Successions.

Mrs. Aooa D. Howard on Moody filed for probate in the superior court at Redwood City a will of her late husband, William H. Howard, and also a petition that she be appointed executrix thereof. She at the same time applied for special letters of administration. This makes the second will filed. On Friday last Edward W. Howard, son of the deceased, and F. M. Pickering presented a will io which they are appointed executors. This will was executed io 1898, while that filed by the widow was made in 1887. In the latter ooe Mrs. Howard is appointed executrix. To the will of 1898 Mrs. Howard is given none of the real property, but only ao equal share with the five children, or one-sixth of certain specified personal property. Under the will of 1887 the widow is given absolutely the homestead at San Mateo, consisting of 350 acres of laod, and all the furniture, carriages, works of art, silver, hooks, and personal effects. The balance of the estate she is givo in trust for the benefit of herself and the children of herself ad deceased. She is appointed executrix without bonds. The two petitions will be heard at the same time.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

Among the Mysteries and Treasures of India.

Rudyard Kipling has come to his own again in "Kim." It is a wonderful story of the mysteries and treasures of India, and it is told as no other could tell it. Two or three have written of that strange country and its mingled races with certain knowledge, but their books have been romances or the jottings on map margins. This is a mirror of its vastness, its innumerable tangled interests, and an interpreter of its foreign tongues and hidden impulses. If this story is fiction, its art is beyond analysis. If it is truth, it comes of a complete understanding few have achieved. Yet its mysteries are not beyond those of the jungle and the creatures that rule its depths, and the same band has made them plain.

Among unique creations Kim has seldom been equaled. He is a waif, just outgrowing the helplessness of childhood when the story opens, but experience has already given him wisdom far beyond his years. The son of an Irish color-sergeant, he had been left when an infant to the care of a half-caste woman in Lahore who sold vegetables and smoked opium. Dying, his early ruined father had left to the child only his discharge papers, and a birth certificate. These the brown-skinned foster-mother had sewed up in leather, and then hung about the boy's neck. But Kim did not know what they were. He did know many other things—some English, and enough of all the various native dialects to match phrases with all comers. And his most disquieting knowledge was that white men said he ought to go to school and learn to work.

Lahore held no unexplored ground for Kim when the boy was twelve, and he panted for a wider field. An old, wandering priest from Tibet catches his fancy, and at once he takes up the rôle of disciple and bowl-bearer for the holy mendicant. From Lahore to Umballa, by train, the strangely assorted pair make the first stage of their journey, beginning the quest of a sacred river which will wash away the aged man's sins. Kim has one good friend, a horse-trader from Delhi, and at the start the boy is made the bearer of a secret message by this mysterious dealer. Grave consequences follow the safe delivery of the message, and Kim, who has fathomed its meaning, trades on the knowledge gained and speedily is accepted as the possessor of the gift of prophecy. In many ways he assists the priest on their travels, but suddenly prosperity overwhelms the orphan. His father's old regiment, camped by the wayside, attracts his attention, and its flag, a red bull on a green ground, awakens memories of stories told him when a child. Prowling about the tents, Kim is discovered, hauled into the light, his case of valuable papers examined, and his identity established. Then, though much against his will, he is taken in hand by the regimental chaplain, and sent to school at Lucknow.

Three years are spent at the school, where Kim distinguishes himself in mathematics and surveying, branches he has been told will be very valuable to him. But the vacations, when he puts off his European suit and in the lighter garments of a Hindoo wanders about the country, are the periods of greatest instruction and gain for the boy. Through all this time he is faithful to the old priest, promising to join him again when his school-days are over. At last his studies are finished and he leaves the school. Then the horse-trader, who is really in the government secret service, fits Kim out for his apprenticeship in the same dangerous profession. But he allows him six months more, to be spent in company with the wandering priest, asking only for maps, plans, and descriptions of important places visited. The end of the story comes with the completion of the priest's quest for the holy river.

There is little of romance in this record of a boy's education and growth in wisdom, but the quality wanting is not missed. From the first paragraph of the story, which shows Kim as a child seated on a gun-carriage, the boy's figure dominates all the scenes. His adventures are always unfamiliar, and often desperate. And at all times he is surrounded by strange characters, whose manners and speech are oddly attractive. There is more of the landscape and life of India in the book than in any other ever written, and Kim is an embodiment of its native cunning and stealth, its fidelity and irresponsibility.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## The Pilgrims of Maurice Hewlett.

The readers and admirers of "Richard Yea-and-Nay" and "Earth-Work Out of Tuscany" will be disappointed in Maurice Hewlett's latest book, "New Canterbury Tales." The stories have all the graces of the author's style, and all its faults. They are marked with the splendid imagery that none can call up more successfully, and they are effective in both comedy and tragedy. Their old-time flavor is strong and true, and often pleasing. But they are scarcely worth the doing. They will be judged as imitations of Boccaccio or Chaucer, and there is little need of imitations, however well done. Least of all does Mr. Hewlett require such patterns.

There are six of the tales, told by as many members of a band of Canterbury pilgrims. Five of the six have been published in magazines, and they are quite an impressive standing alone as when collected, as the thread that binds them together is of the

slightest. The "scrivener" tells of "The Countess Alys," who suffered from the pursuit of the king while her husband, loyal to his sovereign, was held in a foreign prison. It has too much of dishonor and death, even in the most artistic of quaint disguises. Dan Costard, confessor to the prioress, tells of a priestly hermit, his adopted daughter Paravail, whom he won as an infant from the witches, and her foster-brother Peridore. This has many touches of bright fancy, and a melodramatic ending, but some of its particulars graze too nearly the horrible. Captain Brazenhead's tale of "The Half-Brothers" is no improvement on what has gone before, filled as it is with romance and desperate adventure, brotherly wrongs, and revenge. The prioress tells a strange story of Jewish superstition and sacrificial rites, in which a boy with an angelic voice plays a leading part. It is a churchy fiction, its ending better suited to devotees than to worldlings. Master Smith, the shipman, tells a story of love and courage that deserves to rank all that have preceded it, and its descriptions of the brother and sister who were alike fair and warlike, and of their victories, are worthy of the time. In the story told by Percival Perceforest, page to Mistress Mawdelyn Touchet, there is more of humor than in all the others. It is a romance of Mantua and Venice, of many deceptions and sudden turns of fortune.

Whatever may be said of the book, the tales will be read. Their author has too strong a bold upon the fancy of a discriminating public to be easily shaken off. Yet it would please even the least capricious of his critics could the volume be more warmly commended to all readers.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Gertrude Atherton's latest volume, "The Aristocrats," which was originally brought out anonymously by John Lane a few months ago, is in its seventh edition.

"In Spite of All," a new novel by Edna Lyall, is soon to be brought out. It deals with the same period of history as her "In Golden Days"—that of the civil war in England.

Mrs. Alice Meynell's "Later Poems" have been published by John Lane in an edition uniform with her other books.

"The Letters of John Richard Green" will soon be published by the Macmillan Company. Leslie Stephen has written introductory narratives explaining Green's position at different periods of his life, on information furnished by Mrs. Green.

A biography of Eugene Field, by his friend and fellow-worker, Slason Thompson, is announced by the Scribners under the title of "Eugene Field: A Study in Heredity and Contradictions."

A new and revised edition of President Roosevelt's "The Strenuous Life" is about to be issued by the Century Company. It will contain the Minneapolis and Pan-American speeches, in addition to other new matter.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's latest book, "Within the Gates," is a dramatic study of the awakening of a soul in after life, and its entering on a career of conscious purpose and spiritual power. It is one of the series which the author began with "The Gates Ajar."

The new and authoritative "Life of Pasteur," by his son-in-law, R. Vallery-Rodot, will be published in an English translation this month.

Edwin Markham, whose second book of verse is soon to be published, has been made an honorary member of many literary societies, from Passamaquoddy to Ensenada, besides having had a number of flourishing societies named after him, and a hoop invented as badge for clubs and lyceums. He has just been voted an honorary member of the Kanai Kodak Klub of Koloa, Konai, Hawaiian Islands.

"Shoulder-Straps and Sun-Bonnets," is the unique title of a volume by Edith Elmer Wood, the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Albert N. Wood, U. S. N., and the daughter of the late Commander Horace Elmer, U. S. N., which is to be published immediately.

Henry James, who has finished his novel, "Mrs. Medwin," is still living at Rye, where it is said that he spends a good part of his time in long walks.

The C. M. Clark Company has just published a unique volume called "Junk." Leon Lempert, Jr., of Rochester, N. Y., who does not call himself the author, but the "instigator" of "Junk," tells his publishers he intends it to be "a book to stagger sorrow."

Mrs. Ballington Booth has followed her charming "Sleepy-Time Stories" with another volume of child stories called "Lights of Childhood."

Yale's bicentenary is to be still further commemorated by "Two Centuries of Christian Activity at Yale, 1701-1901," edited by three graduates.

A volume of some importance, entitled "Keats and His Circle," by H. C. Shelley, will be published this month. The chief aim of the work will be to dwell upon the human aspect of the poet's life, as

opposed to the literary side. At the same time, however, it will have a distinct literary interest, since it will attempt to clear up several points of doubt in Keats's life, and will include some new material. The greater part of the numerous illustrations have never before been published, being taken in the main from the collection in possession of Sir Charles Dilke.

The Macmillan Company will soon publish a novel by Mrs. A. C. Farquharson, entitled "St. Nazarius," the title of which is derived from the monastery in which the hero is vowed to a religious life.

What is said to be the first book on tobacco and the love of the weed since Fairholt's appeared in 1859, will be W. A. Penn's history of tobacco entitled "The Sovereign Herbe."

The cover of "Colonial Fights and Fighters," Cyrus Townsend Brady's second volume of "Stories of Our Battle History," bears a striking picture of a Colonial warrior in fighting garb. The design is the work of Berkeley Smith, son of F. Hopkinson Smith.

The Macmillan Company have in preparation "Time-Table of Modern History, A. D. 400-1870," compiled and arranged by M. Morison.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. report that Hall Caine's "The Eternal City," which headed several lists as the "book most in demand" for September, is about to go into a new edition of ten thousand, making in all one hundred and fifty thousand copies of this book which have been disposed of since its day of publication.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## The Last Meeting.

Come, lay the dead love out,  
And close his vacant eyes,  
That once shone with the light  
And hope of Paradise.

Unbend the rounded limbs  
So perfect still in death;  
Lay by the harmless bow  
And poison-arrow sheath.

Fold back the broken wings  
That now shall mount no more,  
Though once beyond the stars  
The godlike child they bore.

Yes, take my hand again,  
Though we be parted wide,  
And for a moment's space  
Go softly by my side,

While once more, as of old,  
A common pain we brave,  
And bear our dearest dead  
Together to the grave.

—Ruth Underhill in Harper's Magazine.

## A Lament of the Country.

Give back, oh city, from thy clutch  
My children to my breast,  
That, ravished, aches to feel their touch,  
And lull their pain to rest;  
My dogs are full, while bark I they cry  
For food, but cry in vain—  
Oh, vampire of the glittering lie,  
Give back mine own again!

My fields are golden seas of grain  
I bore for them to reap;  
My bounty swells some gambler's gain  
Who heeds not while they weep.  
My children render to my arms,  
Thou wanton draped in red,  
That lurk the quick with deadly charms,  
And send'st me but the dead.

Give back the children whom I nursed  
And brought to man's estate,  
Until they heard thy voice accurst,  
Thou cursed one of fate!  
Mine age is lonely, and my breast  
Yearns for my faithless sons,  
That I may lull their pain to rest,  
My poor deluded ones.

—William Wallace Whitelock in McClure's Magazine.

## Confession.

I can not say "So be it" to Thy will;  
Rebellion in my heart and anger rise;  
So many things I would have otherwise;  
And yet I strive to say "So is it" still.

So is it as Thou orderest, not as I  
Have long'd it might be, dreamt that it should be;  
Thou hast Thou dealt, thus wilt Thou deal with  
me,

Not altering Thy purpose for my cry.

But I would be no longer like a child,  
Taken half-witting in a scarce-hid snare,  
Following a hope found false, but still held fair,  
The more blameworthy as the less beguiled.

Teach Thou obedience to my stubborn soul,  
That so by stooping it may rise more high,  
Not seeking its own pleasure, but to fly  
Forth from itself toward Thine appointed goal.

—Henry Johnstone in the Outlook.

The Macmillan Company is to publish at once Francis B. Gummere's "The Beginnings of Poetry," which undertakes to set forth the facts of primitive poetry, so far as they can be ascertained, and to establish some conclusions about the beginnings and development of poetry as a social institution, an element in the life of early man.

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The next issue of the Argonaut will be a special "Publishers' Announcement Number." It will be largely devoted to announcements of the forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, facsimiles of title-pages, half-tones of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. In addition, it will contain the usual miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy coated paper, handsomely illustrated, and will consist of thirty-six pages. Price, ten cents. News-dealers would do well to send in their orders in advance.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Seton-Thompson's New Animal Book.

In Ernest Seton-Thompson's most recent book, entitled "Lives of the Hunted," which continues in the line of animal biography already marked out by its author, he whimsically deplores the fact that at the turning point in his life his soul passed the finger-post marked "To Arcadia," and took the flinty path to Scientia—the land of exact scientific observation. Mr. Seton-Thompson did not, however, carry with him on his chosen way the coldly scientific nature of the mere observer. Mingled with the zest of the investigator and the exactness of the scientist is the ardor of the enthusiast, and even the ideality of the lover. He prefers always to study animals from their bravest and noblest side, to endow the special subjects of his biographical studies with the finest traits of their kind. In consequence, the feelings aroused by his stories are creditable ones, and refresh and stimulate the reader. It is inevitable, however, that the author should, to a certain extent, repeat himself. Although each new sketch from his pen usually has a hero or a heroine of a different species from those in his preceding stories, he sometimes treats them from the same standpoint. There is a decided resemblance in the imaginative treatment of "Krag, the Kootenay Ram," to that accorded to "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag." Something of an epic strain is noticeable in the style of both these stories, more particularly in the closing paragraphs of the stag sketch, and in a sort of literary overture to "Krag." In the latter, Mr. Seton-Thompson again commits the literary error of bestowing upon his prose the ring and rhythm of poetry. It is possible to scan it, although inaccurately, but the result does not reveal a sufficient measure of poetic beauties to justify the act, as the following lines will show:

"So, in this land of long, long winter night,  
Where Nature stints her joys for six hard months,  
Then owns her debt and pays it all at once,  
The Spring is glorious compensation for the past."

Besides, however much the popular ear might court the metrical style, a purist could only consider this tendency as a marked defect on the otherwise admirable simplicity and directness of Mr. Seton-Thompson's style. In the paragraphs mentioned, the lines settle themselves so repeatedly into a measured rhythm that the attention wanders continually from matter to manner.

"Krag" occupies the post of honor among the eight stories, but its slight artificiality of tone is not a strictly truthful reflection of the author's spirit. More truly characteristic is the humor, simplicity, and fidelity which stamps the entertaining tale of "Johnny Bear." And it is the presence of these qualities which, in spite of the greater pretensions of "Krag," have made "Johnny Bear" the popular favorite. Mr. Seton-Thompson's devotion to the cause of science is given a practical illustration in that story that can not fail to interest and divert his readers. "The Kangaroo Rat" is a very interesting record of the close, enthusiastic observation made by the author of the beauty and energy of an imprisoned field-rat. Four full-page illustrations, slightly idealized in manner, and which spiritedly portray the grace, delicacy, and activity of these little four-legged elves, justify the writer's admiration for their fairy-like beauty. "Yito" is a story in his well-known style, which relates, with microscopic ideality, the appearance, traits, habits, and adventures of a coyote. "Chink" is a truthful account of a puppy whose Casabianca-like devotion to duty is by turns amusing and touching. The remaining stories, while less interesting, are no less truthful, careful, and accurate. The whole makes a handsome volume, beautifully printed, and copiously illustrated, marginally in vignettes, tail-pieces, and in full-page sketches, in the author's best style. Few animal artists can equal him in his skillful portraiture of his subjects, and none in the grace and individuality which he bestows upon his furry friends. One of the finest qualities of his pictorial work is the vividness with which he depicts in pose and expression the passing emotion of the moment.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

## New Publications.

Boys will find a good story in "A Young Inventor's Pluck," by Arthur M. Winfield. Published by the Saalfield Publishing Company, Akron, O.; price, \$1.00.

"A Short History of the Jews, to the Roman Period," by R. L. Ottley, is a comprehensive view, one in bold strokes. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Lights of Child-Land," by Maud Ballington Booth, is a volume of stories to be read to the little ones in the firelight or in the sunshine. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.35.

"A Short History of the Revolution," by Everett Omlinson, is well written, illustrated with engravings from noted historical paintings, and has a complete index. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

As an introduction to the study of Milton, a carefully noted volume, containing many suggestive series, has been prepared by Professor Martin W.

Sampson. It is entitled "The Lyric and Dramatic Poems of John Milton," and the text of the poems included follows the first editions. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

A text-book for Bible classes is offered in "The Teaching of Jesus," by George Barker Stevens, Dwight professor of systematic theology in Yale University. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

"Royal Rogues," by Alberta Bancroft, is a story of romantic mystery and fairyland episodes for youth, but many older readers will find its charms not easily resisted. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.35.

An immature novel, mainly concerned with a proposal, a wedding, a misunderstanding, and a reconciliation, is offered in "Bagshy's Daughter," by Bessie and Marie Van Vorst. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Adventures in the woods and first experiences in business life, described in a graphic style, fill out an interesting story for young readers entitled "Two Boys in the Blue Ridge," by W. Gordon Parker. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Julien Gordon's" latest volume is "The Wage of Character: A Social Study." It is a story of Americans, but with many glimpses of foreign scenes and people, and is clever and well-informed as are all of Mrs. Cruger's novels. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

In the Cambridge edition of the poets the latest volume is "The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited by George Edward Woodberry, and with portrait, biographical sketch, notes, and complete index. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

"The Whirligig," by Mayne Lindsay, is a novel of political intrigue, adventure, and passion, with its scenes in Central Europe, and a transplanted Englishman for its hero. It is cleverly written and sustains the reader's interest to the end. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Brockman's Maverick," by Joseph N. Quail, is an excellent story of the West, with good illustrations by David F. Thompson. A plucky boy is the central figure of the book, but the friends he makes are worth knowing, and the scenes in which he takes part are drawn from knowledge. Published by Quail & Warner, New York; price, \$1.25.

So long as W. W. Jacobs finds it possible to write his humorous stories of water-craft and the men who manage them, so long will his readers increase in numbers. His latest volume, "Light Freights," is as good as "Many Cargoes" and "The Skipper's Wooing"; and this is high praise. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A novel worth reading for the story, even if its political and sociological features do not attract, is "The Inheritors," by Joseph Conrad and Ford M. Hueffer. It is distinctly well done, and its theory is not above the heads of those who like to reason about possibilities of the future. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Some knowledge of newspaper life is worked with good effect into John Graham's novel, "The Great God Success," but the final catastrophe might have been more subtly shown. The man whose financial success meant moral failure is well-drawn, as are most of the author's figures. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Orleans was a French settlement, only ten years old—yet once entirely abandoned during that short existence—at the date of the opening of the story told in "The King's Messenger," a new novel by Suzanne Antrobus. There is little of history in the book, but there is much of romance, some touches of melodrama, and numerous sentimental passages. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The first novel built on the exciting experiences of the Oklahoma "run" of 1889 is from the pen of a woman. Mrs. Helen Churchill Candee has written "An Oklahoma Romance," and her pictures of contrasting elements and many unique episodes of border life are attractive. The love-story, however, is the compelling force of the book, and it is told in a pleasing way. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Fourteen essays on the English language, the stock that speaks it, its future, its peculiarities in Great Britain, the naturalization of foreign words, the function of slang, and other associated topics, all in the well-known, happy, illuminating style of the author, make up Professor Brander Matthews's latest volume, "Parts of Speech." The book appeals to all readers of critical impulses, and will interest even those whom it does not please. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Sixty per cent. of the people in an average community are defective in hearing, if the statements of scientific men are to be credited, and, in consequence,

there should be many readers for Dr. A. W. Jackson's volume, "Deafness and Cheerfulness." It comprises a series of sympathetic essays of interest and value even to those who are not afflicted, as it is not concerned with remedies for the affliction but alleviations in the way of courtesy and philosophy. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Civil War and the Constitution," by John W. Burgess, professor of political science and constitutional law in Columbia University, is a thorough and earnest study of many important questions that can not be neglected by students of history. In its preparation a great mass of congressional debates, executive orders, diplomatic correspondence, and military reports has been digested, and many imperfectly understood situations have been explained. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, two volumes, \$2.00.

## The Evils of Free Libraries.

Mr. Howells, in *Harper's Magazine*, sets forth what he considers some of the evils of free libraries in the following paragraph:

"The free libraries tempt us to read too much, and oblige us to read too hastily; and herein the harm lies. We are in danger through them of spoiling our literary digestion and of becoming a nation of mental dyspeptics. Our excessive reading may be a vice or a mania; it is certainly a disease. The way to health is through the ownership of the books we read, and books are now so cheap that hardly any one who really loves them need deny himself the fine rapture of feeling them his. A book borrowed, whether from a public or a private source, is always a burden. You must think about returning it, under penalty of money or remorse. But a book bought is a liberation of the soul from all sordid anxieties concerning it, and an enlargement of mind such as a borrowed book can never be. If you borrow books you are in danger of borrowing more than you can read, but you are never in danger of buying more books than you can read, unless you buy them for show, in which case you can not really own them; for there is this peculiarity in the ownership of books, that the purchase is not completed till you have read them. Then, when you have them in your heart and your head you may put them on your shelf, secure that whatever misfortune befalls you your property in them can not be wholly alienated."

The *London Literary World* is not wholly in sympathy with Mr. Howells in this matter. It says:

"We are not sure that there are not 'sordid anxieties' about the possession of books, especially when we feel that both time and money have been wasted upon them, and that henceforth they will either occupy valuable space or have to be practically given away. The scheme of 'tasting' books, referred to in another paragraph, seems not a bad way out of the difficulty. People read nowadays, Mr. Howells suggests, not so much for pleasure as to be in the fashion. His remedy for 'mental dyspepsia' is—talk. Young people are to cease to read novels, and talk about novels. They must talk about themselves. If they thus become hoarse to each other, why, they must go gossip. A terrible anti-climax!"

The *Academy* reports the opinion of a noted librarian, to the effect that much reading makes mad, or, contrariwise, that incipient insanity drives men to books. Says the *Academy*:

"Mr. Fortescue, keeper of printed books at the British Museum, has been telling the library association that 'there is always a tendency among such as are close to the abyss of insanity to cleave to the public library.' This has reminded a contemporary of the evidence given by Carlyle before a commission on the British Museum, which sat fifty years ago. Said that writer of books: 'There are several persons who come to read in the British Museum in a state of imbecility. They are sent there by their friends to pass away their time. I remember there was one gentleman who used to hlow his nose very loudly every half-hour. I inquired who he was and I was informed that he was a mad person sent by his friends. He made extracts out of books, and puddled away his time there.'"

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MANY writing machines break down in their youth, but Remingtons have tough constitutions and, no matter how hard the work they do, they are sure to reach a hale and vigorous old age.



LONG-LIVED





Modern dramatists pretty generally recognize the value of an attractive home-setting as a background to their plays. Family life in certain phases, when represented on the stage, has great dramatic possibilities, for family intercourse is the most crucial test of character. Social, business, or club life puts human nature pretty severely to the test, but there the individual is partly obscured by numbers. But place him in his own familiar environment, set him onerous tasks, make claims upon him, stand him in contrast with natures stronger or weaker than his own, try him with sorrows, exalt him with affections, cast him down with calamities, still, in every phase through which he passes, the conventional wrappings of the outside world are not there to disguise the soul within him, and he stands or falls, not by what he seems, but by what he is.

There is, to be sure, sometimes a sort of parasite to the family life proper, that is in it, but not of it, and that contrives to escape its claims, and, by consequence, its rewards and pleasures. This is the dreary old hacheln, who, having no fresh-cheeked boys and girls of his own growing about him, manages, for a consideration, to attach himself to some family that has an abundance of members, and a scarcity of means. He enjoys many privileges. The old ladies darn his socks, sew on his buttons, and occasionally dose him with herb decoctions that are warranted to cure infallibly everything except old age and death. The girls laugh at him, tease him, and occasionally accept his escort and his bonbons when the services of their own gallants are not forthcoming. The boys, being of his own sex, are only vaguely aware of his existence. They call him "old Mossback" behind his back, and step on his corns, as well as his sensibilities, but they amuse him with their fresh interests, and divert his thoughts from himself and the coming frosts of life. And then, some day, there is a crash. The apple-cheeked matron of the establishment marries the love of her youth, or one of the girls makes a prosperous marriage. The old hacheln is swept away with the old clothes, the old furniture, and other useless lumber. That leathery and well-seasoned organ—his heart—experiences a few painful and unaccustomed twinges, and he realizes, too late, that hiring a family is not like owning one.

But it is the rending asunder of the close ties of marriage or kinship that gives the playwright his material. Those who know so well the devious and hidden pathways of the human soul, reveals to us the innermost shrine of the family altar. In "A Doll's House," we begin and end our acquaintance with Nora in the family living-room. With equal disdain for any but the simplest and most natural environment, Sudermann, in "Magda," locates the entire action of the play in the family-room of the home where Magda passed her girlhood. And so it is with the majority of plays in which character and motive outweigh theatrical sensationalism and scenic novelty.

The writers of farce plays have also in their search for absurd situations availed themselves of the use of a family background, in order to introduce as many young men, old men, matrons, pretty girls, servants, exits, entrances, and catastrophes as will give employment to a nimble wit. In family life, bills can come in, and husbands go out. Wives can grow jealous, mothers-in-law tyrannical, old maids hopeful, young maids rebellious, servants flirtatious, and snobs dissipated. All these things give opportunities for domestic tempests, in which two people are always sure to be at cross-purposes, or chasing each other through yawning doors or over the furniture, or hiding behind tables, or leaping out of windows. Tradespeople, callers, policemen, and plumbers, by the use of various devices, are brought in to swell the excited farcical population. And in the midst of an ingenious variety of happenings, it is a prime requisite that the family should be installed in handsomely furnished rooms, the women beautifully dressed, and the men habited in garments fashioned in the style of the hour.

A hurly-burly of the above ingredients is tressed together to make up the farce of "My Friend from India," which is running at the Grand Opera House this week, as a vehicle for the display of Walter Perkins's comic possibilities. His peculiar facial architecture is evidently Mr. Perkins's leading motive for adopting a career in farce. Added to this, he is minute and exceedingly agile, and delivers his lines with complete absence of that well-known comedian manner which says "This is a joke." On the whole, the absence of a label sometimes freshens up the humor of a joke. Beyond these qualifications, Mr. Perkins has no marked traits that stamp him as a comedian. The play, however, has so many absurd

situations, and the players throw themselves with so much zest into the well-known farcical manner, which consists of cutting the maddest capers with a countenance of unmoved gravity, that nearly every member of the company wins his or her share of laughter.

They have a pretty leading lady, Laura Nelson Hall by name, who did not have much to do in "My Friend from India," beyond standing around, gracefully, and smiling on the Indian fader. That term, by the way, has all the air of being a pun, but I must solemnly avow that it is unintentional. Miss Hall had a much greater chance to exhibit her abilities during the recent presentation of "The Little Minister." Mr. Mayall was the little minister, and in due respect he gave it to the life, as he had the true clergyman's intonation when he uttered these sterling old platitudes to which we all subscribe outwardly and at which we rebel inwardly: "All is for the best"; and, "We must bear with the dispensations of Providence." In spite of his big, admonitory voice, however, his Gavin Dishart was an artificial, insincere, self-conscious being, who never could have bent the stiff-necked men of Thrums to his will. Artificiality is a plot that can not take root and thrive in the granite-veined soil of Scotland. Much more pleasing was Laura Nelson Hall's portrait of Lady Babbie; for however remote it might be from the wild, fantastic unreality of Babbie's character, it had, after all, a careless, random grace of its own that was rather attractive.

I can not say, however, that the little minister and his affairs transplant themselves to theatrical soil with very great vigor. There is too much of a life-like drone to the conversation of the church elders, as well as to the exhortations of the minister himself, to be entirely entertaining. As for the little flower of love that budded and bloomed between the little minister and Lady Babbie, the dramatist has exposed it to unfavouring airs. In the present version, Lady Babbie is a good deal of a coquette, and though Miss Hall has a distinct talent for coquetry, and a pretty smile, the affair was lifted bodily out of the region of romance, and became an up-to-date flirtation.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Sam Thall, the well-known theatrical manager, is to succeed his brother, the late Mark Thall, as manager of the Alcazar and Central Theatres. Mr. Thall has been in the theatrical business for more than twenty-five years. He started out with Robert McWade, of "Rip Van Winkle" fame, and had the unalloyed pleasure of walking home from Ogden in 1878. He next joined Joseph Grismer and remained with that well-known actor for eight years. At that time William A. Brady was property man of the same show. In 1891, Mr. Thall joined Brady and looked after the interests of Jim Corbett, who had risen to fame by knocking out John L. Sullivan. At the present time Mr. Thall is managing "Yoo Ynnson" and "A Stranger in a Strange Land." Although he has been away from this city for many years, he has always maintained his residence here.

The company that has been presenting Paul Potter's "Under Two Flags," under the direction of David Belasco, brought its season to a close in Philadelphia last week as Blanche Bates, the star of the company, will not be able to appear on the stage for some months. Miss Bates has successfully passed the crisis of the attack of typhoid which compelled her retirement, but the malady has very greatly weakened her, and she has been advised not to undertake any work for the present. She had been so closely identified with the career of "Under Two Flags" that the public showed a disposition to avoid the play without its central player, and Belasco thought it wise to shut up shop at the earliest possible moment, with the idea of finding an entirely new drama for Miss Bates's use next season.

The death of Mrs. Lena G. Hney, widow of "Old Hoss" Hney, which occurred in New York on October 17th, marks the passing of the famous "Parlor Match" quartet. Mrs. Hney, who was thirty-seven years of age, had been suffering from Bright's disease for two years. Old theatre-goers will long remember Mrs. Hney as one of the famous French sisters, who, together with William Hney and Charles Evans, composed the comedy quartet in Hoyt's "A Parlor Match."

The paucity of view from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais is incomparable. From it one can see the Farallones at sea, San Francisco and the bay, Alameda, Oakland, and Berkeley, Tiburon and its landing, Mill Valley in its romantic redwood cañon, San Quentin and its prison, San Rafael, and San Anselmo.

Robert and Bella Bateman, who appeared at the old California Theatre in the halcyon days when John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett were its managers, and became erstwhile established favorites, are playing with the London "Message From Mars" company at the Garrick Theatre in New York.

"KNOX" FALL HATS, SILKS, DERBYS, SOFT HATS. Eugene Korn, the Hatter, 726 Market Street.

DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. SPECIALTY, "Coltoo Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

#### The Grau Opera Season.

The sale of subscription seats for the twenty performances of the Grau Opera Company will close to-day (Saturday) at six o'clock, and on Wednesday, November 6th, the sale for single tickets will begin at the Grand Opera House. The repertoire for the first week, commencing November 11th, has been so arranged that it will enable all the principal members of Mr. Grau's remarkable organization to be heard to their best roles. It is as follows:

Monday evening, November 11th—"Lohengrin," in German, with Mmes. Emma Eames and Schumann-Heink, and Messrs. Van Dyck, David Bispham, Muhlmann, and Edouard de Reszké; conductor, Walter Damrosch.

Tuesday evening, November 12th—"Carmen," in French, with Mmes. Emma Calvé, Bauermeister, Van Cauteren, and Suzanne Adams, and Messrs. Salignac, Jurnet, Bars, Dufriche, Reiss, and Scotti; conductor, Mr. Finn.

Wednesday evening, November 13th—"La Traviata," in Italian, with Mmes. Sembrich, Van Cauteren, and Bauermeister, and Messrs. Campanari, Vanni, Bars, Dufriche, Giliher, and De Marchi; conductor, Mr. Seppilli.

Thursday evening, November 14th—"Manon," in French, with Mmes. Sibyl Sanderson, Marylli, Bridewell, and Van Cauteren, and Messrs. Declery, Jurnet, Giliher, Bars, and Salignac; conductor, Mr. Finn.

Friday evening, November 15th—"Les Huguenots," in Italian, with an extraordinary cast, consisting of Mmes. Galski, Louise Homer, Bauermeister, Van Cauteren, and Sembrich, and Messrs. De Marchi, Jurnet, Scotti, Bars, Reiss, Viviani, Dufriche, Vanni, and Edouard de Reszké; conductor, Mr. Finn.

Saturday afternoon, November 16th—"Faust," in French, with Mmes. Calvé, Bauermeister, and Louise Homer, and Messrs. Dippel, Declery, Dufriche, and Edouard de Reszké; conductor, Mr. Seppilli.

Saturday evening, November 16th—"Tannhäuser," in German, with Mmes. Emma Eames, Carrie Bridewell, and Louise Reuss-Belce, and Messrs. Van Dyck, Bars, Reiss, Muhlmann, Viviani, and David Bispham; conductor, Walter Damrosch.

#### Enid Brandt's Piano Recital.

The phenomenal little pianist, Enid Brandt, the eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Brandt, will give six piano recitals at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, commencing on Tuesday evening, November 5th, and continuing for three weeks from then on every Tuesday evening and Saturday afternoon. Her programmes will embrace the works of the most eminent composers, and she will present from memory not less than thirty of the most difficult compositions in three concerts. She will also render some of her own compositions and give an astonishing exhibition of musical telegraphy. Without the aid of a musical instrument, she can sing any note, and with her back turned to the piano is able to name any number of chords or discords, even though there are as many as twenty notes in the combination.

#### La Zacualpa Rubber Plantation.

Mr. O. H. Harrison resident director at Tapachula, Mexico, of La Zacualpa Rubber Plantation Company, arrived on the *San Juan*, and brings most gratifying news regarding the progress made on their plantation during the past year, also bringing bills of lading for 5,000 pounds of crude rubber from La Zacualpa, which will arrive by the next steamer. This is the fourth shipment of rubber this year.

Planting is still in progress, and a very large number of rubber-trees will be planted this season, in addition to those of previous years, which are all in a flourishing condition.

Mr. Harrison also brought with him large samples of rubber prepared by himself under a new process, producing rubber of a much higher market value than that cured by the usual Mexican method.

La Zacualpa Rubber Plantation Company has moved from its former small offices in the Claus Spreckels Building to three large front rooms in the Spreckels Annex. These offices have been especially fitted up for the company with every convenience for its largely increasing business, and Mr. Harrison and the company will be glad to welcome shareholders and all others interested in rubber culture.

"THE RIGHT OF WAY," BY GILBERT PARKER, now ready at Conper's.

SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; RECOMMENDED by the best dealers.

Clay Clement, who was last seen here in "The New Dominio" and "The Bells," has declared himself a bankrupt in Chicago, his liabilities being placed at \$16,400 and his assets at \$9,900.

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## \*TIVOLI\*

Evenings at 8 Sharp. To-Night, "Carmen." Sunday Night, "La Bohème." Monday, November 4th. First Time in America—Pollard's Juvenile Opera Company in  
-- THE BELLE OF NEW YORK --  
Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2.  
Popular Prices—25c, 50c, and 75c. Telephone Bush 9.

### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, November 4th. Every Night, Except Sunday. Only Matinée Saturday. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, America's Grandest Actress, in Charles Henry Meltzer's New Historical Play,

### The First Duchess of Marlborough GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinees To-Day and To-Morrow. Last Two Nights of "My Friend from India." Week Starting Monday Evening Next, Farewell Week of Walter E. Perkins in

-- THE NEW BOY --  
Arthur Law's Funny Comedy. Popular Prices—10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Good Orchestra Seats, All Matinees, 75c. Branch Ticket-Office, Emporium.

### ALCAZAR THEATRE.

BELASCO & THALL, MANAGERS. PHONE MAIN 254.

Week Commencing November 4th, Alcazar Stock Company, Augmented by Marion Convere, Margaret Wyckley, and Henry Shumer, in Augustin Daly's Comedy

-- NANCY AND COMPANY --  
Special Matinée Election Day, Tuesday, November 5th. Regular Matinée Saturday and Sunday. Prices—Evenings, 15c to 75c. Matinée, 15c to 50c. Next—"For Fair Virginia."

## Orpheum

Week Commencing Sunday Matinée, November 3d. Lillian Burkhardt and Company; "Myo San"; Harris and Walters; Leslie Brothers; the Onlaw Trio; Burton's Acrobatic Comedy Dogs; the Locks; Jessie Dale; and the American Biograph. Last Week of the "Beaux and Belles."

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

### SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.'S HALL

SIX PIANO RECITALS by the Wonderful Child Pianist.

### LITTLE ENID BRANDT

Tuesday Night, November 5th; Saturday Afternoon, November 7th; Tuesday Night, November 12th; Saturday Afternoon, November 14th; Tuesday Night, November 19th; Saturday Afternoon, November 24th. THIRTY REMARKABLE SELECTIONS, Including Original Compositions and Musical Telegraphy.

Reserved seats, 5c; Balcony, 75c; Opera Chairs, \$1.00. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

### SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.'S HALL

MRS. FRED H. HANSON, of Boston

—WILL GIVE A—

### MONOLOGUE RECITAL

Assisted by Mr. S. HOMER HENLEY, Baritone, Thursday eve, Nov. 14th, at 8:30 o'clock. Reserved seats for sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.

### RACING! FALL AND WINTER MEETING 1901-1902.

### New California Jockey Club

Opening Nov. 2d, OAKLAND TRACK.

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Rain or Shine.

5 OR MORE RACES EACH DAY. 5

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M., and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, and 3:00 P.M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts; no smoking. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue cars at 14th and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P.M. and immediately after the last race.

R. B. MILROV, Sec. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Jr., Pres.



HENRY IRVING AND ELLEN TERRY.

Their First Night in New York.

Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry re-appeared at the Knickerbocker Theatre on Monday evening, October 21st, in H. G. Wells's poetic drama, "Charles the First," and were welcomed sedately, yet heartily, by an audience distinctly representative of the mental culture of New York. According to the New York Sun, fashion was there in fine raiment, and so were a considerable number of habitual first-nighters, but the indications of intellect in the general aspect of the people present was especially notable. The audience was attentive, not very demonstrative, yet manifestly appreciative of the dramatic art which was shown to them.

Sir Henry and Miss Terry had visibly grown older since their last previous visit to New York, yet both looked as though they were in improved health. His shoulders were bent a little more, but he spoke with an unbroken voice not appreciably impaired. She had accumulated flesh to a buxom degree, but the lines in her fine face were lessened by that, and she betrayed hardly any of the nervousness that had affected her acting. At the end of the play, Sir Henry spoke a few words of gratitude feelingly, but not fulsomely.

To say that the performance was in all respects equal to that which Sir Henry Irving first gave nearly twenty years ago, would involve something more than a prevarication, declares the critic of the New York Evening Post. He adds:

"Time is remorseless and providence, not to speak of providence, works cruel changes. That noble veteran and sound artist, Mr. Howe, is no longer here to play the stalwart, rough, and incorruptible Huntley, and poor Terriss, the dazzling Moray of earlier years, has joined the innumerable host of murdered shades. Such losses are not now replaced. The once incomparable Loodon Lyceum Company is a thing of the past. Time's effacing fingers have wrought irreparable mischief, but art is still a potent magician, and lingering beauty almost obliterates the traces of decay.

"Sir Henry's King Charles, if the cameo-like clearness of its former outlines is somewhat dimmed, is still a work of rare beauty, elevation, and pathos, specially in the poignant scenes of the later acts. At the opening of the play the actor did not seem to be in his best vein, and his invertebrate mannerisms were more than ordinarily conspicuous, but they could not obscure the essential charm of his gracious, kindly, kindly hearing, his delicate and loving courtesy to the queen, or his playful tenderness with the little prince and princess. In the long scene with Cromwell, in the second act, he was in surer possession of his powers, and interpreted the various moods of courteous condescension, increasing doubt and suspicion, patriotic exaltation, and outraged indignity with all his old subtlety and skill, and his final rebuke to the future Protector had much of its ancient fire. His reference to Ireton—"Who is this idle gentleman?"—was as scathing as of yore in its passionless, contemptuous indifference. As on previous occasions, he created a profound effect by his touching and beautiful delivery of the apostrophe to the traitor Moray, and the sad dignity of his surrender. In the last act, too, he was entirely himself, and in all the closing episodes, in the veiled goings of his parting from wife and children, his acting was full of unaffected nobility and exquisite subtleties. It was, indeed, a notable study of fallen majesty.

"It was in this final scene, too, that the brilliant qualities of Ellen Terry, which, until then, had been somewhat clouded, shone forth with much of their customary lustre. Her intercession to Cromwell filled with pitiful womanly grief, and her renunciation of his overtures, by which she sealed her husband's doom, was instinct with an emotion in which pain, despair, and queenly courage were finely blended. Her last farewell to the king was infinitely giving to its natural portrayal of racking anguish and lovingly suppressed. The audience is deeply impressed by this episode, and the applause which followed it had the warmth of perfect sincerity."

The representation, as a whole, bore constant testimony to the minutest care of Sir Henry's pervision, and the settings are described as beautiful. Goodall's celebrated picture, showing the king, the queen, and their children in the royal barge floating on the Thames, is copied in one of the scenes, and the room in Whitehall Palace and the king's tent in the camp at Newark were equally appropriate and filled with a wealth of interesting detail.

One of the most notable events of the evening was practical squelching of the ticket speculators. A few years ago they "cornered" dozens of tickets for Irving's first night, and calmly offered them for at ten dollars each. The public came to its senses, and refused to buy at such an outrageous price. The result was that the house was only two-thirds full, to Sir Henry's great disgust, until he ended the true state of affairs. In order that the thing might not occur this year, the management posted signs in conspicuous places saying: "any one who bought tickets from these speculators would be refused admittance. Four policemen in uniform kept the sidewalk practically clear, eight detectives, hired by Mr. Hayman, stood at ready to 'spot' any one who purchased a ticket on the sidewalk, and see that the ticket was read at the door. A score of serious-looking ticket-holders lined up along the outer edge of the sidewalk, who had gathered not to sell, but to see

how the fight would come out with two speculators, more daring than the others, who stood at either side of the theatre entrance. These men called out, in a hesitating way, with none of the old air of braggadocio: "Seats down front!" But the theatre-goers looked at them, and then at the signs saying that tickets purchased on the sidewalk would be refused at the door—and passed on. For an hour and a half the men stood there, and did not sell a single ticket. Then one of them tore up his tickets, and the other asked a friend to go in with him and see the show. The fight was ended. The public at last realized that the effort to drive the speculators from Broadway was a success, and they gave final and effective aid by refusing to countenance the practice.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Mrs. Sarah Cowett Le Moyne as a Star.

Mrs. Sarah Cowett Le Moyne, who is a comparative stranger to the Pacific Coast, but is considered one of our foremost actresses in the East, will follow Stuart Robson at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening in a new historical play by Charles Henry Meltzer, entitled "The First Duchess of Marlborough." It is a comedy of manners laid in England during the time of Queen Anne, and deals with the efforts of certain rivals to supplant John Churchill and his brilliant and resourceful wife in royal favor, and bring about their downfall. The play is said to contain several powerful scenes leading up to a climax, where the Marlboroughs are disgraced before the court through the machinations of their enemies, who accuse them of an act of treason of which they are innocent. The duchess, driven to desperation, speaks out her mind plainly, bluntly telling her royal mistress that she lies. This leads to the expulsion of the Marlboroughs from their apartments in St. James's Palace. But while the conspirators are enjoying their triumph, Queen Anne learns the truth, and the situation is reversed. The play concludes with the Marlboroughs receiving the queen's command for them to sup with her that night.

The cast will be as follows: John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, Harold Russell; Robert Harley, Frederick Paulding; Dr. Swift, Joseph Wilkes; Richard Steele, Frank Coover; Colonel Jack Hill, Charles Pitt; Hecdel, Alex. Bruno; Cole, Edwin James; an usher, F. A. Howson, Jr.; Queen Anne, Mary Barker; Mrs. Masham, Nora O'Brien; the Lady Teramiota Wood, Ida Brooks; the Lady Susan Villiers, Elizabeth Huoter; and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, Sarah Cowett Le Moyne.

"Nancy and Company" at the Alcazar.

Augusto Daly's comedy, "Nancy and Company," translated from the German of Rose, is to be the hill at the Alcazar Theatre next week. It was first produced at Daly's Theatre in New York, February 24, 1886, and since then has been played all over the country by some of the best known stars. The original cast was a remarkable one, including, as it did, Ada Rehan, John Drew, Otis Skioer, Mr. and Mrs. William Gilbert, James Lewis, Virginia Dreber, and May Irwin. The plot centres around Nancy Brasher, a dashing young lady with "a play up her sleeve," whose ambition to secretly win fame as a dramatist leads to all sorts of complications. The dialogue is crisp and sparkling, and the comedy abounds in amusing situations. The entire Alcazar stock company will be utilized, and the new leading lady, Marion Convere, a sister of Lila Convere, who will be remembered for her excellent work here last season, will make her first appearance in this city in the rôle of Nancy Brasher.

The Pollard Juvenile Opera Company.

The grand opera season at the Tivoli Opera House will come to an end on Sunday night with a performance of Puccini's "La Bohème," and on Monday night the Pollard Juvenile Opera Company, direct from Australia, will begin a month's engagement in Mortuo and Kerker's musical comedy, "The Belle of New York." These versatile children, sixty in number, have successfully toured the British colonies, and, only recently, played engagements in Macao and the Hawaiian Islands. Willie Pollard, the leading comedian, will be seen as Ichabod Bronson; Alice Pollard will have the title rôle; Madge Pollard will appear as Fifi Friot, the saucy Parisian coquette; Daphne Pollard as Cora Angelique, the queen of comic opera; Ivy Pollard as Mamie Clancy, the Bowery girl; Cyril Nightly and Willie Thomas as the Portuguese twins; Fred Pollard, the low comedian, as Kooeth Mugg; Jack Pollard as the private secretary; and Beony Musgrove as the photographer.

The company carries its own scenery, costumes, and accessories, and complete productions of the operas are assured. During their engagement, Sunday as well as Saturday matinees will be given, and the management of the Tivoli Opera House expect this organization to prove a veritable revelation to San Francisco theatre-goers, who have not had an opportunity to see a comic opera sung and acted by a competent company of juveniles since the days when "Pinafore" was all the rage.

"The New Boy" at the Grand.

Walter E. Perkins has been amusing large audiences at the Grand Opera House in H. A. du Souchet's farce, "My Friend from India," and for the

third and last week of his starring engagement he will be seen in the leading rôle of "The New Boy," which is said to fit his personality admirably. The plot concerns a gay young husband, Archibald Rennick, who is forced by adverse circumstances to palm himself off as Freddie Bolder. Owing to his misfortune in business, his wife is compelled to accept the matroship of a boarding-school from a former admirer, Dr. Cauby, who believes she is still a widow. On his death he makes her his heir, on condition that she will not marry again. In order to get the benefit of this inheritance, her husband is sent off as the new boy at school, and has a hard time acting the part. A number of mirth-provoking complications ensue, but in the end the young couple come into possession of their wealth, and the play ends happily.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bit.

The Onlaw Trio, consisting of two men and a woman, will make its first appearance at the Orpheum next week in an act which is said to be decidedly hazardous and clever. One of the feats which they accomplish calls for the men to hold a wire in their teeth while the woman calmly rides a bicycle over the tightened cord. Burton's acrobatic comedy dogs, which include the highest leaping greyhounds in the world, will re-appear after a two years' absence; John and May Locko, who have won fame in England as scientific bag-punchers, will introduce a novel specialty; and Jessie Dale, a young lady with a phenomenal baritone voice, will make her vaudeville debut.

Lillia Burkhardt will follow her sketch, "The Way to Win a Woman," with a charming little curtain-raiser, by Anna S. Richardson, entitled "A Leap for Love"; "Myo Sao," the Japanese operetta, will be presented for the last time next week; Harris and Walters will vary their amusing skit; "The Beaux and Belles Octet" will enter on their last week; and the biograph will offer a new lot of pictures.

The Races.

The regular racing season of the New California Jockey Club will open at the Oakland Track this (Saturday) afternoon, when the big event of the day will be the Opening Handicap for three-year-olds and up. The purse is valued at \$1,500, the distance is one mile, and, as there are over fifty entries, there will doubtless be a large field. Excellent programmes have been arranged for each afternoon next week, when there will be five races daily. The special events include a free handicap for all ages on Tuesday, November 5th, for a purse of \$500; a free handicap for three-year-olds and up, and for a \$600 purse, on Wednesday, November 6th; and the Produce Exchange Stakes on Saturday, November 9th, for two-year-olds that have not won a stake prior to the time of closing.

Smartest Train of All.

Suotet Limited for New Orleans and New York resumes tri-weekly service from San Francisco on December 6th.

Equipment will be the very best obtainable; in the service of the soapstone order, while the route affords the most interesting winter journey across the continent.

Mrs. Hanson's Recital.

Mrs. Fred H. Hanson, whose first monologue recital will be given at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Thursday evening, November 14th, is one of the leading elocutionists of the day. She reads only from popular authors, and never fails to amuse and interest her auditors. Mrs. Hanson will appear before many clubs and societies this winter.

Dr. Deimel Underwear of Linen-Mesh

Because you have worn woolen underwear all your life is no argument that it is a good thing.

You have probably been subject to colds and rheumatism all your life, and you will hardly contend that they are good things.

The Dr. Deimel Underwear of Linen-Mesh may seem like a good deal of a change for you, but it will be such a delightful change that you will never get over being thankful you made it.

Only such stores as carry the best there is in underwear have the Dr. Deimel Underwear for sale. All genuine garments bear a label with our trade-mark, as reproduced herewith.



For sale also at

The Deimel Linen-Mesh Co.

111 MONTGOMERY ST.

San Francisco, Cal.

NEW YORK: 491 Broadway.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.: 728 Fifteenth St., N. W.  
MONTREAL, CANADA: 2202 St. Catherine St.  
LONDON, ENGLAND: 10-12 Broad St., E. C.

Men wanted

Men are wanted to travel on the Pacific Coast and introduce an article of food.

First they will visit residences and interest the consumer, not sell him, only explain the subject intelligently and obtain his promise to buy the particular brand when next in need.

They will then visit the grocer and sell the goods.

After these two things have been accomplished successfully and the travellers have demonstrated their adaptability to the work, their thorough familiarity and business capacity, by the results obtained, they will become employers of agents in the territory over which they have control.

The subject to be presented will prove of interest to all.

None will be employed except on salary.

State what salary you would accept while you are demonstrating your fitness and ability.

Give age, previous experience and references.

Address X Y Z, Post Office box 2568, San Francisco.



## VANITY FAIR.

Mme. Sarah Grand, who arrived in New York last week, is to lecture in the East, under the management of Major Pond, on "Mere Man" and "The Art of Happiness." To her interviewers, she had many pleasant things to say about Americans. "I consider your men the most perfect of gentlemen. Our Englishmen are kind and good and, of course, well bred; but the American man thinks of so many delicate little courtesies which are very grateful to a woman and which never occur to the average Englishman. I suppose our men are rather spoiled, for there are something like a million more women than men in the country. That means at least a million women who can not hope to marry. And then your American girls come over and marry the pick of the few men we have. Naturally, there is a smoldering resentment among English girls. They see the American girls with their gay independence and their unlimited privileges, with everything forgiven 'because they are Americans,' and the English girl knows that if she were to claim the same privileges she would be completely ostracized. English mothers, too, regard the American girl with grave distrust. They see her monopolizing the attention of the eligible men, making some of the most brilliant matches, and all because she, the American girl, has been brought up on lines which in the eyes of English dowagers are taboo. Your girls are more like our young married women. The English girl of the upper classes is repressed until she grows into a rather depressed woman. At the same time, as her real liberty comes when she is first married, it is then that she seems brightest and most interested as well as most interesting. I approve of the American way of educating girls. It gives a girl so much more poise. It makes her more attractive without seeming to destroy her youthful girlishness. Oh, the American girl who comes to England is sure of getting married if she cares to! She knows men better and enters into their feelings with more frankness than the English girl dares to. Of course, the Englishwomen enter into the men's sports. They ride and shoot and fish a great deal. But it is a question whether that endears them to the men. A man is rather apt to regard a woman as somewhat of a bother when it comes to a day's shooting. As for the New Woman in England, she is growing more popular. At first men were suspicious of her. They had an idea that she was going to be loud-voiced, heavy-footed, and dogmatic. As a matter of fact, those characteristics are much more likely to be found in quite the opposite quarter; in the wife of some country clergyman, for instance, who is in the habit of stalking about telling the parishioners how to govern every detail of their existence. Man is finding out that the New Woman's greatest crime is that she understands him. As that enables her to make him more comfortable, the New Woman is matrimonially in demand."

"Shooting the hat" is a recognized festal occasion in New Orleans, the hat shot being the straw, and the time being the date when, in the general opinion, summer has ended. This year an early Sunday in October was chosen as the date beyond which straw hats must no longer be worn, ample notice was given in the papers, and any straw hats worn anywhere in the city on that day were even more liable to destruction than is tabooed head-wear on the Stock Exchange. Resistance is seldom made by the despoilers, and when it is, the police act leniently. At two or more chosen places in the city, the hat is actually shot. Boys gather the old straws into a great pile, which is blown to pieces by the explosion of bombs. At this year's celebration, two persons were injured by the bombs.

If present arrangements are completed, an exclusive New York family hotel, to cost one million five hundred thousand dollars, will be built on the south-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street. It will be conducted by Paul Berger, well known as a caterer at Newport. Five or six men, whose names are withheld for the present, have practically finished negotiations for buying the property, and will finance the erection of a fourteen-story building. Their idea is to provide what the projectors say the city does not possess—an exclusive family hotel—which shall be of the highest class. There will be no lobby, no bar, and no part of the hotel to which the general public will be admitted. It will be a compromise between a hotel and an apartment-house. Mr. Berger has held the opinion that families of moderate wealth could live more comfortably in an establishment of this kind than in private residences, and the idea of his sponsors is to provide living rooms, catering service, a ball-room, supper-room, servants, and all the other equipments of a modern establishment without the bother of private maintenance.

Not long ago a young lady had a most embarrassing experience in Freiburg-im-Breisgau. She had received a notice announcing the arrival of a package from England, and requesting her presence at the head-quarters of the *actvot*. The lady with whom she was staying was unable to accompany her, and Miss G., being in a hurry for the ball-dress which the parcel contained, started off boldly alone, notwithstanding her exceedingly limited knowledge

of German. "After keeping her waiting some considerable time," says a writer in *Continental Chit-Chat*, "one of the employees designed to hunt up the package. She watched the unceremonious handling of her dainty gown with inward qualms as he shook out the folds. Suddenly a vivid blush overspread her face as she saw the man examining a small cushion which was sewn under the back drape of the skirt—ladies who recall the fashions of a few years ago will remember the article in question. The presence of two students in the office, and the evident interest they were taking in her affairs, did not lessen her embarrassment either; had the cushion been stuffed with all manner of contraband goods instead of innocent horse-hair, she could not have felt more uncomfortable. Every word of German seemed to fade from her memory, and not a syllable could she utter to allay the official's suspicions. The burning flush deepened as he ripped open the cushion, and exposed the horse-hair to the public gaze, and an intense longing took possession of her to box the ears of the two students, who were in convulsions of suppressed laughter. 'I never felt such a fool in all my life,' she said to me when recounting her adventure; 'and if those two fellows are at the ball, I don't know what I shall do.' I believe they were there, but Miss G., who was a very pretty girl and always had hosts of partners, managed to enjoy herself amazingly, all the same."

An English syndicate of tradesmen and others who might suffer loss of business in case of his death, have just insured King Edward the Seventh's life with Lloyds, until the coronation ceremony is over next June, for something like \$2,500,000, at about \$50 for each \$500. In reference to this type of insurance, it seems that no insurance was issued on the lives of the Czar and Emperor William by Lloyds, but it is understood that the rates in each case would have been \$25 for every \$500. The few years' seniority of the Kaiser over the Czar is balanced by the far greater security of the former's life. It is said, by the way, that in view of the order for the coronation ceremony that every peer attending the coronation must come in a state coach, many of these old-fashioned chariots are now at the coach-builders being renovated. They have not been seen in many years, having fallen into disuse during Queen Victoria's reign because of her rare and short visits to London and the quietness of the court. In regard to the stories of the large prices that have been demanded and already paid for flats and houses to witness the coronation ceremonies, real-estate agents now say that they have many clients who are willing to let their apartments, but hitherto the people have refused to give more than the usual rent. Many apartments have been rented at ordinary prices. The agents predict that those who are waiting for American and South African millionaires to give fancy rents will be disappointed.

Here is a unique matrimonial advertisement, which appeared in the *Tokio Nippon*: "I am a beautiful woman. My abundant, undulating hair envelops me as a cloud. Supple as a willow is my waist. Soft and brilliant is my visage as the satin of the flowers. I am endowed with wealth sufficient to saunter through life hand in hand with my beloved. Were I to meet a gracious lord, kindly, intelligent, well educated, and of good taste, I would unite myself with him for life, and later share with him the pleasure of being laid to rest eternal in a tomb of pink marble."

Sterlig Heilig, in a recent letter on "High-Rollers in Paris," tells of an extravagant American family from Chicago which arrived in Paris during the late exposition unannounced, and took a whole floor in a hotel of the Place Vendôme. Within three days they had their own servants, carriages, automobiles, carriage horses, saddle horses, and a telephone. At the end of a week the Rue de la Paix was running after them. Father, mother, sons, and daughters plunged into buying without counting, each one on his own account. One evening it came into their heads to see Sarah Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon." The head hotel clerk, telephoning, learned, in his dismay, that there were no seats unsold for that night. The whole personnel of the establishment was sent running to the various ticket agencies to buy orchestra chairs or a box, at no matter what price. One by one the employees returned, having found nothing. Then the American millionaire's private secretary took up the job. Paying for a *straponin* (equivalent to a stand-up), he surveyed the boxes with a discriminating eye, and promptly picked his party. He knicked on the box door, and introduced himself. He offered the occupants of the box—they happened to be middle-class provincials—a one-thousand-franc bank note if they would resign their places. They jumped at the chance, so that within ten minutes the American family was comfortably installed, enjoying the play. It was a neat thing, and the family got credit for it in the Rue de la Paix during the next few days. On the night of the last Grand Prix race, the Pavilion d'Armenville in the Bois was crowded with an extremely brilliant assemblage, all dining with enthusiasm, and making a sight never to be forgotten. As usual, this American family got the tip at the last moment, and came running. There was not a table to be had for love or money. "Not for big money?" inquired the

private secretary, remembering the adventure of the theatre. "But every table is occupied," replied the *maitre d'hôtel*, in desperation. "Do you go and take a look around," the smooth young man suggested, placing a bank-note in his hand; "you must know who most of the people here are." The *maitre d'hôtel* admitted that he knew a number of them by sight. "Go up to the most likely party—young men about town by preference—offer to pay their bill and give them one thousand francs to cede their table immediately," said the private secretary. Within five minutes the *maitre d'hôtel* returned, heaving. "I have a table in the very midst of the razzle-dazzle," he whispered, or words to that effect. The money passed hands, and every one was content once again. Mr. Heilig adds that you can certainly get your money's worth in sight-seeing on this kind of excursion, and that many Americans visit the metropolis who pay willingly to be in the swim, to touch for an hour the *grande vie* of which they have read.

—TRUSTS AND COMBINATIONS DO NOT AFFECT Jesse Moore Whisky. Its fame is established, its quality is the finest, and it is always the best.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 30, 1901, were as follows:

|                                  | Shares. | BONDS.            |         | Closed. |        |
|----------------------------------|---------|-------------------|---------|---------|--------|
|                                  |         |                   |         | Bid.    | Asked. |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.....            | 5,000   | @ 106 3/4         | 106 3/4 |         |        |
| F. & C. H. Ry. 6%.....           | 10,000  | @ 120 1/2         | 120 1/2 |         | 122    |
| Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....         | 3,000   | 99 3/4            | 99 3/4  |         |        |
| Los An. & Pac. Ry. 5%.....       | 6,000   | @ 101 1/2         | 101 1/2 |         |        |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.....           | 2,000   | @ 122 1/2         | 122 1/2 |         |        |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%.....            | 1,000   | @ 121 3/4         | 121 3/4 |         |        |
| Oakland Transit 6%.....          | 33,000  | @ 123 1/2         | 123 1/2 |         |        |
| Pacific Gas 4%.....              | 1,000   | @ 95              | 95      |         |        |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%..... | 10,000  | @ 123             | 123 1/2 | 123 1/2 |        |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909           | 4,000   | @ 113 3/4-113 1/2 | 113     | 113 3/4 |        |
| S. V. Water 6%.....              | 3,000   | @ 111 1/2-111 1/4 | 111 1/2 | 111 1/2 |        |
| S. V. Water 4 3/4.....           | 60,000  | @ 102 3/4         | 102 3/4 | 103 1/2 |        |
| Stockton G. & E. 6%.....         | 10,000  | @ 102 3/4         | 102 3/4 |         |        |
|                                  | Shares. | STOCKS.           |         | Closed. |        |
|                                  |         |                   |         | Bid.    | Asked. |
| Contra Costa Water.....          | 295     | @ 77 1/2-78       | 77 1/2  | 79      |        |
| Spring Valley Water.....         | 243     | @ 86 1/4-88       | 87 1/2  | 87 1/2  |        |
|                                  |         | Banks.            |         |         |        |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |        |
| Bank of Cal. ....                | 12      | @ 408             | 406     |         |        |
|                                  |         | Gas and Electric. |         |         |        |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |        |
| Equitable Gaslight.....          | 300     | @ 3 1/2           | 3 1/2   | 4       |        |
| Pacific Gas.....                 | 220     | @ 41 1/2          | 40      | 42      |        |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....        | 785     | @ 44 1/2-45       | 44 1/2  | 44 1/2  |        |
|                                  |         | Street R. R.      |         |         |        |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |        |
| Market St. ....                  | 290     | @ 87-89 1/2       | 89      | 89 1/2  |        |
|                                  |         | Powders.          |         |         |        |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |        |
| Giant Con.....                   | 720     | @ 70 1/2-85 1/2   | 85 1/2  | 85 1/2  |        |
| Vigorit.....                     | 100     | @ 4 1/2           | 4 1/2   | 4 1/2   |        |
|                                  |         | Sugars.           |         |         |        |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |        |
| Hana P. Co.....                  | 200     | @ 4 1/2           | 4 1/2   |         |        |
| Hawaiian C. & S.....             | 150     | @ 40-42 1/2       | 40 1/2  | 47 1/2  |        |
| Honokaa S. Co.....               | 640     | @ 11 1/2-12 1/2   | 12      |         |        |
| Hutchinson.....                  | 375     | @ 16 1/2-17 1/2   | 17      |         |        |
| Makaweli S. Co.....              | 115     | @ 28              | 27 1/2  | 28 1/2  |        |
| Onomea S. Co.....                | 20      | @ 24 1/2          | 24 1/2  | 25      |        |
| Pauha S. Co.....                 | 750     | @ 11-11 1/2       | 12      | 12 1/2  |        |
|                                  |         | Miscellaneous.    |         |         |        |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |        |
| Alaska Packers.....              | 65      | @ 141-147 1/2     | 148 1/2 | 150     |        |
| Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....          | 45      | @ 98              |         | 100     |        |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....              | 50      | @ 89 1/2-90       | 89 1/2  | 91      |        |
| Oceanic S. Co.....               | 160     | @ 45-46           | 44      | 45      |        |
| Pac. C. Borax.....               | 55      | @ 165             | 165     |         |        |

Giant Powder was strong and advanced six points to 85 1/2 on sales of 750 shares, and was in good demand at that price at the close, with very small offerings.

The sugar stocks were in fair demand, and on light sales made fractional advances, with the exception of Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, which sold off two and one-half points to 40, on sales of 150 shares.

Spring Valley Water was weak, and sold off two and one-fourth points to 86 1/2, but closed at 87 1/2 sales, 87 1/2 bid. Contra Costa Water, on sales of 300 shares, advanced one-half point to 78.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in fair demand, and sales of 800 shares were made at 44 1/2 to 44 3/4.

Alaska Packers advanced seven and one-half points to 148 1/2 bid and 150 asked, on sales of only 65 shares.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.

## It's Fun to Ride in an Automobile

that goes like the wind, yet gives not the slightest jar; that is so perfectly constructed that it can be governed by a child without fear of mishap. We build this kind of horseless vehicles to order, and supply automobile parts. Our system of selling automobiles on monthly installments places them within the reach of all.

California Automobile Co.

222 SANSOME STREET.

Factory, 346 McAllister St. Phone Jessie 366.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
 Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,290,159.05  
 Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
 Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; Vice-President, JOHN LLOYD; Second Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM L. BERNARD; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
 Board of Directors—H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901..... \$28,973,540  
 Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
 Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
 Contingent Fund..... 445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
 LOVELL WHITE, Cashier. R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Mace, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
 SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL..... \$300,000  
 RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
 Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES..... President  
 WILLIAM BARCOCK..... Vice-President  
 S. L. ARNOT, JR..... Secretary  
 Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. Abbott, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital..... \$1,000,000  
 Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000  
 Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

## OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG..... President  
 W. A. FREDERICK..... Vice-President  
 H. BRUNNER..... Cashier

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00  
 SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
 UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,851,860.11  
 October 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President  
 CHARLES R. RISHOP..... Vice-President  
 THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier  
 IRVING F. MOULTON..... Assistant Cashier  
 SAM H. DANIELS..... Assistant Cashier  
 ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary

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New York..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
 The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
 Baltimore..... The National Exchange Bank  
 Boston..... The National Shawmut Bank  
 Chicago..... First National Bank  
 Philadelphia..... The Philadelphia National Bank  
 St. Louis..... Natnates Bank  
 Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California  
 London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
 Paris..... Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
 Berlin..... Direction der Deutsche Gesellschaft  
 China, Japan, and East Indies..... Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
 Australia and New Zealand..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK.

President, JOHN J. VALENTINE. Manager, HOMER S. KING. Cashier, H. WADSWORTH. Asst. Cashier, F. L. LIPMAN. 2d Asst. Cashier, H. L. MILLER.

BRANCHES—NEW YORK, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. Dooley, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901.

ASSETS.  
 Loans..... \$10,642,400.61  
 Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants..... 2,191,727.10  
 Real Estate..... 1,665,030.77  
 Miscellaneous Assets..... 12,415.53  
 Due from Banks and Bankers..... 1,104,300.12  
 Cash..... 3,873,676.04  
 \$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
 Capital, paid up..... \$ 500,000.00  
 Surplus..... 5,750,000.00  
 Undivided Profits..... 3,311,290.28  
 Deposits, Banks and Bankers..... 1,124,165.27  
 "Individual..... 8,904,102.02  
 \$19,589,558.17

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.

411 California Street.

## TYPEWRITERS.

WE sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
 536 California Street. Telephone Main 246.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Lord Morris, on one occasion, gave a characteristic illustration of the meaning of "prima facie evidence." "If," he said to a jury, "you saw a man coming out of a public-house wiping his mouth, that would be prima facie evidence that he had been having a drink."

Once a distinguished Russian grand duke found himself charged twenty francs apiece for hot house peaches at the old Café de Paris, in the French metropolis. "Are hot-house peaches so scarce, then, even in midwinter?" he asked. "No," replied the maître d'hôtel, "but grand dukes are."

A young minister of high-church tendencies was called to preside over a congregation that abhorred ritualism and was a stickler for the simplest of services. He asked Bishop Potter what would be the result if he went in for ritualism just a bit. "Suppose I should burn a pastille or two during the service; what do you think would happen, bishop, for I dearly wish to try the experiment?" "Your congregation would be incensed, your vestrymen would fume, and you would go out in smoke," quickly replied the bishop.

The Turkish Sultan's mistrust of every one is sometimes carried to a degree bordering on insanity. For example, when Kadri Pasha, whom he had disgraced and appointed wali of Adrianople, died, his remains were to be interred at Constantinople. The coffin containing the body was on the way to the Turkish capital, when the Sultan suddenly ordered that it should be sent back to the place whence it came—a suspicion having suddenly arisen in his mind that perhaps Kadri Pasha was not dead after all, but that he was attempting—lying in a coffin—to gain admission to the capital in order to conspire against his master.

A famous scholar, whose hobby was the derivation of words, had occasion to store his furniture while proceeding in the Continent in quest of the origin of the term "Juggins." During his researches in Berlin he received from the warehouse company the following letter: "Sir: We have the honor to inform you that the mattress you sent to our store had the moth in it. Since the epidemic would expunge the goods of other clients in injury, we have caused your mattress to be destroyed." The scholar replied: "DEAR SIR: My mattress may, as you say, have had moth in it, but I am confident that it had an *e* in it also."

W. S. Cohurn, a prospector of Alpine, Caln., is in bad luck and wants to sell his body to raise another grubstake to get on his feet. He has exhausted his credit, and those who backed him threaten to levy on his claims to protect themselves. In this extremity, Cohurn has inserted an advertisement in the papers. After citing his condition, the advertisement says: "If I have the right to sell my body when it becomes a corpse, I am on the market for anybody desiring such investment. If you know of a market for such dealings, and you can make sale of my corpse, I will pay a fair commission. My body would make a good skeleton."

A well-known Scotch "meenister" took up golf, and, despite great practice, could not succeed in passing the tyrannical stage. His simple exclamations of "Tut, tut," "Oh, dear, naw," "Well, well," and the like, were plain evidences of a perturbed spirit. One day, when the perspiration flowed freely from his lofty brow and his honest countenance shone with a lustre and radiance which, alas! was not due to calmness of soul, but rather the heat of the sun and his laborious efforts to move the obstinate gutta-percha from its station on the tee, he was tempted to indulge in strong language. "Dear, dear, but I'll have to give it up. I'll have to give it up!" he said at last, with a despairing look at the ball. "Give up the game, Mr. D—!" exclaimed his friend, who had been a witness of his attempts. "Na, na, the meenistry," answered the other, with a sigh.

In his "History of the Spanish War," General Alger gives several instances of the troubles made by partisan critics and other reckless persons, some of which seriously interfered with military operations. One of them is as follows: "During the first days of May, 1898, Lieutenant H. H. Whitney, Fourth United States Artillery, undertook and carried out successfully a reconnaissance in Porto Rico. Certain newspapers, with a criminal disregard for his personal safety, in saying nothing of the government's plans, took pains, as soon as he had sailed, to publish, with the utmost attention to detail, not only the fact, but the purpose of his mission. The result was, of course, that when the foreign merchantman, with Whitney on board, touched Porto Rico, she found the Spanish officials awaiting her. The ship was boarded and carefully searched, but the American officer was hard at work in the furnace-room, 'stoking' like a professional, and thoroughly disguised in sweat and coal dust. He landed at last, and, under a different disguise made a thorough in-

spection of the southern part of the island. The information thus obtained was of great value to our army when it was disembarked in the latter part of July at Guanica."

While in the light-house service, Rear-Admiral Rnbley D. Evans found that most of the keepers of light-houses in Virginia waters were colored men put in office by General Mahone and his followers. Many of them had to be removed, generally because they would go to sleep, and neglect their lights. "One of them I had to remove for a very curious offense," says Admiral Evans, "or, rather, he removed himself when he found I was going to do it. I visited the station where he was on watch, and was inspecting, when I noticed that he followed me about, spitting frequently when he thought I was not observing him. I learned from the principal keeper, a colored Methodist minister, that the fellow was chewing herbs and spitting around me as a hind-doo to prevent me from reporting the various irregularities I discovered. When he found that I had reported them all, and asked his removal as well, he jumped overboard, and was not seen again."

It is said that the Norman peasants hit upon a happy scheme of fleeing Guy de Maupassant, who once maintained near his home at Etretat a rabbit warren of a few acres. They used to plant choice vegetables and rare shrubs in the adjoining fields, and every year Maupassant had to pay heavily for the damage done by his rabbits. After a few years he got tired of this sort of thing. He computed that the few rabbits he shot cost him about twenty dollars apiece, which was rather too much even for an enthusiastic sportsman to pay. So he determined to destroy his game preserve. There were only four or five burrows in the enclosure, and a few ferrets soon dislodged all the inhabitants. One night after the rabbits had been destroyed, the writer happened to visit his former preserve, and detected a man skulking along under the trees, with a large bag slung over his shoulder. Maupassant supposed that the man had come to steal wood, and challenged him. The supposed thief took to his heels, leaving behind him his bag, which was found to be filled with rabbits of both sexes. The man was an honest neighbor, who, shrewdly reasoning that there could be no damages if there were no rabbits, had thought it advisable to restock the warren himself.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

"Jes' my Pipe an' Me."  
Like t' kind n' stop an' rest,  
Jes' my pipe an' me;  
Kind n' set an' smoke a while,  
Happy ez kin be.

Like t' watch th' smoke curl up,  
Jes' my pipe an' me;  
Suthin' 'bout th' lazy rings  
Makes th' old world gee.

Like t' dream o' days that's past,  
Jes' my pipe an' me;  
Kind n' doze back thro' th' years  
Thet from pain wuz free.

Travel up an' down th' world  
An' you'll never see  
Enny better friends 'n jes'  
My old pipe an' me.

—Ohio State Journal.

## Where He Failed.

He could hull or bear the market  
As he chanced to be inclined;  
Men by thousands wrought responsive  
To this magnate's master mind!  
There were ships upon the ocean,  
There were trains upon the land  
That were stapped n' set in motion  
By the turning of his hand!  
He had but to nod or heckn  
And the thing he willed was done—  
That is, till it came in dealing  
With his harum-scarum son!

—Chicago News.

## A Font-Ball Hero.

He played font-ball for half a year;  
And n' him it is said  
He lost three teeth, an eye, an ear,  
But never lost his head.—Judge.

## Unequaled.

There's many a new sensation found  
In the healthful sport of "wheeling,"  
But queerest of all, when far from home,  
Is that "punctured tired feeling."—Life.

The young playwright's misery: All work and no play is what discourages the budding dramatist.—Philadelphia Record.

**Christmas Excursion to City of Mexico,**  
via Southern Pacific and Mexican Central Railways,  
will leave San Francisco December 18th, stopping  
at Los Angeles, El Paso, and Zacatecas. The party  
will be in charge of a gentleman familiar with the  
customs of and points of interest in the Southern  
republic, and will reach Mexico in ample time to  
witness the numerous civic and religious ceremonies  
attending celebration of the Christmas season.  
Rate sixty dollars for round trip. Low rates for all  
interesting side trips have been arranged. See  
Southern Pacific Information Bureau, 513 Market  
Street, for particulars.

## A New Use for Mutton.

Chinney Bill Smith, a quaint character in John Uri Lloyd's "Warwick of the Knobs," published by Dodd, Mead & Co., is responsible for the following story of why the women in one county of Kentucky eat mutton only. He tells it in the village circle—a representative body of citizens—which gathers in the grocery-store of Mr. Cumbback at early candle-light:

"Colonel Jargon, who died over an Blue Gum Frnk 'bout ten years ago, said that when he served in the Mexican War, for about six months the soldiers didn't get nothing to eat but sheep. Et war sheep for breakfast, sheep for dinner, and sheep for supper. When et war not lamb, et war sheep, and when et war not sheep et war lamb. The men didn't think much 'bout the grub; they were glad to git sheep. The weather war hot and et war late before the frost come, and all this time the men were eatin' mutton. One hot night the company turned into their hunk as usual, and durin' the night a norther slipped down, and next mornin' the air war full of snow. When the men turned out, et war found that every man's jaws war set tight. Nnt a feller could git his teeth apart. Et war a sudden attack of a new complaint. The doctor hadn't never heard of sich a disease, and he had cocted et, too. Long 'bout nine n'elock the clouds brnke, and the sun come out, and then the men's mouths hegun to open. Et war a curious affliction. The next night another frost come, and the next mornin' the men hed the same trouble; their jaws were set tight ag'in. The doctor gave it up as a new disease; he wrote a scientific paper for a medical journal, and gave et a long Latin name, Mexicojawshet, or smethin' like that, an' fer writin' that paper he gnt a prammition, and when the war war over, he war made professor in one of the oldest colleges in America."

"But old Nigger Sam, the butcher, laughed at the men, and said the disease wouldn't hurt 'em; and as he war the only man free from the complaint, he war watched to see if he war usin' any nigger cure. Et war found that when he gnt out of his bunk in the mornin', he soaked his head in hot water the first thing, and when the captain called him up to explain, he gives the whole snap away. Et didn't make n difference while the weather was warm, but—"

"Guess what caused the disease?" he asked.

"The subject's too deep for me," answered the village clerk.

"Give it up, men?" Chinney appealed in the circle.

"Yes. What was the trouble?"

"The fact war, the heads of them men hed gnt so full of mutton taller, that when the cold spell struck the camp et sot into a solid cake, and the cake of taller hed their jaws shet. After that, when the air war frosty, the cook war ordered to stay up all night and boil water, so thet the next mornin' the sojers could thaw the taller in their heads without waiting for the sun to rise. The sojers kneeled down in a line with their heads stuck out like turtles, and the conk went down the row, pourin' hilin' hot water on 'em as reg'lar as the sun rose."

"What are you givin' us?" asked an old farmer.

"God's truth, es sworn to by Colonel Jargon, who died on the Blue Gum Frnk 'bout ten years ago. When he come back from the war, he never give his wife no meat but mutton. The men 'bout diskivered the reason for his dietin' his ole woman, and thet's why in thet Kaintuck county the women ain't none of 'em fed no kind of meat but mutton."

"Well," remarked Mr. Upjohn, who had been reading of the doings in South Africa, "war is just what General Sherman said it was." "How many times," said Mrs. Upjohn, severely, "have I asked you not to use profane language in the presence of the children?"—Chicago Tribune.

"My wife never says 'I told you so' when any of my plans go awry." "Remarkable woman." "No; she isn't so annoyingly positive as all that. She just says: 'Didn't I say so?' and lets it go at that."—Chicago Post.

## Baby's Diary.

A unique and handsome publication wherein to record the important events in baby's life has just been issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson St., New York. It is not given away, but is sent on receipt of 10 cents.

CAIRO  
TO  
KHARTOUM

The most interesting and delightful winter tour in the world. If you wish to know how to do it properly, call or write

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F.

## DOMINION LINE

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.  
NEW MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.

Boston to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa.  
S. S. Commonwealth (twin-screw, 13,000 tons), November 27th, January 4th, February 12th.  
S. S. Cambrian, January 15th, February 26th

To Alexandria, Egypt.  
S. S. Commonwealth, Sat., January 4th, February 12th  
This new twin-screw steamer is one of the largest afloat; has splendid accommodations for passengers.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast, 621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.



**FREE** To every man or woman interested in healthful dressing, we will send the above handsome booklet. It describes and illustrates

Wright's  
Health Underwear

Contains valuable hygienic suggestions. Tells how to secure the genuine health garments at the price of ordinary underwear. Address  
WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.  
75 Franklin St., New York.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

## STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, November 7  
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 3  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 28  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

## (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Hing Kong Maru. Saturday, November 16  
Nippon Maru. Wednesday, December 11  
America Maru. Saturday, January 4, 1902  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVEY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sterra, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, November 2, 1901, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, November 14, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
S. S. Australia, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Friday, November 29, 1901.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, December 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For H. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., Nov. 3, 8, 13, 23, 28, Dec. 3.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles); Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 A. M., Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Huemene, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 A. M.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
For further information obtain company's folder.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket Office, New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg Westbound.  
St. Louis, November 6 | St. Louis, November 27  
Philadelphia, November 13 | Philadelphia, December 4  
St. Paul, November 20 | St. Paul, December 11

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Friesland, November 6 | Kensington, November 27  
Southark, November 13 | Zealand, December 4  
Yaderland, November 20 | Friesland, December 11  
\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Lynch-Moffitt Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lucy Moffitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt, and Mr. John Hampton Lynch, of New York, took place at the home of the bride's parents, in Oakland, on Wednesday, October 30th. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Thomas McSweeney, of St. Francis de Sales' Church. The bride's attendants were Miss Josephine Chabot, the maid of honor, and Miss Miriam Gardner, of Pasadena, while Mr. Lyoch was attended by Mr. Wyllys Terry, who acted as best man, and Mr. F. Joseph Vernoo.

An informal reception and a wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. Those who sat at the bride's table were Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Miss Josephine Chabot, Miss Katherine Chabot, Miss Miriam Gardner, Miss Berenice Landers, Miss Mary Dunham, Miss Katherine Burke, Mr. James K. Moffitt, Mr. Henry Dieckmann, Mr. Wyllys Terry, Mr. F. Joseph Vernoo, Mr. William P. Horn, and Mr. Sam Bell McKee.

After a short wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Lynch will return to Oakland for the Dieckmann-Chabot wedding, and then leave for New York, their future home.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Keooey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney, and Mr. T. E. Tomlinson, of New York. No date has as yet been set for the wedding.

The engagement has been announced in Venice of Miss Ivy Fletcher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fletcher, formerly of this city, to Dr. Ernest H. Van Somer, of Venice, Italy. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and their daughter have resided abroad for a number of years, much of their time having been spent in Venice, where they have made their home in the Palazzo Sabioti on the Grand Canal. Dr. Van Somer was born in India, where his father was a surgeon-general for forty years.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Curry, daughter of Mrs. M. S. Curry, to Mr. William Eugene Crist, formerly of Washington, D. C., but at present a resident of Paris, France. Miss Curry is well known in this city, and was one of the belles of the Friday Night Club. Mr. Crist is the son of the Rev. P. A. Crist, of Washington, D. C. The wedding will take place during the coming winter, and Mr. Crist and his bride will make Paris their future home. Miss Curry is traveling abroad with her mother, and early in October was in Dresden.

The engagement is announced of Miss Charlotte Eatoo, sister of Mrs. A. H. Taylor, to Dr. Walter E. Garrey, professor of physiology in Cooper Medical College.

The wedding of Miss Josephine Chabot, daughter of Mrs. Emelie M. Chabot, and Mr. Henry Dieckmann, will take place at half past eight o'clock on Thursday evening, November 14th, at the home of the bride's mother, at Eleventh and Madison Streets. The bride will be attended by her sisters, the Misses Katherine and Clara Chabot, while the groom will be attended by his brother, Mr. Frederick Dieckmann, and by Mr. Charles D. Bates, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant gave a tea on Saturday afternoon, October 26th, at which Miss Pearl Landers made her formal debut. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Berenice Landers, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Edith Huntington, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Marguerite May, Miss Mabel Landers, and Miss Azalea Keyes.

Miss Therese Morgan gave a birthday dinner at her home on Wednesday, October 23d, at which she entertained Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lida Cadwalader, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Ella Morgan, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Frank, and several others.

Mrs. C. Preston Robinson gave a tea on Wednesday afternoon at which her daughter, Miss Kathryn Robinson, made her formal debut. Those who assisted Mrs. Robinson and her daughters in receiving were Mrs. William B. Craig, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mrs. J. W. Harrison, Mrs. Jesse Godley, Mrs. Samuel Theller, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. Moore Salisbury, Miss Ida Robinson, Miss Palmer, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Thompson, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Powers, Miss Edith Huntington, Miss Marion Harrison, and Miss Beel.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Frances

Hopkins, Miss Georgina Hopkins, and Mr. Frederick W. McNear, after a visit to Catalina Island and Los Angeles, returned to this city on Monday. While in Los Angeles, they were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by Mr. Alfred Wilcox, who has only recently returned from a six months' trip abroad. On Saturday last, the party occupied two boxes at the Los Angeles theatre, and witnessed a performance of "Florodora." Mr. Joseph Tohin, Jr., and Mr. Murphy were their guests.

Mrs. Mansfield Lovell gave a luncheon on Friday, October 25th, at her residence, corner of Gough and Pine Streets, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Charles W. Hathaway. Others at table were Mrs. A. B. Forbes, Mrs. John Swift, Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Clinton Day, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mrs. Ashburner, Mrs. L. S. Adams, and Miss Hathaway.

Miss Jacqueline Moore made her formal debut at a tea given on Saturday last by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, at their home in East Oakland. Mrs. Moore and her daughters were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Frank Baldwin, Mrs. A. L. White, Mrs. W. I. Cook, Mrs. Penoyer Sherman, Mrs. E. H. Campbell, Mrs. W. S. Goodfellow, Mrs. J. W. Phillips, Mrs. W. M. Angus, Mrs. S. P. Hall, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Jane Crellin, Miss Florence Starr, Miss Mary Alexander, Miss Anita Oliver, Miss Mae Coogan, Miss Marian Goodfellow, Miss Edna Barry, Miss Isabelle Hooper, Miss Florence White, Miss Winifred Burdge, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Rae Wellmann, Miss Georgia Strong, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Edith Selby, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Juliet Garber, Miss Alice Meyer, and Miss Gertrude Gould.

Miss Josephine Chabot was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Friday, October 25th, by Mrs. Henry Nichols, at her home, 265 East Twelfth Street, in Oakland. Others at table were the Misses Katherine and Clara Chabot, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Aida Lohse, Miss Laura Crellin, Mrs. George D. Greenwood, Mrs. Robert Lee Stephenson, Miss Florioe Brown, Miss Gardner, of Pasadena, Mrs. Frederick E. Magee, and Mrs. Henry Nichols.

Mr. Clarence Follis gave a luncheon on Saturday, October 26th, in the Grill Room of the Palace Hotel, in honor of the Misses Edith and Norma Preston, Mr. Willard Drown, and Mr. Worthington Ames. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin and Miss Leotioe Blakeman.

Miss Ruth Dunham has sent out invitations for a ball to be given on Tuesday evening, November 5th, at Convention Hall, complimentary to Miss Nalle, who is her guest.

Mrs. William Cluff will entertain at a card-party at her home, 2113 Pacific Avenue, on Thursday, November 7th.

A fancy-dress hallowe'en dance was given by the Las Amigas Club, of Sausalito, on Thursday evening, October 31st, in the ball-room of the San Francisco Yacht Club House. The patronesses of the dance were Mrs. John Dickinson, Mrs. J. T. Harnes, Mrs. A. D. Shepard, Mrs. J. W. Kilgariff, Mrs. O. C. Miller, Mrs. A. A. Watkins, and Mrs. L. M. Hickman.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

The battleship *Wisconsin* arrived at Honolulu on October 23d en route to Pago Pago from the Bremerhaven naval station. She was in command of Rear-Admiral Silas Casey, U. S. N., who is to officiate on the court-martial to try Commander Tilley, U. S. N., governor of Tutuila, on charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, medical department, U. S. A., who recently returned from the Philippines, was in Washington, D. C., last week.

Naval-Constructor Elliott Snow, U. S. N., has changed his address to 2513 Broadway. He is on duty as superintending constructor at the Union Iron Works.

Lieutenant Preston Brown, Second Infantry, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the transport *Meade* on Monday, October 28th, and was at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel Muse has been visiting Rear-Admiral J. N. Miller, U. S. N., commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard, since his duties with the general convention of the Episcopal church were concluded.

Captain Edward H. Browne, U. S. A., and Captain A. S. M. Morgan, U. S. A., retired, registered at the California Hotel during the week.

Mrs. Ackerman, wife of Lieutenant A. A. Ackerman, U. S. N., now on duty on the *Kearsarge*, will spend the winter in San Diego.

Augustus Thomas's comedy, "Champagne Charlie," has proved a failure.

## The Doctor's Daughters' Doll Show.

All arrangements have now been completed for the doll show and vaudeville performances which the Doctor's Daughters will give in the Supper Room of the Palace Hotel on the afternoons and evenings of Friday, November 8th, and Saturday, November 9th. In last week's *Argonaut* we mentioned the most notable features of the evening programme, which is being looked after by Miss Jennie Blair, the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels, Miss Katherine Dillon, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Watson D. Fenimore, and Mrs. A. S. Tubbs.

The afternoon programme, which is in charge of Mrs. George B. Somers, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Mrs. Wakefield Bryan, Miss Hyde, and Mrs. William R. Cluness, Jr., will include imitations of a child singing, by Mrs. Fred A. Stolp; recitations by Miss Clara Safford and Miss Hassenmuller; specialties by Mrs. William A. Dean; a Carmen dance by Professor Bothwell Brown; and fancy dances by Clara Manning, Florence Gardner, and Gladys Montague, three precocious little girls. Miss Jeanette Hooper will act as accompanist.

The other committees which have been appointed are:

Model dolls—Mrs. Frank Bates, chairman, assisted by Mrs. J. Stowe Ballard, Miss Louise Bruce, Mrs. Edward H. Horton, Mrs. Marshall Hale, Mrs. J. Dempster McKee, Mrs. George Cooper, Mrs. W. K. Guthrie, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss Marie Margo, and Miss Jean Pollock.

Fish-pond—Miss Emma McMillan, Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mrs. Samuel Blair, Mrs. James Alva Watt, Mrs. Linda Bryson, and Miss Erberding, assisted by Miss Marie Wells, the Misses Mabel and Maud Cluff, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Laura Taylor, Miss May Reis, Miss Elizabeth Chapman, Miss Aleta Gallatin, Miss Leila Fairchild, of Los Angeles, the Misses Agnes and Maude Simpson, Miss Gertrude Campbell, Miss Ella Morgao, and Miss Gertrude Dutton.

Refreshments—Mrs. Wakefield Baker, chairman, assisted by Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Laura Roe, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Elsie Dorr, Miss Edna Davis, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Louise Redington, Miss Noonan, of Los Angeles, Miss Edith Huntington, the Misses Lillie and Grace Spreckels, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Suzanne Blanding, Miss Redmond, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, and Miss Pillsbury.

Decorations—Mrs. J. Norris Hibberd and Miss Margo.

One of the most attractive features of the doll show will be the miniature house, designed by Mr. Reid, the architect, which the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels have donated. It is the most complete doll-house which has ever been seen here. It is handsomely furnished, has folding doors, and windows which can be raised and lowered, and is lighted with electricity. It is to be raffled at fifty cents a chance. Among the dainty dolls which have already been contributed are those of Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Mabel Cluff, Magnin, Schonwasser, Bon Marché, Newmar & Levison, and Robert Wallace. Mr. Wallace's doll is a decided novelty, being dressed in a pretty seal-skin suit, including coat, hat, and muff.

The complete list of those who have taken boxes for the evening vaudeville performances are:

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Richard Carroll, Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Mrs. D. T. Murphy, Mrs. J. Dennis Arnold, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. James Follis, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Miss Katherine Dillon, Mrs. Charles Fair, Mrs. Hirschstein, Mayor Phelan, Mr. Thomas H. Williams, Jr., Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Reuben Hale, Mr. R. Moore, and Mr. Heckmann.

Light refreshments—chocolate, and ice cream—will be served in the afternoon, and champagne punch in the evening.

## A Charity Ball.

The auxiliary committee of the Children's Hospital will give a dance on Tuesday evening, November 5th, from nine until twelve o'clock, at Golden Gate Hall, for the benefit of the hospital. Tickets will be sold at two dollars, and may be procured from members or Stationers, 209 Post Street. The members are:

Mrs. Merrill, the Misses Carolan, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Drown, Miss Field, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Miss Hopkins, Miss Houghton, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, the Misses Bates, Miss Holbrook, Mrs. Latham McMullin, the Misses Morgan, Miss McBean, Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Snedberg, Miss Bertha Smith, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Jr., and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott.

Homer Davenport, the famous newspaper cartoonist, arrived from New York last week, and is staying with relatives in this city.

"KIM," THE LATEST WORK OF KIPLING, now ready at Cooper's, 745 Market Street.

— WHEN THE BAR-KEEPER SETS OUT JESSE MOORE "AA," he gives the customer the best in the house.

## Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

Sold all over the world.

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EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importation 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor

## THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

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San Francisco, Cal.

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# REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEES 1901

Mayor.....Asa R. Wells  
Auditor.....Harry Baehr  
District Attorney.....Arthur G. Fisk  
County Clerk.....A. B. Mahony  
Sheriff.....John Lackmann  
Treasurer.....John E. McDougald  
Recorder.....Charles E. Corey  
City Attorney.....J. E. Barry  
Public Administrator.....John Farnham  
Tax Collector.....E. J. Smith  
Coroner.....Dr. C. A. Glover

## Supervisors:

|                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| F. Ahearn         | Dr. Chas. Boston   |
| George Alpers     | William H. Cobb    |
| Henry Beamish     | Thomas W. Collins  |
| J. N. Bent        | Fred Eggers        |
| Ed Frankenthal    | Geo. R. Sanderson  |
| William H. George | Charles H. Stanyan |
| Alfred Lilienfeld | James M. Wilkins   |
| Wm. Offermann     | Horace Wilson      |
| J. McWilliams     | Joseph S. Nyland   |

## Police Judges:

Frank P. Haynes Charles A. Low

# DEMOCRATIC MUNICIPAL TICKET

Municipal Government is  
business, not politics.  
The citizens must elect  
men who will not betray  
them to the corporations,  
but act honorably and  
justly to all.

Mayor.....Joseph S. Tobin  
Auditor.....John H. Wise  
City Attorney.....Franklin K. Lane  
District Attorney.....Lewis F. Byington  
Treasurer.....S. H. Brooks  
Recorder.....Edmond Godchaux  
County Clerk.....George Dahlbender  
Tax Collector.....Joseph Fassler  
Public Administrator.....P. Boland  
Sheriff.....J. S. Wardell  
Coroner.....Dr. T. B. W. Leland

## Supervisors:

|                 |                     |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| William T. Bock | L. J. Dyer          |
| P. Booth        | John Landers        |
| U. Brandenstein | Knox Maddox         |
| Emuel Brauhart  | William M. McCarthy |
| Nes Butler      | Henry Payot         |
| Comte, Jr.      | Maurice V. Samuels  |
| Connor          | Henry J. Stafford   |
| J. Curtis       | Luther Wagoner      |
| A. D'Ancona     | William D. Wasson   |

## Police Judges:

J. Fritz C. T. Conlan

## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Anoexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jeeolie Blair have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter, having rented their home on Van Ness Avenue to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Laura I. Scott (née Crockett) have returned to San Francisco after a fortnight's wedding journey to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin expect to move into their new residence on Washington Street next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, who have been sojourning in Los Angeles and Catalina Island during the past fortnight, have returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger have renewed their lease of the De Guigne place in Sao Mateo for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wheaton (née Palmer) have been speeding the past fortnight at Los Angeles and San Diego, and expect to return in a few days.

Miss Florence Ives was in New York last week.

Mr. Horace G. Platt has been in Santa Barbara during the past week, on business connected with the San Roque water case.

Miss Elea Robison left last week for Deover, where she will spend a couple of months before proceeding to New York for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. O. V. Walker, Mrs. H. W. Tay, and Miss Elisor Tay were in Santa Barbara on Sunday last for a short visit.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant was in San José during the week.

Mrs. John P. Jones and daughters have taken apartments in New York for the winter. Miss Alice Jones is to study modeling at the Art League, and Miss Marion Jones will continue the study of the violin.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey has returned to San Francisco after a short business trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles James Welch have returned to New York from New Rochelle, where they spent the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell have returned to town, and have taken the McDougal house on the corner of Gough and Pine Streets for the winter. Mrs. Lovell will be at home on Tuesdays in November and January.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Postley (née Cook) have returned to New York for the winter after an extended absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Booney were in New York last week.

Mr. Peter D. Martio has been visiting the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stinson have returned from their wedding journey in Southern California.

Mr. Fred M. Greenwood was in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Hays and the Misses Hays departed for the East on Tuesday in a special car. Mr. Hays will leave his family at St. Louis and journey on to New York.

Miss Mary Eyre sailed from New York for Europe on Wednesday, October 23d.

Mr. Samuel G. Boardman has returned from a business trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd will be the guests of Mrs. Nicholas G. Kittle during the winter.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard and her son, Carl Howard, left during the week for Mexico.

Mr. Joseph Tobin, Jr., and Mr. Murphy have returned to the city from a visit to Southern California.

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Taylor returned from Europe last week, and are with friends at 196 Broadway.

Mr. Alfred Holman, who has recently severed his connection with the San José Mercury, has been spending a few days in this city prior to his departure East. Accompanied by Mrs. Holman, he will leave soon for a visit to New York and Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith will arrive in Oakland from the East next week.

Mr. Thomas Brown and the Misses Brown are in Los Angeles for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Harnes and Miss Belle Harnes, of Sausalito, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Whitney, of Alameda, were at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mr. Samuel Parker, who arrived from the East on Wednesday en route to the Hawaiian Islands, was a guest at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Mr. Robert Taylor left Paris for this city on October 24th. After a visit to his parents here, he expects to return to Europe about the first of January, for two years' further study.

Dr. A. M. Gardner, of Napa, was at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Scofield, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Flagg, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Robertson, of Lodi, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Vaniman, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. McCormick, of Omaha, Mrs. Arthur Cheezy and Miss Cheezy, of Boston, Mr. E. C. Rice, of New York, Mr. C. C. Flagg, and Mr. John Wright.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Roberts, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Johnson, of Andover, Mass., Miss Dougherty, of San José, Mr. O. O. Howard, of Burlington, Vt., Mr. J. E. Beale, of Santa Barbara, Miss Ada Morgan and Mr. J. Leary, of Seattle, Mr. J. Fiola, of Healdsburg, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wagoner, Mr. and Mrs. H. Foster, Miss E. Hayes, Miss Gallagher, and Mr. H. L. Cook.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Warreo, Mr. and Mrs. J. Witherell, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Huoter, and Mr. E. A. Sutter, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Harrell, of Merced, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Stinson, of Indianapolis, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Post, of Stockton, Mr.

W. H. Sebastiao, Mr. I. M. Aaronson and Mr. H. W. Metcalf, of New York, Mr. I. B. Hamilton, Mr. E. C. Carroll, and Mr. T. Cradall, of Los Angeles, Mr. A. M. Buchmao, of Cleveland, Mr. B. K. Knight, of Santa Cruz, and Mr. R. H. Sexton, of Montana.

## The Twenty-Minute Sale at St. Luke's.

The annual sale of the Twenty-Minute Workers of St. Luke's Church will be held in the assembly rooms of St. Luke's Church on Tuesday afternoon and evening, December 10th, and on the afternoon of Wednesday, December 11th. These sales are a feature of this parish, and, without doubt, the leading society event of the church year. Mrs. Philip Caduc is the president of the Twenty-Minute Workers, and Miss Eleanor Davenport the secretary. Other members prominent in the society are:

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. G. W. Kline, Mrs. Louis F. Mootenale, Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, Mrs. George H. Kellogg, Mrs. E. A. Belcher, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. John M. Simpson, Mrs. George H. Buckingham, Mrs. W. C. Morrow, Mrs. H. W. Seale, Mrs. F. H. Beaver, Mrs. C. E. Gibbs, Mrs. Sidney Worth, Mrs. James Cuoniogham, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. L. F. Comstock, Mrs. A. N. Drown, Mrs. J. G. Clark, and Mrs. Warreo D. Clark.

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# DUC DE MONTEBELLO

CHAMPAGNE

BRUT, 1895.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC.  
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SAN FRANCISCO  
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| LEAVE    | From Oct. 6, 1901.   | ARRIVE   |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmhurst, and Sacramento.   | 6:25 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Colusa, and Sacramento.  | 7:55 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.   | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.  | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.   | 12:25 P. |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Porterville.   | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.   | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.                   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Merced, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.          | 4:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carstairs.   | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.  | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.   | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.               | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.   | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.  | 6:55 P.  |
| 11:00 P. | Sacramento, Winters, Colusa, and Sacramento.   | 15:00 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.  | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.                         | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.   | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.  | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San Jose, Livermore.   | 18:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.  | 10:25 A. |
| 5:00 P.  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanger for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.                    | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.   | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San Jose.  | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo.   | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.   | 12:25 P. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.   | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.       | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.   | 11:25 A. |
| 18:05 P. | Vallejo.   | 7:55 P.  |

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).  
(Foot of Market Street.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 8:15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.                        | 5:50 P.  |
| 12:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations. | 10:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.   | 18:50 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hunter's Train—San Jose and Way Stations.  | 17:20 P. |

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.  
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—  
17:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M.  
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway— 16:00 18:00  
18:05 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).  
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

|          |   |          |
|----------|---|----------|
| 6:10 A.  | San Jose and Way Stations.  | 6:30 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | San Jose and Way Stations.  | 1:30 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | New Almaden.  | 7:40 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.  | 7:45 P.  |
| 10:30 A. | San Jose and Way Stations.  | 4:10 P.  |
| 11:30 A. | San Jose and Way Stations.  | 5:30 P.  |
| 12:45 P. | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove. | 19:45 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | San Jose and Way Stations.  | 6:30 A.  |
| 14:35 P. | San Jose and Principal Way Stations.  | 9:45 A.  |
| 15:00 P. | San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.  | 19:00 A. |
| 5:30 P.  | San Jose and Principal Way Stations.  | 8:30 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood, San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.   | 10:05 A. |
| 6:30 P.  | San Jose and Way Stations.  | 8:00 A.  |
| 11:45 P. | San Jose and Way Stations.  | 6:30 P.  |

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.  
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A painter's limitations: *The patron*—"Do you guarantee satisfaction?" *The artist*—"No, madam; I paint likenesses."—*Indianapolis News*.

Not their "first": *She*—"George, baby has a tooth. He—"Has he? I thought he looked 'all cut up' about something."—*Baltimore World*.

Fatal accident: "They tell me you broke three ribs coming across the field. How did it happen?" "I was beating off the hull-dog with my umbrella."—*Chicago News*.

The union idea: "Did you tip him off to the police?" asked the burglar. "Sure," answered the confidence man. "Why?" "He's a non-union safe-blower."—*Chicago Post*.

Department store of the future: *Wild eyed man*—"I want to arrange for a divorce!" *Polite shop-girl*—"Two aisles down. This is the counter where we marry people."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Gladys—"What's become of Mahel?" *Belle*—"She's joined the great majority." *Gladys*—"You don't mean to say she's dead?" *Belle*—"Oh, no! Married a man named Smith."—*Tit-Bits*.

Going easy: "He's dying very calmly," observed the physician, as he felt the pulse of the sufferer. "So like John," softly spoke the prospective widow; "he always was an easy going man."—*Baltimore American*.

It was great: "An' did O'Brien have a good wake?" asked Rafferty of Mulligan. "Did he?" replied Mulligan; "shure, an' if he'd been alive to enjoy it he'd a thought be havin' the toime of his life."—*Judge*.

"It's time, Charles, that we thought of getting Hilda married; she is eighteen." "Oh, let her wait till the right sort of man comes along." "What nonsense! I never waited for the right sort of man."—*Tit-Bits*.

Drain on the empire: "If the war continues," groaned the British peer, "we shall run out of metal." "For making guns for the men?" asked the friend. "No; for making medals for the officers."—*Chicago News*.

A cinch game: *Mrs. Waggle*—"I met the doctor to-day, and told him about your malaria. He said you were to take some whisky every time you had the chills." *Waggle*—"All right, my dear. I'll shake for the drinks."—*Judge*.

Dr. A—"Why do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist you in your diagnosis?" *Dr. B*—"Not much; but it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly."—*Tit-Bits*.

His mission: "It is your aim, of course," said his intimate friend, "to make people think." "No," replied the popular lecturer, in a burst of confidence, "my business is to make people think they think—or, rather, to make them think I think they think."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Pure accident: *Flanagan*—"Hivins! man, phwat's the matter wid yer face?" *Hanagan*—"Faith, 'twas an accident. Th' ould woman throwed a plate at me." *Flanagan*—"An d'ye call that an accident?" *Hanagan*—"Av coorse! Didn't she hit phwat she aimed at?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

City magistrate—"Of course I don't wish to stand in the way of my daughter's happiness, but I know so little of you, Mr. Hawkins. What is your vocation?" *Mr. Hawkins* (airily)—"Oh, I write—er—poetry, novels—er—plays, and that sort of thing." *City magistrate*—"Indeed! Most interesting. And how do you live?"—*Punch*.

"What is the difference," asked the Kindhearted Friend of the Budding Dramatist, "between the trial of Admiral Schley and your new farce?" "Why, there isn't any fun in the trial, and there is in—" "Oh, you're wrong. Schley's trial is a farce to the audience, and your farce is a trial to the audience."—*Baltimore Sun*.

It got there just the same: *Mabel*—"Such a joke on Mr. Gayboy. We were out on the balcony between the dances, and he got the sleeve of his dress-coat all over red paint from one of the posts that were just painted." *Maud*—"And did you go near the post?" *Mabel*—"No. Why?" *Maud*—"Because you have red paint all over the back of your waist."—*Harlem Life*.

See that Steedman is spelt with two *es* when you buy Steedman's Soothing Powders. Beware of spurious imitations.

Grandpa's birthday: "Many happy returns of the day, grandpa; and mamma says if you give us each fifty cents, we mustn't lose it."—*Harlem Life*.

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Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:40 p. m. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:00 p. m. SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a. m.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:10, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 a. m.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:15 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 p. m. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 a. m.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 p. m.

| Leave San Francisco. | In Effect April 28, 1901. | San Francisco. |
|----------------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| Week Days.           | Sundays.                  | Week Days.     |
| 7:30 a. m.           | 8:00 a. m.                | 10:40 a. m.    |
| 9:30 a. m.           | 9:30 a. m.                | 6:05 p. m.     |
| 5:10 p. m.           | 5:00 p. m.                | 7:35 p. m.     |

| Leave San Francisco. | Destination. | San Francisco. |
|----------------------|--------------|----------------|
| 7:30 a. m.           | Novato.      | 10:40 a. m.    |
| 9:30 a. m.           | Petaluma.    | 6:05 p. m.     |
| 5:10 p. m.           | Santa Rosa.  | 7:35 p. m.     |

| Leave San Francisco. | Destination.  | San Francisco. |
|----------------------|---|----------------|
| 7:30 a. m.           | Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale. | 7:35 p. m.     |
| 3:30 p. m.           | Hopland and Ukiah.  | 7:35 p. m.     |
| 7:30 a. m.           | Guerneville.  | 7:35 p. m.     |
| 3:30 p. m.           | Sonoma and Glen Ellen.  | 9:15 a. m.     |
| 7:30 a. m.           | Sonoma and Glen Ellen.  | 6:05 p. m.     |
| 5:10 p. m.           | Sebastopol.   | 10:40 a. m.    |
| 3:30 p. m.           | Sebastopol.   | 7:35 p. m.     |

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hultville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Laytonville, Cummins, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Scotia, and Eureka.

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THE Argonaut

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| Argonaut and Littell's Living Age                      | 9.  |
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| Argonaut and Pall Mall Magazine                        | 6.  |
| Argonaut and Mexican Herald                            | 10. |
| Argonaut and Mnnsey's Magazine                         | 4.  |
| Argonaut and the Criterion                             | 4.  |
| Argonaut and the Land of Sunshine                      | 4.  |



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As the session of Congress approaches, the agitation of the questions involved in the reciprocity treaties and the proposed Babcock bill for a general reduction of duties, both designed in the interests of our export trade, takes up increased space in the newspapers. A proposition is now made by the National Manufacturers' Association to hold a convention in Washington this month for the purpose of making an exhaustive investigation of the arguments for and against the methods

suggested for enlarging foreign trade through tariff revision or special concessions. The indications are that the opponents of any material change are so well grounded with reasons, and so effectively reinforced by producers here and there in every line of industry, that tariff tinkering of any sort is conceded by many to be practically impossible during the coming winter.

There is but one field of concession on which everybody in this country is ready and willing to meet. That field is embraced in the Republican platform enunciation approving the opening of our markets "for what we do not ourselves produce." The Dingley tariff followed the same lines, by specifying in section 4 what might be done in the way of concession. It did go a trifle further, apparently, by authorizing a reduction of twenty per cent. on tariff rates, but it raised the rates in order to afford the reduction. Now those benefited by the raised rates are loath to give up the advantage for the benefit of reciprocity. If the protected producers are not to be sacrificed, there is really nothing to concede for reciprocal purposes. The list of articles upon which we have placed a customs duty and which we do not to some extent produce is inconsiderable. Coffee is already on the free list. Sugar might be taken but that we must look after Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Louisiana, to say nothing of the sugar beet. Even tea, with its accidental protection by way of a war tax, must be handled cautiously, because South Carolina is trying to grow it. In brief, no concessions worth mentioning can be made without sacrificing some protected producer. Eastern manufacturers contemplate the sacrifices serenely—when a victim is sacrificed, his cries do not disturb the officiating priests. Western producers are alarmed. They are among the sacrifices. The East may continue its sneers about the distance to California by rail and the convenience of Jamaica by water, but while California votes for protection to secure home markets, she will insist on receiving the benefits for her citrus fruits, and will decline to sacrifice them to the oranges of Jamaica or the lemons of Sicily.

The reasons which move California are moving every other section to save its protected industries from sacrifice. The effect is becoming evident. Even Senator Aldrich, the mouth-piece of a manufacturing State, has recently advised the President against urging any tariff legislation this winter. Those most active in preparing to treat with a Cuban republic for reciprocal concessions, whether from selfish or sentimental reasons, are beginning to see that the proposition is not only one-sided, but impossible. Cuba has everything to gain, the United States everything to lose. We can give them our markets, but they can not guarantee us the trade in articles of small manufacture which Cuban merchants can and do buy cheaper in England, France, and Germany. Cuba wants free admission for sugar and tobacco. To accord it would be simply to lay American beet and cane sugar on the sacrificial stone for nothing. The producers of a dozen States will make a protest that can not be ignored. For years we sold to Cuba less than half the amount she sold to us. The difference she spends in Europe. That is the best we can do for her in trade, and it is more than our share. The Cuban exemplar is a duplicate of the treaties in general, and it is a good reason why they are confidently expected to die in the Senate pigeon-holes from inaction, if, indeed, as it is now claimed, they have not already perished by lapse of time—the Dingley bill making two years the limit for making reciprocity treaties.

The commander of the Department of California, General S. B. M. Young, has made a move that will meet with hearty approval from all except those whose approval it is not desirable to have. He has detailed a quartermaster and commissary to establish a military camp on Angel Island to be used by soldiers returning from service in the Philippines and awaiting their discharge. During the next few months the terms of twenty thousand enlisted men now in the Philippines will expire, and a large part of them will come to this city to be discharged. The necessary routine, involving correspond-

ence between this city and Washington and considerable clerical work, consumes several months, and during this time the soldiers must remain here. As their terms have expired military discipline is necessarily relaxed to a certain extent. In many cases back pay is due to the men, and thus, though they may have no ready money, there is a considerable amount coming to each of them upon their discharge. Heretofore these soldiers have been retained in camp at the Presidio. Taking advantage of these facts, a number of men have established groggeries, gambling saloons, and similar snares at the gates of the Presidio. They are willing to give the men credit, taking their payment when the men receive their money; the saloon-keepers are even willing to advance money on interest to these men. After two or three years of campaigning and hardship in the Philippines the returned soldiers are ready for any relaxation, and fall an easy prey to these sharpers, who do not hesitate to give worthless goods and worse than worthless liquors to the men for considerably more than a reasonable price. The discharge camp at Angel Island will put an end to this class of abuse. The men will be removed from temptation, and upon their discharge will have their money to take home with them. The saloon-keepers, shoddy clothing-dealers, and dive-keepers who got most of the advanced money object to the change strongly, but every one who has the interest of the men at heart will rejoice.

The fact that free silver as a political issue is dead has had no more striking demonstration than is contained in the straightforward, manly avowal of Senator Jones, of Nevada, announcing his return to the Republican party fold. He was always a Republican at heart, and never broke with his party except upon the issue of free silver. He is still a believer in bimetalism, as many Republicans tried to be, and would again urge free coinage if the conditions were again as they were in 1896. The enormous output of gold has accomplished just what the senator expected from free silver, and he says the issue is dead, and that we are facing others in which he is in consonance with his party. Senator Jones was always a protectionist, and did good work for the Dingley Tariff Bill. He finds the Republican party of to-day "the only one in touch with the economic progress of the twentieth century," and he favors the party policies "of expansion and advancement in every line beneficial to American trade, commerce, and labor." He sees in President Roosevelt the first executive to appreciate fully the latent possibilities of the West, and believes that the future of his own State in particular depends on the success of the Republican party in both national and State issues.

General Alger seems to have an unusual capacity for stirring up the animosity of the newspaper men. During nearly the whole of the war with Spain he was kept in hot water by their attacks, and it was through their influence, more than anything else, that he was forced to retire to private life. He is a good fighter, however, and he has now published his defense in the form of a book entitled "The Spanish-American War." This book has brought the hornets buzzing around his head once more. In one place he makes the following statement: "Some timid newspaper men accompanying General Young and Colonel Wood became alarmed at the first shot fired at Las Guasimas, and, rushing frantically back to Siboney before the engagement was over, wrote from the deck of the transports, where they took refuge, imaginary accounts of the fight." This reflection upon their courage has naturally incensed the correspondents, and they are preparing to strike back. With General Young was Caspar Whitney, and Richard Harding Davis and Edward Marshall were with Colonel Wood. Davis writes a lengthy letter in reply to General Alger's slur. He cites a picture of General Lawton, General Wheeler, Colonel Wood, Colonel Roosevelt, and Caspar Whitney seated in the camp of the Spaniards, which had just been taken, as proof that Whitney remained through the engagement. He recalls the fact that Marshall



was shot while advancing on the firing line with Colonel Wood, and insisted upon dictating his account of the fight where he fell, as long as he was conscious. For himself he says that he borrowed a gun from a wounded man, and advanced with the troops, firing when the order was given, until the fight was closed. He cites Roosevelt's book to the effect that "there were also with us two men at the head of the column who did not run away, who, though non-combatants—they were newspaper correspondents—showed as much gallantry as any soldier in the field. They were Edward Marshall and Richard Harding Davis." He also quotes from the official report of Colonel Wood to the same effect. Of the other correspondents, Davis says that after the fight began, Stephen Crane, John Klein, and J. P. Dunning came running up. As they had run forward on hearing the firing they could not be accused of running away. This letter of Davis's is addressed to Harper & Brothers, the publishers of the book, and is not wholly confined to reminiscences of the engagement, for he closes with these words: "Before taking legal action I should like to know whether General Alger will withdraw the objectionable paragraph, and what you mean to do toward suppressing the libel." Caspar Whitney is acting with Mr. Davis in the matter, so apparently the Schley inquiry is not to be the last sensational episode growing out of the Spanish-American War.

The expected happened in the States holding elections last Tuesday. Republican victories were assured in nearly all instances, and the results met the anticipations of the most sanguine. Ohio elected George K. Nash for governor, over Kilbourne, with a plurality of nearly seventy thousand, and gave the other candidates on the Republican ticket even larger pluralities. The legislature will have a Republican majority of thirty-five on joint ballot, insuring the reelection of Senator Foraker. Iowa elected the entire State Republican ticket, headed by Albert B. Cummings for governor, by heavy majorities. Massachusetts gave Governor Crane a plurality of seventy thousand for a third term, defeating Josiah Quincy, the Democratic candidate, though Boston remained in the Democratic column. The legislature will show a gain of two Republican senators and a loss of fifteen Republican representatives, but will still be overwhelmingly Republican. Rhode Island elected Republican State officers and maintained the heavy Republican majority in the legislature. Pennsylvania elected a Republican State treasurer and supreme court judge. New Jersey elected a Republican governor and a Republican legislature. Nebraska elected the Republican candidates for supreme court judge and regents of the State university, defeating the Fusion nominees. In Maryland, the Democratic candidates for controller of the treasury and clerk of the court of appeals were elected, and the legislature will show a Democratic majority of five on joint ballot, thus making it possible for Gorman to return to the Senate. Virginia, Kentucky, and Mississippi remain Democratic.

But the victory that is most significant and far-reaching in its effects is that of the reform element in Manhattan. Tammany has been overthrown and crushed. Seth Low is elected mayor of Greater New York with a plurality of nearly 30,000 over Edward M. Shepard, the Tammany candidate. Justice Jerome is elected district attorney. Not a single candidate on the New York County Tammany ticket was elected. The reign of Richard Croker, Police Commissioner Murphy, and Chief of Police Devery will be brought to an end with the beginning of the year. It is estimated that the change will take offices out of the hands of Tammany men that receive yearly forty million dollars in salaries. Anti-Tammany Democrats joined with Republicans in the battle against the great organization that has long held and plundered New York City. The result of its defeat will be felt in national politics as well as in the metropolis and the Empire State.

We have had several occasions of late to point out the un-Americanism which has exhibited itself in the management of labor unionism, and to deplore the controlling foreign element in labor organizations which makes such exhibitions possible. This unfortunate condition is not mitigated by the reported amendment to the constitution of the Amalgamated Sheet-Metal Workers' Association, which forbids its members joining the regular army or navy of the United States, or the militia or naval reserves of the States. This action is clearly attributable to the influence of the foreign-born workman, to whom American instincts and patriotism are strangers. It is incomprehensible that an American horn and bred should scheme to weaken the defenses of his country, or break down organizations designed for the preservation of law and order. Is not the action of the Amalgamated Association treasonable? To order an

American workman not to join the United States army seems to us unmistakable treason. We shall call the attention of the President and the Secretary of War to this hatching of treason by foreign labor leaders under the folds of the American flag.

One hundred and twenty-eight names appeared on the printed ballots furnished to voters at the city and county election in San Francisco last Tuesday, and when the results of the contest were made known there were nearly as many surprises as there had been candidates. The greatest surprise was in the success of Eugene E. Schmitz, the Union Labor candidate for mayor. He received 21,776 votes out of 53,493, Asa R. Wells, the Republican nominee, receiving 17,718, and Joseph S. Tobin, the Democratic standard-bearer, receiving 12,647. Few, even among his supporters, believed that Mr. Schmitz would win with a safe margin, and the majority thought there was no probability of his election. His support came from outside his party, as the highest vote received by any other Union Labor candidate was nearly four thousand less than that given the head of the ticket. Mr. Schmitz is a member of the Musicians' Union, the leader of the orchestra of the Columbia Theatre, and is also the secretary and manager of a manufacturing enterprise. He is a native of this city, and all his interests are here. Under the charter his power as mayor will be of wide extent and his responsibility great. His declared policy is conservative and equitable, and his expressions since the election promise well for his administration.

Party lines were ignored in the selection of all municipal officers. Harry Baehr, Republican candidate for auditor, received 22,871 votes, nearly eight thousand more than his leading opponent. Franklin K. Lane, Democratic candidate, was reelected city attorney, receiving 26,111 votes, to 15,623 for J. E. Barry, the Republican nominee. John Lackmann, Republican, was reelected sheriff, and was the only candidate receiving a clear majority of all votes cast, his total being 26,778. Edward J. Smith was elected tax collector; John E. McDougald, treasurer; Albert B. Mahoney, county clerk; and John Farnham, public administrator—all Republican nominees. Edmond Godchaux was reelected recorder, Lewis F. Byington was reelected district attorney, and Dr. T. B. W. Leland was elected to succeed himself as coroner—all Democratic candidates. Alfred J. Fritz and Charles T. Conlan, nominated by the Democrats and indorsed by the Union Labor party, were reelected police judges.

Of the eighteen supervisors, eleven members of the former board were reelected. Eight of these—James P. Booth, H. U. Brandenstein, Samuel Braunhart, A. Comte, Jr., John Connor, Peter J. Curtis, A. A. d'Ancona, and Lawrence J. Dwyer—are Democrats; three—Charles Boxton, George R. Sanderson, and Horace Wilson—are Republicans. Of the seven new members, George Alpers, Fred N. Bent, and Frederick Eggers are Republicans; Henry Payot is a Democrat; and William J. Wynn, George B. McClellan, and J. A. Lynch were Union Labor nominees. The highest vote received by the successful candidates was 21,081; the lowest, 15,940. The board will contain nine Democrats, six Republicans, and three Union Labor men.

An analysis of the vote in the several districts will furnish matter for serious study. The Union Labor party made a good showing in all parts of the city, but was especially successful in Democratic strongholds, winning every one from the Democratic candidate for mayor. The strong Republican precincts in most instances showed a decided falling off, a loss of more than three thousand party votes being noted in the residence districts north of Market Street. Seven of the eighteen assembly districts were carried by Wells, and eleven by Schmitz, while Tobin had a plurality in none.

The proposed re-organization of the Filipino insurgent army under General Malvar, which was recently reported, together with the late checks to American arms by the massacres in Samar and Leyte, has brought forward the question whether the policy of reducing the forces in the Philippines, by not replacing the men whose terms of enlistment are expiring, can be continued with safety. A cablegram from General Chaffee announces that the effective strength of the army in Luzon is eight thousand less than it was on the first of the year, and he asks that six hundred recruits be sent at once, to fill vacancies in several of the regiments about Manila. Even if no increase is made at once, the transportation problem, in order to hold the present strength, will be a heavy one for the War Department, in view of the fact that thousands of enlistments will expire during the winter. It has been in contemplation to withdraw the Fourth, Thirtieth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, Twenty-First, Twenty-Second, and Twenty-Third Infantry Regiments from the Philippines, in the order in which they were sent out, and replace them with the Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fifteenth Cav-

alry, and the Twenty-Seventh, Twenty-Eighth, and Twenty-Ninth Infantry, bringing the cavalry organizations to the maximum strength, and swelling the infantry regiments to the exceptionally large figure of fifteen hundred men each.

Secretary Root has advised the President that the sporadic outbreaks of the insurgents could be dealt with as they arise, without additional troops. The policy adopted will probably be to send out at least one thousand recruits for attachment to the depleted regiments, and hold in reserve the increase until it is positively assured that the recent insurgent activity is something more than a temporary ebullition that can not be controlled by the Philippine army at its present strength.

The more light is thrown upon the lynching in Modoc County, the more unpleasant it becomes. A rancher from that county, who was a member of the grand jury that indicted the three ringleaders, has been talking with a frankness it would not be safe for him to indulge in at home. He says there were fourteen engaged in the lynching, most of them young men. Every one of them is known to the people in the neighborhood of Lookout, and every one of them testified before the grand jury. Any person of ordinary shrewdness could go there and learn their identity in a short time. In spite of this, he does not believe that any of them will be convicted. Nothing but circumstantial evidence can be obtained. Direct evidence could be secured only by one of the party turning state's evidence, and none would dare to do so, even if he desired to. More than this, that portion of the people of Modoc County who take any active interest in the tragedy have leagued together to prevent the conviction of any of the men accused of participation in the crime, and to stop all proceedings as speedily and effectually as possible. The community has set itself solidly to thwart all efforts to ferret out the guilty men, and to retard any prosecution. As in ordinary communities there are always some lawless and desperate men, so here there are some who would wish to see justice done to the brutal murderers, but they are overawed by their lawless neighbors, and do not dare to speak. There seems to be but one man in Modoc County whom the State can depend upon to remove the stain from its good name. Judge Harrington has shown himself fearless, and determined to uphold the law so far as lies in his power. The other day, the case of Brown, one of the lynchers, was called, and the attorney for the defense moved to set aside the indictment found by the grand jury on the grounds that the names of the witnesses did not appear in it, and that persons not officially connected with the case had been granted to be present. The judge promptly refused to dismiss on such technical and flimsy grounds, and one day was allowed the defendant's attorney to file a demurrer. If the latter intends to go to the supreme court on the overruling of this demurrer, he will secure delay of the trial for some months, but he is not likely to better his position in any other way. Evidence accumulates, however, that a just trial is not to be had unless the trial is held in some other county.

A familiar echo of the Spanish war is the recurrence of General Weyler's name in the news of the day. As minister of war, in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, he lately engaged in a debate with Señor Robledo, in which his utterances proved sensational and markedly significant. He has for some time been suspected of aiming at a dictatorship, in imitation of some of his predecessors. In explaining his political attitude, he announced his alliance with the Liberal party since the war. Among other things, he said: "I am a politician, a Liberal, but before all a soldier, and if it should become necessary I will defend our institutions and our parliament. Dictators are the offspring of circumstances. I have never thought of being one. Nevertheless, if my aid were asked at a moment of gravity, I should decide between my political and military duties, but I should always incline toward the latter."

General Weyler becomes a particularly important factor in Spanish politics just now, because it is apprehended that the health of Señor Sagasta will compel him to resign the premiership, and there is strong probability that Weyler may succeed him.

The problem of furnishing accommodations for the school-children in the congested sections of the city has received a new solution. The board has been struggling with the problem for some months without reaching any practical solution heretofore. The growth of population has far outstripped the capacity of the schools. For a time there was hope that a bond issue might provide funds for building the necessary additional school-houses, but the decision of the supreme court that the election at which the bonds were voted was invalid postponed that hope indefinitely. Some enlarge-



ments are now being contemplated, but they will not meet present pressing necessities. The remedy now proposed is a perambulating school-house that may be taken to any part of the city where it is needed, and set up much as election-booths are put together. The building is to have from eight to twelve rooms, however, and will be much more elaborate in construction. Such a structure will undoubtedly be useful in relieving the immediate pressure, but is at best only a temporary makeshift. Steps should be taken at once to provide for a bond election to vote bonds for school-houses, sewers, and a hospital, as to the necessity for which there is practically no difference of opinion.

The outcome of the recent municipal election in San Francisco is a pointed commentary on the influence of the San Francisco dailies. The result of their efforts may be thus tabulated:

The *Chronicle* supported Tobin; Tobin was defeated.  
The *Chronicle* opposed Schmitz; Schmitz was elected.  
The *Call* supported Tobin; Tobin was defeated.  
The *Call* opposed Schmitz; Schmitz was elected.  
The *Bulletin* supported Wells; Wells was defeated.  
The *Bulletin* opposed Schmitz; Schmitz was elected.  
The *Post* supported Wells; Wells was defeated.  
The *Post* opposed Schmitz; Schmitz was elected.

So much for the individual efforts of these four dailies; as for their combined efforts, while they differed in support, they were united in opposition. All four of them refused to report fairly the meetings and speeches of the Schmitz party; they personally lampooned and derided him; they mocked at his calling, and questioned his unionism.

Yet Schmitz carried eleven out of eighteen districts, Wells seven, and Tobin none.

As for the *Examiner*, that journal first tried to defeat the Schmitz nomination; then, when the nomination was made, it tried to stifle the Schmitz ticket; prevailed on the labor leaders, Furuseth and others, to denounce the Schmitz ticket; then for some weeks it persistently suppressed all news concerning the Schmitz ticket. But when the Schmitz ticket gained such momentum that there seemed a chance for its success, the *Examiner* thought it wise to drop its hostile attitude and assume a neutral one. This it did, and this attitude it maintained for the last ten days of the campaign. Yet it at first opposed and at no time supported the Schmitz ticket. But it was the only daily which fairly reported the Schmitz meetings and speeches, and in fact was the only daily that gave all the news of all the various parties.

Still the fact remains that the new mayor of San Francisco has been elected in the teeth of the bitter opposition of four out of five dailies, and without the support of any.

Periodically during the last year or two, public interest has become aroused on the question of abating the nuisance of freak advertising upon the dead-walls of the city. The fences around some vacant lots are suggestive of the outer walls of the side-show of a country circus. They are an offense to good taste and an unmitigated disfigurement of the landscape. Everybody who feels any sense of pride in the appearance of the city is humiliated and outraged by them, and all agree that they should be banished. Supervisor Reed is the latest to appear as the defender of good taste. He has introduced an ordinance imposing a tax upon this class of advertising. The critics of this method of regulation advance two objections. One is that regulation should not be attempted, but that more stringent measures should be adopted to prohibit absolutely such advertising horrors. The answer to this is that prohibition is impracticable. So radical a measure is always difficult of enforcement, and it would raise legal questions of considerable difficulty. If a man may not put upon his property bideous pictures, calling public attention to his own or some other person's patent medicine, might he not equally well be restrained from erecting upon his property an inartistic building? Regulation by taxation has been tried elsewhere, and has proved successful. It has also brought in a revenue, thereby partially compensating, by reducing their taxes, those whose æsthetic sense is shocked. In France, this method was adopted some years ago, and not only is a substantial revenue received, but the worst features of the bill-board nuisance have been abated. The second objection is that the payment of a tax would secure a license for displaying objectionable advertising. There is no force in this. To license that which is legitimate does not carry with it the necessity for licensing that which is illegitimate.

All of last Tuesday's elections in all the Northern States seem to have gone Republican, except San Francisco. Yet out of the five daily papers in San Francisco, four are Republican. If we were to get another Republican daily here, San Francisco would probably go Democratic to the end of time.

## A CLARION CALL FROM THE BOERS.

BERGENDAL FRUIT FARM,  
APTOS, CAL., October 25, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I mail to you to-day a copy of an open letter to President Roosevelt, written by a countryman of mine, Charles Boissevain, managing editor of the *Algemeen Handelsblad*, of Amsterdam, Holland.

It is not the whine of a hypocritical journalist (as the English papers are sure to call it), who is after political influence and votes, or "out for the stuff," but a terrible cry of anguish wrung from the bosom of a small but heroic nation, which is being systematically murdered and exterminated in South Africa. It is a motion brought before that grandest tribunal on earth, the free and enlightened people of the United States of America with its President, and seconded by millions upon millions of humane-thinking men and women from all over the world. Oh, let it be carried, help to get it carried with all the influence of your fearless pen, which is mightier than the sword!

Let it not be truly said that the shame, the indignity, and the eternal stain of a war that is no war, but a coldly premeditated slaughter, rests as well upon us, the furnishers of needed war material, and their co-workers by our silence, as upon the real murderers. Men as good as we, as civilized as we, are being daily killed by rifle, sword, and the gallows, or are deported for life. Their wives and daughters are lashed to death by hunger, misery, and neglect, their babes are dying by the thousand for lack of proper food, medicine, and shelter. And all because of their stanch adherence to that glorious principle of the true republican patriot: "Give me liberty or give me death!" And not a phrase, by God, to be exploited for all it is worth in times of peace, but an inborn love for religious, political, and social freedom, as no one better than we, American citizens, can understand and appreciate. They are giving for it all life holds dearest, and even life itself.

But must they all die before it is enough? Is the Satan personified who supervises this work of his with a glass in one eye and an orchid in his button-hole—is Chamberlain thus to be given a free hand? What does the American husband and father feel when he imagines his home destroyed, his country devastated, his wife and children in captivity or worse? Does not the idea alone bring a dangerous glow into his eyes, a heave in his chest, and a clench in his fist?

Ready for action? Aye, truly! But that action is not thus required, for this unequal contest can be settled in a diplomatic way, and we Americans are the nation to do it. Yours respectfully,

E. C. WILLEKES MACDONALD.

The open letter referred to by Mr. MacDonald has reached the press of this country. It is not only a stirring appeal for intervention, it is a clear statement of conditions, with a brief but forceful history of the movements that resulted in the war. It quotes from British reports, speeches, and editorials to establish the justice of the Boer cause, and it refers to many passages in President Roosevelt's writings that express the sentiments which inspire the South African patriots in their desperate struggle for life and freedom. The letter fills fifteen columns, and can not be printed here in full. Some of its striking passages are given.

Dated at Amsterdam, September 25, 1901, the letter opens with a quotation from one of Grattan's speeches, made when Ireland was feeling the iron heel of the English at the end of the eighteenth century:

"Have they considered the State of North America, its present state, future growth, and every opportunity in the endless succession of time attending that nurse of commerce and asylum of mankind?"—*Speech of Grattan in the Irish Parliament August 12, 1795.*

"MR. PRESIDENT: Ireland's greatest patriot saluted the grand American Republic at its birth as the asylum of mankind. I fly to it now, when the freedom of two young republics is threatened. I call upon the elder son to listen to what I—a Dutch journalist—long so intensely to say to him. For we, the citizens of the country of your ancestors, Mr. President, are very sore of heart because of the terrible sufferings of our brothers and sisters in the Dutch republics of South Africa, to whom, alas! we can offer but little aid. I long, therefore, to claim for them the sympathy of your strong nation, and I dare to ask you for a word that shall be a deed."

In sketching briefly the course of events that led to the war, the petition gives dates and references with little comment, appending this extract from the *London Daily News* of May 15, 1901:

"The war in South Africa was prepared by organized and repeated lies; the English people were led into it by lies; it has been supported by lies. Had the nation known the truth with regard to the gang of company promoters who were plotting against the Transvaal, had they been told the names of their servants on the South African press, and had they had presented to them the connection of these servants with papers supporting the plot at home, this disastrous campaign would never have been begun!"

Some of the alleged falsehoods are particularized:

"The first war lie was sprung upon the British public by the *Times* and the Rand capitalists with their infamous telegram about the women and children threatened in Johannesburg, which premeditated lie was to excuse Dr. Jameson's crime. . . .

"The third lie was that not only a lie, it was a silly lie! There are arguments which as they lead to something absurd are not allowed in logic. Of this kind is the reasoning I now combat, as being the argument which makes of the lamb a ferocious animal and of the wolf a bleating emblem of murdered innocence."

From several state papers paragraphs are quoted showing England's position at the Brussels conference of the powers in 1874, and this comment is added:

"It was Mr. Chamberlain—the man who burns now what once he worshipped, just as he worships now what once he burned—who tried, long before The Hague convention was thought of, to soften the cruelty of invaders. In the protest against Lord Roberts' cruelty in the Afghan war, Mr. Chamberlain, with other, even more distinguished public men than he, attacked, with his signature to this declaration of the rights of nations fighting for their life: 'A national resistance to invasion can not with justice be converted into mutiny and insurrection by a proclamation of the invaders; much more so when the invaders have themselves destroyed such government and organization as previously existed in the country.' Oh, golden words!"

This is a summing up of present conditions:

"Mr. Chamberlain has compelled British politicians into one fatal compromise after another with their moral instincts and hereditary principles. They began by outraging every convention by 'annexing' an unconquered country, declaring its citizens 'rebels,' and ignoring the enemy's government. In Cape Colony girls of fifteen are sent to prison for harboring an enemy, whose presence in the heart of the colony is only a consequence of British cruelty. The constitution of the colony is suspended, and taxation is levied by royal warrants without the consent of parliament. By hanging and shooting and persecuting the government forced large parts of Cape Colony into rebellion. They have inflicted an indelible stain on British honor, and weakened British power in South Africa by a series of proclamations, which must prepare the world for what the British Government now believes to be the only way of ending the war, that is, massacre. 'That they will be able to institute such a policy no one believes,' the military critic of the

*Daily News* observed, 'as the first Boer reprisals on a large scale would stop it at once.'"

To show the horrors of the concentration camps, an article is quoted from the *Westminster Gazette*, written by an English lady in May last:

"Unless the death rate is checked there will be no children left in the camp when the winter is over. The women and children sleep on straw mattresses on the bare ground. The tents are without lining, and they afford hardly any protection against wind, nor have the women adequate clothing. Some were allowed to snatch a blanket from the bonfire which was made of all their goods and possessions, but if they had only been allowed to bring their bedding they would at least have been saved some of the intense misery to which they are at present doomed. The food is quite inadequate for adults, and the poor children simply starve and die. . . . From one farm alone ten children have died, and there are cases in which every child in the family has perished."

These are some of the closing paragraphs of the appeal:

"America's sons will speak up when they become aware of the clear and burning issue before them. They will try to induce the British Government to offer honorable terms of peace, and to send to South Africa fair and reasonable men to deal with Mr. Schalk Burger, after having withdrawn Mr. Chamberlain's lawless and barbarous proclamation which lies outside the limits of civilized warfare. An appeal of yours will move the heart of that great British nation in which we still want to believe. . . .

"What you once wrote, Mr. President, about the effect on the American people of all their suffering in their great war, will also prove true of the Boers, who will be afterward incalculably the richer for its memories. You wrote: 'We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good, because of the infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph.'"

"May that 'splendid ultimate triumph' of the Dutch race in Africa be forwarded by the sympathy of that American nation, whose triumph had the ardent wishes of Holland. The ultimate triumph of the Dutch Republics will be a victory for law, order, and righteousness. . . .

"I have dwelt enough on the breaking of the law of nations by England. I have shown it to be a defiance of the powers, who signed the covenant of peace in The Hague, a disregard to the respect due to a solemn treaty, on which the ink is scarcely dry. Let America condemn this dangerous attack on the rights of defense of invaded nations."

"Oh, President of the mighty Republic of the West, were you to rise to a great act, the crime England commits in South Africa would not recur in the history of other nations. The spirit of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln is still resident under the dome of your high Capitol. Let it rebuke the tyrant. I know you hear its voice, for their spirit is your spirit. Oh, obey it, let it move you!"

As a whole, the document is dignified, logical, and impressive. Its author is a student of history and international law, as well as a humanitarian.

## THE PASSING OF A PIONEER.

The death of Judge E. W. McKinstry on Friday, November 1st, brought to an end the career of a man who, since his earliest manhood, has been a notable figure in the history of the Pacific Coast. His death took place at San José, where he had gone some weeks ago for rest and change of air. He had not been in robust health for some time, but immediately prior to his decease he had been in such good spirits that the end was unlooked for. His family were in San Francisco, where they were detained by the serious illness of his second son, who for a number of weeks has been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

It is singular, and at the same time fitting, that Judge McKinstry's life should come to its close in San José. It was there that he began his career in California. It was there that he entered upon public life. It was there that, as a member of the first California legislature, he assisted in shaping the first laws of California under American occupancy—those laws which he subsequently, as jurist and advocate, did so much to construe. It was there that he assisted Governor Burnett in setting in motion the wheels of the State government. When he first went to San José, it was the centre of a vast cattle range, inhabited by a sparse pastoral population, and over it, riding the range, loped the half-civilized Mexican *vaqueros* on their half-broken mustangs, with their *sombreros*, their *chaparajos*, and their jingling spurs. When Judge McKinstry last went to San José, he found it a thriving city, the centre of a rich valley filled with the farms of a prosperous population of Americans. The *vaqueros* are gone, and through this valley thunder freight-trains night and day. And that prosperity, that phenomenal growth, are largely due to Judge McKinstry and men who, like him, have been builders of this commonwealth.

Elisba Williams McKinstry was born in Detroit, April 11, 1825. He was educated at Kinderhook, N. Y., at Columbia College, N. Y., and at Kenyon College; he also had the advantages of early education in Europe, where he spent some years as a young lad with his parents. He was a remarkable Latinist, and an excellent French scholar. He received the degree of LL.D. from Ann Arbor, Mich. His father was Colonel David C. McKinstry, of Hillsdale, N. Y. One of his brothers, General McKinstry, graduated from West Point about 1838, and the other, Commodore McKinstry, from the naval academy, at about the same time. On his mother's side he was grandson of Governor William Bradford, second governor of Plymouth Colony; also of John Alden and Governor Pinder. He was married in July, 1865. He leaves a widow, Annie Livingstone McKinstry, and four children: Captain C. H. McKinstry, C. E., U. S. A., Laura L. McKinstry, Clarence J. McKinstry, and Frances McKinstry.

The funeral services were privately celebrated on the morning of Sunday, November 3d, at San José. The condition of Clarence McKinstry was so serious that it was deemed inadvisable by the physicians to have the obsequies at the San Francisco residence.

The long career of Judge McKinstry has been a most honorable one. As we have said, he was a member of the first California legislature, being elected assemblyman at the age of twenty-two. Two years later he became adjutant-general of California. After this he served two terms as district judge of Sacramento County, in 1853 and 1854. He occupied a prominent position at the bar in both Nevada and California during the next decade, and was then elected superior judge in San Francisco, which position he filled from 1865 to 1868. He was judge of the twelfth district court from 1869 to 1873. From 1873 to 1888 he occupied the exalted post of justice of the supreme court of California. In the California reports there are many decisions which come from the pen of Judge McKinstry, and, in the opinion of the bar of California, they are in the first rank. After he left the supreme court bench Judge McKinstry became dean of the Hastings College of the Law, which position he filled from 1888 to 1895. He has filled many other posts with honor and dignity, including that of president of the Society of California Pioneers. He was also a prominent member of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Judge McKinstry had passed the three-score years and ten which are the allotted life of man. None the less the closing of his long, honorable, and useful life comes with a shock to those who knew him. But to his family and his friends the blow is lessened by the reflection that few men die leaving a more flawless record or a more honored name. Judge McKinstry was proud of his New England ancestry; he was proud of his revolutionary forefathers; he was proud of the honored name that they had left him. He has gone, but he has left to those behind him the memory of his honorable career, his unsmirched ermine, and the name his lovers left him he transmits to his children with the added lustre of his own stainless life.



## A STEADY JOB.

The Devotion of Señora Lopez, and Its Reward.

The *señora* was several things besides the mere widow of General Lopez. She was Spanish, for one thing—not Mexican, not even hybrid, but Spanish, and traceable as such. She was also a heretic. "Catholica" she still admitted herself—but only in contradistinction to "Protestante." She no longer went to mass, she did not contribute toward the support of the church that claimed her a parishioner, and she never confessed herself. There were those who said, nevertheless, that it would have relieved her mind of a heavy load. But the *señora* did not think so herself.

"W'at for," she argued, "do I go to the priest to confess? I have not time to make the penances. And my sins ain't so much. I live on the straight." The *señora's* English was colloquial. "Oh! I know there is plenty that thinks I do not. But I ain't so bad. I swear some, and I tell some lies, but I live on the straight, you can bet your sweet life."

It was true enough. And the *señora's* charities were strictly catholic, if she was not. She called nothing unclean which the Lord had made. It was all one to her, a circum-spect sinner in the upper walks of life, or an abandoned wretch who no longer sought to even hide his fall. And she saw enough of both sorts, too—and of either sex.

The *señora* kept a restaurant, and the sign announcing Spanish dinners was hung over the low, little doorway of a low, little whitewashed adobe house in Sonora town. The sign was in six languages—English, Spanish, French, German, modern Greek, and Chinese—for the *señora's* tastes had been Bohemian, and she had picked up many and strange tongues among many and strange kinds of men. From California to New York and back again she had drifted in her time—which was nigh upon forty years, though she showed no wear or tear. She was a handsome, a very handsome woman yet, was Señora Lopez; the sort of Spaniard you read about—gay, bewitching, vivacious, with changiing black eyes and raven black hair, with flashing teeth and a merry smile. Decidedly the *señora* had her charm. Yet she had been a widow for close on a score of years.

"W'at for will I marry?" she said. "I marry a good old customer, mighty old, too, w'en I was fifteen. I have him for five year pretty near. And I get enough of it. It is better like this—and I can marry w'en I feel like it. I have fellows, you bet your life."

It was true enough. The *señora's* admirers were in many grades. There was a banker, who had offered to divorce his wife to marry herself. The *señora* kept many damagliog secrets. She kept this one.

"Get out," she told him. "It ain't me you like. It's my *guajalote con chili*," and that was the end of it. There was an Italian, who bought the *tamales* he sold on the street corner from her. He sued for her hand. And there were others of station betwixt the two.

Then there was Morse. But Morse was merely a friend, and never made love. It was in San Francisco that the *señora* first knew him. He was working on a newspaper. She was in San Francisco, too, at the time, keeping a restaurant upon the Barbary Coast. It was the season of her greatest prosperity. She was coining money, then. Morse was not; but he was doing fairly well, quite well enough to go over to the restaurant for many a dinner, to take his men friends there, and very often some girl. The *señora's* broad toleration admitted the girl.

"I guess they ain't so particular, your lady friends," she told Morse one evening, when he was alone, as she served him to potatoes fried with onion and egg, "but no more am I. I ain't judgin' nobody. I ain't got time. Some of them ain't so mean as some a lot straighter that comes down here for a spree. And as long they behaves themselves while they's here, I don't ask nothin' more. But tell them to be good here—your lady friends."

And so they were good there, and Morse was, too, though he was not given to virtue over much. In point of fact, he was so little given to it, that, in time, he became a stench in the nostrils of the decent editor upon whose paper he worked, and the editor sent him away.

After that Morse had no job. And San Francisco was not big enough for him to stand much of a chance of getting a good one there. He knew it, but he hung around, nevertheless, going from bad to worse financially. But—on the "devil was sick" principle—morally, he braced up a good deal. It was before he was down to his last dollar that he went down to the Barbary Coast and told his story to the *señora* while he had dinner and his quart of wine. The *señora* was sitting opposite to him, having her dinner, too, because it was late in the evening and her other customers were all gone. She had her cook's capatop of her slick, black hair, her skirt turned up and pinned back, and a big white apron over that. She put her bare elbows on the table and listened sympathetically.

"Here, have some more *pollo*, oh! now, I say, *do*," she urged him. "You got to eat, you know, to keep your spirits up," and Morse took more *pollo* and went on with his tale of woe. He was an Irishman, and he had, moreover, the buoyancy of his two-and-twenty years, so there were flashes of fun between. The *señora* saw the fun, having the gift of humor herself, but having likewise more years than he, by half a dozen perhaps, and a lot more experience, she saw the real seriousness of it, too.

"Yes, it's pretty funny still," she advised him, with a shake of her head, "but it ain't going to be so blame funny by and by." The *señora* did not say "blame," but it must stand for the unprintable. Her oaths came casually and without vice. "By and by, in a day or two, if you don't turn onto a job, you won't have no money and you will have a bad time. It don't look for peoples that ain't got the stuff—this world don't. I know. I didn't have none several

times myself, but it was tough. You'll have to scratch. And your stomach will be empty, and that's the very worst thing. Because you look so seedy w'en your stomach ain't full, right away. Then w'en you look seedy, it's the devil getting a job. They wants you to come and ask for one with a plug-hat and white gloves, and a diamond pin in your tie. That's the kind of fellow they likes to give jobs to."

Morse poured himself some wine to keep up spirits which were going down, under this.

"But never you mind, Charlie"—she reached out a little, well-shaped hand and patted his—"never you mind, old boy. W'en you get hungry, you come over to old Marita. She'll give you a good square meal, and your little wine"—then, as he started to shake his head—"Oh! shut up now; yes, you will—and you can pay me next time you're flush."

And it was on that basis that Morse, a week or so later, began to come. At first it was distinctly understood that as soon as he should tumble on to something he would pay. She let it go at that. She knew that the chances were none too good, but he was far from being her only pensioner. Men upon whom the law looked much askance, girls outside the pale of other charity, children for whom charity had never been, went to Señora Lopez.

Then, by and by, the bill got to be of proportions that made even Morse doubt his ability to foot it. So he stopped away for a time. But hunger had finished a good deal of his pride, and he went back again one night. It was as the *señora* had foreseen. He was seedy to the last degree. But she fairly wept with joy at the sight of him. She clung to his arm. She gave him the finest dinner she had ever cooked.

"I've spread myself," she told him, as she set it out.

She had taken him to a private room, where he would not be seen to his seediness and mortified. "And now, you be not so ungrateful again, and stay away for ten days another time."

It was the fatted *guajalote* she had prepared for him. And she sat with him and helped him eat it, for fellowship. The "greaser" waiter might care for her other guests.

When he had finished she told him stories to cheer him, stories the language of which was most varied and picturesque, wherein there figured oaths in the whole six tongues, and wherein a spade was known by its name. Then she got her guitar. It was a guitar of great age, and of a melodiousness to which that twangy instrument can not often lay claim. She sang to it. Her voice had that harsh quality that the Spaniard and Mexican, in common with the performer of the *café-chantant* of the boulevards, affects. But it was true, and had sweet notes. All the songs were jolly ones, and all of love. She threw back her little head and rang the strings, and enjoyed herself tremendously. She did the *cachucha* for him after that—and she danced well.

Morse went away toward morning, refusing to let her sleep on the kitchen floor and give him her own bed, though she besought him to. And that was the last time she saw him. He wrote to her. He had a job, he told her, in the southern part of the State, he was leaving at once, and he would send the money when he could.

"I don't want his blame cash," she cried aloud, when she read this. But he had finished with protestations, hearty, Irish protestations of affection. She kissed the letter violently, and kept it because of that. At the end of almost a year the money came.

The *señora* departed from all her previous custom in so far as to turn the entire sum over to the church.

"They can pray any soul out of purgatory—into hell—for that," she opined. "They want it there, I guess." But she kept that letter, too.

She never had another from him. The years passed on, to the number of ten. The *señora* was now in the southern part of the State herself. She was in the whitewashed adobe with the polyglot sign, and she was still doing very well, though her coffers did not fill so rapidly as they had in the north. It was about this time that there came an event into her life. At the quietest her life would have seemed lively to most, but spice has its monotony.

There was a girl who had reason to be deeply grateful to the *señora*, who had married respectfully and given birth to a son. She invited the *señora* to be godmother to the child. It was a proposition which staggered the *señora* very much.

"Oh, well. I don't care if I do," she consented at last. "I like the kid. I'll go confess to the priest and make a big clean up—fifteen years it is—and I'll do my penances and pay my money—they'll sock it to me, too—and get into fine shape for a *madrilla* all right."

So, after a week of preparation she announced her readiness to take the care and custody of the soul and future faith of any child, and the christening was arranged for at the cathedral. They went first into the priest's house, while they waited for a wedding to finish in the church. Then they filed through—by way of a somewhat dim and narrow passage—into the cathedral itself. It was in this passage that the *señora*, who was carrying the baby and all its clothes, came face to face with a young priest who was going the other way.

It is doubtful if the walls of that passage-way had ever before echoed loudly back such language as that of the *señora's* shrill exclamation. It was ill-suited to the middle point between a cathedral and a priest's house. But the *señora's* surroundings were of an unwonted sort just then, and she ignored them completely.

"Well—Charlie Morse!" she recovered herself. "W'at—w'at in sin are you doin' here in them clothes?"

The christening waited while the priest explained.

"You blame hypocrite," the *señora* threw back her head and laughed aloud—"you blame big fraud."

The priest took it in good part. "Where are you living now, Marita?" he said.

"Say—you call me 'my daughter' now—in them things," she glanced at his clothes and laughed again, "sabe? I'm keeping a restaurant, same as I used to have," and she told him the street. "Come and see me, father—sure—come along. Oh! you awful holy man."

It began to dawn upon the father thereafter that perhaps he was a fraud. And the more he went to the restaurant, the more he became convinced of it. He started by going there one rainy night when he was supposed to be doing something quite the contrary. The *señora* gave him a room to himself again.

"You ain't got no business at all, coming here, father," she told him when he left. "But come along. I'm glad to see your reverence any time. Sure I am."

So his reverence went again, and yet again. He ate what she cooked for him, and drank her wine and laughed at her stories—and joined in her songs. They enjoyed themselves very much.

It came to the bishop's ears, of course, in time, that—and some other things. And the father, being impenitent, was sent forth from the fold, Charlie Morse again, and more than ever a bad lot.

For the matter of it, Señora Lopez herself told him he was that. "But then, Charlie, you always was. That's why I liked you, I guess. I'm some that way myself. But I'm glad you ain't a priest no more. You were a lot worse that way, because you was a blame liar then, too."

But Morse was taking it rather more seriously. "It's a jolly good joke for you," he said, mournfully, "but I've got to think, Marita, of what I'm going to do. I haven't a cent on earth, and it's mighty against me it'll be that I'm an unfrocked priest. I'll whistle, I guess, for a job."

The *señora* knew perhaps the first hesitation of her life. "Say, Charlie," she began; "say—suppose I was to give you a steady one."

"Washing dishes?" he asked.

"No," she answered, taking up the old guitar and picking a single string in much embarrassment. "No. A tougher job than that—bein' my husband—see?"

Morse was a good deal hurt. He might be a bad lot—an unfrocked priest, and every other sort of a scallywag—but he hadn't got to the point of living off the woman who'd been good to him, just yet. The *señora* flushed painfully under the white chalk on her face.

"It ain't like that, Charlie; *por Dios* it ain't. I want you, too. I always like you, Charlie, I always like you—that way—I did; even up north, back there. Say, don't you want the job?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days later the *señora* descended to blackmail for the one and only time in her life. She walked into the bank, where the banker, who had made offer of his then fettered hand, had his place. He was not glad to see her, but he got her into his private office, hastily. She explained things to him.

"And now," she said, "he's got one job, my husband has; but he thinks he wants another one. And you can get it for him if you like it, I know blame well you can. So you better do it pretty soon—and have it a nice steady one," her teeth shone white as she smiled at him, "see?"

The banker considered, and believed he saw.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1901.

## A HYMN FOR CHINA.

God save us from the Christian Powers!  
Hold back their quartering hand:  
In name of trade our ports are theirs,  
Now they divide our land.

God save us from the Christian Powers!  
And from their Golden Rule:  
What is it but the right to take  
From him that looks a fool?

God save us from the Christian Powers!  
Let Christians he their prey,  
Where Christian states in arms by night,  
In arms keep watch by day.

God save us from the Christian Powers!  
God, let the condors know,  
The carcass, which they thought to gorge,  
With life is yet aglow.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

ALFRED A. WHEELER.

Two naval vessels, with three admirals and other officers, are on their way to Pago Pago to investigate the charges of drunkenness against Captain B. F. Tilley. It is estimated that these charges against Captain Tilley will cost the United States anywhere from \$150,000 to \$200,000 to investigate, no matter what the outcome may be to Captain Tilley—a sum equal to or in excess, perhaps, of what the Schley inquiry will cost. The battle-ship *Wisconsin* burns about one hundred tons of coal a day, and, at eight dollars a ton, her bill for fuel on her return to the Pacific Coast will be \$35,000 or thereabouts. The *Solace* burns about sixty tons a day, and from San Francisco to Pago Pago and thence to Manila, whither she is bound, will burn about \$25,000 worth of coal. There are three admirals on this duty, six captains, lieutenant-commanders, senior lieutenants, junior lieutenants, ensigns, warrant officers, and members of the crews. The expenses of the court will probably be \$2,500. Most of the officers will return by the steamer, which will make an additional \$1,500 or \$2,000. It is easy to figure out a total cost of \$150,000 or \$200,000, all to determine whether Captain Tilley really was intoxicated.

"Carnegie's gift of \$5,500,000 to the city of New York for public libraries would have been better spent had he given it to the workmen of his home city, Homestead, who are employed in his mills there. It would have made their miserable lives sweeter, better, and happier. We are not paupers and are capable of building our own libraries." This was what Justice Jerome said at a political meeting during the recent campaign of Andrew Carnegie's library gift. The utterance was applauded vigorously.



## MRS. ALICE MEYNELL.

Her Prose and Verse.

At present visiting in San Francisco is Mrs. Alice Meynell, probably the most distinguished woman writer now alive. I insert the word "probably" only as a compromise with the inevitable lover of exactitude. It is my private opinion that it might quite justly be omitted. Unquestionably Mrs. Meynell is the most distinguished woman writer in English, and I do not know of any woman occupying a competitive position in any foreign literature. By the most distinguished, I certainly do not mean the most famous, or else the statement were superfluous. As a matter of fact, acquaintance with Mrs. Meynell seems to be peculiarly limited. Her circle, so to speak, is exclusively the intellectual aristocracy, and this is true even in England, where she is better known, however, than among ourselves. Mrs. Meynell is not of the prolific sort; her work is limited to several small volumes—tiny, unpretentious-looking volumes—yet each of them a jewel-casket, containing strings and strings of gems. Every thought of Mrs. Meynell's is a gem in a setting of exquisite workmanship.

Walter Pater has said:

"To treat life in the spirit of art is to make life a thing in which means and end are identified; to encourage such treatment is the true moral significance of art, and of poetry. Not to teach lessons nor to enforce rules, nor even to stimulate us to noble ends, but to withdraw the thoughts for a little while from the mere machinery of life, to fix them with appropriate emotions on the spectacle of those great facts in existence which no machinery affects, on the operations of the elements, on storm and sunshine, on cold and heat, on gratitude and hope, on fear and sorrow, to witness this spectacle with appropriate emotions is the object of all culture."

These lines were embodied in an essay on Wordsworth, yet they seem equally appropriate in considering Mrs. Meynell. I know of no one who so successfully treats life "in the spirit of art." Her little essays on such subjects as grass, clouds, the winds of the world, reeds and rushes, eyes, etc., awaken one delightfully to the spectacle of self-evident things. The single little volume entitled "The Colour of Life" contains enough poetic suggestion to last till the end of one's days. Things need never be commonplace again.

Who but Mrs. Meynell has suggested the pathos of grass? Sentiment about trees and flowers is not uncommon—but the grass, the poor, despised, seemingly characterless grass! When an Englishman derides a town, he calls it "grass-grown." Yet view it once with Mrs. Meynell, and a new sentiment will forever possess you. You will never again lose sight of the kindness, the unselfishness, the sweet unobtrusiveness of grass. She writes:

"For the gracious grass of the summer has not been content within enclosures. It has—or would have—cheered up and sweetened everything. Over asphalt it could not prevail, and it has prettily yielded to asphalt taking leave to live and to let live. It has taken the little strip of ground next to the asphalt between this and the kerb, and again the refuse of ground between this and the roadway. The man of business, walking to the station with a bag, could have his asphalt all unbroken, and the butcher's boy in his cart was not annoyed. The grass seemed to respect everybody's views, and to take only what nobody wanted."

I love the essay on "Reeds and Rushes":

"To the strong mind they bend (the rushes), showing the silver of their sombre little tassels as fish show the silver of their sides turning in the pathless sea. They are unanimous. A field of tall flowers tosses many ways in one warm gale, like the many lovers of a poet who have a thousand reasons for their love; but the rushes, more strongly tethered, are swept into a single attitude again and again at every renewal of the storm."

About "Eyes," Mrs. Meynell advances this thought:

"It is the blood that is eloquent, and there is no sign of blood in the eye; but in the eyelid the blood hides itself, and shows its signs. See along its edges are the little muscles, living, that speak not only the obvious and emphatic things, but what reticences, what perceptions, what ambiguities, what half-apprehensions, what doubts, what interceptions! The eyelids confess and reject and refuse to reject. They have expressed all things ever since man was man."

One of the most striking of Mrs. Meynell's thoughts is contained in "A Point of Biography," an essay suggested by the statue of Shelley at University College, Oxford. In this statue, as all tourists know, the poet is represented dead. "Death," writes Mrs. Meynell, apropos of this, "was not the goal of Shelley—it was a detachable and disconnected incident, having no significance except inasmuch as he died young." With this idea in view she calls attention to the curious and conspicuous fact of the hiding of death throughout all nature:

"Where are they, all the dead, all the dying of the populous woods? Where do they hide their little last hours, where are they buried? Short lives have all these wild things, but there are innumerable flocks of them always alive; they must die, then, in innumerable flocks. And yet they keep the millions of the dead out of sight. Now and then they may be betrayed. It happened so in a cold winter. The late frosts were so sudden, and the famine was so complete that the birds were taken unawares. They were obliged to die in public. They became like Shelley in the monument which the art and imagination of England combined to raise to his memory. Frost was surely at work in both cases, and in both it wrought wrong."

In the volume entitled "The Rhythm of Life," Mrs. Meynell is more difficult than in "The Colour of Life." In fact, she may never be read lightly. She is always the subtlest of thinkers, and naturally requires some subtlety on the part of her readers. Some one has justly said of her that she "grinds the edge of thought," and yet there are few people in literature more thoroughly lovable than she. Hers is the true gift of the poet, appealing equally to the intellect and to the heart. I wish that every one might read "A Remembrance," the second essay in "The Rhythm of Life."

Mrs. Meynell has published but a single volume of verse, but this has been sufficient to class her among the foremost poets of our time. Her sonnet, "Renouncement," is often compared with the sonnets from the Portuguese by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, many critics declaring it the equal of the best of these, and superior to the majority of them. Rossetti knew "Renouncement" by heart; and maintained that it was one of the three finest sonnets ever written by women. But let the sonnet speak for itself:

"I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,  
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—  
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height

And in the sweetest passage of a song.  
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng  
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;  
But it must never, never come in sight;  
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.  
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
And all my bonds I needs must loose away,  
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—  
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep,  
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart."

Perhaps the most famous of Mrs. Meynell's poems is the following, the "Letter of a Girl to Her Own Old Age." This was published in 1875, when the writer was yet Miss Alice Thompson. It was a favorite poem with Ruskin, who enthusiastically referred to it as "that perfectly divine poem":

A LETTER FROM A GIRL TO HER OWN OLD AGE.

Listen, and when my hand this paper presses,  
O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses  
What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.

O mother, for a weight of years do break thee!  
O daughter, for slow time must yet awake thee,  
And from the changes of my heart must make thee.

O fainting traveler, morn is gray in heaven.  
Dost thou remember how the clouds were driven?  
And are they calm about the fall of even?

Pause near the ending of thy long migration,  
For this one sudden hour of desolation  
Appeals to one hour of thy meditation.

Suffer, O silent one, that I remind thee  
Of the great hills that stormed the sky behind thee,  
Of the wild winds of power that have resigned thee.

Know that the mournful plain where thou must wander  
Is but a gray and silent world, but ponder  
The misty mountains of the morning yonder.

Listen!—The mountain winds with rain were fretting,  
And sudden gleams the mountain-tops besetting.  
I can not let thee fade to death, forgetting.

What part of this wild heart of mine I know not  
Will follow with thee where the great winds blow not,  
And where the young flowers of the mountain grow not.

Yet let my letter with my lost thoughts in it  
Tell what the way was when thou didst begin it,  
And win with thee the goal when thou shalt win it.

Oh, in some hour of thine my thoughts shall guide thee.  
Suddenly, though time, darkness, silence hide thee,  
This wind from thy lost country flits beside thee.

Telling thee: all thy memories moved the maiden,  
With thy regrets was morning over-shaden,  
With sorrow thou hast left, her life was laden.

But whither shall my thoughts turn to pursue thee?  
Life changes, and the years and days renew thee.  
Oh, Nature brings my straying heart unto thee.

Her winds will join us, with their constant kisses  
Upon the evening as the morning tresses,  
Her summers breathe the same unchanging blisses.

And we, so altered in our shifting phases,  
Track one another 'mid the many mazes  
By the eternal child-breath of the daisies.

I have not writ this letter of divining  
To make a glory of thy silent pining,  
A triumph of thy mute and strange declining.

Only one youth, and the bright life was shrouded.  
Only one morning, and the day was clouded.  
And one old age with all regrets is crowed.

Oh, hush; oh, hush! Thy tears my words are steeping.  
Oh, hush, hush, hush! So full, the fount of weeping?  
Poor eyes, so quickly moved, so near to sleeping?

Pardon the girl; such strange desires beset her.  
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter  
That breaks thy heart; the one who wrote, forget her.

The one who now thy faded features guesses,  
With filial fingers thy gray hair caresses,  
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

Mrs. Meynell's impressions of America will be published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The following beautiful thoughts on "Atlantic Skies," are taken from a contribution to that journal, dated October 12th, written during her recent voyage across the Atlantic:

"Between the skies of the two hemispheres are the alien skies of the sea. The ocean itself has no surprises for the eye; but the clouds, they are new with a newness unforeseen. . . . Day by day, leagues upon leagues of clouds racing with the racing waters have shown shapes, actions, ranks indefinitely strange. Long repetitions are there; flocks of straining birds following each other along the enormous half of the sky, with the self-same stretch of neck and trail of floating leg; or innumerable horses going into battle with an incredible energy of action and with the same leg shattered. Well, land-clouds have looked like cranes or like horses before now. But not like these. These are alien multitudes. They are much more unlike the weasel and the whale of Denmark than the little forest animals of Australia are unlike those that run in European woods. Above English fields, west winds have driven flocks and flights that repeated themselves, like the ribs of sea-sand; molded by some flowing of the upper air, as these by the flowing of the tide. But the winds have other herds to drive in mid-Atlantic. The species is changed; these fields of the ocean heavens are overrun by fect of another race."

Mrs. Meynell was an intimate friend of Coventry Patmore, who admired her excessively and bestowed upon her the most enthusiastic praise. To-day her friends and admirers are the most brilliant people in England. Her visit to San Francisco is certainly an event in the literary history of the city.

GENEVIEVE GREEN HAMILTON.

The London correspondent of the *New York Herald* says that the million dollars Sir Thomas Lipton has expended in his cup campaign is not the only loss he has sustained. Sir Thomas is the president and manager of an incorporated business, the capital stock of which is divided into five hundred thousand shares. The names of notable Englishmen are given who have disposed of all their holdings, and the list includes Lord Rothschild, who disposed of five thousand shares. Sir Thomas owns over three hundred thousand shares of the stock. It is presumed that the dissatisfied shareholders believed the yacht business occupied time that might have been with more profit devoted to the affairs of the company.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Hall Caine has been elected to represent the town of Ramsey in the Manx parliament, receiving 458 votes to 191 cast for his opponent, a local lawyer named Kermode.

Bishop Sharetti, of Havana, having settled the question of church property in Cuba, has been appointed delegate extraordinary to the Philippines, whither he will go about the end of the year to settle the church property question there.

Captain Dreyfus, who has been living at Cologne, near Geneva, for some time past, has determined to leave Switzerland and make his home in Alsace, where he was born. He will spend the winter in the Riviera, after which he will definitely settle down in Alsace, devoting his time to literature and scientific pursuits.

The aerostatic committee of the Aero Club, after a somewhat heated debate, awarded the Deutsch prize to M. Santos-Dumont by 13 votes to 9 on Monday. M. Santos-Dumont, in view of this opposition, immediately resigned his membership in the Aero Club. He presented \$10,000 to the poor of Paris, \$4,000 to M. Emmanuel Aime, and \$4,000 to his workmen.

Lately La Belle Otero has set the Paris gossips to talking by wearing on several occasions a new 1,500,000 franc necklace and a 150,000 sahle cloak, presented to her by one of her many admirers. M. Hardouin, a witty leader writer of the *Matin*, remarks that the times can not be so bad if such presents are given, and suggests that Mlle. Otero is a better financial barometer than the Banque de France.

Frederic Gehhard is free from marriage bonds. The tie was severed at Sioux Falls, S. D., on October 26th, however, in a somewhat different manner from what he expected. On September 30th, he filed a suit charging his wife with having deserted him in September, 1899. Mrs. Gehhard at the last moment filed a cross bill, in which she charged that it was she and not he who had been deserted. After listening to the testimony Judge Jones granted her a divorce, which permitted both parties to marry again.

Sir Joseph Dimsdale, who became lord mayor of London on November 9th, is a rich man; otherwise he couldn't have afforded the luxury of accepting the fifty thousand dollars a year that the lord mayor gets for laying corner-stones, unveiling monuments, opening hospitals, eating state dinners, and wearing gorgeous garments. The lord mayor is expected to spend all of his salary and something like an equal amount out of his own pocket on the various functions that fill his official life. The new lord mayor probably will have to stand a heavier strain than any of his predecessors for a generation past, because he will be in office at the time of the coronation next June, and it will take a tremendous outlay to sustain the dignity of the city on that occasion.

O. J. Stough, for fifty years a resident of Chicago, and now a citizen of Southern California, has been visiting Chicago, and remarked the other day to a reporter: "Within twenty years the coast of Southern California will be so crowded there will be standing-room only. I have told millionaires I had rather be one of my workmen in my orchards than the richest man in Chicago or New York. They are comfortable all the year around. I left here at seventy years of age, an old man, broken in health. Now I am eighty-four, and hale and hearty. I ascribe it all to the climate. A tree grows there in ten years more than a tree here in fifty. A horse gets bigger growth and strength at two than he can here. Pick out fifty Southern California girls and they will surpass in health and beauty any fifty in Chicago. You don't know what you are missing by living here in Chicago."

Mrs. Roosevelt went to New York last week to do some shopping before the social season in Washington formally begins. Her reason for going outside of Washington is said to be due to an incident which occurred a short time ago. Mrs. Roosevelt was informed that in Washington the smart set has its gowns made in a certain fashionable establishment. The wife of the President recently visited the place and found the waiting-room crowded. Word was conveyed to the proprietress that a lady wished to consult her about some gowns. She sent a reply that she had engagements for that hour, and could not be interrupted. Her curt message was repeated to Mrs. Roosevelt, who patiently waited for almost an hour. Profuse apologies were made by the dressmaker, when she discovered what had happened, but Mrs. Roosevelt, it is said, was not sufficiently impressed to leave an order.

Father Jeremiah J. Crowley, late pastor of St. Mary's Church at Oregon, Ill., has been excommunicated by Archbishop Feehan, of the Chicago diocese. The order of dismissal was the direct result of repeated attacks made by Father Crowley upon fellow-pastors of the Catholic faith, and charges of favoritism, fraud, and cruelty which he made at the time Father Muldoon was consecrated as auxiliary bishop of the Chicago diocese. Father Crowley was warned repeatedly to desist, and finally Archbishop Feehan compelled him to resign his pastorate. An hour later Father Crowley withdrew the resignation, but it had already been accepted by Chancellor Barry, and it was made absolute. Then Father Crowley started legal proceedings to keep his successor out of the pastorate, and renewed his attacks on Bishop Muldoon. The Papal delegate at Washington went to Chicago recently and took final action. He gave Father Crowley a choice of two things—to make humble penance and accept without protest a life within the confines of a monastery, or to be dismissed forever from the rights and privileges of the Catholic Church. Father Crowley was given a few days to decide, and, as nothing was heard from him, an order of excommunication was sent on October 27th by Archbishop Feehan to every pastor in the diocese. It is said that Father Crowley will appeal to the Pope.



## SIBYL SANDERSON'S RETURN.

The Fair California Diva's Career Abroad—How She Came to Go On the Stage—Her Success in Massenet's "Esclarmonde" and "Thais."

While San Francisco music-lovers are looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the appearances here next week of Emma Eames, Emma Calvé, Marcella Sembrich, Johanna Gadschi, Mme. Schumann-Heink, and the other singers of Maurice Grau's remarkable company, general interest naturally centres most in Sibyl Sanderson. She will make her *début* on November 16th, in Massenet's "Manon." Since her departure from this city in 1883, the fair California diva has made an enviable name for herself on the operatic stage. She studied music as a child with her sisters, and with them and her mother went to Paris to perfect her knowledge of French. There she took private singing lessons under Saint-Yves Bax, and then joined his class at the Conservatoire, where she remained, however, but a short time.

Leoncavallo, having heard her sing, earnestly advised her to adopt the theatrical career; but to this her relatives objected. But Leoncavallo had spoken of the young *artiste* to Massenet, and one day he introduced her to the composer. The author of "Manon" was enchanted; he joined his entreaties with those of Leoncavallo, and even offered her the rôle of Manon, her favorite part. She lost no time in learning the score, and nothing remained but to play the part on the boards of the Paris theatre. Dreading to attempt this trial, she went to The Hague to make her first essay. She achieved a great success, and was much encouraged.

Massenet then told her that she realized his ideal of the chief character in "Esclarmonde," the work he was then composing, and offered her the task of creating the part. She would thus make her *début* in Paris under the most favorable circumstances, since this rôle would be written especially for her, and, being new, there would be no chance of odious comparisons with previous exponents of the part. She might assuredly anticipate a brilliant success on her first appearance. Before these arguments all opposition faded away, and thus a new star arose in the firmament of art. For a whole year the composer slowly and patiently taught the rôle of Esclarmonde to her, till her execution of it was perfect.

The whole world—for it was during the year of the exhibition of 1889—rushed to the Opéra Comique, less to hear the work, though it was full of merit, than to hear and see its interpreter. The romantic rumor that linked the names of the *maestro* and the *diva* was also an attraction to the Parisian public, so fond of gossip. There was, also, "the Eiffel-Tower note," as they jokingly called the high *sol* that was twice repeated in a bit of vocalization written by Massenet to exhibit the *diva's* exceptional note—a tone higher than that which Mozart put into a cavatina for the special benefit of a *cantatrice* whom he wished to make famous—since which time Christine Nilsson alone has been able to reach the height.

Miss Sanderson sang, and continued to sing, with enormous success, for one hundred consecutive performances—an unprecedented feat—this curious Byzantine opera. The *dilettanti* shrugged their shoulders, saying: "It is wonderful—but before we pass definite judgment on the *cantatrice* we shall wait till we have heard her in some other rôle than this, written expressly for her and minutely taught her by the author." So the beautiful *diva* at last appeared in "Manon," and again the critics praised her. The public, however, rebelled a little, and declared that if Sibyl was capable of singing only Massenet's music, she was not a true artist.

About this period her engagement at the Opéra Comique expired. She did not renew it, and left for Brussels, where she sang "Esclarmonde" and "Manon." During this time Massenet composed "Le Mage," the principal rôle of which was again naturally written for her. But, in order to sing it, she was obliged to be engaged at the Grand Opéra, to which the new work belonged. A great deal of talk was made in artistic circles over the efforts of this illustrious author was forced to make in order to obtain an engagement for her on this renowned stage. A manager can refuse nothing to Massenet—but he has the means of revenging himself for the moral constraint exercised over him. Miss Sanderson's engagement at the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels still bound her for several months, and "Le Mage" was immediately put into rehearsal at the Grand Opéra in Paris, and the creation of the rôle was obliged to be given to another *cantatrice*, Mme. Lureau-Escalais. In vain did the author endeavor to delay the representation of his work, instead of hastening it, as is natural. A manager is master at his theatre, and "Le Mage" appeared. The California songstress was indignant; the composer felt the blow most keenly, and, on the night of the first representation, it was the cause of an altercation between him and the baritone, Lassalle, which nearly ended in a duel.

However, the harmony which was for a moment disturbed between the master and pupil by this unfortunate affair was soon restored. Sibyl Sanderson broke her engagement at the Opéra, and, after a season in London, where she sang "Manon," returned to the Opéra Comique, where she was seen in "Manon" again. She finally decided to be heard in some other music than Massenet's, and appeared with success in "Lakmé," written by Leo Delibes.

Miss Sanderson next made her *début* at the Opéra in "Thais," which Massenet had written for her, and again she scored a big hit. She drew large houses and sent the subscribers home contented night after night, although the opera itself was not a success. Her voice and her personal charm delighted the critics, who complained that Massenet had not done his best work in "Thais," and the press praised her unanimously as it condemned the opera. To make a successful *début* at the Opéra in a work which is itself a failure, to bring in throngs of people night after night to

hear music which the critics have not recommended, was a performance which may well have warmed the heart of any artist. But the envious and the jealous said: "Wait a moment. After all, this music was also written for her—written by a master who is as proud of his pupil as of his music. The score of 'Thais' fits her, and becomes her as aptly as the Byzantine robe she wears. Wait until she sings one of the standard operas."

And when Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" was announced, there fell upon the envious and the jealous a little hush of envenomed expectation. But the doubts were soon set at rest, and the envious and the jealous had to change the subject and talk of some one else, for on June 1, 1894, Sibyl Sanderson definitely took her place among the artists of the opera. She attacked Gounod's music—which she had only sung before at Brussels and at Nice—with a sureness and a power which left not one dissentient voice among the critics of the press. One result of her translation to a more important stage, was that after her success in "Romeo et Juliette," she received her first satisfactory offer for an American tour from Abbey and Grau.

When Miss Sanderson made her American *début* in Massenet's "Manon" in New York on January 15, 1895, at the Metropolitan, she was not recognized when she first came on in her quiet garb until she opened her lips to sing, and then the house gave her a generous salvo of applause, and at the end of each act she was called out before the curtain again and again. Her second appearance was even more successful than the first. But in the midst of her triumph, she, in common with many other singers that season, fell a victim to *grippe*, and the resultant illness so clung to her that her physicians advised her not to sing. The papers began to throw out all sorts of insinuations, the principal one being that her voice did not fill the opera-house. It is true that her voice is not a large one, but neither she nor her friends ever claimed that it was. Her relations with Abbey and Grau were most pleasant, and they repeatedly expressed their regret that she was unable to appear, but that it was owing to the condition of her health; that they were willing—nay, anxious—that she should appear, but that they could not ask her to do so when her physicians forbade it. There was in their contract with her a forfeit on her part if she should break the engagement, but as she had been forced through ill-health to do this, Abbey and Grau waived the forfeit, and Miss Sanderson returned to Paris. Apropos of the treatment she received at the hands of the New York papers, the following anecdote is told: It is said that at a dinner-party given in her honor, the hostess remarked to her: "Those jewels that you wore in 'Manon,' Miss Sanderson, are the most beautiful that I have ever seen." "Good heavens!" cried Miss Sanderson, "you didn't think that they were real, did you? Those are only stage jewels. If they had been real, I would deserve all that the American papers have said about me."

After she had regained her health, Miss Sanderson again sang to crowded houses in Paris, and, in the fall of 1896, scored a great success at La Scala, Milan. She was originally engaged for six representations, but six supplemental performances at an advanced salary were arranged. Miss Sanderson was the first singer to appear in Camille Saint-Saëns's "Phryné" in Italy, and the composer himself went to Milan for the representation.

In the spring of 1897, Miss Sanderson won new triumphs in St. Petersburg at the Imperial Theatre. Her *début* was made in "Romeo et Juliette," and her success was immense. Later she sang "Manon" four times a week, with the tenor Van Dyck, who is to be one of the leading singers during the Grau season. After one of the representations, the charming singer was called to the imperial box, where the Czar personally congratulated her in the most enthusiastic terms. In Gounod's "Faust" she was also well received. Before her engagement terminated a grand concert in her honor was organized at the palace of the Grand Duke Vladimir.

Not long afterward came Miss Sanderson's marriage to Antonio Terry, the Cuban millionaire, and her retirement from the stage. In the midst of their honeymoon the artist was stricken down with illness, and, before she had recovered, her husband also became seriously ill and passed away, leaving his daughter by his first wife in her care. For over two years Mrs. Terry, or Sibyl Sanderson, as she prefers to be called, lived quietly in Paris, or traveled about in search of health. Early this spring, feeling strong enough to resume her stage work, she started on a prolonged concert tour on the Continent, and on June 11th she made her re-appearance in the title-rôle of Saint-Saëns's "Phryné," at the Opéra-Comique in Paris. Miss Sanderson's first appearance caused quite a stir in the French capital, for people were curious to know whether she was still beautiful and in good voice, after such a prolonged absence from the stage. But she came through the ordeal with flying colors.

A Washington dispatch of recent date describes the visit to the White House of a delegation in the interest of the shipping-subsidy bill. The President is reported to have informed his callers that he would not favor a bill like the old Hanna-Frye bill that failed of passage at the last session of Congress, and intimated that in order to receive his support the new bill must specifically provide for a greatly increased rate of subsidies upon Pacific steamers. He said he would not favor a bill granting large subsidies to transatlantic liners. What he wants is a bill that will create new cargo-carrying lines across the Pacific.

Bartholdi, the sculptor of the Statue of Liberty, has made a colossal equestrian statue of Vercingetorix, the hero of Gaul, which is to be set up at Clermont-Ferrand, two hundred and fifty miles from Paris. The statue is fourteen feet high and sixteen feet long and weighs four tons. As it can not be conveyed by railroad, the experiment will be made of carrying it in one block by an automobile wagon from Paris.

## OLD FAVORITES.

An Imitation of Wordsworth.

There is a river clear and fair,  
'Tis neither broad nor narrow;  
It winds a little here and there—  
It winds about like any hare;  
And then it takes as straight a course  
As on the turnpike road a horse,  
Or through the air an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the shore,  
Have grown a hundred years or more;  
So long there is no knowing;  
Old Daniel Dobson does not know  
When first these trees began to grow;  
But still they grew, and grew, and grew,  
As if they'd nothing else to do,  
But ever to be growing.

Fix'd are their feet in solid earth,  
Where winds can never blow;  
But visitings of deeper birth  
Have reach'd their roots below.  
For they have gain'd the river's brink  
And of the living waters drink.

There's little Will, a five years child—  
He is my youngest boy;  
To look on eyes so fair and wild,  
It is a very joy:  
He hath conversed with sun and shower,  
And dwelt with every idle flower,  
As fresh and gay as them.  
He loiters with the briar rose,—  
The blue-helles are his play-fellows,  
That dance upon their slender stem.

And I have said, my little Will,  
Why should not he continue still  
A thing of Nature's rearing?  
A thing beyond the world's control—  
A living vegetable soul,  
No human sorrow fearing.

It were a blessed sight to see  
That child become a Willow-tree,  
His brother trees among.  
He be four times as tall as me,  
And live three times as long.  
—Catherine M. Fanshawe.

Calverley's Parody of Jean Ingelow's "Divided."

[The genial and loyal nature of the poet Jean Ingelow is illustrated by an incident of her friendship with Charles Calverley. The *Athenaeum* notes that this friendship enabled her to bear being very severely parodied by him without withdrawing her regard. "She had a great deal more to hear on that occasion than most people are aware of, for just before 'Fly-Leave's' went to press he happened to be staying in Lincolnshire in the same country house with her. He told her something about it during the afternoon, and said he should like her to read the bit about herself, and see if there was anything in it that she objected to. It came to her just as she was dressing for dinner. It was longer and much more severe than as it now stands, and she so very much objected to it that she could scarcely finish dressing or hear to meet him. 'However, I went down stairs,' she said, 'and you may imagine what an evening I spent.' He, however, partly saw and she partly told him how very much she disliked it—anyhow, he took the worst verses out. 'He preferred his friend to his poem,' was what she said."]

LOVERS, AND A REFLECTION.

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter  
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;  
Meaning, however, is no great matter)  
Where woods are a tremble, with rifts atween;

Thro' God's own heather we wonn'd together,  
I and my Willie (O love my love):  
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,  
And flitterbats waver'd alow, above:

Boats were curtseying, rising, howing  
(Boats in that climate are so polite),  
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing  
And O the sundazzle on hark and hight!

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,  
(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers;  
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,  
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours—

By rises that flush'd with their purple favors,  
Thro' hecks that rattled o'er grasses sheen,  
We walked and waded, we two young shavers,  
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,  
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,  
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly  
Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes.

Songbirds darted about, some inky  
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds;  
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—  
They reck of no eerie To-come, those birds!

But they skim over bents which the millstream washes,  
Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem;  
They need no paravols, no goloshes;  
And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.

Then we thrid God's cowslips (as erst his heather)  
That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms;  
And snapt—(it was perfectly charming weather)—  
Our fingers at Fate and her goddess-glooms:

And Willie 'gan sing (O, his notes were fluty;  
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-wing'd sea)—  
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,  
Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry":

Bowers of flowers encounter'd showers  
In William's carol—(O love my Willie!)  
Then he bade sorrow howl from blithe to morrow  
I quite forgot what—say a daffodilly:

A nest in a hollow, "with huds to follow,"  
I think occurred next in his nimble strain;  
And clay that was "kneaden" of course in Eden—  
A rhyme most novel, I do maintain:

Mists, bones, the singer himself, love-stories,  
And all least furlable things got "furl'd";  
Not with any design to conceal their "glories,"  
But simply and solely to rhyme with "world."

O, if hillows and pillows and hours and flowers,  
And all the have rhymes of an elder day,  
Could be furl'd together, their genial weather,  
And carted or carried on "wafts" away,  
Nor even again trotted out—ah me!  
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be!  
—Charles Stuart Calverley.



## CONGRESS OF PHYSIOLOGY.

It Meets at Turin, Italy—The Fifth Triennial Gathering—Several Hundred Scientists—Our Correspondent Tells of Its Deliberations.

The Fifth Triennial International Congress of Physiology convened here this month numbered two hundred and thirty-eight congressists, the largest that has yet assembled in this association, and there were offered one hundred and eighty-seven communications for discussion.

Biology is the most important of the studies that man has undertaken. In its broadest sense it embraces every study, for the reason that the science of life is at the bottom of all the sciences. The branch designated "physiology" is perhaps the most important of all the branches, because it aims to conserve the physical powers of man, and thus furnish abundance and keen quality of mental force. Psychology, which is being studied energetically at present, is but a branch of physiology, although it is listed as a separate division of biology.

There is special interest, then, in an international physiological congress. Representatives of the press are not permitted to report the proceedings or publish any of the papers read. The reasons for this are obvious: Many of the papers are reports of investigations in progress, and are intended only to enlist assistance in the research. Few of the communications are considered to be final, and if they are, the original investigator is thus permitted to furnish his own work for publication where and when he wills, and to read the proofs and make the necessary corrections himself.

It will be interesting, however, to many to know which countries are contributing most to the researches of the moment. The number of delegates to any one congress does not show this accurately. Facility for reaching the meeting has much to do with the number attracted from each country. The present congress, being held in Turin, in the northern part of Italy, naturally draws many Italians, Swiss, French, Germans, Austrians, and other continentals, but is too far from the United States and Japan, and even from England, for representations of these nationalities in keeping with their interest in the subject. Yet England stands fourth in the list of delegates and third in the number of communications, owing to the energetic interest of Sir Michael Foster, who has just been honored with the permanent honorary presidency of the international association in recognition of his distinguished assistance in organizing the association.

To this present congress Italy sends 101 delegates; France, 41; Germany and Austria, 30; England and the United States, 28; Russia, 9; Switzerland, 8; Belgium, 6; Roumania, 4; Japan, Denmark, Greece, and Sweden, 2 each; Spain, 1; and Buenos Ayres, 1; a total of 238.

All of these did not present communications. Many came to listen and ask questions. Some of the congressists offered several papers or demonstrations each. Professor Marey, "Président de la Commission Internationale de Contrôle des Instruments Enregistreurs et d'Unification des Méthodes en Physiologie" (Paris), bringing no less than five reports. The communications were divided, nationally, as follows: 44 Italians brought 70 items; 29 Frenchmen, 42; 15 Germans, 19; 10 English, 17; 6 Belgians, 9; 6 Swiss, 6; 7 Russians, 9; 5 Americans, 4; 2 Greeks and 2 Roumanians, 1 each; Japan, Spain, and Denmark ending the list with one new idea from each country. Although the sessions were divided, and continued late, it was not possible to hear all of the communications within the five days of the congress. Preference was given to visual demonstrations, and it was decided by the committee that only these would be received at the future meetings, unless of such importance as to require full discussion.

International science congresses, as they are now being conducted, show that branches of study are being subdivided into specialties more and more each year. Attendance at the various sessions in Turin was like that in a court of justice, where many cases are tried in quick succession. Congressists scanned the "docket" each morning, and attended only the readings or demonstrations that bore on their specialty, using the rest of the time in the corridors or antechambers discussing their specialties with others of the same mind and interest. One of the great ones among the delegates, an authority recognized internationally, told me that he "doubted if any of those present, except the teachers of general physiology, could pass a student's examination satisfactorily." An author, whose work is in use in most of the medical colleges, when asked a question about the relative value of foods, replied: "Please look in my book, you will find it there, but I have forgotten it. If I were to burden my mind with particulars that are on record, I would have no thought left for further inquiry." The same authority, in speaking of the benefits of the congresses, said: "If each one of the two hundred or more congressists carries away one new suggestion from each meeting, it is like seeds carried by the wind to be planted in fertile soil. It is by these means that science is being developed as rapidly as it is." One of the invitees of the congress was not a physiologist, and not even a doctor of medicine, but he had devoted himself to one branch of the study of nutrition, and was seemingly as welcome as any.

A noticeable feature of this congress was the growing interest in internationalizing scientific work. The election of Sir Michael Foster to be permanent honorary president of the International Association of Physiologists was a graceful and harmonious act. He is deeply interested in internationalizing things in general as much as possible, and especially in fraternalizing English and American efforts as a part of the general harmony. Not only is this interest of Sir Michael's centered in the branch of science that engages him especially, but it extends to a union of the academies, so-called. These are the united institutions which embrace all branches of research and study.

Willingness on the part of American scientists is evidenced by the hearty cooperation of Professor Henry Pickering Bowditch, of Harvard University, who is dean of the American physiologists. This being distinctly a scientific age, and all questions being submitted to scientific investigation before being popularly accepted, it is by no means extravagant to predict that this harmonizing movement of Sir Michael's may lead to more solid good results than the manifestation at The Hague.

Intercommunication among the members of the learned societies is not a difficult matter. Many of them speak several modern languages, and all are able to resort to mother Greek or mother Latin in case of need, all their technical terms being taken from these languages.

The congress opened its sessions two days after we heard the news of the death of President McKinley. As a mark of universal respect for the American hereafterment, Professor Mosso omitted his inaugural address, and called Professor Bowditch to the chair to preside over the first session. Interest in the martyr President's case was naturally keen among the members, for its conduct touched the integrity of their profession, but they were very cautious about expressing an opinion. The uncertainty of physiological processes is well understood by the men who make the books on the subject, and they are less confident than students or young doctors who think they know all that is to be known when they have committed the books to memory.

Turin is an ideal place for congresses of this sort, owing to the superb equipment of the university in scientific apparatus. The Italian Government is also liberal in the matter of endowment of science. It is now installing an experiment station for biological research on Monte Rosa, to which the students of any nation will be admitted on equal terms with Italians. Another experiment station is contemplated at sea level at Venice, but the latter is started by private initiative. The subject of greatest importance in everything is nutrition, as much so in human physiology as in any other expression of life, and yet it remains a more confused problem than any that we know of.

The first aim of the Venice station will be to study nutrition problems, and their relation to the predisposing causes of disease. The situation of Venice is ideal for such a work. The climate is normally temperate and equable on a sea-level basis, and yet it is only four to five hours from high altitudes and perpetual ice and snow. Healthy in its own local conditions, beyond comparison with any but the most favored cities, it is only a few hours from marshy inlets of the sea where malaria is as plentiful as in any of the jungles of Africa. These latter plague-spots will serve the Venetian station as testing-grounds for immunity from disease or otherwise. Venice is likewise the most central point in Europe as well as the geographical centre of civilization. It is equidistant between San Francisco, to the westward, and Japan, to the eastward; between London, to the northward, and Cairo and Constantinople, to the southward and south-eastward. Since the extension of Austrian and Hungarian influence in the Balkan Peninsula, and the election of German princes to Balkan thrones, Venice is becoming again the centre of world interest that she was under the serene republic. The representation of Greece and Roumania in the congress shows the tendency of things about a Venetian centre as revealed by scientific manifestation.

It was a Greek physiologist, Professor Nicolaidis, of Athens, who produced one of the leading sensations of this particular congress. The *vagus* nerves have always been considered essential to life. To remove both has always been considered equivalent to death; yet Professor Nicolaidis showed two fine-looking hounds in which the *vagi* had been completely severed. That they were healthy was demonstrated by placing before them howls of meat which they devoured in a perfectly dog-like manner. One of the wondering physiologists who sat next to me during the demonstration cried out in lieu of applause: "What next?" and he voiced the general attitude of the profession toward the revelations that science is constantly springing on the student.

Invitations were received from three cities for the next meeting, in 1904—Brussels, Athens, and Heidelberg competing for the honor—but Brussels was chosen and her invitation accepted. It imposes on Brussels a considerable responsibility, as the attendance is steadily increasing and

the entertainment given the congressists has been progressively liberal, so that they are no longer the modest, scholarly affairs they aimed to be in the beginning. The meeting at Cambridge, England, three years ago, met princely entertainment, but the sessions just closed at Turin have been held to the accompaniment of a royal welcome. Those who know the enthusiasm of the president of the present congress, Professor Angelo Mosso, of the University of Turin, and are acquainted with the accustomed hospitality of Northern Italians, will not be surprised to learn that Turin extended a generous welcome to the visiting *savants* from many nations. The city was made free to them as effectually as if they had been provided with bunches of keys to everything, and the receptions tendered by the city authorities themselves, at the "Municipio" and at the "Castello Medievale," were splendid supplements to those given by Professor and Signora Mosso at the Arts Club and by the Turin Medical Association at their head-quarters. Even the weather of Turin, which is not celebrated for its amiability or reliability, behaved itself perfectly during the five days of the congress, but could not contain itself longer to permit of an excursion to Aosta, to visit the Roman remains and medieval castles there, which had been planned.

TURIN, October, 1901.

HORACE FLETCHER.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

Filipinos and Chinese.

MANILA, September 19th, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I read an editorial in one of the late numbers of your esteemed paper regarding Filipino labor, and the projected scheme of its utilization in Hawaii, with the accompanying menace to American labor at home. Permit me to state that you need have no fear of Filipino labor competing with any country.

It would be impossible for any corporation to hold forth enough inducements for Filipinos to forsake the land of *manaña*, gambling, and cock fighting: these are the staple industries of these islands. The Filipino is not a laborer, he is either a gambler or a pirate, sometimes both. I have lived here for three years past, and traveled through all the islands of the group; I surely ought to know a little of the Filipino character. The question of admitting coolie labor to these islands will come before the next session of Congress, and it is absolutely necessary that Chinese should be admitted if the Philippines are to be of any commercial value.

We are unable to compete with adjoining colonies on account of wages. Chinese ship-carpenters in Manila are paid one dollar and fifty cents (Mexican) per day, the same class of labor is paid sixty cents per day in Hong Kong. Few vessels will dock here for repairs when the work can be done for nearly one-third the price in a three days' run from this port. The same condition of affairs exists in other lines of business. Capitalists have visited Manila and gone away without doing any business, as they could not figure on the labor problem. No great enterprises will start here until we admit Chinese. The Filipino will not work. White labor can not work here. The Chinaman is the most industrious of all Oriental races, and his labor is cheap, and we must have cheap labor if we are going to get into the markets of the world with the products of these islands. This statement is liable to disturb the Fourth-of-July orator, who stays at home with the "Constitution," but not those Americans who are here, and are not being fed on sentimental rot and are not playing to the galleries. A. A.

[The foregoing is based upon various warnings in the *Argonaut*, to the effect that "coolie labor from the Philippines" would come in contact with white labor here. By "coolie" labor we meant not only Filipinos, but other Asiatics as well. The number of Filipinos is limited, and they may be lazy. But the number of Chinese is unlimited, and they are not lazy at all. We have pointed out the danger that the Philippines and Hawaii would be made stepping-stones for coolies on their way to California; also, that capitalists would use them as conveniences wherein to establish factories manned by Chinese coolie labor, with which to undersell the products of our free white labor. The very frank statement of this Manila writer, "A. A.," corroborates our statements.—Ens.]

Ouida, whose temper is none of the mildest, is enraged over an unauthorized dramatization of her novel, "Wanda." "Personally," she says, "I respect the footpad who takes a watch more than I do the dramatist who uses my ideas. There is no excuse for the *lacuna* in the legislation of England which makes such an injury possible. I believe it is already unlawful to reproduce on the stage the dialogue of a novel; but this prohibition is wholly inadequate, and there are many ways of evading it."

The gun sights and other fittings of the British first-class battle-ship *Magnificent*, flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir William Acland, second in command of the channel squadron, were recently cast into the sea at Berehaven, Ireland, by members of the crew in order to bring about the righting of grievances of which the crew complain.



From "The Golden Chimney," by Elizabeth Gerberding. Published by A. M. Robertson.



## NAPOLEON'S SON.

How Paris Celebrated the Birth of the King of Rome—The Emperor as an Adoring Father—Marie Louise's Unfaithfulness—Her Child's Devotion to His Father's Memory.

Edmond Rostand's historical play, "L'Aiglon," which was produced here last spring by Sarah Bernhardt, has awakened new interest in the life of Napoleon's son, who has been known in turn as King of Rome, Little Bonaparte, Prince Imperial, Napoleon the Second, and Francis, Duke of Reichstadt. In Miss H. A. Guerher's volume on the "Empresses of France" we get a charming collection of authentic anecdotes of the duke's childhood in Paris, which present Napoleon in the light of an indulgent father, who idolized his only child. The emperor's divorce from Josephine and second marriage to Marie Louise having been effected solely for the sake of an heir, he was, of course, very anxious to see this wish fulfilled, and was therefore overjoyed about the middle of August, 1810, when the court physician announced that the empress was in a fair way to crown his hopes:

Although this news was not officially proclaimed until late in November, it was too good a secret to keep, and gradually leaked out; but while no notice could be taken of it until formally confirmed, all were ready with congratulatory speeches on the anniversary of the coronation and of Austerlitz, when a solemn *Te Deum* was sung. Some writers aver that the first official intimation of the coming event was given by Napoleon, at Fontainebleau, immediately after the christening of Hortense's third son, who was to succeed him on the imperial throne. The emperor then pointedly remarked to the assembled guests: "I trust, ere long, we shall have another baptism."

The birth of the emperor's child being a matter of national interest, the public was informed that the first symptoms of parturition would be announced by the ringing of the church bells, while the conclusion would be proclaimed by the cannon of the Invalides, twenty-one salvos being fired for a girl, and one hundred and one for a boy:

On the nineteenth of March, 1811, the church bells suddenly began pealing, so all night long the churches were full of devout people, eagerly praying for the safe arrival of the longed-for heir. As custom requires the presence of a certain number of witnesses to testify to the legitimacy of royal offspring, the physician, nurse, four court ladies, and two chambermaids remained in the empress's apartment all night, while Napoleon, his family, and officials waited in adjoining rooms. From time to time, the emperor stole softly to his wife's bedside to hold her hand, and encourage her gently; but when she fell asleep in the early morning, the attendant physicians declared his presence would not be required for some time. Napoleon, therefore, withdrew to his dressing-room, where he proceeded to take a bath to refresh himself after his long vigil. But, while he was thus engaged, the door suddenly burst open, and the distracted physician rushed in, declaring that the empress was again in pain, for unexpected complications had arisen. Napoleon, seeing the physician had lost his presence of mind, so indispensable at that moment, immediately exclaimed, in the most re-assuring way: "Come, come, M. Duhois, don't lose your head. Save the mother; think of her only. Just imagine you are attending the wife of some shopkeeper on the Rue St. Denis. You can not do any more for her than for anybody else; but, whatever happens, consider the mother first. I will follow you immediately!"

Somewhat braced by these instructions, the physician now hastened back to his patient, closely followed by the emperor, who had not even taken time to dry himself, and was only half-clothed:

At sight of his wife's suffering, the man who had never quailed on the field of battle in the midst of dead and dying, suddenly turned fearfully pale. But even his presence of mind did not entirely desert him, for, while kissing and comforting Marie Louise, he encouraged her attendants to do all they could for her speedy relief. But when all were at work, and his presence superfluous, once more he did—what many another brave man has done—turned and fled. After the birth of the babe at eight-forty that morning, Marie Louise lay in such a critical condition that the child was hastily put down on the floor, where it remained, blue, lifeless, and unheeded. Without a look at, or a question concerning his eagerly expected heir, Napoleon kissed his wife, speaking affectionately to her. But Mme. de Montesquieu and the others, finally released from their duties, began to rub the inanimate child, forced a few drops of brandy down his throat, and worked to such good purpose that at the end of seven minutes a lusty cry proclaimed him very much alive.

At the first sound, Napoleon pounced like an eagle upon his son and heir, took him in his arms, kissed him rapturously, and, rushing to the door, exultantly exhibited him to the expectant throng in the neighboring room:

A second later, the child was again in the hands of his startled attendants, and Napoleon, finding his presence in the sick room unwelcome, now passed on to his own apartment, where he gave the signal for general congratulations by exclaiming: "Well, sirs, we have a fine strong boy! He had to be coaxed a bit before he would put in an appearance, but he came at last!" Then, a wave of recollection coming even in the midst of his exultation, he added, in moved tones: "Dear wife, how brave she has been and how she has suffered! I had rather never have another child than see her suffer like this again." This impression, so natural under the circumstances, was, however, never to pass away, and as the physicians later told him that another birth would probably cost his wife's life, we are informed that Napoleon never even wished for other children, but was satisfied with the sole heir upon whose precious life he built all his hopes for the future.

The church bells had proclaimed that the expected infant would soon appear, so a dense but noiseless crowd collected in the Tuileries garden at early dawn, and gazed eagerly up at the empress's window, waiting, with hated breath, for some sign of the expected news:

Napoleon, standing behind the curtain of Marie Louise's room, looked down upon a sea of upturned faces, and saw the start which welcomed the first boom of the Invalides' cannon. No sound save the hearty reverberation of the mighty guns, and the breathless, unanimous counting of the multitude, could now be heard on the vast square. But when the twenty-one shots were followed by others, and no doubt remained that a son had been born in the Tuileries, the crowd simply went mad with joy, ceased counting, and cheered so lustily that tears coursed down the emperor's cheeks. Napoleon's servant, speaking of this thrilling moment, declares: "Glory never made him shed a single tear, but the bliss of being a father touched the soul which the most brilliant victories and the most sincere testimonies of public admiration had left almost unmoved."

At ten-thirty, Mme. Blanchard, the famous aeronaut, went up in a balloon, carrying huge supplies of papers announcing the birth of Napoleon's heir:

These she tossed out by the handful, thus scattering abroad the news which cannon and signal telegraph were doing their best to publish far and wide. Everywhere the joyful tidings were welcomed with the same extravagant demonstrations of joy. The news soon reached Josephine at Navarre, where she warmly exclaimed: "The emperor must be very happy, and I, too, rejoice over his happiness, rejoice to see the wishes of the French fulfilled at last! I am reaping the fruit of my painful sacrifice, since it insures the prosperity of France. I regret being so far

away from Paris. If I were at Malmaison I would have frequent and speedy tidings."

Her son Eugène, who had been summoned to Paris to be one of the required official witnesses of the birth of the emperor's heir, left immediately after the event for Navarre, and the emperor said:

"You are going to see your mother, Eugène; tell her that I am sure she will rejoice more than any one else over my happiness. I would already have written to her, had I not been absorbed by the pleasure of gazing at my son. I tear myself away from him only for indispensable duties. But this evening I will fulfill the sweetest of all, by writing to Josephine." True to that promise, he wrote to Josephine, sending the following lines by a special messenger: "My dear, I have received your letter, and thank you. My son is large and very healthy. I hope he will thrive. He has my chest, my mouth, and my eyes. I trust he will be equal to his destiny. I am always well pleased with Eugène, who has never caused me any sorrow." This letter, wherein her son was mentioned as affectionately as his own, overjoyed Josephine, who rewarded the messenger by giving him a magnificent diamond ring. According to other authorities, however, Napoleon's letter concluded with the still more flattering sentence: "This infant, in concert with our Eugène, will consolidate my happiness and that of France."

The formal baptism of the royal baby took place on June 7th, at Notre Dame:

On this occasion, the King of Rome, with his governess and nurse, occupied the place of honor in the procession in the great glass coach, his imperial parents, sumptuously attired, following in a more modest equipage. The ceremony, which was as imposing as possible, took place at 7 P. M., the slanting rays of the setting sun falling down upon the group at the font. As soon as the christening ceremony was over, the governess handed the infant to the empress, who held him while the herald gave the signal for cheering, by crying loudly: "Long live the King of Rome!" But Marie Louise was always afraid of the baby, and held him so awkwardly that Napoleon, fearing all the people might not have a good look at him, suddenly seized the boy himself, and held him high above his head in the dazzling sunbeam, his eye resting proudly upon the tiny figure, the centre of attraction on this momentous occasion.

When the royal couple lunched, the little king was always brought in and the emperor held him on his knee while he ate:

During this meal he played with the boy, dipping his fingers in the gravy, letting the child suck them, laughing uproariously over his grimaces and smeared face, and deriding the governess whenever she objected to any of these rash performances. In fact, the emperor adored his son, who, in spite of rough caresses, became devoted to him and was generally good-tempered when with him. People soon discovered that Napoleon was never so accessible as at this hour, when he seldom refused any petition—a fact soon noted by those who craved favors. They, therefore, made Mme. de Montesquieu their spokeswoman. She, and the prefect of the palace—who waited upon their majesties—were the only outsiders present at these family parties, during which Marie Louise idly watched her husband play with the child whom she was afraid to handle, and who openly preferred his governess to her.

Marie Louise, although not a fond mother, was, however, proud of her son's undeniable beauty and cleverness, and when Napoleon was not too busy, she often went with the boy to his study for brief calls:

As the entrance of this study was forbidden to all outsiders, the nurse always placed the little King of Rome in her arms at the door, and Napoleon, knowing the insecurity of her grasp, invariably sprang forward as soon as he saw her take the child herself. He was thus often seen at his desk, his son on his knee, or reading, while the child, played or slept beside him, and sometimes both stretched out on the floor, the emperor working out strategic problems with colored blocks, which his son promptly knocked over with his tiny hands, mistaking them for mere toys set up for his amusement.

To gratify the oft-expressed wish of his divorced wife, Napoleon arranged that she should see the King of Rome at the Trianon:

This visit was kept secret, however, as any mention of Josephine was sure to produce a fit of sulkeness on the part of Marie Louise, who was violently jealous of her predecessor. It was so successful, however, that it seems to have been renewed from time to time, until the child was old enough to speak. He was evidently fascinated by Josephine, and once begged her to come and live with him. When she sadly answered that she could not do so, he wonderingly inquired: "Why not, since both papa and I wish it?"

When Napoleon departed on his expedition to Russia, in May, 1812, Marie Louise commissioned Gerard to paint the picture of her little son:

When finished, it was forwarded to Russia, where the emperor spent his birthday, in the midst of the army, and where it reached him on the eve of the Battle of Borodino. Such was the emperor's impatience to behold this new effigy of his idolized son that he could scarcely wait until the box was unpacked, and, seizing the picture, set it up with his own hands on a chair before him. Then he openly gloated over the boy, who was represented playing with a cup and ball, to which the painter had artfully given an illusive resemblance to a globe and sceptre, thus enhancing the whole representation by a subtle touch of allegory. Napoleon was so proud of this portrait that he called in all of his staff to view it, and said: "Gentlemen, you may be sure that if my son were fifteen years old, he would be here in person among so many brave men, and not in effigy only." Then, longing to share his joy with all the army, he had the picture put in front of his tent, where it was stared at with all the open-mouthed admiration that even the grim old grenadiers felt for the ideally beautiful child of their beloved chief. On the morrow, when the battle was imminent, this innocent child-face seemed out of place amid the coming carnage, so Napoleon entrusted it to an officer, saying gently: "Take it away and guard it carefully; be sure a field of battle too soon." But when he arrived in Moscow, the picture was again unpacked, and placed, by his order, in his bedroom.

After an absence of seven months, Napoleon returned from his disastrous Russian expedition, seeming more devoted than ever to his son, who could now both walk and talk. But Napoleon, indulgent as he was to this only child, was anxious to train him properly:

When the boy once ran into his study, and clambered up into his lap without heeding some gentlemen assembled in council there—he had been taught to kiss his hand and make a bow—Napoleon sternly pushed him aside, and said: "You did not make your bow, sire! Come, greet these gentlemen properly." The baby king now ducked his curly head and kissed his dimpled hand with infantile grace, and the proud father, catching him up in his arms, joyfully cried: "Well, gentlemen, I trust no one will ever say I neglect my son's education. You see he already knows his manners!"

Aware of his deep love for his child, many petitioners tried to win a hearing through him:

The King of Rome soon learned that the rolls of paper they held were intended for him. He, therefore, collected them eagerly, and tied them all up in a bundle to carry into his father's study, where he proudly delivered them all into his keeping. Once, looking out of his window, he was deeply impressed by the sight of a small boy in deep mourning among the petitioners. In answer to his many questions, his governess explained that the little boy was all dressed in black because his father had died in Spain, fighting for the emperor, and that he was now asking for a pension, so that he and his mamma should have enough to eat. This pitiful story so impressed the baby king that he eagerly seized the roll of paper the boy tendered. But, instead of tying it up in the bundle with the others, as usual, he kept it care-

fully apart. On the morrow, when delivering the petitions, he gave Napoleon the bundle first, and then, climbing up into his lap, cried: "Here, papa, here is the petition of a little boy. His papa died for your sake, and his mamma asks for a pension because she is very poor, and feels so badly." Needless to state, that petition was granted!

The emperor loved to have his boy with him, indoors or out:

Sometimes he played blindman's bluff with him on the lawn, where an occasional tumble called forth peals of laughter from both. Sometimes, too, he would give the little king his hat and sword, and lie in the grass, watching him strut to and fro in his borrowed trappings. But often the sight of this little child called forth remarks such as the one he made to the Duke of Gaete at Compiègne, saying: "Behold a child who would have been far happier to have been born a private individual with a moderate income!" In speaking thus, Napoleon was, of course, referring to the child's probable destiny, so different, after all, from his real career!

Before long, the King of Rome grew accustomed to his father's rough handling—which he bore without a whimper—and to his queer caresses and noisy demonstrations:

So his governess felt no fear whatever when the emperor once took him to a grand review, and, setting him astride his horse, in front of him, presented him thus to the soldiers, who gave him a rousing cheer. When Marie Louise inquired on their return whether the child had been frightened, Napoleon scornfully exclaimed: "Afraid! Of course not! He knew he was in the midst of his father's friends!" This reply, coming to the ears of the soldiers, filled their hearts with just pride, and, when called upon to cry: "*Vive le roi!*" ("Long live the king!") two years later, many of them used to cry heartily: "*Vive le Roi de Rome et son petit papa!*" ("Long live the King of Rome and his little father!"), the conclusion being, of course, only muttered behind their bristling mustaches.

On the twenty-ninth of March, 1812, when the French troops had been repeatedly defeated, and the allied forces were marching on Paris, Marie Louise, at the advice of Jerome Bonaparte, and in the absence of Napoleon, prepared to leave for Rambouillet:

The three-year-old king, who had been brought to his mother equipped for the journey, but whom the unwonted bustle and noise troubled and confused, caught a word here and there which mysteriously alarmed him. An unusually precocious child, he began to ponder over them, and when, shortly before twelve, a move was finally made, he suddenly burst into a passion of tears, and, clinging convulsively to doors and railings, obstinately refused to leave the palace, screaming in his terror: "Don't go to Rambouillet. It is an ugly old castle. Let us stay here. I don't want to leave my house. I don't want to go away. Now that papa is absent, I am master here!" Reasoning, bribery, and persuasion proving equally unavailing, one of the officers seized the struggling child to carry him down to the waiting carriage, his governess following closely, to unclasp the baby fingers which clutched frantically at every object in reach. This stormy scene on the part of a child whom they had never seen otherwise than gentle and obedient, struck many of the spectators as an evil omen, and since then many people have wondered whether this vehement protest was not prophetic instinct on the part of the baby King of Rome, who was leaving forever the palace where his birth had been welcomed with rapture three years before.

Three days after Napoleon's departure for Elba, on the twenty-third of April, Marie Louise set out for Austria. Through the machinations of Metternich, Count Nipperg soon won complete control over her, so that when Napoleon made his escape from Elba and his marvelous march to Paris, he found his wife unwilling to return to him:

The vague rumor of an imperial plot to kidnap the little King of Rome caused his sudden removal from Schönbrunn to Vienna, where he was placed under the personal care of the Emperor of Austria. Apartments adjoining those of Francis were allotted to the child, who thenceforth spent many hours of every day in his grandfather's study, where he became a great pet. It was well that the King of Rome's grandfather loved him dearly, for he was now separated from his beloved governess, Mama Quiou. She had cared for him faithfully ever since his birth, and was dismissed merely because she taught him to honor and pray for his father, and would fain have seen them together once more. Fearing lest some base attempt might be made upon the life of her precious charge, and treacherously ascribed to her, Mme. de Montesquieu absolutely refused to surrender the King of Rome until she received a written order from the Emperor of Austria, and a medical certificate testifying that the boy left her hands in perfect mental and physical condition. This separation, which almost broke poor Mama Quiou's heart, was also intensely painful to the sensitive little king, who became silent and melancholy, looked askance at his German attendants, and clung pathetically to Mme. Marchand, the last of his French friends.

To Napoleon's friend, Méneval, at their last meeting, Marie Louise declared that "all connection between me and France is about to be severed, but I will never forget that adopted country":

Méneval's visit to the little king was far more satisfactory, however; for, although the child seemed melancholy and constrained, and hardly answered his questions at first, he drew Méneval into a window niche before his departure, and, making sure they would not be overheard, eagerly whispered: "M. Méneval, tell him I still love him dearly!"

After the Battle of Waterloo, it will be remembered that the emperor abdicated in favor of his son, but this was futile, for Napoleon Second figures in history merely as a matter of courtesy. Banished to St. Helena, Napoleon spent six years of martyrdom there, and passed away on May 5, 1821:

The person who mourned Napoleon most sincerely was the son who had parted from him in babyhood, and who received the tidings at Schönbrunn, on the twenty-second of July, 1821. Although only ten years old, the boy melted into tears, and his grief had an intensity and duration seldom seen in a child. The Austrian emperor, who wisely concealed nothing from him, now allowed him and his attendants to wear mourning, an outward mark of respect which he could not avoid. The devotion of the Duke of Reichstadt, as he was now called, to his father's memory increased instead of diminished as time went on, for the imaginative lad pondered deeply on all he saw and heard, and he lived only in hopes of carrying out the glorious plans his father had made. Debarred from all intercourse with the Bonapartes, or with his father's friends, he never received any of the tokens left him, but eagerly perused the memoir written by Napoleon's attendants, and thus learned how his father had lived and died in St. Helena, and received his last messages and instructions. A reserved, silent lad, the Duke of Reichstadt seldom spoke of his own feelings; but although filial in his behavior to Marie Louise when she visited him yearly in Vienna, he never showed her a tinge of the passionate affection and devotion he felt for his dead father.

Here we must end our quotations. Rostand's "L'Aiglon" deals with the subsequent events of the duke's career—his social *début*, his short service in the Austrian army, his aspirations, his illness from consumption, and his early and pathetic death. It is true that to construct this remarkable play Rostand cleverly used all a poet's license, touching up high lights, darkening shadows, magnifying trifling occurrences to obtain dramatic climaxes, and deviating somewhat from history, when it would best serve his consummate art.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.



LITERARY NOTES.

A Novel of Naples.

"The Land of Cockayne" is the first volume to appear in the English edition of the novels of the Italian realist, Matilde Serao. Ranking with d'Annunzio in her own country, in America doubtless Signora Serao will take a high place, for, judging by this first volume, her works will bear translation well. The atmosphere she creates is not lost in another tongue. It is still Neapolitan. It pervades the scenes. It is part and parcel of all the characters.

The story is a study of the passion for gambling as it exists in Naples to-day. Rich and poor alike fall under the fatal spell of the lottery. The picture is a squalid one, for its subject is one of the most unlovely passions of a debased humanity. The author shows how inevitably the vice of gambling develops that which is most sordid, base, and evil in its victims, and brings them eventually to the lowest depths of poverty and crime. Frankly, "The Land of Cockayne" is not pleasant reading. There are many scenes which are horrible and depressing to a degree; but the picture of Neapolitan life is a vivid one, and will doubtless fascinate, though it can not charm.

For those who have a desire to know something of the author, it may be said that Signora Serao is the wife of one of the leading journalists of Naples, Edouard Scarfoglio. She is editor of one of his daily papers—the *Mattino di Napoli*. She was born in Greece, where her parents were temporarily residing, in 1857. For many years she has been connected with newspaper work, which she has carried on in addition to her short-story and novel writing. Her style is modeled on that of the French novelists. Traces of Balzac, Bourget, and Zola are recognizable in her stories—particularly in the earlier ones. It remains to be seen whether "The Land of Cockayne" will win her popularity in this country.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Charles F. Lummis's "Out West."

In the October number of the *Land of Sunshine*, the editor, Charles F. Lummis, makes this welcome announcement:

"Having served a patient and faithful apprenticeship of seven and a half years, having fought long and hard and up-hill to win the sort of standing it cared for, this magazine now feels entitled to take the forward step it has constantly had in view. With the January number (opening its sixteenth volume) the magazine will be again enlarged—this time to "standard" magazine size; the size, that is, of *Harper's* and *Scribner's* and the *Century*. There will be an even more notable enlargement of its scope. It has already begun simultaneous publication in Los Angeles and San Francisco; and it will cover the whole Pacific Coast and the entire West, with all they stand for. In entering upon the wider arena, it will adopt a broader name. The title which fitted its beginnings is now outgrown, and the time for a re-christening has come. From and after the January number the magazine will be *Out West*; with motto and sub-title tersely indicating the larger field it believes it has earned the right to take for its own."

"It will mean to be the magazine not only of the West—its freedom and its strength and its culture—but of the new world-movement, the prophecy so long ago uttered by Seward and now in actual process of realization—the opening and control of the Pacific. The only serious magazine in the whole West—that is, in more than half the total area of the United States—it believes itself to be the logical candidate for this place; and it will try to fill it. Without losing a whit of its freedom, vigor, and individuality, it will extend its fences. It will continue the serious work in Western history and science which have made it indispensable to scholars and libraries, and will do that work better. It will add many features worth adding; and will appeal to a much larger constituency. It will be the standard-bearer of what it believes to be the right solution of the most tremendous problems this half of the United States has ever faced; and it will reach out to problems that can not much longer be dodged by either the business or the scholarship of the country at large. For the world's greatest ocean is to be the world's greatest highway; and the Pacific Coast is the American door to it."

New Publications.

"Heather's Mistress," by Amy Le Feuvre, is a quiet story of life in rural England and in London, with two sisters of contrasting impulses as the leading figures. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The French Revolution and Religious Reform," by William Milligan Sloane, is an account of ecclesiastical legislation, and its influence on affairs in France from 1789 to 1804. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

"A Lighthouse Village," by Louise Lyndon Sibley, is a story made up of a series of sketches of New England life. It is the work of one who knows the people well, and who has a quick eye for the effective use of odd bits. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Politics and passion are the controlling motives in "The Supreme Surrender," by A. Maurice Low. The woman who marries a man she does not love, to save the one she does love from pursuing her and

endangering his political career, is the victim of the great sacrifice. Some parts of the book are well done, but as a whole it is neither impressive nor pleasing. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The art of basket-making in all its branches is fully described in "How to Make Baskets," by Mary White. It is technical and practical in the way of instruction, but it is interesting as well and a storehouse of information connected with the subject. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The fifth edition of "A History of Greece for High Schools and Academies," by George Willis Botsford, has just come from the press. It is favored by students and teachers alike for its comprehensive view, its methodical arrangement, and its numerous illustrations and maps. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.20.

A charming story of child-life in France in the closing years of the seventeenth century and in the wilderness of the New World, is told in "Margot," by Millicent E. Maoo. There are some interesting facts of history woven into the tale, and in every way the book is to be commended. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

There are five hundred and sixty pages in Robert Barr's latest novel, "The Victors," but it is not too long, for it tells a good story of American life. Politics and love-making are the powerful motives of the novel, but the character-drawing is good, there is no little humor, and the action is vigorous and in direct lines. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A general view of the legal condition of women in the United States is given in "Woman and the Law," by George James Bayles. It is not intended to serve as a compendium of legal procedure, but is a serious consideration of woman as affected by the law in her domestic relations, her property relations, and her public relations. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.40.

That famous mythical poet of childhood was never better illustrated than in "Deoslow's Mother Goose," which gives the time-honored rhymes in bold lettering, and accompanies them with faithful, brilliantly colored pictures by W. W. Denslow. It is a book that will make glad many hearts during the approaching holidays. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Soul of a Cat, and Other Stories," by Margaret Benson, tells of forlorn kittens and their proud parents; of various kinds of dogs, all worthy; of fowls and birds not often made familiar, but full of interest. It is a wise and kindly book, with some evasive qualities that will find appreciation with all lovers of animals. Its illustrations are better than portraits. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

"Jingles from Japan, as Set Forth by the Ghinks," is a holiday book of rhymes and pictures, printed in colors on Japanese paper, with flexible covers, silk stitched. Mabel Hyde is the author of the verses, which appertain in an erratic style to many distinctive features of the Flowery Kingdom. Helen Hyde has drawn the pictures, and they are artistically justified, even did they not add savor to the jingles. Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, 75 cents.

The "curious, profound, and intimate side" of the inhabitants of the hive is treated by Maurice Maeterlinck, in his "The Life of the Bee," in a most attractive manner. It is never opposed to scientific accuracy, but it is more fanciful, more philosophic, more genially discursive, and more entertaining than any technical account could be. It may be commended to all book-lovers who delight in nature studies. Alfred Sutro is the translator of the work. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

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INTAGLIOS.

The Means and the End.

I send you roses—red, like love,  
And white, like death, sweet friend:  
Born in your bosom to rejoice,  
Languish, and pine, and end.

If the white roses tell of death,  
Let the red roses mend  
The talk with true stories of love  
Unchanging to the end.

Red and white roses, love and death—  
What else is left to send?  
For what is life but love, the means,  
And death, dear heart, the end?  
—W. E. Henley in *North American Review*.

The Better Heritage.

Gray twilight on the sea and on the land;  
The time of stars not yet, and day's sweet sky  
Bereft of sun as heart of heart's supply.  
Slow pacing still the melancholy strand,  
"O let me live," I wept, "or let me die—  
Escape this death in life!" Then one drew  
oigh.

"The fool's word,—death," he said, and took my  
hand;  
And ere I was aware on alien land.

'Neath alien skies, I stood, and knew it mine.  
Awful and dear; a land of time and sense,  
Of wind-flower on the rock, and forests dense,  
Sun-radiant heights, and 'dman eyes' soft  
shine;—

Where heart might love, hands labor, soul di-  
vise,  
Flesh veiled, new splendors of Omnipotence.

—Mary Applewhite Bacon in *November Harper's Magazine*.

Sea in Autumn.

I know how all the hollows of the land  
Are bright with harvest; how with every breeze  
Her largest autumn scatters from the trees,  
And how the sheaves are piled on every hand.  
Basks the brown earth; her toil hath bought her  
ease.

Here is the lesson, plain to understand.  
Yet there remaineth somewhat; pace the strand,  
And watch awhile the vast, the infertile seas.

Deeper than earth's their calm; from marge to marge  
Wide stretched they lie, untroubled by the need  
Of any fruitage; barren and content,  
They know the secret of a hope more large  
Than earth has guessed at; them a richer mead  
Than toil can win th' inscrutable heavens have sent.  
—C. A. Price in *November Atlantic Monthly*.

Gold and Gray.

I told you once, sweet wife, long years ago,  
When all our blood thrilled with a youthful glow,  
That in the whole wide world naught could compare  
To the wild glory of your golden hair.

Now a far other vision seems to rise.  
Nay! start not, dearest, with such wondering eyes.  
A deeper beauty I have learned to see:  
That silver-gray far dearer is to me.

—A. M. Orpen in *Chambers's Journal*.

The Unsuccessful.

It was not through our idleness we failed,  
Nor lack of many a high and holy aim;  
We were not cowards, though our spirits quailed  
Just at the crucial moment, and so Shame  
Compassed us round; and Hope, too long be-  
wailed,

Seems but a dream, with Affluence and Fame,  
Where others pluck a bough of blossoms bright  
Or golden fruit, we gather for delight  
A hither apple or a faded rose.  
Or, oftener, thorns that hurt the flesh. Who knows  
In what strange way we have offended Fate,  
That she should ever thus our plans frustrate?  
Ah, herein lies the final bitterness—  
We miss the meaning of our unsuccess!

—Geraldine Meyrick in *November Lippincott's Magazine*.

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It is a fine thing to have a strong, powerful, and vigorous personality, even if the traits that go toward the making of it are neither beautiful nor endearing ones. The historians who disapprove of the first Duchess of Marlborough devote many pages to details concerning her pugnacity and her parsimony, but they never go so far as to ignore her utterly. Sarah Jennings Churchill was never ignored in life, and somehow, a century and a half after her death, posterity still bende the knee before the haughty dame, and, in spite of all her faults, preserves toward her the same attitude of deference that she exacted in life.

The duchess was a woman of intellect as well as character, and has left her own vigorously written accounts of the times in which she lived. If she were an unbiased historian, her narration would have great value. But she was so entirely a partisan by instinct that her writings are judged more particularly from their literary value. What a fighter she was! With intellect, beauty, fascination, rank, wealth, power, the queen's favor, the adoration of her husband—who had proved himself to be the leading military genius of Europe—with children growing up around her, with the flower of Anne's court suing for her favor, what had she left to wish for? Apparently, nothing short of sovereignty would have suited her, for the imperious woman ruled her queen with a rod of iron, and if the luckless Anne abated one jot or tittle of the privileges she granted there was such a swarm of recriminations buzzing around her head, that, like many a lover of peace before and after her, she gave in from pure indolent inability to carry on the fight.

Perhaps, if some magician's wand could have changed the sex of the duchess, all this overflow of belligerence would have had its natural outlet in the storms of war, and Marlborough's duchess might have rivaled the great duke as the cooquering and invincible hero of many battles. As it was, her life was one long, continued wrangle, around which history can cast no halo. Sometimes the cause was a principle of government, sometimes the battle degenerated into a squabble concerning the petty honors of court life. In later years, when the dual pair had lost prestige at court, and were living quietly at their country seat, Sarah solaced her exile and her fighting heart with many a fiercely contested lawsuit, which always bore on the subject of money. Even Marlborough, so uxorious in his youth as almost to win some slight reproach from an occasional chronicler, grew weary in his old age of his wife's active and tireless combats. Perhaps he was fortunate to drop out as early as he did, leaving his wife to survive him by a quarter of a century, and to continue waging her constant wars with increased acrimony.

One would think that the features of this dominating lady would bear, even in youth, the iron stamp of her invincible will. But Kneller's portrait depicts her as a fine, open-faced, pleasant-browed court beauty, with a slight upward tilt to her nose, and a soft Cupid-like curve to her rosy lips that the great painter seemed to think an indispensable adjunct to the mouths of all pretty women. The duchess's stately figure has a way of appearing in the pages of many books. Scarcely a memoir of the times but introduces the cautious figure, with its inevitable accompaniment of wrangle. Thackeray, much as he hated the memory of Marlborough, was so instinctively impartial by nature that in the many pages of "Esmond" in which his name turns up, he shows an unwilling admiration, and gives to him and his duchess alike the position of preeminence in camp and court that they so proudly retained. Du Maurier has Trilby sing the old French song, "Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre," and draws a fancy sketch of the duchess mounting to her tower to watch for the home-coming of her warrior spouse.

Her proud, imperial figure has before this caught the eye of the dramatist, and she has been the heroine of a play in which she waged a losing war with Bolingbroke for the queen's favor. In that version, Mrs. Masham was a young and guileless woman, whose simplicity and sweetness refreshed the queen by contrast with the fierce, self-seeking intriguers around her. This was the piece in which many theatre-goers will remember having seen Genevieve Ward represent the duchess with splendid effect. Later, Louis James presented the same, or a similar version, but with much less dramatic effectiveness, for the reason that he treated the rôle of Folingbroke as the star part, while that of the duchess was greatly weakened by being played by an actress inexperienced in star parts.

Mrs. Le Moyne, however, while bringing to the character a ripeness of judgment and a thorough-

ness of insight only to be expected from a woman of her character, has added a sureness of execution and a delicacy of technique that is remarkable considering her comparatively limited experience on the stage. She is a woman of fine appearance, and in the costumes of the time has an Old-World stateliness that is most appropriate. She has considered the character of the duchess, and evidently wishes externally to reflect the temper of her mind. Hence, her swift, decided movements, and abrupt, imperious speech, are finely characteristic. Mrs. Le Moyne's time of beauty is past, but her face as well as her work shows character and intellect. No trace is left in her acting of her career as a public reader; perhaps because her standard in reading came close to nature. She was never an elocutionist, in the reproachful sense of the term, but gave her readings more in the spirit of bringing out the meaning than studying up false and meretricious effects. Now, strange to say, she shows some equipment in the delicate and exacting art of high comedy.

Mrs. Le Moyne is surrounded with a satisfactory company, although not one in which individualities stand out. Mrs. Barker, the Queen Anne of the cast, will be remembered as having acted a very lifelike Miss Crawley in Mrs. Fiske's presentation of "Becky Sharp." Next to hers, the two leading rôles are those of Harley and Mrs. Masham, enemies in court and in politics to the duchess.

Miss Nora O'Brien assumes the part of Abigail, the smooth and self-seeking, whose name ever since has been used as a term for waiting-maids in general. Miss O'Brien is pretty and lady-like, with a slight graceful figure, and is agreeable to look upon in her simple but picturesque costume. She has, however, the air of one who has had but little experience in similar rôles, for in Mr. Meltzer's play Mrs. Masham is an unscrupulous *intrigante* whose private life will not bear looking into.

Mr. Paulding takes the part of Harley, her resourceful fellow-schemer, and does it well, although with a slight over-elaboration of the business, which has the effect of cheapening the character.

Dean Swift appears in the play, but he is merely a slight sketch. Perhaps Swift himself may some day be made to serve as the terrible hero of a powerful drama, but only a play in its entirety could do justice to the stormy nature of that dark iconoclast. Good-natured Dick Steele is also re-incarnated, but his presence in the play is so brief that it seems scarcely worth while to resurrect the merry roysterer.

The Duke of Marlborough was ably represented by Harold Russell, an actor with a stately presence, whose striking make-up was evidently founded on the portraits of the duke.

The play itself is a very good piece of work. The opening scene is dull, but from the moment that the duchess appears, the interest is strong and sustained. An absence of the love interest would perhaps be felt by lovers of romance but to those who like a historical element in fiction or the drama, the freshening up of interest, and insight into the characters and events of the times, are ample compensation.

Many children will no doubt be taken to the Tivoli to witness the performance of the Pollard Juvenile Opera Company, yet there is really nothing juvenile about it except the age of the performers. The youngsters have been carefully and thoroughly trained to render grown-up operas in grown-up style. And so talented are they, so sure of themselves in every way, so correct in pose, so well-tutored in expression, so appropriate in gesture, so active, tireless, and graceful in dancing, that if it were not for their shrill, immature voices, one would almost believe at times that these bright little people were adults seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass. The only defect in the performance is the inability of the children to modulate their voices, which lose individuality from the necessity of pitching them at a sufficiently high key to render them audible.

"The Belle of New York" has quite the usual amount of cheerful, rattling, innocuous idiocy, which almost always characterizes the lines and situations of plays of that type. Only youth, as a general thing, should attempt to depict such a maelstrom of gay folly. There is really something dismal and depressing in seeing middle-aged men or women earning their bread by cutting the capers that constitute acting in burlesque opera. Smooth young faces, merry young voices, gay young spirits, lively young legs, these are the ingredients which are necessary to make "The Belle of New York" jig along at an appropriate pace. The juveniles, of course, are far too young to grasp the true spirit of

the scenes in which they are playing, but there is no question whatever as to their relish for their work. Some of them show by their inflections that they do not comprehend what they say, while others evidence a quickness and precocity that promises a bright future.

The most remarkable work was done by the tiniest midgets of the company, one of whom in particular, little Daphne Pollard, showed in her shrewd, knowing little piz and in her crisp, decided, expressive accents a promise that is quite remarkable in so young a child. Little Madge Woodson, the tiny French Fif, is another instance of early development, although I should say that her pretty baby precocity is more the result of docility and aptness in modeling herself on her instructors than the innate ability of little Daphne. She was, however, wonderfully accurate in her dancing and singing, and, with her dainty, round, little body and graceful Watteau draperies, looked like a figure in bisque.

Two or three of the elder girls have something of an adult's grasp on what they are about, and show it in their young faces. Ivy Trott, the music-hall dancer, who did a great deal of clever by-play with her pugilistic follower; Alice Pollard, the Salvation Army lassie; and Lily Thompson, who played the young spendthrift, will, no doubt, find a prosperous career opening before them very soon as regularly accredited young histrions in the field of dramatic composition.

It was a little bewildering until one referred to the programme to realize the sex of the performers, as a number of girls fill boys' parts. There is, nevertheless, a plentiful supply of boy talent, which runs principally to ability in filling comic rôles. The two leading boy members of the company, Harold Hill and Willie Pollard, were frequently unintelligible, probably from a severe affliction of accent in both cases. But notwithstanding this handicap they are both bright young actors.

The *aplomb* of the youngsters is striking, and is evidently the result of familiarity with their work and with the public. They are so accustomed to giving pleasure and receiving applause that they are quite matter-of-fact about it, showing no particular signs of elation when the house testifies its warm approval.

I tried to imagine these cool, calm, self-possessed eminently twentieth-century little people in a pretty fairy-tale drama, or some child's myth or idyl. But it was quite impossible. They are fully equipped to fight the battle of life with skirt-dances, patter-songs, and high kicks, and their shrewd, practical, alert little mentalities would be as much out of place in the realms of fairyland or poetry as Cinderella or Red Riding-Hood in a business college or machine-shop.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Wills and Successions.

The contest over the issuance of special letters for the Howard estate resulted in a compromise on October 31st at Redwood City by all the parties agreeing to accept the appointment of Anna D. Howard, the widow, who is named as executrix of the will of 1887, and Edward W. Howard, a son, who is named as one of the executors in the will of 1898. This agreement was made in open court, and thereupon Judge Buck made the usual order of appointment, fixing the bond at \$100,000. This settles the matter for the time being, so far as the special administration of the estate is concerned.

The seventh account of Bartlett Doe and Charles F. Doe concerning John S. Doe's estate, of which they have charge, was filed Tuesday in court. During the year ending June 30, 1910, they paid Mrs. Eleanor H. Stetson, who was the wife of the deceased, \$18,050, and her daughter, Mary Marguerite Doe, \$15,975. They are to pay the widow and the daughter \$1,000 a month each until the latter reaches the age of 18 years, and they stated that the allowance to be paid in future under this provision would amount to \$750,000.

Mr. Rowland B. Ellis, a resident of San Francisco for a number of years, who enlisted with the First California Volunteers at the opening of the Spanish-American War, afterward receiving a commission in the Thirty-Eighth Volunteer Infantry, has just been appointed a second-lieutenant in the regular army and assigned to the Thirteenth Cavalry.

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#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Next Monday. Second and Last Week of the Brilliant Triumph, Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, in Charles Henry Meltzer's New Comedy of Manners,

The First Duchess of Marlborough November 18th—William Collier in "On the Quiet."

#### ALCAZAR THEATRE.

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, November 10th. The Girl with the Auburn Hair; the Fraser Troupe; Fred Nible; Joseph Adelman; the Onlaw Trio; Burton's Acrobatic Comedy Dogs; the Lockos; the Biograph; and Lillian Burkhardt and Company, in "The Eighth Year."

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M., and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, and 3:00 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Last two cars of trains reserved for ladies and their escorts; no smoking.

Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue cars at 14th and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The First Week of the Grau Opera Season.

The sale of tickets for the Grau opera season at the Grand Opera House has exceeded all expectations, and the success of the engagement from a financial standpoint is already assured. The repertoire and casts for the first week are especially attractive. The opening performance, Wagner's "Lohengrin," will introduce to us Emma Eames, one of the most noted sopranos of the day, in the rôle of Elsa von Brabant. The remainder of the cast is practically the same as last year, with Mme. Schumann-Heink as Ortrud, Van Dyck as Lohengrin, Bispham as Frederick von Telramund, Muhlmann as the herald, and Edouard de Reszké as Heinrich der Vogler; conductor, Walter Damrosch.

Emma Calvé will make her first appearance in this city on Tuesday evening in Bizet's "Carmen," with which her name has been identified in recent years. Others in the cast will be Miss Bauermeister as Frasquita, Mme. Van Cauteren as Mercedes, Suzanne Adams as Micaela, Salignac as Don José, Journet as Zuniga, Jacques Bars as Morales, Dufriebe as Dancairo, Reiss as Remendado, and Scotti as Escamillo; conductor, Mr. Flon.

On Wednesday evening Marcella Sembrich, who was compelled to abandon her season here last year after a single performance, will make her re-appearance in Verdi's "La Traviata." Mme. Van Cauteren will appear as Flora Bervoise, Miss Bauermeister as Annina, Campanari as Giorgio Germont, Vanni as Gastone, Jacques Bars as Barone Duphol, Dufriebe as Marchese D'Ohigny, Gilibert as Dottore Grenvil, and DeMarchi as Alfredo; conductor, Mr. Seppelli.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser" will be sung on Thursday evening, with Emma Eames as Elisabeth, Carrie Bridewell as Ein Hirt, Louise Reuss-Belce as Venus, Van Dyck as Tannhäuser, Blass as Herman the First, Jacques Bars as Walthar, Reiss as Heinrich, Muhlmann as Biterolf, Viviani as Reinmar, and Bispham as Wolfram; conductor, Walter Damrosch.

An extraordinary cast will render Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenot" on Friday evening, when Johanna Galski makes her first appearance in the rôle of Valentine. Others in the cast will be Louise Homer as Urhain, Bauermeister as first dame d'honneur, Mme. Van Cauteren as second dame d'honneur, Mme. Sembrich as Marguerite de Valois, DeMarchi as Raoul de Nangis, Journet as le Comte de Saint Bris, Scotti as le Comte de Nevers, Jacques Bars as Soldat Huguenot, Reiss as De Tavanues, Viviani as De Retz, Dufriebe as Maurevert, Vanni as De Cosse, and Edouard de Reszké as Marcel. There will be incidental *divertissement* by the corps de ballet, and Mr. Flon will be the conductor.

At the Saturday matinée Emma Calvé will make her second appearance, this time as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust." Miss Bauermeister will be the Marta, Louise Homer the Siebel, Dippel the Faust, Campanari the Valentin, Dufriebe the Wagner, and Edouard de Reszké the Mephistopheles; conductor, Mr. Seppelli.

Sibyl Sanderson will make her *début* in Massenet's "Manon" on Saturday night, and it is safe to predict that hundreds will be turned away at the box-office, for every one is anxious to see and hear the California *prima donna*. Others in the cast will be Mme. Marylli as Poussette, Carrie Bridewell as Lavotte, Mme. Van Cauteren as Rosette, Declery as Lescaut, Journet as Le Comte des Grieux, Gilibert as Guillot, Bars as De Bretigny, and Salignac as le Chevalier des Grieux; conductor, Mr. Flon.

The first grand Sunday-night performance at popular prices will be given on November 17th. Full particulars as to the opera and cast will be published later.

"For Fair Virginia" at the Alcazar.

Augustin Daly's "Nancy and Company" will give way on Monday night at the Alcazar Theatre to "For Fair Virginia," a comedy-drama written around the stirring days of the War of the Rebellion. M. L. Alsop will assume the rôle of Edward Esmond, a Southerner, whose loyalty to his flag orms the pivot around which the plot of the play evolves; Miss Marion Convere, the new leading lady—whose resemblance to her sister, Liia Convere, is very striking—will be seen as Virginia Esmond, the wife of this Southern "Yankee"; Margaret Wycherly will have the rôle of Nell; and Henry Shumer, who created a favorable impression his week in "Nancy and Company," will have an opportunity to show his versatility in the more serious rôle of Stephen Dunbar. The balance of the cast will include Paul Gerson as John Laughlon, a "Yankee renegade"; Howard Scott as Wesley, a Confederate scout; Carlyle Moore as Colonel Lester; Frank Bacon as Uncle Zeh; Barton Hill as Sergeant McIntire; and Royal Dana Tracy as the entry.

"The Girl with the Auburn Hair."

The most notable feature at the Orpheum next week will be "The Girl with the Auburn Hair," a handsome young lady who prefers to bide her ladyship under this suggestive title. She is said to possess a remarkable contralto voice, and sings the "Holy City" and "Rock of Ages" very affectively. For a background, the stage is set as the choir gallery of a cathedral with a grand old organ and beautiful light effects, which add greatly to the

magnificent allegorical transformation. The other new-comers are Fred Nihlo, a clever monologist, who appears, after an extended European and Eastern absence, with a budget of the latest songs and stories; the Fraser Troupe of international dancers; and Joseph Adelman, the famous xylophone virtuoso, who will introduce for the first time here his new invention, the "Chime Organ."

Lillian Burkhart will present for the first time on any stage Anna S. Richardson's curtain-raiser, "The Eighth Year; or, the Wedding Anniversary." The comedienne's rôle is that of a young married woman, one of New York's smart set, who is about to be separated from her husband. Just as she is on the verge of committing a grave indiscretion, she learns of her husband's financial ruin on Wall Street, which explains why he has been so exacting and refused to humor her with the luxuries to which she has been accustomed. Of course there is an explanation and a reconciliation, and all ends happily. The Onlaw trio of sensational aerialists; the Lockos, the scientific English bag-punchers; Burton's acrobatic comedy dogs; and the biograph complete the bill.

Last Week of Sarah Cowell Le Moyne.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne will enter on the second and last week of her engagement at the Columbia Theatre in Charles Henry Meltzer's new historical play, "The First Duchess of Marlborough," on Monday night. The play is beautifully staged, and the star is happily surrounded by an excellent lot of players who are cast as follows: John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, Harold Russell; Robert Harley, Frederick Paulding; Dr. Swift, Joseph Wilkes; Richard Steele, Frank Connor; Colonel Jack Hill, Charles Pitt; Haendel, Alex. Brunn; Cole, Edwin James; an usher, F. A. Howson, Jr.; Queen Anne, Mary Barker; Mrs. Masham, Nora O'Brien; the Lady Teraminta Wood, Ina Brooks; the Lady Susan Villiers, Elizabeth Hunter.

The next attraction will be Willie Collier, the comedian, in Augustus Thomas's successful farce, "On the Quiet." The production comes here direct from a six months' run at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, and from all accounts Mr. Collier has found another rôle in Ridgeway that suits his personality admirably.

The Pollard Juvenile Opera Company.

The Tivoli Opera House has secured a strong attraction in the Pollard Juvenile Opera Company, which will continue to present "The Belle of New York" all next week. It is many a day since such a clever troupe of little ones have been seen here, and despite the fact that they are handicapped by a slight Cockney accent, their enunciation is distinct and every member of the cast, from seven-year-old Daphne Pollard, in the soubrette rôle of Cora Angelique, to Lily Thomson, who appears as the spendthrift, Harry Bronson, can be heard in any part of the house. They are letter-perfect in their lines, and the performance goes with a dash and spirit which is unusual with children's performances. With the possible exception of Harold Hill as Carl Von Pumpnick—who suggests anything but a German—the rôles are admirably sustained and the performance is a delight throughout. Every child in town should be given an opportunity to hear these precocious little strangers from far-away Australia.

The Races.

The big event at the Oakland Track this (Saturday) afternoon will be the Produce Exchange Stakes, for two-year-olds that have not won a stake to the time of closing. The distance is six furlongs, the value of the purse is \$1,500, and the entries number sixty-seven. There will also be a free handicap for three-year-olds and upward for a \$500 purse, the distance being one mile and a sixteenth.

The special merits for next week will be a free handicap for all ages, high weights, over a six furlongs' course for a \$500 purse on Tuesday, November 12th; free handicaps for two-year-olds and three-year-olds on Wednesday, November 13th; the Golden Gate Selling Stakes for a purse of \$1,500 for three-year-olds and upward; and a free handicap for three-year-olds and upward on Saturday, November 16th.

It is not generally known that Ernest Van Dyck, the famous tenor of the Grau Opera Company, was trained for the law early in life, but not finding that calling either sufficiently attractive or remunerative he abandoned it for newspaper work. He was for several years foreign editor of *La Patrie*, an old and famous Parisian journal of the conservative type. While engaged in newspaper work he first thought seriously of the operatic stage.

There is said to be a movement among actors and singers in Germany to do away with the present system of *aliases*.

Smartest Train of All.

Sunset Limited for New Orleans and New York resumes tri-weekly service from San Francisco on December 6th.

Equipment will be the very best obtainable; the service of the snappiest order, while the route affords the most interesting winter journey across the continent.

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Mrs. Hanson's Recital.

Mrs. Fred H. Hanson's monologue recital, to be given at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Thursday evening, November 14th, at half-past eight o'clock, is being awaited with much interest. Mrs. Hanson belongs to Boston, and comes to San Francisco with years of successful experience in Eastern cities. Miss Pauline Pettis, Miss Mamie Henry, Miss

Maude Hickox, Miss Arena King, and Miss Marguerite Johnson will act as ushers, and Mr. S. Homer Henley, the popular haritone, will add to the pleasure of the evening.

Paul Dressler, the noted song writer, who arrived from New York last week, intends to establish a musical publishing house in this city.

# OUR RECENT IMPORTATIONS

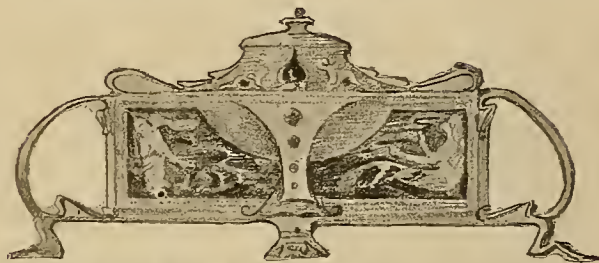
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|            | Net Surplus. | Gross Assets. |                 | Net Surplus.  | Gross Assets    |
|------------|--------------|---------------|-----------------|---------------|-----------------|
| 1872 ..... | \$ 8,438.59  | \$ 586,039.18 | 1888 .....      | \$ 422,493.67 | \$ 1,345,574.75 |
| 1873 ..... | 125,940.51   | 746,109.25    | 1889 .....      | 406,052.42    | 1,334,267.64    |
| 1874 ..... | 92,542.96    | 727,963.95    | 1890 .....      | 417,500.19    | 1,406,406.09    |
| 1875 ..... | 164,507.15   | 812,929.13    | 1891 .....      | 528,705.46    | 1,568,519.13    |
| 1876 ..... | 178,950.62   | 824,359.13    | 1892 .....      | 621,118.05    | 1,608,651.64    |
| 1877 ..... | 138,242.05   | 812,321.43    | 1893 .....      | 705,025.07    | 1,705,007.46    |
| 1878 ..... | 166,239.38   | 822,736.20    | 1894 .....      | 577,471.64    | 1,635,629.01    |
| 1879 ..... | 131,416.81   | 851,183.11    | 1895 .....      | 663,622.77    | 1,731,945.03    |
| 1880 ..... | 234,057.20   | 942,013.16    | 1896 .....      | 679,526.54    | 1,747,792.45    |
| 1881 ..... | 263,566.66   | 1,031,598.17  | 1897 .....      | 619,554.04    | 1,684,258.57    |
| 1882 ..... | 339,646.44   | 1,057,217.33  | 1898 .....      | 825,515.46    | 1,894,054.72    |
| 1883 ..... | 361,831.05   | 1,165,378.10  | 1899 .....      | 1,000,752.57  | 2,134,176.37    |
| 1884 ..... | 306,572.35   | 1,164,818.02  | 1900 .....      | 1,025,553.05  | 2,285,847.06    |
| 1885 ..... | 359,902.78   | 1,228,345.42  | 1901 .....      | 1,015,272.24  | 2,435,571.28    |
| 1886 ..... | 503,123.66   | 1,368,271.48  | 1901 (July 1st) | 1,020,549.39  | 2,548,919.06    |
| 1887 ..... | 435,472.31   | 1,380,334.58  |                 |               |                 |

LOSSES PAID DURING THIS TIME, \$9,088,918.93

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## VANITY FAIR.

The recent death of William H. Howard, a life-time resident of San Mateo and one of the promoters of its development, makes timely a brief sketch of the evolution of this fashionable suburban town, where many of our most influential citizens have built pretty country homes and spend a large portion of the year. San Mateo can lay claim to one of the first places that might be called a summer resort in this part of California. This was known as "Tony Oakes," which it must not be imagined, was the nomenclature of the house, but of the proprietor himself, his place being hut a small frame hotel on the roadside, shaded by big trees. It was clean and comfortable, the climate mild and balmy after the winds of San Francisco, so it soon became a favorite resort to drive down from town to spend the day in the open air. By degrees families came there to pass a week at a time. The chief attraction to them was the number of their friends who had homes in the vicinity, among whom were the Howards, Macondrays, Haywards, and Polhemuses, who always made these visitors welcome. Besides which, "Tony" kept a good table and had the reputation of being himself a chef. In course of time his house became the property of Mr. Taylor, brother-in-law of Mrs. A. M. Easton, who greatly altered and enlarged it, making it the family home.

Before the days of gold discovery in California, W. D. M. Howard, who came to this Coast in 1838, obtained from the Mexican Government a grant of the San Mateo Ranch, which, up to within a few years ago, remained the possession of the Howard family. Upon the most picturesque part of this ranch, Mr. Howard built a small cottage of four rooms—the first residence of San Mateo. The original building, a mere shell, still remains, but as occasion required a room was added here and there, until about 1862, the widow of William Howard—who had married his brother George and was the owner of the ranch—erected the turreted addition, which contained the billiard room and several large bedrooms. The house was, as a consequence, an odd collection of irregular-sized rooms joined together by passages, with frequent steps both up and down. To this place Mrs. Howard gave the name of "El Cerrito" ("Little Mound"), and here she exercised a most charming and lavish hospitality. To her may be given the credit of having the first Saturday to Monday house-parties, and to her also belongs the distinction of giving the first barn-dance ever attempted in California. It was on the occasion of a garden-party on the Fourth of July, 1865, when the fine, large barn, just completed, was utilized for dancing to the music of a military band. About this time, the first "club" was organized in this vicinity, to which men who owned fast trotters drove down from the city to stay overnight or pass the Saturday and Sunday holiday. William R. Garrison and Charles K. Smith were the chief promoters and leading lights during the brief period of the club's existence, as the club-house was destroyed by fire and never rebuilt. After Mrs. Howard's death (she having, upon being made a widow a second time, married Henry P. Bowie), the San Mateo Ranch was divided. Upon his portion, the oldest son, William, who has just passed away, built the handsome place, "Uplands," now belonging to the C. F. Crocker estate; her eldest daughter, Mrs. E. D. Beylard, also has a house of her own on another part, as have her third daughter, Mrs. Hayne, and her son, George, who married Miss Nettie Schmiedell.

The second to build at San Mateo was Captain F. W. Macondray, whose place adjoined the Howards. The original house was a very substantial, one-story, square cottage, surrounded by broad verandas. The chief feature of the place was the magnificent hot-houses, and the Macondray grapes were renowned all over the State. Captain Macondray, who was the founder of the mercantile house of that name, lived here with his family for many years. After his death it was purchased by the hanker, John Parrott, whose widow named the place "Baywood," greatly enlarged the house and beautified the grounds, building thereupon villas for her daughters, Mme. de Guigné and Mrs. Payson, when they married and left the maternal roof-tree.

Another early day cottage was that of Alvinza Hayward, afterward replaced by a larger house. The fine trotting-track was for many years a well-known feature of the Hayward place. On the same side of the road as the Haywards was the place of C. B. Polhemus, senior resident partner in the house of Alsop & Co. It was a very unpretentious cottage with a vine-covered porch in front, and having extensive grounds, only those in the immediate vicinity of the house, however, being under cultivation. This was also a great place for Saturday evening and Sunday parties, the bright particular stars for the beaux, who came down by stage—for it was long before the days of railroads—being the pretty Smith sisters, as they were then called, who afterward became Mrs. James Freeborn, Mrs. Santa Marina, and Mrs. Edward Hopkins, and who spent most of the summer as permanent guests of the Polhemus family. San Mateo was also an early day seat of learning, Miss Buckmaster's school being one of the noted boarding schools of that period, from which many of

the matrons of San Francisco graduated with honor. Close by the old place is the country home of the Swiss consul, Antoine Borel, which was originally a villa owned by the old French banker, F. L. A. Pioche, who was so mysteriously shot at his Stockton Street residence in 1872. He kept open house for his friends there for several years, although his parties were all stag affairs. On the banks of the San Mateo Creek, near Crystal Springs, Tom Carey, for whom, by the way, Carey Friedlander was named, had a little box of a cottage which was headquarters for his friends on "fishing thoughts intent."

Burlingame, California's Tuxedo, is a tract of land lying between San Mateo and Millbrae, and acquired its name from Anson Burlingame, who purchased it during the 'sixties decade, but never improved it to any extent. The late William C. Ralston bought it from the Burlingame heirs. Upon the failure of the Bank of California, the late William Sharon fell heir to it, with the rest of the Ralston estate, and for some years utilized a portion of it in raising vegetables to furnish the Palace Hotel table. At his death, his son Fred conceived the idea of building a Country Club, and selling cottage sites to such of the members as desired them. This was the foundation of what has now become the most fashionable country settlement in California. In the days when a drive down from town along the cliff road, with a stop en route at the sixteen-mile house, was one of the pleasures of the Saturday outing, the trip was, we venture to say, a far more thoroughly enjoyable one than that now taken in the dusty cars of a hot afternoon.

President Roosevelt has discontinued the time-honored custom of giving an annual reception in Washington, D. C., to the public. This action is undoubtedly the direct result of the assassination of President McKinley in Buffalo. While Mr. Roosevelt is not particularly careful of himself, his staff and his official family do not propose that he shall place himself at the mercy of a miscreant who, under the plea of shaking hands with the chief executive, may get an opportunity to shoot him. In the official list of receptions for the coming winter, issued by Secretary Cortelyou last week, no provision is made for a reception to the public. With this exception the President will observe the usual custom in the matter of receiving diplomats, officials, and officers of the army and navy, and in giving state dinners. The New Year's reception will take place, but it is likely the public will be excluded from participation therein. A dinner to the Cabinet will be given on the night of January 2d. The diplomatic reception will fall on January 7th, and will be followed by the diplomatic dinner two nights later. January 14th is the night set for the judicial reception, and on January 16th the Supreme Court dinner will occur. The congressional reception will take place on January 23d, and the army and navy reception will be held on January 30th. There will thus be two social functions a week, and all of the official entertaining will be completed in January. In addition to this, a dance will be given on January 3d by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, for their daughter, Miss Alice Roosevelt, to meet the young folk of the social set in Washington. Miss Roosevelt will make her first appearance in society, however, on New Year's day, when she will meet the members of the diplomatic, judicial, and senatorial circles.

William E. Curtis declares that while many American girls who have married German officers have spent their lives regretting it, some of the happiest and most popular women in Germany are American wives of native husbands. It all depends upon the man. Germans seem to prefer American wives when they can get them. Attractive American girls who go to Germany to spend the winter, to study languages, music, or art, or for other reasons, are sure to have offers of marriage, particularly if they have money, usually from the dashing young army officers who make up so large and so important a part of society in the German cities. "But every American girl who is subjected to this temptation should understand that the servants of a household have more legal protection than their mistress, who has no rights at all," says Mr. Curtis. "Everything she has is her husband's, her property, her earnings, even the very garments she wears. The law gives him entire control of her children; she has no legal claim upon them, and can not even direct their education unless their father permits it. She is entirely dependent upon his generosity. If she has money it becomes his, whether it belonged to her before her marriage or came into her possession afterward. When a woman marries a German husband she surrenders every right and privilege that women in other countries possess. The laws of the empire do not give her any protection. For that reason the American ambassador and the consuls of the United States in Germany always warn American girls against marrying Germans until they are fully informed as to the situation."

Great improvements have been made to the Luneta, Manila's breathing-place, since the American Government has taken control of things. Our officials have sodded the centre, where formerly there was nothing but unsightly dirt; have erected two

hand stands where there had been but one wretched apology for a pavilion before, and have furnished two hands and concerts seven times a week where previously there had been only one hand and performances twice a week. While the drive around the Luneta in the afternoon is one of the chief diversions of society in Manila, it is not by any means the only one. "In the absence of respectable theatres—most of the places of amusement are monopolized in the supposed interest of the enlisted man by variety actors, who at home would only be permitted to play behind nets—dinner-giving and dining out take up the evening of the American element," says the Manila correspondent of the New York Tribune. "And it is curious to note the zest with which the women have entered this field of hospitality. One should come to Manila and see the material with which hostesses here manage—and I refer not to viands alone—with rare good taste and judgment to create feasts that intellectually, no less than gastronomically, will forever awaken pleasant memories. Recently the Army and Navy Club opened its doors to women, and, since then, on two Wednesdays every month the rooms are crowded with dining-parties."

School-board inspector—"Who is it that sits idly by doing nothing while everybody else is working?" Bobby—"The teacher."—Glasgow Evening Times.

—EVERY ORIGINAL PACKAGE OF JESSE MOORE Whisky is guaranteed absolutely pure by Jesse Moore Hunt Co.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 6, 1901, were as follows:

|                       | Shares. | Bonds.      | Closed. |        |
|-----------------------|---------|-------------|---------|--------|
|                       |         |             | Bid.    | Asked. |
| U. S. Coup. 4%, old.  | 2,500   | @ 112½      |         |        |
| Bay Co. Power 5%      | 9,000   | @ 106½-107  | 107     |        |
| Hawaiian C. & S.      |         |             |         |        |
| 5% An. Ry 5%          | 2,000   | 99½         | 99½     |        |
| Los An. Ry 5%         | 5,000   | @ 117½      | 117½    |        |
| Los An. & Pac. Ry.    |         |             |         |        |
| 5% An. Ry 5%          | 10,000  | @ 101½      |         |        |
| Market St. Ry. 5%     | 2,000   | @ 123       | 122½    |        |
| Oakland Transit 6%    | 12,000  | @ 124       | 123½    |        |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%      | 5,000   | @ 121½      | 121½    | 122½   |
| Oakland Water 5%      | 4,000   | @ 104       | 104     |        |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%     | 1,000   | @ 103½      | 103½    |        |
| S. P. of Cal. 5%      | 2,000   | @ 109½      | 109     |        |
| S. V. Water 6%        | 9,000   | @ 111½-111½ | 111½    | 112    |
| S. V. Water 4%        | 10,000  | @ 103       | 103     | 103½   |
| STOCKS.               |         |             |         |        |
|                       | Shares. |             | Bid.    | Asked. |
| Contra Costa Water.   | 555     | @ 77-79     | 77½     |        |
| Spring Valley Water.  | 102     | @ 87½-88    | 88      | 88½    |
| BANKS.                |         |             |         |        |
| Bank of Cal.          | 25      | @ 408       | 407     | 410    |
| Gas and Electric.     |         |             |         |        |
| Equitable Gaslight    | 100     | @ 3½        | 3½      | 4      |
| Pacific Gas           | 75      | @ 40-41     | 40      | 42     |
| S. F. Gas & Electric. | 685     | @ 44½-45    | 44½     | 44½    |
| STREET R. R.          |         |             |         |        |
| California St.        | 100     | @ 135½      | 133½    |        |
| Market St.            | 770     | @ 89-90     | 89      | 89½    |
| POWERS.               |         |             |         |        |
| Giant Corp.           | 815     | @ 85-87½    | 85      | 86     |
| SUGARS.               |         |             |         |        |
| Hawaiian C. & S.      | 50      | @ 37½       |         | 47½    |
| Honolulu S. Co.       | 880     | @ 12½-13½   | 13½     |        |
| Hutchinson            | 85      | @ 16½-17½   | 16      | 16½    |
| Kilauea S. Co.        | 140     | @ 11½-12½   | 11½     |        |
| Makaweli S. Co.       | 210     | @ 28½-29½   | 28½     | 29½    |
| Onomea S. Co.         | 120     | @ 24½-25½   | 24½     | 25     |
| Panaha S. Co.         | 325     | @ 12½-13½   | 13½     | 14     |
| MISCELLANEOUS.        |         |             |         |        |
| Alaska Packers        | 292     | @ 148-150   | 148     | 150    |
| Cal. Wine Assn.       | 100     | @ 89½-89½   |         | 90     |
| Oceanic S. Co.        | 65      | @ 45        | 44½     | 48     |
| Pac. C. Borax         | 50      | @ 165       | 165     |        |

Giant Powder was strong, and on sales of about 1,000 shares advanced two and one-half points to 87½, but reacted to 85 on realizing sales, but closed at 86 sales on the street, with small offerings.

The sugars were strong, and on sales of about 2,000 shares made advances of from one-quarter to one and one-quarter points.

Alaska Packers advanced two and one-half points to 150, on sales of 300 shares.

The lighting stocks have been in good demand, and have with the quotations unchanged, with the exception of Pacific Gas, which advanced one point to 41.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.

AROMATIC DELICACY  
MILDNESS AND PURITY.

**Milo**  
CIGARETTES.

AT YOUR CLUB OR DEALER'S.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,290,159.00  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.17

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; Vice-President, JOHN LOVIN; Second Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhilber, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901..... \$28,973.54  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000.00  
Reserve Fund..... 226.98  
Contingent Fund..... 445.61

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-President. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St., SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL..... \$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES, President. WILLIAM BABCOCK, Vice-President. S. L. ABBOT, JR., Secretary. Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Ada Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,851,860.11  
October 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD, President. CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President. THOMAS BROWN, Cashier. IRVING F. MOUTON, Assistant Cashier. SAM H. DANIELS, Assistant Cashier. ALLEN M. CLAY, Secretary.

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
Baltimore..... The Bank of New York, N. B. & Co.  
Boston..... The National Exchange Bank  
Chicago..... The National Shawmut Bank  
Philadelphia..... The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis..... The Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California  
London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris..... Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
Berlin..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies..... Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand..... The Union Bank  
Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK

President, JOHN J. VALENTINE, Manager, HOMER KING, Cashier, H. WADSWORTH, Asst. Cashier, F. LIPMAN, 2d Asst. Cashier, H. L. MILLER.

BRANCHES—NEW YORK, H. B. Parsons, Cashier. SALT LAKE, J. E. Dooly, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR, R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

ASSETS.  
Loans..... \$10,642,400.60  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants..... 2,191,727.17  
Real Estate..... 1,665,030.71  
Miscellaneous Assets..... 12,415.50  
Due from Banks and Bankers..... 1,104,308.11  
Cash..... 3,973,676.00

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up..... \$ 500,000.00  
Surplus..... 5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits..... 3,311,290.22  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers..... 1,124,168.22  
Individual..... 8,904,102.60

\$19,589,558.11

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,087,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,082,661.07.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.

417 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An insurance officer, who claims to be the only man in his business who ever talked business to J. Pierpont Morgan, remarked the other day: "I could more easily see the hundred hardest men in San Francisco than do it again. Never mind how I did it. I walked in on Morgo at the office one day and stated my business. 'How did you get to here?' said he. 'I walked in,' said I. 'Well, walk out,' said he. I did."

Queen Anne, who figures in "The First Duchess of Marlborough," which Mrs. Le Moyne has been presenting at the Columbia Theatre, was once surrounded by a host of gayly dressed courtiers, and in the throng was an old man of eighty-three, wearing the plain dress of a country farmer. "Have you ever seen such a sight before?" asked a looker-on, and the throng was startled to hear the old man say: "Never since I sat in her chair." It was Cromwell's son.

The late Ameer of Afghanistan was not a great admirer of the British system of government. On one occasion a very high personage was conferring with him and said, in relation to some matter: "That is a very grave question, and I must refer it to my majesty's government." The Ameer, who did not clearly distinguish the parts of the British constitution, replied: "When you ask me a question I am able to answer it at once; when I ask you, you must first ask seven hundred other gentlemen. I prefer our Afghan way of doing business."

A colored parson, after a sermon of fiery eloquence, exhorting the congregation to accept the spirit of the Lord and be saved, concluded his sermon by inviting every one to come forward for prayer, and all did so except Farmer Jones, who remained in his seat. "Mr. Jones," said the parson to his most persuasive manner, "won't you come forward for prayer?" "No; guess not," said the farmer, quietly. "Don't you want to be born again?" queried the parson. "No, I do not." And why not, may I ask?" "Fraid I sh'd be a sinner."

An eminent lawyer, while intoxicated, once entered a church where the minister was holding forth on the future punishment of the wicked. Fixing his eye upon the lawyer, who was reeling near the door, the preacher exclaimed: "There stands a sinner against whom I will bear witness in the day of judgment." At this the lawyer folded his arms, planted himself as firmly as he could, and addressed himself to the preacher: "Sir, I have been practicing the criminal courts for twenty years, and I have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to give state's evidence."

Shortly after President Roosevelt entered the White House, a politician called upon him, with reference to appointments. After the preliminary expressions of high esteem, unbounded admiration, and eternal loyalty, he begged to disclose his business. "I want to speak to you about Mr. Blank, who holds a small office down in my district—" the politician didn't finish his sentence. "What!" exclaimed Roosevelt, interrupting him; "is that infernal scoundrel still in that place? I had some knowledge of him when I was a civil-service commissioner." The politician acknowledged that Mr. Blank was still there, and then turned the subject.

An English woman relates this amusing experience with the French custom officers: "My father had an air-cushion with him which he refused to trust to a porter's tender mercies, and insisted on carrying himself. This attracted the attention of a vigilant *garde-magasin*. 'What's in this?' he cried, pouncing dangerously upon it. 'Air,' replied my father; 'is there a duty on English air?' The Frenchman was not so easily convinced, and insisted on satisfying himself that the contents were really of such an innocent nature. The cushion was unwrapped, the air escaped, and Jacques Bonhomme's face lengthened more and more as the india-rubber became matted and flatter."

An army officer just back from the Philippines tells the following story of a callow young officer whose mistakes are a frequent source of amusement to his comrades: Early in his military experience the lieutenant was awakened one night by the sentry who passed by his tent calling out the hour, and purchasing the information, "all's well." The youth turned over, and settled down to another nap, at the next hour was awakened again by the unelcome call. When this had been repeated the third time he decided to endure it no longer, and going to the door of his tent, called out: "Look here, my good man, it's very kind of you to tell me the time, but I have a watch here by my bed, so please spare yourself further trouble."

A pathetic incident is related in connection with a photograph scene, which was exhibited in Detroit, Mich., last March. A view made at the occupation of Peking was flashed across the screen. It represented a detachment of the Fourteenth United States

Infantry entering the gates of the Chinese capital. As the last file of soldiers seemed literally stepping out of the frame on to the stage, there rose a scream from a woman, who sat in front. "My God!" she cried, hysterically, "there is my dead brother, Allen, marching with the soldiers." The figure had been recognized by others in the audience as that of Allen McGaskill, who had mysteriously disappeared some years before. Subsequently Mrs. Booth, the sister, wrote to the War Department, and learned that it really was her brother whose presentment she so strangely had been confronted with.

When coon songs were all the rage in London, Leslie Stuart, the composer of the music of "Florodora," decided to try his talent in composing rag-time music for the London music-halls. "I soon mastered the new time to my own satisfaction," said Mr. Stuart the other day, "but I was all at sea for titles and subjects for my first song. I secured a map of the United States and found that Idaho was by far the best rhyming State, so in a few days 'My Girl from Idaho' was ready to be sung. I sent it to a popular singer in the music-halls, and the audience that heard it first seemed to like it. The next day the following message was sent to the theatre and later turned over to me. It was signed 'An Idaho American,' and read: 'You blasted Englishman, don't you know there isn't a coon in all the State of Idaho? But there are girls in Idaho. They can't shuffle their feet; they can't all sing. But they can shoot, and Lord, how they'd like to have you for a target.'"

## The Woman Who Was Not Athletic.

There was once a Woman who wore High-heeled Shoes and a Tight Corset. Both These are Highly Injurious and Inartistic to the Last Degree. One Day she Went out to the Links with a Sensible Friend who wore a Sweater and Man-fashioned Shoes. There they Met two Men playing Golf. "I Fear I shall only Be in your Way," said the Woman who was Not Athletic. I Can Not Play the Game at all. I do Not Know a Caddy from a Bunker, nor a Foursome from a Tee."

"Not at all. I will Describe the Game to You," said the Men.

"Oh, Thank you, but One will be Quite Enough," she replied, and she Selected the Best-looking, and the Other Went out after the Sensible Friend.

"May I Carry your Parasol?" said he when they had Started.

"If you will Be so Good," she answered. "It is very Foolish, I know, but my Skin is so Absurdly Thin, and the Sun Blisters it so."

The Sensible Friend came up just Behind, and Mopping her Face, she said: "You are too Ridiculous. A Rose-colored Parasol on the Links! You are keeping Him from playing, too. He will get Out of Practice."

"Oh, I Hope not," said the Woman who was Not Athletic.

"Do not be Alarmed," said the man, "It is All Right."

"Moreover, I saw him Help you Over a Fence," said the Sensible Friend, as she Waded through a Muddy Brook. "That Game is Out of Date."

The Woman who was Not Athletic looked Pensively and for Some Time at the Man.

"I am Spelling Everything," she said, softly. "Let me Go Home, and then You can Play."

"But then You could! Not Learn the Game," said he, Sitting down under a Kind of Artificial Watershed and Watching the Rose-colored Reflection of her Parasol.

"Is this a Bunker?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied; "Its Purpose is to shield People Who wish to be Alone from Observation."

"Oh!" said she. "Then What is a Hazard?"

"Well," he replied, "This is sometimes Called a Hazard, too, because There is a Chance that Some one may Come By after all."

"Oh!" said she. "Then over That Wall Behind that Big Rock is one of the Best Bunkers on the Links, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed," he replied. "You Pick Up the Game very Rapidly. Come over There, and I will Explain it Further to You."

"You are so Good," she said, as he Lifted her Over the Wall.

"Not at All," he replied, Politely.

Some Time Afterward the Sensible Friend, who was Engaged in Wallowing Through some Underbrush and Falling into a Pond in Search of her Ball, Passed by Them on the Return Course, and Seeing them Seated against the Wall, noted their somewhat Unoriginal Attitudes. She was surprised.

This teaches us that You need Not Teach an Old Dog New Tricks.—From Josephine Dodge Daskam's "Fables for the Fair," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Christmas Excursion to City of Mexico, via Southern Pacific and Mexican Central Railways, will leave San Francisco December 18th, stopping at Los Angeles, El Paso, and Zacatecas. The party will be in charge of a gentleman familiar with the customs of and points of interest in the Southern republic, and will reach Mexico in ample time to witness the numerous civic and religious ceremonies attending celebration of the Christmas season. Rate sixty dollars for round trip. Low rates for all interesting side trips have been arranged. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, 613 Market Street, for particulars.

## The Stage Villain.

Under the painted canvas-tree  
The wicked villain stands,  
With blue-black whiskers on his face  
In coarse and shining strands,  
And gleaming daggers tensely held  
In both his sinewy hands.

His record's bad, and black, and loom,  
He's "wanted" everywhere.  
Detectives crack are on his track,  
Yet never find his lair,  
Until, just as the curtain falls,  
They land on him for fair.

Act in, act out, he maims and slays,  
And lies, and robs, and steals;  
He sneaks along with dagger drawn  
Behind the hero's heels.  
And yet no crime, however foul,  
His purpose dark reveals.

The children coming home from school  
(A millionaire's, of course),  
He gags and binds and carries off  
Upon a charging horse,  
And, though they howl and plead, and wail,  
He never shows remorse.

In fact, he says but little, save  
When some deep plan is spoiled,  
When some bold hero lands the girl  
For whom the villain toiled.  
He growls between his close clenched teeth  
In awful accents: "F-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f!"

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And prays both loud and long,  
And lifts his large and deep bass voice  
In spiritual song,  
For playing the church-member dodge  
Is where he most is strong.

Killing, destroying, embezzling,  
Through every act he goes.  
Each moment sees some new-formed plan  
To add to human woes,  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has foiled his many foes.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
No longer will we lack  
The means to trace a villain down  
And catch him in his track.  
We'll straight pursue all deep-voiced men  
Whose whiskers are blue-black!

—J. J. Montague in the Portland Oregonian.

"There is one splendid feature of General Alger's book. It can not be dramatized."—Washington Post.

## Eminent Physicians

are eagerly studying the problem of baby feeding. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is recommended by the leading family physicians. It is always safe and reliable. Send for "Baby's Diary," 71 Hudson St., N. Y.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON IS THE COAL for your range.

## CAIRO TO KHARTOUM

The most interesting and delightful winter tour in the world. If you wish to know how to do it properly, call or write

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F.

## DOMINION LINE

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

NEW MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.  
Boston to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa.  
S. S. Commonwealth (twin-screw, 13,000 tons), November 27th, January 4th, February 12th.  
S. S. Cambroman, January 15th, February 25th  
To Alexandria, Egypt.  
S. S. Commonwealth, Saturday, January 4th, February 12th  
This new twin-screw steamer is one of the largest afloat; has splendid accommodations for passengers.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast, 621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.



## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.

Hongkong Maru, Saturday, November 16  
Nippon Maru, Wednesday, December 11  
Ameria Maru, Saturday, January 4, 1902

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 Tons  
Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, November 14, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, November 23, 1901, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Australia, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Friday, November 29, 1901.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Dr. Deimel Underwear of Linen-Mesh

Birds have feathers, horses have hair, and sheep have wool, but man has intelligence to choose his own attire.

The cast-off covering of the sheep is considered by some the only natural clothing to be placed in contact with the sensitive and highly organized human skin.

The Dr. Deimel Underwear is made of flax—Nature's most noble gift for covering our skin. No sheep ever wore it.

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Steamer from San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).... Tuesday, December 3  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).... Saturday, December 28  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).... Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).... Saturday, February 15  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, December 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1.30 P. M., Nov. 3, 8, 13, 23, 28, Dec. 3.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles). Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. Steamer Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 A. M.  
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New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg Westbound.  
Philadelphia, November 13 Philadelphia, December 4  
St. Paul, November 20 St. Paul, December 11  
Kensington, November 27 St. Louis, December 18

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Southwark, November 13 Zealand, December 4  
Vaderland, November 20 Friesland, December 11  
Kensington, November 27 Southwark, December 18  
Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Dunham Ball.

One of the most enjoyable events of the season was the ball given by Miss Ruth Dunham in Cotillion Hall on Tuesday evening, November 5th, in honor of her guest, Miss Rose Nalle, of Texas. Those who assisted Miss Dunham in receiving were Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Donald V. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Bull, Rev. and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell, and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan.

On the same evening, the charity hall of the Children's Hospital Auxiliary took place at Golden Gate Hall, and was largely attended. The ladies receiving were Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Frank W. Griffin, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Genevi ve Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Georgina Hopkins, and Miss Olive Holbrook.

The two balls were preceded by several dinner-parties, one of which was given by Miss Sophia Pierce in honor of Miss Flora Elmore, of Portland. Her guests were Miss Elmore, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Margery Gibbons, Mr. Hubert Mee, Mr. George Whipple, Mr. Allen Wright, and Mr. Frank King.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement of Miss Agnes Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson, and Bishop Sydney Partridge, of Kyoto, Japan, was formally announced at a tea given by Mrs. Simpson at her home, 2520 Vallejo Street, on Wednesday, November 6th.

The engagement of Miss May Denman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Denman, to Colonel B. F. Cheatham, U. S. A., was formally announced on Thursday evening at a musicale which Miss Denman gave at her home, 2318 Steiner Street, in honor of the Misses Edith and Norma Preston. Colonel Cheatham is now on the transport *Hancock*, which is expected here about the first of December. The wedding will take place early in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Field announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Charlotte Louise Field, to Mr. Arthur Courtlandt Luck.

The marriage of Miss Mary W. MacDermot, daughter of the late Charles F. MacDermot, to Dr. Alexander Crawford, who is in charge of the Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Mass., will take place in Boston on Tuesday, November 19th.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Bostwick, daughter of Lieutenant-Commander F. M. Bostwick, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Frank Brooks Upham, U. S. N., son of the late Captain F. K. Upham, U. S. A., took place at Seattle, Wash., on October 30th.

The wedding of Miss Hazel Lillian Curtiss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Curtiss, and Mr. Lawson Adams took place at the home of the bride's parents, in East Oakland, on Tuesday evening, November 5th. The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock by the Rev. George W. Sweeney. Miss Grace E. Griffin, of Winters, was the bride's only attendant. Mr. Samuel Pond was the best man, and Mr. Nat Wilson and Mr. Willard N. Drown acted as ushers. After a wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Adams will take up their residence at Belvedere.

Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin gave a luncheon at the University Club on Thursday afternoon complimentary to Mrs. Alice Meynell, at which she entertained Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Robert Hayne, Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. McMullin-Belvin, Mrs. Philip Brown, Mrs. Samuel

Knight, Mrs. Jules Brett, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. C. K. McIntosh, Mrs. J. Casserly, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Princess Poniatowski, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Agnes Tobin, and Miss Katherine Clement.

The wedding of Miss Edythe Lanes Patten and Major-General Henry C. Corbin, adjutant-general of the Army, took place in Washington, D. C., at the Patten residence, 2122 Massachusetts Avenue, on Wednesday, November 6th. The ceremony was performed at noon by Cardinal Gibbons, assisted by the Rev. Dr. J. D. Stafford, of St. Patrick's Church. Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, gave the bride into the keeping of the groom. Miss Helen Patten, the bride's sister, acted as maid of honor, and Colonel George R. Dyer, U. S. A., was the best man.

Miss Jean Nokes made her formal debut at a tea given by her mother, Mrs. N. L. Nokes, on Saturday, November 2d, at the home of Captain and Mrs. Augustus F. Rodgers. The ladies were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Daniel Higbee Kane, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Miss Rodgers, Miss Marian Coffin, Miss Mary Nichols, Miss Allen, Miss Frances Allen, Miss Louise Redington, Miss Lucie King, Miss Nadine Nuttall, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Helen Kline, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Florence Browne, and Miss Noonan, of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford was welcomed back to Palo Alto, after her extended European tour, by the faculty and trustees of Stanford University at a formal reception given in her honor in Encina Hall on Saturday afternoon, November 2d.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a tea at her home, on Broadway, on Saturday, November 2d, complimentary to Mrs. J. N. Dolph, of Oregon. Those invited to meet Mrs. Dolph were Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Johnson V. D. Middleton, Mrs. James B. Stetson, Mrs. Frederick Mears, Mrs. William M. Thornton, Mrs. Maurice C. Foote, Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Mrs. Jules Brett, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Rithet, Miss Wagner, Miss Spreckels, Miss Taylor, Miss Mears, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Lucie King, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Jolliffe, Miss Ethel Keeney, and Miss Leontine Blakeman.

Mrs. Edward B. Young and Mrs. Eli Lewelling have issued cards for "at homes" on the third and fourth Fridays of this month. On November 15th, they will be assisted by Mrs. S. N. Denicke, Mrs. Myron Stanford, Miss Edith Manning, Miss Kathleen Booth, Miss Ghirardelli, Miss Daisy Byrne, Miss Giesting, and the Misses Georgia and Hazel Cope; while on November 22d, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Ella Bender, Miss Berenice Landers, Miss Elsa Cook, Miss Eleanor Eckart, Miss Alice May, and Mrs. George Carr will assist in receiving.

Miss Berenice Landers gave a tea at her home on Friday afternoon, November 1st, complimentary to Miss Elsa Cook, of Pittsburg. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. Sheffield Sanborn, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Marguerite May, Miss Bessie Palmer, and Miss Mabel Landers.

Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson and the Misses Snell will give a reception on Thursday afternoon, November 14th, at their residence in Berkeley in honor of Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, who is appearing at the Columbia Theatre.

Word has been received from Paris of the death of Mrs. Carroll McAfee, eldest daughter of Mr. John B. Haggin, of New York.

## The Doctors' Daughters' Doll Show.

That the Doctors' Daughters showed great wisdom in transferring their doll show to Native Sons' Hall almost at the last moment, was evidenced on Friday night, when the auditorium was crowded with a brilliant audience—for which there could scarcely have been seating capacity in the Supper Room of the Palace Hotel—which enthusiastically applauded every number on the programme. But all the energies of the ladies have not been lavished on the evening vaudeville performances. The little folks, this (Saturday) afternoon, in addition to viewing the pretty dolls, the miniature doll-house contributed by the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels, and trying their luck in the fish pond, will be entertained with the following specialties:

March, "The Fortune Teller," Herbert, Professor Clarkson's Mandolin Club; song, "When I Leave Town" ("Florodora"), waltz clog, Carrie Manning; hanjo solo, William Brodie; buck and wing, Gladys Montague; "Bohemian Girl," Balle, Professor Clarkson's Mandolin Club; Tyrolean, Helen Darling and Elsie Koch; song and dance, little Harold Borchers; cake walk, Gladys Montague and Prosper Forrest; "Entre Flores," Hernandez, Professor Clarkson's Mandolin Club; song and dance, little Ruth Maguire; specialty, Mrs. William Deane; specialties, Lillian Levey and Arthur Parent; song, Spanish dance, Flossy Gardner; hornpipe, Prosper Forrest.

The evening programme, which contains several changes from that offered on Friday night, will be as follows:

Overture, Huber's Orchestra; vocal quartet; Frederick G. Bottum, sketch artist; William Hynes, humorous selections; accompanist, Miss Kathryn Madden; "Florodora" sextet (Miss Berenice Landers, Miss Elsa Cook, Miss Mary Payne, Miss Lucene Ranson, Miss Chispa Sanborn, Miss Bessie Gowan, Mr. Walter Feldman, Mr. Charles E. Greenfield, Mr. Philip P. Paschel, Mr. Frank Rodolph, Mr. William Klink, and Mr. Joe Rosborough); intermission, refreshments; Dr. Guido E. Cagliari, song, "Forbidden Music," S. Gastaldon; Mr. Bothwell Brown, Carmencita dance in his celebrated impersonation of Carmen; Misses Sherwood, mandolin and guitar duet; Mrs. Richard Bayne, soprano solo, accompanied by Miss Mary Genevieve Maroney; Mr. Julian Thorne, impersonation of Sousa; living-picture tableaux, Miss Marie Wells; *Aubade à la Fiancée*, Frank Lambhart.

The sale of tickets for to-night is also very large, and the indications are that the Doctors' Daughters will net a handsome sum with which to continue their good work.

## Always Fascinating.

There is a charm about a tastefully arranged banquet table, even before the first item on the menu-card has been served. The sparkling crystal, the glistening silver, the rich china and immaculate linen, the dainty bouquet in the centre, and the fairy lights or banquet lamp shedding a warm glow overall, make a satisfying feast for the eyes, even though the appetite, stimulated by the suggestion of good things to come, be unappeased.

With their exceptional opportunities for making an excellent display of this kind, with rare and beautiful china and cut glass, much of it especially made for them by the most famous artisans of Europe and America, Messrs. Nathan Dohrmann Company, of this city, have for a number of years given San Franciscans a treat at Thanksgiving time in the shape of an exhibition of tastefully and brilliantly arranged dinner-tables.

This beautiful and at the same time instructive display, embodying as it does ideas gathered during the annual foreign tour of the company's buyer, is now being made in the Crystal Room of the big Sutter Street store. Five tables, representing as many courses of a well-ordered Thanksgiving dinner, and a sixth, showing unique suggestions for a midnight supper, are on view.

Among the fine wares in the "spread" are Limoges, Minton and Old English China, hand-painted "Crescent" China (English), "Art Nouveau," Old Colonial, and English Rock Crystal Glass Sets, etc.

Lack of space forbids a detailed description, but as the tables will be on exhibition until Thanksgiving Day, and the public generally is invited to see them, most *Argonaut* readers will doubtless form their opinions from personal inspection.

Don't fail to make a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais before the wet weather begins. Mill Valley, in its autumn garb, is a pleasant sight to the eye, and the panoramic view from the veranda of the Tavern and summit of the mountain is incomparable.

## Fashion's Favorite.

Every mode journal decrees velvet to be the fabric for the costume of a well-gowned woman—a velvet gown is rich. For less expensive dresses corduroys are to be used. The effect is stunning. We understand that the D. Samuels Lace House Company have imported a tremendous assortment of black and colored velvets and corduroys in all qualities and shades. They supply wholesale and retail trade.

## A Fearless Remedy

For kidney troubles, catarrh, gout, flatulence, and all stomach ailments. Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps. For sale at all druggists and grocers.

— "THE CAVALIER," BY GEORGE W. CABLE, now ready at Cooper's, 745 Market Street.

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Whoever wants soft hands, smooth hands, white hands, or a clear complexion, he and she can have both: that is, if the skin is naturally transparent; unless occupation prevents.

The color you want to avoid comes probably neither of nature or work, but of habit.

Use Pears' Soap, no matter how much; but a little is enough if you use it often.

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EXTRA DRY

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CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.

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THE NEWEST AND FINEST-EQUIPPED FAMILY HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO

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hot muffins, hot cakes, made with Royal Baking Powder may be freely eaten without fear of indigestion.



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Unsurpassed in Quality.

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**TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs and the Misses Stubbs departed last week for Chicago, which will be their future home.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Miss Virginia Jolliffe have returned from their trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase are occupying the residence of Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Foute at 1915 Gough Street.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis has returned from Bakersfield, where she was the guest of Mrs. William S. Tevis. Mrs. A. N. Drown and the Misses Drown are on their way home from Europe. They will make a short stay in New York before returning to California.

Mr. William H. Crocker was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander at Tuxedo last week. Mrs. K. Withrow and the Misses Withrow are making a short stay in New York prior to their departure for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison M. Parker (née Stubbs) have arrived in New York, which will be their future home.

Miss Gladys Merrill, who is visiting friends in Norfolk, Va., is expected home about the middle of December.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond are in New York.

Mrs. R. M. Hamilton and the Misses Hamilton were in San José last week.

Mrs. Josephine de Greayer has returned from her trip to Canada and the Pan-American Exposition to New York, where she will remain until December.

Mr. Clarence Follis departed for the East last week, and expects to be gone six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe, who have closed their cottage at Santa Cruz, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin.

Mrs. Joseph L. Moody and Miss Moody sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Bishop and Mrs. William F. Nichols were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Boalt were in New York last week.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler has returned from his visit to the East after having attended the Yale bi-centennial celebration.

Mr. Joseph Redding, who is traveling in Europe, was at Monte Carlo when last heard from. Later he expects to be joined by Mr. Willard T. Barton, who has just returned to New York from his sojourn at Warm Springs, Va., when they will make the trip up the Nile.

Mrs. John Boggs, Miss Alice Boggs, and Mr. Fred Boggs have returned from Berkeley and are at the Hotel Pleasanton for a few months' stay.

Miss Bertha Smith and Miss Helen Smith are expected home from Boston within a fortnight.

Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., is in New York with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wells, who recently arrived from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams have closed their Oakland house and taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Medau, who recently returned from their wedding journey in Southern California, are at the Hotel Granada for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cluness, Jr., visited the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hogg were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Starr and Miss Florence Starr, of Oakland, will spend the winter in San Francisco, having taken apartments at 1076 Bush Street.

Mrs. W. P. Coleman, of Sacramento, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gray Bonestell, of San Mateo, and Mr. C. K. Bonestell were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt will return from Europe on Monday, November 11th, after an absence of nine months in Germany.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop is in the city and expects to sail shortly for New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Cole, Jr., have taken apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Barnard have taken the house at 2927 Grove Street, Berkeley, for another winter. They will be at home on fourth Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hill, of Chicago, have taken apartments at the Hotel Granada for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Bentz will return next week from an extended tour of Japan and China. At Pekin they were recently the guests of Minister Conger.

Mr. and Mrs. O. V. Walker and their daughter, Mrs. C. F. Tay, are finally settled in their new residence at 2500 Broadway.

Mrs. E. A. McBryde, who returned from Europe last week, is registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. D. Summers, of St. Louis; Mrs. A. J. Farmer, of New York; Mrs. W. Whitley, of Hong Kong; Mrs. C. H. Ward, of Alameda; Mr. D. Deiweller and Mr. Charles L. Beck, of Harrisburg, Pa.; Mr. G. R. Lukens, Mr. DeGolia, Mr. George W. Reed, Mr. W. H. J. Matthews, and Dr. W. Halsey, of Oakland; Mr. D. M. Boyd, of Salt Lake City, and Mr. John J. Bowman, of Carlisle, England.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kaufman, of San Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. J. Leary and Mrs. E. P. Terry, of Seattle; Mrs. Dolph, of Portland; Mrs. M. T. Bennett, of Los Angeles; Mr. P. L. King, of Denver; Mr. C. B. Ward and Mr. R. V. Whitney, of Tacoma; Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hill, Mrs. E. L. Rothchild, Mr. W. N. Ten Eyck, Mr. G. E. Crothers, Mr. E. T. Brown, Mr. H. L. Cook, Mr. A. L. Meyerstein, Mr. E. O'Kan, and Mr. J. R. Pierce.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Walker, of Denver, Mr.

and Mrs. B. F. McMillan, of Wisconsin; Dr. and Mrs. H. Sidebotham, of Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. S. Merrill, Jr., of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. R. Roca, of Hollister; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hoisholt, of Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Osgood, of Santa Cruz; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bell, of Petaluma; Mr. M. J. Lindsay, of Ross Valley; Mr. N. J. Costello, of Sacramento; Mr. E. H. Neill, of Savannah, Ga.; Mr. E. C. Carroll, of Denver; Mr. E. C. Merritt, of Santa Rosa; and Mr. M. S. Arndt, of Stockton.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Dr. Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Edie are now settled in their new residence at Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

Lieutenant Guy T. Scott, U. S. A., and Mrs. Scott (née Voorhies) are at the Palace Hotel. Lieutenant Scott's parents, Congressman and Mrs. N. B. Scott, of West Virginia, are with them.

Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral on November 1st.

Lieutenant Henry L. Roosevelt, U. S. M. C., was a guest at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Lieutenant-Commander Edward J. Dorn, U. S. N., who succeeded Commander Tilley, U. S. N., as governor of Tutuila, when that officer came to San Francisco from Samoa, returned on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura* on Monday on sick leave, accompanied by Mrs. Dorn. He will return to Pago Pago as soon as his health has been restored.

Captain Louis A. Craig, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., was at the California Hotel during the week.

Major William F. Tucker, paymaster, U. S. A., who has been stationed at St. Michaels for the past year and a half, was in Portland, Or., last week with his family.

Captain George P. Ahern, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ahern sailed for Manila on the transport *Kilpatrick* on Friday, November 1st.

## The Fall Exhibition at the Art Institute.

The San Francisco Art Association opened its annual fall exhibition of water colors, pastels, and black-and-white at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art with a private view for the members of the association on Thursday evening, November 7th, from eight until eleven o'clock, when the following musical programme was rendered by an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman:

Spanish March, Ervii; overture, "Light Cavalry," Suppé; intermezzo, "Tuscan," Langey; waltz, Johansen; (a) "Here's to the Rose," (b) prosperina (Aria de Ballet), H. Sylvester Krouse; selections, "Ernani," Verdi; serenade, Titi (flute, Signor Lombardo, cornet, Mr. Mahood); gavotte, Bertiner; waltz, "Espana," Waldeufel; selections, "Florodora," Stuart; popular melody, Boettger; march, "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa.

The exhibition is notable in many ways. For the first time oil paintings are excluded and the water colorists have the great gallery entirely to themselves. The idea of covering the several hundred feet of wall-space with such delicate creations as aquarelles, pastels, and crayons, seemed at first thought rather an impossible task, and many expected that the jury would have to be unusually lenient in order to make up any sort of a showing. But, as a matter of fact, the jury refused a little more than one-half of what was submitted, with the result that the standard is as high as that maintained in the larger cities, and fully upholds the reputation that the institute has achieved for severity in accepting only good work. The walls are comfortably filled, and it is very interesting to study the character of the picture. Our space does not permit of individual mention, although there are some exhibitors who deserve that distinction. Generally speaking, it may be said that the work on pastels is exceptionally good; that the showing of black and white is rather small, but contains here and there some vigorous drawing; and that the water-colors show a very wide range in technique and subjects. This latter fact, of course, makes the exhibition doubly entertaining. It was pleasant to see that some of the pictures are already ticketed "Sold." It is an excellent opportunity for Christmas buyers as well as sight-seers. A word of commendation is due the catalogue book, which is illustrated, well arranged, and has an original cover design by Mr. Will Sparks.

The exhibition will be open daily from nine till five o'clock, and on the evenings of Thursday, November 14th, and Thursday, November 21st, there will be a promenade concert.

Seth Abbott, father of Emma Abbott, passed away in Chicago on October 22d.

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| LEAVE   | FROM OCT. 6, 1901.   | ARRIVE  |
|---------|--|---------|
| 7:00 A  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.....   | 6:25 P  |
| 7:00 A  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....  | 7:55 P  |
| 7:30 A  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....   | 6:25 P  |
| 8:00 A  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 7:55 P  |
| 8:00 A  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....   | 12:25 P |
| 8:00 A  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....  | 7:25 P  |
| 8:00 A  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....   | 4:55 P  |
| 8:30 A  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....                   | 7:55 P  |
| 8:30 A  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....            | 4:25 P  |
| 8:30 A  | Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carthers.....  | 4:25 P  |
| 9:00 A  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....  | 11:55 A |
| 9:00 A  | Vallejo.....   | 12:25 P |
| 9:00 A  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....               | 7:25 P  |
| 9:30 A  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....   | 7:55 P  |
| 10:00 A | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 6:55 P  |
| 11:00 A | Sacramento River Steamers.....   | 15:00 A |
| 3:30 P  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....  | 7:55 P  |
| 4:00 P  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....                         | 10:55 A |
| 4:00 P  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....   | 9:25 A  |
| 4:00 P  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....  | 12:25 P |
| 4:30 P  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore, Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....                             | 18:55 A |
| 4:30 P  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....                   | 10:25 A |
| 5:00 P  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....   | 8:55 A  |
| 5:30 P  | New Orleans Limited—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 12:25 P |
| 6:00 P  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....  | 7:55 A  |
| 6:00 P  | Vallejo.....   | 7:55 A  |
| 6:00 P  | Oakland—Foot of Broadway.....  | 11:25 A |
| 6:00 P  | Oakland—Foot of Broadway.....  | 12:25 P |
| 6:00 P  | Oakland—Foot of Broadway.....  | 4:25 P  |
| 7:00 P  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Pigeon Sound, and East.....      | 8:55 A  |
| 8:05 P  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....   | 11:25 A |
| 18:05 P | Vallejo.....   | 7:55 P  |

**COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).**  
(Foot of Market Street.)

|         |  |         |
|---------|--|---------|
| 8:15 A  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                        | 5:50 P  |
| 12:15 P | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 10:50 A |
| 4:15 P  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....   | 18:50 A |
| 4:30 P  | Hunters Train—San José and Way Stations.....   | 17:20 P |

**OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.**  
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—  
17:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M.  
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  
18:05 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

**COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).**  
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

|          |   |         |
|----------|---|---------|
| 6:10 A   | San José and Way Stations.....  | 6:30 P  |
| 7:00 A   | San José and Way Stations.....  | 1:30 P  |
| 7:00 A   | New Almaden.....  | 7:40 P  |
| 9:00 A   | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.....  | 7:45 P  |
| 10:30 A  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 4:10 P  |
| 11:30 A  | San José and Way Stations.....  | 5:30 P  |
| 12:45 P  | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 11:00 A |
| 3:30 P   | San José and Way Stations.....  | 6:30 A  |
| 14:15 P  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....  | 9:45 A  |
| 15:00 P  | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....  | 19:00 A |
| 5:30 P   | San José and Principal Way Stations.....  | 8:30 A  |
| 6:00 P   | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....   | 10:05 A |
| 6:30 P   | San José and Way Stations.....  | 8:00 A  |
| 411:45 P | San José and Way Stations.....  | 6:30 P  |

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**THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.**

*Missus*—"Now, remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming for dinner to-night." *Cook*—"Leave it to me, mum. I'll do me worst! They'll never trouble yez again!"—*Bazar*.

After the surgical operation: *Barber*—"What will you have on your face, witch-hazel or hay rum?" *Patient*—"Naither one nor the other. Just put on plain court-plashter!"—*Judge*.

*Impecunious lover*—"Be mine, Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel." *Wealthy maiden*—"Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat, and less to wear. No, thank you."—*Tit-Bits*.

*Kitty*—"My dressmaker says it is such a pleasure to fit a gown to me." *Edith*—"Considers it a sort of artistic triumph, I suppose? The true artist delights in difficulties."—*Boston Transcript*.

Rats and the dog: *Man* (indignantly)—"When I bought this dog you said he was splendid for rats. Why, he won't touch them." *Dog dealer*—"Well, ain't that splendid for rats?"—*Tit-Bits*.

The thing to do: "If you woke up suddenly in the night and found yourself in the den of a man-eating tiger, what would you do?" "I'd promise myself to quit drinking."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Your conversation, Mr. Hevymian," said Miss Peppery, looking very wise, but innocent, "reminds me of some champagne." "Ah!" exclaimed Hevymian, much pleased, "so sparkling as that." "No; but it's extra dry."—*Ex*.

No favoritism: "Please, ma'am," said the boy who had been absent, "I was kidnapped!" "That is no excuse," replied the teacher; "I can not allow you liberties simply because your parents happen to be rich."—*Town Topics*.

*She* (in a whisper)—"That little man we are passing is Robertson Stunter. He was one of the best-known authors in the country once." *He*—"Strange I don't remember him." *She*—"But that was three or four months ago."—*Life*.

"No, sir," exclaimed the loud-voiced drummer in the smoker, "I'm proud to say that no house in the country has more men pushing its line of goods than ours." "What do you sell?" asked a curious one. "Baby carriages."—*Syracuse Herald*.

Vain ambition: "It seems impossible to break into society," moaned the *parvenu*; "this is the fourth time I have been operated on for appendicitis, and the only invitation I have received is one to call and settle with the surgeon."—*Baltimore American*.

Success at last: *Dr. Brown*—"Well, did you keep the thermometer in the room at seventy degrees, as I told you?" *Mrs. Murphy*—"I did indeed, doctor, but I had a hard time to do it. The only place it would stay at seventy was for a minute on the chimney-piece."—*Life*.

Up-to-date parson: "How does your parson draw such big congregations from society circles?" "Oh, he gets a good deal of golf in his sermons." "Indeed?" "Yes; every few sentences he warns us not to fizzle on the narrow path, and to drive Satan down the nearest hole."—*Chicago News*.

Out at sea: *Mrs. Gull* (angrily)—"I heard what you said to that Miss Seaweed." *Mr. Gull*—"Heard what?" *Mrs. Gull*—"Heard you say just as plain as day: 'Meet me at the pier, dearest.'" *Mr. Gull*—"Oh, rats! You just ran into one of those wireless messages from that steamer."—*Judge*.

*Uncle*—"What are you crying for, Georgie?" *Georgie*—"Teacher caned me because I was the only one—hoo-hoo—able to answer a question to-day." *Uncle* (indignantly)—"This is scandalous, my poor boy! What was the question?" *Georgie* (between sobs)—"Who put the bent pin in the teacher's chair?"—*Tit-Bits*.

Mr. Thomasson's lesson: "Yes," said Mr. Thomasson, "I went home intoxicated one night about ten years ago, and the lesson my wife taught me made a lasting impression on my brain." "What did she say?" "She didn't say anything. The lasting impression I refer to was made by a flat-iron. See that hump?"—*Indianapolis Sun*.

A brutal threat: *Mrs. Jigshy* (the discussion having become somewhat personal)—"You may talk till doomsday, George Jigshy, but you'll never get me to admit that a wife is bound to do as her husband tells her." *Mr. Jigshy*—"By gravity, madam, if I outlive you, I'll have it engraved on your tombstone that you were a good and obedient wife!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

See that Steadman is split with two ees when you buy Steadman's Soothing Powders. Beware of spurious imitations.

*Audience*—"Why don't the orchestra commence the overture?" *San Francisco manager*—"The mayor hasn't arrived yet."—*The Political Shrapnel*.

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| Leave San Francisco. | In Effect April 28, 1901. | Arrive San Francisco.                                  |
|----------------------|---------------------------|--|
| Week Days.           | Sun. days.                | Week Days.   |
| 7:30 a.m.            | 8:00 a.m.                 | Novato, 10:40 a.m.                                     |
| 3:30 p.m.            | 9:30 a.m.                 | Petaluma, 6:05 p.m.                                    |
| 5:10 p.m.            | 5:00 p.m.                 | Santa Rosa, 7:35 p.m.                                  |
| 7:30 a.m.            | 5:00 p.m.                 | Fulton, Windsor, 10:40 a.m.                            |
| 3:30 p.m.            | 8:00 a.m.                 | Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, 7:35 p.m. |
| 7:30 a.m.            | 5:00 p.m.                 | Hopland, 10:40 a.m.                                    |
| 3:30 p.m.            | 8:00 a.m.                 | Ukiah, 7:35 p.m.                                       |
| 7:30 a.m.            | 8:00 a.m.                 | Guerneville, 10:40 a.m.                                |
| 3:30 p.m.            | 5:00 p.m.                 | and Sonoma, 9:15 a.m.                                  |
| 7:30 a.m.            | 8:00 a.m.                 | Glen Ellen, 6:05 p.m.                                  |
| 5:10 p.m.            | 5:00 p.m.                 | Sebastopol, 10:40 a.m.                                 |
| 7:30 a.m.            | 8:00 a.m.                 | and 7:35 p.m.  |

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lacey's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hulville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Laytonville, Cummins, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Scotia, and Eureka.

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| Ar. Stockton.....  | 7:20 A.      | 9:00 A.        | 8:00 P.        | 4:20 P.      |
| " Merced.....      | 10:18 A.     | 11:45 A.       | 11:10 P.       | 7:18 P.      |
| " Fresno.....      | 12:25 P.     | 1:17 P.        | 1:10 P.        | 9:11 P.      |
| " Hanford.....     | 2:05 P.      | 2:35 P.        | 3:15 A.        | 10:50 P.     |
| " Visalia.....     | 3:12 P.      | 3:27 P.        | 8:05 A.        | .....        |
| " Bakersfield..... | 3:39 P.      | .....          | 5:00 A.        | .....        |
| " Kansas City..... | 6:15 P.      | 5:20 P.        | 7:45 A.        | .....        |
| " Chicago.....     | 2:40 A.      | 7:30 A.        | .....          | .....        |

a for morning. p for afternoon.  
9 a.m. train is the California Limited, carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Car runs to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 7:05 a.m. daily.  
4:20 p.m. is Stockton and Fresno local. Corresponding train arrives at 12:30 p.m. daily.  
8:00 p.m. is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:00 p.m. daily.  
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XLIX. No. 1288.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 18, 1901.

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The Pan-American Congress in the City of Mexico began its labors with a good attendance of delegates from the various countries, and has plenty of work before it. The invitation of the Mexican Government, upon which the congress convened, recited a long list of subjects intended to outline the scope of the convention. Among them are measures tending to promote the peace and prosperity of the several American

states; for the formation of a customs union to govern modes of exporting and importing, port dues and charges, valuation and classification of merchandise, and for the general fostering of reciprocal trade; for the establishment of better modes of communication between ports and the extension land routes by an intercontinental railway; for a uniform system of weights and measures; the adoption of a common coin as legal tender in reciprocal transactions; and for a definitive plan of arbitration to cover all existing questions and difficulties which may hereafter arise.

Practically all of these questions were considered by the last Pan-American Congress, held in Washington eleven years ago, but little was accomplished. It has been supposed in this country that the general conditions were now vastly more favorable, and much could now be done toward unifying the international interests of the American republics.

If the congress is not another failure it will be largely due to the tact and patience of the representatives of the United States. Their first trial was to be compelled to listen to a typical Latin-American oration by General Reyes, a delegate from Colombia, which proved to be a fervent eulogy of Spain.

The two subjects which threaten disruption of the proceedings are those which deal with the relations of South American countries with the United States, and the proposition to adopt a general plan of arbitration. Chile is the most disturbing factor in the latter. That country, although accepting the invitation, announces her determination to fight a Pan-American court of arbitration, and to withdraw entirely unless the plan is confined to future troubles, and ignores those which exist. Through the warfare of nearly twenty years ago Chile gained possession of the maritime provinces of Bolivia, and part of the coast of Peru. Chile was to hold the territories ten years, at the end of which period their inhabitants were to vote on the question of disposition. The vote has not been taken, though the ten years expired in 1894. Her unwillingness to give up the provinces is the key to Chile's dissent to retroactive arbitration.

In addition, there is the usual jealousy of Latin-America toward the growing power of the United States. South American papers show plenty of evidence of these sentiments. The *Tribuna-Popular*, of Montevideo, points to the cessions just forced from Spain, predicts the early annexation of Canada, and warns the Spanish republics of a similar fate. The *Mercurio*, of Valparaiso, declares that this country must be suspiciously watched. *Prensa*, of Buenos Ayres, proclaims that "any commercial arrogance on the part of the United States will be vigorously resisted in all South America." *Epoca*, of Madrid, believes that "the assembling of the congress will sound the death-knell of South American independence." The only friendly note at hand is found in *Notizia*, a Portuguese paper of Rio Janeiro, which evidently does not apprehend any interference by this country in purely South American affairs.

The report of H. E. Cooper, the acting governor of Hawaii, naturally touches on the labor problem which is so acute there. He points out that the prosperity of the islands depends upon the successful and economical production of sugar. "The employment of Chinese and Japanese," he continues, "never has interfered and never will interfere with either American skilled or unskilled labor, but if an ample supply of desirable labor can be obtained it means millions of dollars spent for machinery, buildings, tools, steel, and iron, and other supplies of American make." His proposal is that a limited number of Chinese laborers be admitted to the islands on condition that they shall engage only in agricultural pursuits during their residence in the Territory, and shall return to their own country upon ceasing to be farm-hands. From the Philippines similar reports are coming. A dispatch announces that under the new law Chinese are pouring into Manila, and quickly getting into the provinces. During two weeks recently three thousand Chinese came in. The new law has not yet been published here, so it is impossible to

say how effective it will be as a loop-hole through which the wily Chinese can slip into this country. As was pointed out by the *Argonaut* two or three years ago, the possession of these islands in the Pacific will always be a menace to this country so far as Chinese immigration is concerned. The labor problem in Hawaii is a serious one. White people can not work on the plantations for any length of time, and when they do work their wages eat up all the profits. Portuguese have been tried without success, and the Porto Rican experiment had similar results. The Chinese and Japanese seem to be the natural laborers for the sugar plantations, and the people of Hawaii are naturally anxious to get them in, and will continue to be anxious. The trouble is, however, that once in Hawaii or in the Philippines, it will be practically impossible to prevent their swarming through the country. A constitutional question that the courts would have to determine would arise as to whether travel between the different States and Territories can be restricted by either the federal or the State governments. The indications have been that the courts would hold that it can not. Even waiving this question, a system of rigid supervision would have to be maintained at a considerable expense, and this would have to be met, not only by the planters, but by the people of the whole country. The difficulty of preventing the Chinese from smuggling themselves over the borders from foreign countries has been amply demonstrated since the exclusion act has been in force. It will be far more difficult to prevent their coming here when once they are admitted within the boundaries of our insular possessions. The difficult problems arising from the ownership of the islands are only just beginning to show themselves.

Recent events in South Africa prove that the English troops are making slight gains, but so slight as to be almost imperceptible. The end of the war, if compromise and mutual concession are not resorted to, seems yet to be far off. It is reported that Krüger has suggested new terms of peace, by which the two republics will be autonomous under the protection of Russia and France, and that England will receive the Rand, with its gold mines, as full indemnity. There does not seem to be any disposition on the part of the British to accept such terms. In the meantime, interest in England is reaching fever point again, and there are indications that the war may yet result in the overthrow of the ministry. The burden that the British public is hearing is a heavy one. Mr. Broderick, the war secretary, in defending his course recently said that the British have 200,000 men and 450 guns in South Africa, and 100,000 men are under training at home. The war office is providing supplies for 314,000 persons and feeding 248,000 horses and mules. Four months' reserve is also being maintained for this vast number of men and animals. Sixty-nine well-equipped mobile columns are now in the field. All of this means a heavy and continuous expense, and the British tax-payer can not see that the results are commensurate with the outlay. The Buller incident has also roused considerable bitter feeling. His appointment to the command of the First Army Corps called forth a storm of protest. The general himself, who is plentifully lacking in tact, attempted to answer his critics, and made matters worse. His challenge to his critics to name an officer better fitted than he to command an army corps would have had more force coming from anybody but himself, and, coming from him, indicated a lack of qualities essential to an able commander. Then came his speech, in which he admitted that he had suggested to General White that he surrender Ladysmith, and this capped the climax. The fact that he gave the advice to relieve General White from responsibility was an extenuating circumstance, but not an excuse. He was retired on half-pay, the speech serving as a cause for action; but the general opinion in England is that the war office saw that it had made a blunder in Buller's promotion, and seized this opportunity to repair it.

The excited criticism in England is having its effect upon the conduct of affairs in the field. More and more harsh measures are being adopted. It is true that Lord Kitchener



has confined the shootings and hangings to Cape Colony rebels who have been captured, but there is banishment for the Boer leaders, and they resent the harshness to their allies, who are of their own blood. The concentration camps—whatever may have been the intention—are another exhibition of barbarity. Since they have been established, six thousand of the "concentrated" have perished, a majority of them being children. All of this has raised the Boer resentment to a pitch where the burghers are clamoring for a policy of reprisals. The Boer leaders oppose the adoption of this policy, but it is a question how long they can restrain the men, and when reprisals are once begun it is impossible to say at what degree of barbarism the counter-movements will pause.

If the *Argonaut* has a hobby, as its readers know, it is the utter lack of influence shown by the daily press in general, and the San Francisco dailies in particular. Whenever our theories are corroborated, as they often are, we never fail to point a moral. Needless to state, these remarks are never relished by the daily press. They have attempted at times to refute them, but facts and figures are merciless, and the dailies always fail.

It is rarely that issues in an election are so clear cut as in the recent one. Generally the issues, the candidates, and the tickets are so confused that some daily or dailies can throw dust in the people's eyes, and claim to have elected some candidate or candidates. But once in a while all of the dailies come to grief. All of them came to grief in San Francisco in this election of 1901. Another notable instance in San Francisco was in 1894, when Sutro was running for mayor. Three weeks before that election, commenting on the municipal campaign, the *Argonaut* remarked:

"To thoughtful men it would sometimes seem as if the newspapers were wholly destitute of influence, and as if the people made up their minds entirely without reference to the press. In this city, next month, there will be an opportunity to test it. Three leading daily journals—the *Examiner* (Democratic morning paper), the *Call* (Republican morning paper), and the *Bulletin* (Republican evening paper) have espoused the cause of the Non-Partisan ticket. The *Chronicle* (Republican morning paper) supports the Republican ticket. The Democratic ticket has no newspaper supporter. Here is a clear-cut issue—three newspapers against one, four newspapers against none. Yet when the ballots come to be counted, it will be found, we think, that the Democratic ticket, which had no newspaper, will have more ballots than the Non-Partisan, which had three, and that the Republican ticket, which had one newspaper as against three, will have more ballots than either of the other two."

The election of 1894 corroborated the *Argonaut's* forecast. The Non-Partisan ticket was supported by three journals—the *Examiner*, the *Call*, and the *Bulletin*. Yet the Non-Partisan ticket cut scarcely any figure at all. The Republican ticket, which was supported by one newspaper, the *Chronicle*, elected a few of its candidates. The Democratic ticket, which had no journalistic support, elected the largest number of candidates. And Adolph Sutro, who was elected mayor by a majority over all his competitors, was supported by no newspaper at all.

The *Argonaut* paragraph was copied in a number of Eastern newspapers—among others, in the New York *Evening Post*, which had this to say:

"The San Francisco *Argonaut* looks on the result of the municipal election in San Francisco last week as proof of its theory that newspapers are of small influence, and that the people 'make up their minds entirely without reference to the press.' Undoubtedly the election returns of San Francisco prove the unimportant character of the daily press of that city. The deduction, however, from all this is, not that newspapers generally are without influence among their readers, but that there is something sadly lacking in the daily newspapers of San Francisco, which have established their reputation for political sycophancy and cowardice."

The remarks of the New York *Post* pierced the hides of the San Francisco press, and the *Examiner* and *Bulletin* attempted to refute our statements. The *Examiner* said in 1894 of Mr. Sutro, who was elected (without any newspaper help) by an overwhelming majority over all his competitors (who had an abundance of newspaper help), that "Mr. Sutro had no personal opposition from the reputable daily press." The *Argonaut* did not say that he had; it merely remarked that he had no newspaper support. Had the "reputable daily press" opposed him, it is probable, considering the lessons of the election, that all the votes would have been cast for him instead of rather more than half of them.

In 1901 Mr. Schmitz has been elected mayor of San Francisco with opposition from nearly all of the "reputable daily press"—if it be reputable. He was opposed by all of the press but the *Examiner*, and was not supported even by the *Examiner*. The attitude of the dailies of San Francisco toward him may be thus tabulated:

The *Chronicle* supported Tobin; Tobin was defeated.  
The *Chronicle* opposed Schmitz; Schmitz was elected.  
The *Call* supported Tobin; Tobin was defeated.  
The *Call* opposed Schmitz; Schmitz was elected.  
The *Bulletin* supported Wells; Wells was defeated.  
The *Bulletin* opposed Schmitz; Schmitz was elected.  
The *Post* supported Wells; Wells was defeated.  
The *Post* opposed Schmitz; Schmitz was elected.

To recapitulate, we have taken two of the most notable

instances in recent years of the utter lack of influence shown by the daily press of San Francisco. Sutro ran for mayor opposed by practically all of the daily papers but one, and unsupported by that one. He was elected by a sweeping majority, polling more votes than all of his competitors put together. Schmitz ran for mayor, bitterly opposed by four of the dailies out of five, and with the fifth daily not supporting him. With absolutely no newspaper support, he was elected by a handsome plurality.

As for the fifth daily, the *Examiner's* attitude toward the labor ticket throughout the campaign was so uncertain that it is now attempting to pose as having elected Schmitz. To disprove this claim it is only necessary to look at the files of the *Examiner*. We reprint this week elsewhere some extracts from its own columns, which disprove its own claims.

All sorts of rambling explanations were made by the dailies at the time of Sutro's election. Yet that election proved their utter lack of influence. The election of Schmitz in the teeth of their opposition is another body blow. This time they are silent. And silence best becomes them.

A number of weeks ago the *Argonaut* told the striking workingmen that the way for them to remedy their alleged grievances with the government of San Francisco was to take possession of it—not with slung-shots and dynamite, but with the franchise; not with bullets, but with ballots. The workingmen took us at our word, and elected the head of their ticket as mayor of San Francisco. They also elected three supervisors, and they came so near electing their entire ticket as to scare the daylight out of the Democratic and Republican candidates. Had they been a little better organized they would have elected their whole ticket as easily as they elected their mayor.

Mr. Eugene Schmitz, who has just been elected mayor by the workingmen, has agreeably disappointed the timid citizens of San Francisco. His utterances since his election are of the most conservative description. He is a native of San Francisco; his father erected the first brick house built in the city; he is married, and has reared his children here; he has become an employer of labor here. Thus he has every inducement to govern conservatively and wisely his native city. He says that he has no reason to ally himself with selfish or dishonest partisans, and that he has made no promises to political bosses or partisan newspapers—in short, that he goes into office utterly untrammelled, and with every desire to fill his office wisely and well.

It can not be denied that Mr. Schmitz's modest and conservative tone has very favorably impressed San Francisco. Will he carry out his promises? We think he will. Of course, Mr. Schmitz can not kick over the stool on which he climbed to power. Were he utterly to ignore the workingmen's party, he would incur the secret contempt of both Democrats and Republicans. But he need not do that. There is no reason why he should not recognize the party which elected him. Let him appoint conservative and representative workingmen to the vacancies on the various boards as the vacancies occur. A good, level-headed workingman, of mature years, himself a graduate of the public schools, of American birth, and the father of children reared in this community, would be an excellent man to put upon the board of education. Honest, keen-witted, representative workingmen as police commissioners, fire commissioners, public works and park commissioners would certainly fill those positions as ably as some of the somewhat anomalous persons who fill some of them now. Political parties must not forget that workingmen are just as good as employers in this republic. Political bosses seem to have forgotten it lately in San Francisco. As we told them some weeks ago, the workingmen could take all the offices if they wanted to, and they have shown great moderation in taking so few. So let Mr. Schmitz recognize the workingmen, and then there will be on the various boards representatives of the Republican, the Democratic, and the Union Labor parties. This is as it should be.

But how about the future? Let us give Mr. Schmitz a bit of advice. Any man who fills a public office, and who is elected by an ephemeral party, has, politically, a most uncertain footing. Newton Booth went to the United States Senate from California, elected by an independent political faction known as the "Dolly Vardens." Before he had been in the Senate two years, the Dolly Vardens had ceased to exist. Booth then represented nothing. He was a man of fine presence, of brilliant attainments, an eloquent speaker, but there was no party behind him. Newton Booth speedily became in the United States Senate a shadow. Yet a speechless person, like Senator Platt, of New York, with a powerful political party behind him, is a person of importance. Let Mr. Schmitz take heed. He is and always has been a Republican. Let him recognize now the workingmen's party which has elected him, but let him gradually

renew his allegiance to the party to which he has always been loyal. Before two years have elapsed, the Union Labor party will be quarreling, and before four years it will be nothing but a remembrance. Long after we are dead and gone the Republican party will still be doing business at the same old stand. Let Mr. Schmitz strike hands with the Republican party before his term is over, and the Republican party may find him an indispensable person to succeed himself.

In this city, we Republicans, through purblind Republican bosses and personal Republican dailies, succeed in electing Democratic mayors with great regularity. Now we have got a Republican one—in spite of our Republican bosses and Republican dailies. But we got him through a workingman's ticket. Perhaps our Republican bosses and our Republican dailies are no good. How about that?

The recent renewals of activity on the part of the Filipinos opposed to the rule of this country are to be met by prompt and severe punishment, in order to discourage similar manifestations in the future. Coming as they do when the civil authorities are taking the place of the military in control of affairs, they give some force to the claim of the military authorities that the time is not yet ripe for such a change. In the island of Samar, the people have been notified to concentrate in the towns, where they can be seen. Those who remain outside will be considered public enemies, and treated as such. This measure is said to be for the protection of the Filipinos themselves, as well as of the Americans. Some of the soldiers there have seen the barbarous treatment to which the dead American soldiers were subjected, and the others have heard of it. Intense feeling prevails, which will assert itself if any of the Filipinos are found in the open. The Philippine commission has also prepared a measure to restrain lawlessness and disorder. This is a proposed law defining and punishing sedition. The definition of treason is made to include those who give aid and comfort to the insurgents, and death is made the penalty for treason in all its forms. Under the head of sedition, those who utter seditious words or speeches, or who write libels against the United States Government, or the insular government, are punishable by a fine of two thousand dollars, or two years' imprisonment. For breaking the oath of allegiance, a fine of two thousand dollars, or imprisonment for two years, is fixed as the penalty.

President Roosevelt's first appearance at a public reception took place at New Haven on the occasion of the bi-centennial celebration of Yale College. The manner in which it was conducted indicates that he has acquiesced in the general opinion that the safety of the chief magistrate is an affair of the people, and that there is a real necessity for protecting him against the assaults of cranks and anarchists. During the whole time of his sojourn in the city he was carefully guarded by a corps of police and detectives, which surveillance was not abated even when he had entered the college grounds, from which all had been excluded except students, graduates, and ladies. A precedent has been set for a still more careful guarding of the executive than has ever heretofore been followed, and though undoubtedly distasteful to a man of President Roosevelt's temperament, it will prove a good example if it assures the nation against the shocks which result from assaults upon its head.

At the same time a more decided advance was made by ignoring the foolish custom of indiscriminate, nerve-racking, and useless public handshaking. The reform was instituted and followed upon the suggestion of President Hadley, of Yale. The principle having been established that a president of a college or a nation may receive his friends in public without shaking their hands, it will be strengthened if President Roosevelt shall follow it on future occasions, and he will have the support of the public in so doing. It is as once only a symbol of peace and friendship. But it has just been made an opportunity for murder.

On his way through New York City recently, the Marquis Ito, of Japan, was entertained at a dinner given at the Metropolitan Club, and, in reply to addresses of welcome, made some striking observations on the attitude of his own country toward the outside world. The general tone of reports sent out since the operations of the allies in China has led to a general belief that Japan, in its foreign policy, is an essentially warlike nation, and that the central policy of its rulers was one of intense antagonism toward Russia, with whom there would surely be war over the encroachments of the latter on the mainland, with the purpose of compelling a division of the spoils resulting from a dismemberment of China. Marquis Ito surprised his hearers by announcing through his interpreters that the real attitude of Japan is one of peace and good-will toward the nations of the earth.



"Japan," he said, "stands between two widely different and opposing civilizations." She alone understands at once the Oriental and the American and European ideas of life and motive. To interpret one to the other, and keep peace between them in the East, is the worthy mission of Japan. That was the text of what is reported to have been a most impressive address. It will impress not only those who heard it, but the general public who have conceived other notions of Japanese policy.

As the teamsters' strike in San Francisco is now believed to be over; as Governor Gage believes that he "settled" it; as the daily papers believe that it is over; as the community will agree with Governor Gage that he "settled" it when the strikers stop murdering non-union workmen in the streets of San Francisco—as all these things may now be considered settled, let us look at a phase of the matter that has not yet been discussed. We mean the question of doing away with the necessity for so much teaming and so many teamsters in San Francisco.

In the *Railway Age* of November 1st we find the annexed striking article on "Teamsters and Traffic." The article is particularly pertinent at this time when all that San Francisco has left to represent the loss of several millions in commerce is the lesson which this experience has taught us. It has been very expensive, but, like many other costly experiences, may be turned to the ultimate profit of our city, if properly applied. The Belt Railroad, even in its present incomplete condition, offers the means to our merchants of ridding themselves, to a great extent, of the exactions of the draymen's combine of San Francisco. This freedom from paying unnecessary tolls is necessary if we expect to take our proper rank among the commercial cities of this country:

"The recent interruptions to the movement of commerce occasioned by the strikes of the teamsters in St. Louis and San Francisco, emphasize the necessity of reducing to a minimum the factor of team transfer in the movement of goods. Under present conditions, the total abolition of this service is manifestly impossible, but also under present conditions a very large reduction of the amount of such handling is not only possible, but absolutely necessary for the economical handling of traffic. The amount of waste involved in hauling expenses in any large commercial centre is simply enormous, and would in some cases amount to a material profit on the goods handled. The inauguration of any method which would do away with a large portion of this expense is, therefore, much to be desired, and should be made a subject of careful study by those interested.

"There is no necessary reason why that portion of traffic which is not needed for local consumption should ever be baulked through the streets of a large commercial centre two or three times, as is now the case with a large part of it. In these days of telephones, pneumatic tubes, and other rapid-transit facilities, a distributing-house needs only office and sample-room in the business centre. Its warehouses can be located on belt lines, of which every city of any size possesses one or more; and if generally so located, means would be provided whereby not only carload but less than carload shipments would be promptly handled. Chicago has already made a distinct movement in this direction, and before very long will have such an arrangement so far as the railways are concerned. It is contemplated that various distributors of goods within the city limits will take advantage of the opportunity offered, and locate their warehouses so as to avail themselves of this new service.

"Not the least of the advantageous features involved in such a proposition is the removal from the streets of our cities of the enormous amount of teaming now passing over them. So congested is this that at times it is positively dangerous to attempt to cross the street, while the condition of the thoroughfares growing out of such use constitutes a constant menace to the health of the people. Clean and well-kept streets are impossible under such circumstances, and this without any other reason should be a sufficient inducement to abate the nuisance. When to this is added not only the enormous expense incident to such hauling, but also the interference to commerce possible because of it, there would seem to be no excuse why it should be tolerated longer than is necessary.

"This last-named feature is of more importance than is usually supposed. The strike of the teamsters at San Francisco cost the commerce of that city many millions of dollars, and it is certain that the teamsters' strike in East St. Louis was disastrous to the trade of St. Louis. More than three thousand cars of merchandise were sidetracked at one time on the lines leading into East St. Louis. Such teamsters as could be induced to work were accompanied by one or more police officers for protection, thereby involving a large expense to the city for extra police. No community has the right to subject itself to such a possibility if it can be avoided, and to that end steps should be taken in all large cities."

Not only will it be necessary for San Francisco to build belt lines in order to take her commerce from the control of irresponsible labor-unions, but that is only one of the factors in the case—the saving to merchants would be enormous. But more than all, the city can never take first rank as a great seaport so long as she relies entirely on teams and teamsters for transportation to and from ship and car.

Tomas Estrada Palma, who was the moving spirit of the Cuban Junta during the Spanish war, is to meet opposition in his campaign for the presidency of the Cuban Republic. General Bartolomeo Masso has announced himself a candidate, and disclosed his platform. He aligns himself with the most radical elements, which stand for absolute independence, and not with the property-holding class, which at present seems to incline toward annexation. His strength is to be drawn from the autonomist party of the late war-time and the Spanish residents, with whom he hopes to associate the colored race, "which proved its orderly character under great suffering, and is an essential factor in Cuban prob-

lems." General Masso does not expect absolute independence under the Platt amendment, but proposes to hold on to the shadow now and strive for the substance. He wants to have a hand in drawing the proposed treaty with the United States, and have it made clear just what limitations are to be imposed by the unavoidable demands of our foreign policy. He finds ample means at hand, wisely handled, to start a stable government, and among Cuban financial obligations would give preference to the payment of the army.

The sweeping results of the fight against Tammany in New York City continue to make the late election the leading topic in the Eastern metropolis.

All returns have confirmed the early indications of the utter rout of the Tammany forces, and the aftermath of gossip discloses something of the seemingly hopeless case of that notorious organization. Fusion was not the only political element inimical to Tammany. It has a relentless foe in the Greater New York Democracy, led by John C. Sheehan. He announces that his party will continue to fight Tammany until it is wiped out of existence, and the regular Democracy of New York recognized in State and national conventions. Ex-Senator Cantor, also an ex-Tammanyite, elected on the Fusion ticket as president of Manhattan Borough, predicts the destruction of even the name of Tammany through revocation of its charter. Seth Low and William T. Jerome, mayor and district attorney elect, are working in harmony, and propose to rid the city of every vestige of Tammany influence as soon as possible. One of the first to step down and out will be Chief of Police Devery, whose retention by Croker made him the storm-centre of the fight. His dismissal is expected to be followed by an exodus of all sorts of crooks. Senator Platt, though jubilant, finds a fly in the ointment in the shape of the victory of Justice Jerome, a Democrat and a Fusionist, who vigorously denounced every intimation of Platt domination during the campaign. Bets to the amount of perhaps one million dollars were lost by the backers of Tammany. Richard Croker is said to be one of the heaviest losers, and the big winners are said to have raked in sums ranging from thirty thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars apiece.

The subscriptions for a memorial to be erected in this city to the memory of President McKinley have been steadily pouring in, until now the fund exceeds twenty-five thousand dollars. Though the future growth is likely to be slower, there is no reason to doubt that the fifty-thousand-dollar mark will soon be reached. The question as to what form the memorial is to take therefore becomes one of increasing importance. Suggestions have not been wanting, among those who have spoken being the advocates of a statue, a fountain, a city garden, a hospital, a great column, and an arch. A correspondent says: "The memorial is to be the gift of the people to commemorate their respect and admiration for the late President, and it is but right that they should be consulted as to the form it is to take." To this it might be replied that only those people who have subscribed have a right to choose. A correspondent of one of the daily papers suggests a plan for learning the wishes of the people, and this plan, or some similar one, might well be adopted. He proposes that the committee having the fund in charge shall issue a circular setting forth the facts, and accompanied by a ballot. Upon this ballot should be printed the various forms of memorial with a space opposite each for voting. In the same manner the various locations that have been suggested would be printed. These circulars and ballots would be sent out to the citizens generally, and they would mark their preference, both as to form and locality, subscribe the name and address, and return it to the committee. "This is the true American principle of majority rule, and is perhaps the best that can be adopted. The only drawbacks are that it might not reach enough people, for every citizen who desires should have a voice in the matter, and it would involve considerable expense to the committee, diverting just so much money from the memorial." But what of that? *Vox populi, vox Dei*. By this simple proverb we can always find where the voice of God is—it comes from the largest number of voters.

LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK.

Another Financial Failure.

\$500,000, and all of this will be lost. Of the issue of first mortgage bonds \$2,500,000 were sold, and about one-fifth of this will be lost. The amount due the contractors is not definitely known, but it is placed at \$1,000,000.

As many people seem to think that Mayor-Elect Schmitz is the *Examiner's* candidate, it will be interesting to look over the following notes of that paper's course toward him during the campaign, and its reports of the Union Labor meetings in the early part of the campaign as compared with its reports of the Republican and Democratic meetings:

September 18th.—The *Examiner's* report of the labor convention is brief, half a column: "Labor names its choice for mayor. . . Eugene Schmitz of the Musicians' Union. . . He is the leader of the Columbian (sic) Theatre orchestra."

September 21st.—Reports next meeting briefly—two-thirds of a column.

September 24th.—Reports next meeting briefly—half a column, including list of nominations for supervisors.

September 25th.—Reports next meeting briefly. Completes list of supervisory candidates.

September 27th.—Short paragraph about meeting of nominees.

October 1st.—Reports Republican convention on first page with six portraits.

October 5th.—Gives one and one-half columns to Democratic convention.

October 6th.—Reports concluding meeting of Democratic convention, with Tobin's portrait.

October 8th.—Wide column editorial, indorsing Tobin and scoring Wells as tool of corporations.

October 12th.—Gives wide double-column article by Mr. Tobin, outlining his policy, in answer to questions asked by the *Examiner*.

October 13th.—Gives similar article from Mr. Schmitz.

October 16th.—Reports opening of campaign in Metropolitan Hall by Union Labor party. Report on first page, with twenty-seven portraits. In report, says: "Schmitz is not a finished speaker. He suffered from stage-fright, and was nervous and ill at ease. He is younger than Mr. Wells and not as well-dressed as Mr. Tobin. The crowd seemed to affront him. Probably would have done better had he turned his back to the listeners as he does in the orchestra. . . On the whole, he did fairly well."

October 17th.—Gives portraits of all the Democratic nominees and Tobin's speech in full.

October 19th.—Gives half-column article alleging Schmitz is making a strong bid for the liquor vote:

"Therefore Schmitz is quite outspoken in his promises to the liquor men. He says much, and intimates much more. All he leaves to inference is freely and directly promised by Ruef and Kelly, who have taken up the labor candidate."

October 20th.—Gives portraits of Republican nominees, report of ratification meeting, and devotes three columns to the speeches.

October 22d to 31st.—Gives reports of all political meetings, with Democratic speeches and gossip usually in most prominent place.

November 2d.—Gives full-page interview with Wells, setting forth claims of Republican ticket.

November 3d.—Gives page interview with Schmitz, for the Union Labor ticket.

November 4th.—Gives page interview with Tobin, for the Democratic ticket.

October 15th.—The *Examiner's* only editorial mention of Schmitz appears, warning the labor-unions against indorsing him unless satisfactory pledges are received. ("Satisfactory" probably means satisfactory to the *Examiner*.) In a news article on the chances of the three candidates the paper declares that Tobin ought to be elected, and goes on to say of Schmitz:

"The other nominee for mayor, the labor candidate, is a tall man, with a mixture of Irish and German blood. An affable man is Mr. Schmitz, a cultured man, a Republican. If he is elected mayor Abe Ruef will run his office, and be the boss of San Francisco. Mr. Schmitz was a director of Ruef's Primary League, an organization that was routed at the last primary."

"Should Schmitz be elected, Ruef will be the police commission, the chief of police, and everything else. Behind Schmitz is Martin Kelly, and all of the latter's following, and C. A. Buckley is doing all he can to elect Schmitz. It has been said that Sam Rainey is working for Schmitz's election. That is not true. Rainey is for Wells."

All of Tobin's and Wells's speeches were reported at length through the campaign by the *Examiner*. This is not to the discredit of the *Examiner*—very much to the contrary. It is the only San Francisco daily which made even a pretense of reporting the labor meetings. But it is evident from the foregoing that the *Examiner* did not approve of Schmitz's nomination, discouraged the labor ticket, doubted its success at first, and only toward the end of the campaign, when it looked as if Schmitz might win, did the *Examiner* give him equal prominence with Tobin and Wells.

The Ohio election was carried by the Republicans by a greatly increased plurality for their candidates on the State ticket and a large addition to their majority in the legislature. This sweeping success has led to considerable speculation as to the underlying causes.

Republicans attribute it to Senator Hanna's appeal to the voters to "Let well enough alone," to a general desire to support the new President in carrying out the policies of the late President McKinley, and to the popularity of Governor Nash and Senator Foraker, the latter of whom is assured of being reelected to the United States Senate.

Democrats, however, find different reasons for their defeat. They say that John R. McLean, who was defeated as a candidate for governor two years ago, and who was regarded as a powerful influence in Democratic councils, held aloof and gave them nothing more than passive recognition; that the Silver Democrats sulked in their tents, declining to vote; and that much of it was due to the inferior organization of the party compared with that of their opponents. The result again gives the Republicans control of the State, which they have now held for a continuous period of ten years.



## TA-TAT'S TRANSFORMATION.

The Grand Coup of an Indian Maid.

The languorous mists of a perfect Indian summer shrouded the purple peaks of the Cone Mountains. Locusts sang shrilly from every grease-wood bush, and whole choruses of the same insects droned forth from the mahogany shrubs. The landscape had a peculiarly conical tendency: each individual hill was cone-shaped; the nut-pines, punctuating their gray-blue slopes, tapered to a dull-green cone; and down at the base of a pyramidal mountain clustered a few peaked *wickiups*. A cloud of reddish dust floated skyward and mingled with the shimmering veil of autumn haze that blurred the hill-tops. The reddish dust arose from a trail that twisted in sinuous loops up and over the Cone Mountains, as three ponies picked their way along its winding course. A roan pony led the trio; he was ridden by stern old Meloxi, an Indian of wide repute among the Washoe tribe. The second animal, a strange little *pinto*, bore the daughter of Meloxi; and bringing up the rear came Washoe Billy, mounted on his sturdy bay.

The riders were silent, but, being Indians, this seemed matter of fact; something might be learned from the expressions stamped on the countenances of the three redskins. Meloxi looked stern and dignified; Ta-tat, his daughter, rebellious and indignant; while Washoe Billy wore a victorious half-smile every time he glanced at Ta-tat, which was not infrequently. The ponies were tired and dusty—the riders cramped and dusty, too.

Several dogs began to yelp as the tiny calvacade approached the *wickiups*; half a dozen airily clad papooses skurried up from the trickling stream in the nearby *arroyo*, and stared at the sorry-looking party. By the time the ponies were halted before Meloxi's *tepee*, the whole village had gathered about them. Neither Meloxi nor Washoe Billy caused this unusual interest; Ta-tat, the rebellious-countenanced daughter of a chief, had returned into their midst; not willingly, either, but forcibly brought home by her father and future husband, Washoe Billy.

It was this maiden, the pride of the Cone Mountain Washoes, that excited the curiosity of the villagers. Ta-tat, from mere infancy, attracted considerable attention. On her right temple grew a glistening wisp of white hair, which accentuated the raven duskiness of her abundant locks. This splotch of white among the shining black resembled a magpie's plumage, and for this reason she was called Ta-tat, the Washoe word for the chattering magpie. Then Ta-tat was very clever, and one day Meloxi listened to the appeal of a home-missionary lady, which resulted in his sending bright little Ta-tat away to the Carson Indian School. No other Cone Mountain papoose had ever attended the school, consequently the relatives and friends of Ta-tat took a deep interest in her progress at the institution.

For five years she had been acquiring the book-lore of the palefaces; often Meloxi received letters that were carefully read to him by Rancher Bannon's wife, who lived not far from Cone Mountain. All reports reaching Meloxi's ears were good, and quite creditable even to a big chief's daughter. So Meloxi spoke proudly of his clever Ta-tat, and deposited her letters in a dainty willow basket, from which he took them to demonstrate to every visitor the accomplishments of this Washoe princess.

But one day a startling revelation was made to the Cone Mountain Washoes. One of their own villagers, while visiting Carson, saw Ta-tat walking with Horace Hop-Foot, and promptly reported the fact on his return home. Now the Washoes do not object to their maidens keeping company with young braves—far from it; but Ta-tat's hand had long been promised to Washoe Billy, and to think that she could so far forget herself as to walk with another brave, and he a Piute at that, and one whose reputation was quite notorious, roused the wrath of Meloxi and Washoe Billy, and all the villagers besides. After a brief consultation, the old chief, accompanied by Ta-tat's intended and an extra pony, journeyed Carson-wards, intent upon conducting the fickle and disloyal girl back to the paternal lodge.

That his mission terminated successfully was clearly illustrated when the expedition returned to Cone Mountain. Ta-tat deigned not to greet with any show of cordiality the companions of her childhood days. She slid off the weary *pinto*, shook out her dusty garments, and walked with haughty indifference the gauntlet of inquisitive Washoes. She did not halt until the flap of her father's *wickiup* hid her from view. This was a far different home-coming than had been planned for Meloxi's famed daughter. Her disgrace assumed gigantic proportions; the villagers were amazed to think that Washoe Billy still desired to marry her. Washoe Billy understood matters better than his people. Ta-tat never pretended to care for him; Meloxi made the match. Even though he was a chief, the title proved but an empty honor, and Billy's numerous ponies and three guns appealed to his covetous nature; therefore, when Billy sued for Ta-tat's hand, Meloxi consented upon learning that two ponies and a shot-gun would be his portion of the wedding contract. In addition, Meloxi possessed his quota of racial pride, and never could lose his hatred for the Piutes, so firmly had his father instilled in his mind the bitter details of the old feud existing between the two tribes. And to think of Ta-tat's professed partiality to a miserable Piute more than strengthened his desire for a speedy marriage between her and Washoe Billy. Ta-tat safe in his *wickiup*, Billy eager to claim her as wife, and the ponies and gun withheld until after the ceremony—these facts prompted Meloxi to set an early date for his daughter's wedding.

The news had apparently no effect upon the sulky Ta-tat. She realized how little sympathy would be forthcoming from her people; yet she determined to be the bride of no one but Horace Hop-Foot, her noble Piute lover. Ta-tat's schooling had taught her to read and write; she had laboriously waded through a highly colored novel in her career at the institute, and from it had contracted romantic ideas.

With all Hop-Foot's glaring faults, she loved him madly, and was more than willing to renounce her connection with the Washoes, especially the possibility of being bride to that ugly Billy. Hop-Foot had acquired a little learning at the Carson Institute; he owned a small shanty down near Reno, and was the best gambler among the Indians for many miles around. To be sure, he imbibed freely of fire-water, but then that was not such a grievous fault, according to Ta-tat's reasoning.

With the instillation of white men's ideas, many of Ta-tat's superstitions were eradicated. For instance, she thought it wise to forget the old feud long nursed between Piute and Washoe; she also laughed at the Washoe tradition that certain birds and beasts were the forms assumed by good and bad spirits. The magpie, for which she was named, could be either a wicked woman in disguise, or the spirit of a wise old man, so claimed the Washoe medicine-men; but the white teachers scoffed at those ideas, and Ta-tat agreed with them.

Hop-Foot's first gift to her was a scrawny young magpie (he thought it an appropriate token), which she tenderly cared for, and taught to say a few words, both in the English and Washoe languages. This bird, with the majority of Ta-tat's belongings, still reposed in her room at the institute. Meloxi had allowed her scarcely time to gather up a few necessary garments when he rode up to the school and abruptly carried her away.

Now, sitting in lonely dudgeon beneath her father's peaked roof, Ta-tat's mind worked actively, and she conjured up mental pictures—first of a slave's life with Washoe Billy; then a blissful vision of love in Hop-Foot's shanty on the outskirts of Reno. Prospects seemed decidedly gloomy for the dusky maiden.

Great preparations were gaily planned for the approaching wedding; the feast would eclipse any previous similar attempt since the grand barbecue of thirty years ago, when ten fat horses were stolen from a dance-ball at Washoe City, and nicely roasted ere the palefaces missed them. Invitations circulated freely among the Carson Valley Indians, barring, of course, the Piutes. The orgies would be appropriate for the nuptials of a princess, even though that princess was sadly disgraced; still her father commanded universal respect, and the Washoes were only too eager to seize upon an opportunity for a big time.

While the preliminary arrangements hummed merrily along, and the wedding morn but five days away, Ta-tat bit upon a brilliant scheme. She brightened up as a willing bride should, and for the first time since her return took a decided interest in the coming event. That afternoon, in company with Washoe Billy, Ta-tat tripped lightly over to Farmer Bannon's. Mrs. Bannon had always been extremely fond of the girl; and, since the bride-to-be requested Washoe Billy's attendance, no one objected to the visit, and every one felt highly pleased at the bappy turn of affairs.

Mrs. Bannon and Ta-tat carried on a very ordinary conversation, with Washoe Billy a close listener. He heard nothing to alarm him; but, just before departing, Ta-tat stepped into the kitchen, placed a letter in Mrs. Bannon's hands, and begged her to mail it that very day. Washoe Billy failed to observe this little side-play, and grunted in serene contentment as the twain walked back to the village.

Shrill and sweet sounded the locust choruses in the thick sagebrush; happy insects that could sing in blissful ignorance of slain comrades parching under the September sun at the Cone Mountain village—daintiest of delectable Indian eatables, those parched locusts. Rabbits and fish and sageben were also conspicuously abundant as preparations went on for the day's feast; and there, upon the coals, sputtered the elaborate *pièce de résistance*—a great, fat steer, purchased by the groom from Farmer Bannon.

The sun's rays lost their wonted fierceness as they filtered through the soft, misty autumnal haze; the Indian braves glided here and there, veritable sun-gods, arrayed in scant breech-clouts, their skins glistening like burnished copper, and their hefeathered heads and painted faces resembling those of warriors of early days. Meloxi and Washoe Billy were untiring in their efforts to do full honor to this occasion, and the villagers felt equally desirous of pushing things to a grand climax.

Ta-tat, in accordance with an old custom of the Washoes, sat in solitary magnificence within her father's *wickiup*, awaiting her lord's first command. Her dainty, beaded moccasins tapped the earthen floor nervously; there remained but a few hours ere the closing of the ceremonies, and her claiming by Washoe Billy. She cautiously peered through the loose flap and watched the festivities. Long shadows stretched out from the conical mountains; the sun hung like a blood-red disk just above the horizon; the feast had begun in earnest, and her people and the wedding guests were gorging themselves in barbaric Indian fashion. Three hours of feasting, two hours of dancing, and then the surrounding of her lodge by the revelers; the brief ceremony of the oldest medicine-man, and she would be Washoe Billy's slave, and her dreams of love with Hop-Foot things of the past.

The molten sun rested on the apex of the loftiest cone-shaped peak; the feast progressed beautifully. A rim of fire, a sky of brass, and Sol sank on Ta-tat's wedding day, and the aggregation of redskins had all but removed the last vestige of the barbecue. Katydid chirped; an owl hooted mournfully; stars blinked in the high, darkened vault of heaven; fires lighted up the cluster of *wickiups*, and the wild dance was on in earnest. Two more hours and Ta-tat's fate was sealed.

The black fringed, liquid eyes of the Indian girl flashed; her hosom rose and fell with suppressed emotion. "He has failed me! Hop-Foot has failed me!"

The words were but half articulated, and Ta-tat held her breath as if their echoes startled her.

"Ta-tat, Ta-tat!"

The girl's heart throbbed painfully. "Oh, 'tis he! Hop-Foot, here I am!"

Under the *tepee*'s flap rolled a lithe body. It was Hop-Foot, the Piute, the favored lover of Meloxi's daughter.

The brave and his dusky sweetheart gazed at each other in profound silence for a moment. Ta-tat's beauty dazed the dauntless Piute; her wedding finery, her magnificent eyes, her superb figure! Ah, she was well worth the risk!

"Quick; the moments fly!" breathed Ta-tat.

Hop-Foot gave her a closely woven basket. The young squaw raised the lid, and took from its shallow depths a small lump of black and white feathers—her magpie—Hop-Foot's first gift to her.

"You have saved me, Hop-Foot. We are saved!" gasped the girl.

"Good-by, Ta-tat. Good-by." With a farewell caress, the maiden placed the uncanny bird on a heap of rabbit skins, snatched up the tell-tale basket, and hurriedly slipped out of the *wickiup* at the heels of Hop-Foot. The katydids still chirped, the stars twinkled knowingly, and the dizzy dancers were almost exhausted, as Hop-Foot and the Washoe princess crept through the sage-brush, around the base of the pyramidal hill to a nut pine-tree, where two wiry ponies were tethered.

Tom-toms signaled the dance to cease; torches were lighted, and the procession, headed by Meloxi and Washoe Billy, advanced toward the bride's commodious *tepee*. The throng encircled the *wickiup*, torches cast a glare of light into every nook. Meloxi threw back the entrance-flap, and Washoe Billy rushed in to claim his bride.

"I'm Ta-tat, Ta-tat! Ta-tat's hungry! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The laughter was demoniacal, the voice harsh and frightful. The eager groom fell back in terror; a frenzied yell curdled the blood of the encircling braves and squaws. Washoe Billy leaped sheer out the *wickiup* and fell in a quivering heap at the feet of Meloxi. The torches lit up the scene with the brightness of day, and there, in the doorway, the amazed Indians beheld that most terrible of all bad medicine-birds—a magpie.

"I'm Ta-tat! Ha, ha, ba, ha! Ta-tat's hungry. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Away up on the last curve of the pyramidal mountain's trail two ponies halted, and their riders gazed down at the Cone Mountain village and chuckled at a frightful din rent the quiet of this beautiful Indian summer night. Ta-tat, the Washoe princess, enjoyed her romantic escape, for she knew full well that her people would forevermore look upon Ta-tat, the magpie, as the transformed daughter of Meloxi.

JOHN HAROLD HAMLIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1901.

## THE POET LAUREATE'S ODE OF WELCOME.

[The return to London of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, from their eventful and successful tour of eight months through the British colonies, has inspired Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, with a theme for the following song of rejoicing:]

## A ROYAL HOMECOMING.

Welcome, right welcome home to these blest isles,  
Where, unforgotten, loved Victoria sleeps;  
But now with happy pride your father smiles,  
Your mother weeps!

You went and came as swallows homeward draw.  
Now it hath winged its way to winter's green,  
But never swallow or wandering sea-bird saw  
What you have seen.

For you have circled earth with pinions fleet,  
The seasons through; and everywhere a throng  
Of glowing hearts your coming trooped to greet  
With flowers and song.

Over the unchanging sea eight changeful moons  
Have moved from shield to sickle, seed to sheaves;  
And twice a hundred dawns, a hundred noons,  
A hundred eves

Waned to their slumber in the starlit night.  
And ever from land or lake, from wave or crag,  
From fixed or floating fort you had in sight  
The British flag.

And wider, further onward round the world,  
Scouring the field or furrowing the sea,  
You found that emblem, which, where'er unfurled,  
Floats o'er the free.

So that on man and man's laborious hand  
Nor manacle nor hindrance shall be laid,  
But mind with mind and strand with generous strand  
Contend and trade.

And though the shade of treasonable strife  
Falls on our homes and theirs you, wandering, saw,  
Young commonwealths you found, surging with life,  
Yet ruled by law,

Whose blood infused in ours in war's emprise  
To vindicate one sceptre, sword and tongue,  
As ours perchance may help to keep them wise,  
Hath made us young.

Fountain of youth England in mellow years  
Hath found and drained, so that she ne'er need know  
What nature feels when Autumn stacks and sere  
Or Yule gusts blow.

You sailed from us to them, from them to us,  
Love at the prow and Wisdom at the helm,  
August ambassadors, who strengthen thus  
Her rule and realm!

Round you to-day a people stand arrayed  
That fain with peace two wedded worlds would dower;  
Therefore rejoicing mightier hath been made  
Imperial power!

—New York Herald, by courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

Reports have said that negotiations were in progress between the North German Lloyd Company and the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company for a joint service across the Pacific to Vancouver and Puget Sound, similar to that maintained by other companies between Oriental ports and San Francisco. Gustav Schwab, the general agent at New York, however, says the rumors lack all foundation. About three years ago one of the managing directors visited the Pacific Coast to investigate the possibilities of the situation. A report was made to the home office, and the matter was finally dropped.



## THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.

In the Heart of the Dolomites—Mountain Hotels—Switzerland, the Yosemite, and the Yellowstone—What Is an "Alp?"—The Alpine Glow.

After roaming about for a couple of months in the heart of the Dolomite region of the Tyrol, we are compelled to admit that as a landscape gardener Nature is a success. With due respect for Brother Olmstead and the rest of the talented professionals who lay out parks, we are also inclined to give Nature the palm in this particular branch of art, Art having sadly failed to improve on Nature. It is not necessary to come to the Dolomites to learn this failure of one of the worthy branches of art, but Nature has put forth such stupendous effort in forming these rocks and has succeeded in producing such wonderful scenic effects, that artist as well as uncultivated layman must bow the head in token of a profound appreciation.

I wrote you in midsummer from one of the fashionable new hotels that have recently invaded this part of the Tyrol. There, Nature was considered as a side-show manager, although she had the bigger tent, and Art and Ostentation and *Ennui* occupied the centre of the stage. Since then we have been climbing our way deeper and deeper into the secluded fastnesses of Andreas Hofer and his gallant compatriots, and have become completely enamored of the beauties that are here cooaled from the common fashionable eye. It is true that one of the finest of the new hotels—the Karersee—is perched on a shoulder of the Dolomite Rothwand, looking across to the Dolomite Latemar, only three hours distant from the spot we are in, but it has not yet spoiled anything hereabouts.

We have found one of those gems of places that Bohemians delight to discover. It is a hotel, with all the adjuncts of a well-appointed hotel, but it has the air of a camp and the freedom of the woods about it that makes life in the mountains so charming. There are real thick cream and good butter to be had in abundance, as well as the popular viands of the city. Sweet cream and pure, fresh butter are necessary to full enjoyment of the country, and especially of the mountains. In Switzerland, cream is rarely to be had. Good butter is common enough in Switzerland, but not real cream. In this regard, the chromo advertisements of Rustle's Baby Food are misleading. They picture the Swiss Alps as inhabited by prize cows, with hursting bags and udders filled with real cream, but, if so, the babies who patronize Rustle's product get all the cream and the tourists of the hotels get only the blue milk that is left. But here you may walk into the hole in rocks that serves as a dairy cellar, take down a pan of milk from the rack, stick your finger into the thickness of the rising cream, and lick it off in real country fashion, if you like; or, if you are city trained, you may use a wooden spoon for skimming the cream, and then rinse the spoon at a stream of ice-cold water that gushes out from the rocky side of the dairy-room.

If you profane one of the pans of cream by using the primitive method of getting it from the pan to your mouth, a white-aproned attendant will empty the remains of the pan full into the pig's trough outside, so that what you leave is not passed on to unsuspecting fellow-guests of Weisslahnbach, but is utilized by others not so particular about their food.

This place is what Hallowell would call a "happen." It is not in the ordinary course of tourist events. It is a well-built mountain chalet, that has been transformed into a hotel, and is leased by the proprietor of one of the large hotels of Meran—Herr Theodor Kommandas—for the benefit of his interesting family. Meran, the home of the Kommandas, is not a summer resort for the reason that it is famous as a winter resort, and fashion decrees that it can not be both, although it has as much claim to both as has San Francisco, the mean of temperature satisfying both requirements. Our host, then, runs this gem of a place with all the knowledge of the best modern hotel experience added to that of an Alpine farmer's hoy, and the combination is just the kind that suits Bohemian tastes. The luxuries of the toilet are well considered, and likewise those of the bath. The water of this *bad* is slightly mineral, but it is sweet and soft, leaving the skin after a bath feeling like silk and as warm as velvet. In connection with all this, the prices are not prohibitory. Unless one is a hard drinker, it is impossible to spend more than two dollars a day here, and one can be entirely comfortable for a dollar a day, which is the average that is spent by continental tourists on foot in the Tyrol.

As to situation, it is impossible to imagine a better. Baedeker, the painfully conservative guide-hookist, says of the Tierserthal something like the following: "Perhaps the most impressive views of the Western Dolomites are to be found at the head of the Tierserthal." Baedeker is right, and as the Western Dolomites are some of the most impressive of all the Dolomites, it follows that here, and in this vicinity, lie some of the most beautifully impressive scenic effects that exist in all the world. Comparisons are generally unfair to both sides. Everything is beautiful in nature from some point of view, so that to put the Yosemite Valley against the Yellowstone Park, or the Hudson against the Rhine, and attempt to weigh comparisons is ridiculous. Switzerland has a cold grandeur all its own, and Japan a quaint loveliness mixed with superb grandeur, but here in the Dolomites are found perhaps a more pleasing combination of beautiful rarities of scenic effects than exist anywhere in the presently accessible world. The tallest of the Dolomite rock-fingers lift themselves to a height of between eleven thousand and twelve thousand feet, which is a very respectable elevation. It makes possible a mantle of snow the year round, and is as high as man can climb and be comfortable. It is higher than vegetation can live, but on the basic slopes that underlie the limestone pinnacles grow a greater variety of flowers than are to be found elsewhere. If it were for noth-

ing else, the *flora* of the Dolomites and of the alps which nestle among them is sufficient to make the attractions of this region satisfying beyond complaint.

In using the word "alps," I do not refer to the mountains themselves. An "alp" is an open space on a mountain-side covered with grass; not if it be located in the bottom of a valley, however. It must rest on a shoulder or slope of a mountain. These beautiful open green spaces, perched so picturesquely on the sides and shoulders of the giant mountains of Switzerland, Savoy, Italy, and the Tyrol of Austria, have given their name to the mountains themselves, so that when alps are mentioned mountains are generally meant by those who do not know what a real alp is.

When I wrote you about the Bocche di Cattaro in Dalmatia, I mentioned the difference between the coloring there and that of the Lake of Lucerne in Switzerland, whose form and physical surroundings are similar. The same comparison is possible here. Here everything is warm in tone, the green alps being frequently dotted with fields of wheat, buckwheat, rye, corn, and like crops, so that they assume the appearance of Persian carpets laid out to dry in the sun, and do not so much resemble Fenian flags spread over the landscape as do the alps of Switzerland. Added to this, the colors of the Dolomitic rocks are of every warm hue imaginable, from cream to crimson. The other day we ascended the *Rotherdespitze* of the Schlern Dolomite. Translated, this means "Red-earth-pinnacle," and it is suggestive of the part color takes in the naming of things here. There are also a *Weisshorn* and a *Schwartzhorn* and a *Rothwand*, and many other color-names appropriately applied.

For grotesqueness of form, nothing can compare with the lines of the Dolomites. The fantasies of flame and the forms that may be found in the embers of a hardwood fire are the only things I can think of to compare their forms with. Passing travelers get a glimpse of these grotesque mountain outlines in passing Bozen on the Brenner route into Italy, but when you penetrate among them the great variety that they present is the point of greatest wonder. The hundreds of spires, or *spitzes*, as the Germans call them, show thousands of different combinations of form as you climb in and around and up and down among them. From any of the higher points you may look sheer down into the depths of a limestone mass of vitrified pinnacles for four or five thousand feet. The look-down from Glacier Point in the Yosemite Valley gives the best California comparison of the impression of depth that I can recall, but yet it is nothing like as grandly curious as some of the views to be had here. There you look down on the broad floor of a valley, but here you look down above into the hristles of a petrified brush, the pinnacles beneath being so numerous as to defy belief. These are relieved occasionally by great masses of rock with mossy plateaus surmounting them, like the mighty Schlern, for example, with its attendant pinnacle towers. The Schlern is not so tall as some of the Dolomites, but it reaches the respectable elevation of eighty-seven hundred feet at the *Rotherdespitze*, and from it you may look down upon the spires that surround it just above Weisslahnbach, at the head of the Tierserthal, and on all of which we look wonderingly from our windows.

Right opposite we have the *Rosengartenspitze* with its flanking needles of the *Vajollet* group that are such picturesque features of the best view from Bozen. We look up at their summits at an angle of what seems to be forty-five degrees, and yet they are several miles distant. This is, of course, impossible mathematically, or their summits would be several miles high above us, but so it seems as an impression. There intervenes between them and us the slope of a long alp that is the prettiest green imaginable when brought into sharp contrast with the pinkish mass of the Dolomite behind. One end of this alp is framed in by pines and larches, and the other end by the black-faced Nigler Mountain, which gets its color name from dense forests of pines and larches intermingled with other trees. Our daily picture is a segment of the horizon that is just suited to a single view—not too wide to take in at one glance, and not too narrow. It is a picture framed exactly to suit the range and ease of human vision; but it is never twice the same picture. Yesterday the sun shone on it during the morning hours, but afternoon fog-clouds gathered, and let only parts of the plane of the view be seen, so that at once it became one of those marvelous mysterious silhouette effects in warm grays that the Japanese so much love to imitate in their pictures. It would be as useless to attempt any adequate description of the variety of light and color displays that the *Rosengarten* and its fellow Dolomites are capable of as it would be to attempt to catalogue the possibilities of the kaleidoscope. The changes are infinite, and Time alone can unfold all of them, and who shall say which is most beautiful? No place in all Switzerland catches the fire of the famous "Alpine glow" as does the *Rosengarten*, which faces, on this side, the setting sun. The prevailing tones incline toward violets, creams, orange, and so on up to crimson, with not a single cold hue among them; not even the perpetual snow-fields of majestic Marmolada, over on the Italian side of the border.

TIERSERTHAL, AUSTRIA, VAN FLETCH.  
October, 1901.

Another list of publications excluded from second-class mail privileges under the recent amendments to the postal regulations governing this subject has been promulgated by the Post-Office Department. It comprises eighty-two publications, the majority of them "serial" or "library" issues of well-known publishing houses. The cities of publication are New York, Chicago, Boston, New Haven, Indianapolis, Washington, Springfield (O.), Allegheny (Pa.), Des Moines (Ia.), St. Louis, Hannibal (Mo.), Kansas City, Louisville, Madisonville (Ky.), Elgin (Ill.), Springfield (Mass.), Alice (Tex.), San Francisco, and Stockton (Cal.). The list embraces almanacs issued by several daily newspapers, and the official organ of the United Mine Workers of America. All these excluded publications will have to pay third-class rates hereafter.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Phil May, the famous caricaturist, is going to appear on the stage in London in a play that has been written for him. He began life as assistant to a scene painter, so he is only returning to a familiar land when attempting a higher flight than supernumerary.

Eugene Sandow, the strong man, has just undergone a remarkable test of endurance. He has had a cast taken of his whole body, the work being done piecemeal, with his body under full muscular strain. The cast was taken for the South Kensington School of Art, and also for the British Museum authorities.

Count Boson de Perigord, who recently married Miss Helen Morton, daughter of ex-Vice-President Levi P. Morton, has purchased the Château de Valençay for 2,718,365 francs. The owner of this domain, if a member of the family, is entitled to assume the dukedom of Valençay. The *Gaulois* expresses the belief that the count will claim his rights.

May Irwin declares that she is to retire from the stage and that the present is her last season. "I would have retired a year ago but for my contracts," she said in Baltimore last week, "but a number still remain to be completed and then I shall be free. I have been on the stage ever since I was eleven years old, and this is why many persons think I am older than is really the case. I have passed through an enormous amount of hard work, and would like to enjoy a rest for the remainder of my life."

Last week Count Stanislas Castellane, who recently married Miss Terry, a niece of Sihyl Sanderson, caused a great scandal by publicly pummeling, in a railway station, in the presence of his bride and several friends, Gabriel Peschaud, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, who had written an article entitled "Barnum, Castellane & Co.," in which he called the Castellane family crafty humbugs, and severely analyzed the record of each one from the old marquises down. It is said that a duel is inevitable.

In order to spare the feelings of the Dowager-Empress of China and Emperor Kwang Su when they enter Peking, the authorities have been making every effort to conceal the scars of war in the Forbidden City and on the sacred walls of the Chinese capital. A temporary structure of wood and cloth has been erected in place of the destroyed Chien-Nen Tower, under which Emperor Kwang Su will pass when entering the Forbidden City. It is painted to resemble the old stone tower, with cannon in the windows, and looks like a piece of theatrical scenery. The British loop-holed the wall at the station outside Chien-Nen Gate, and the Chinese have been hastily building another wall outside this to screen it from the view of the court.

Edmond Rostand has precipitated a lively discussion among the immortals of the French Academy by announcing that he will write his installation address in verse. The traditions of the academy require that newly elected members shall eulogize their immediate predecessor in dignified prose, and M. Rostand's proposal to upset this custom has resulted in a heated controversy among the members. Some of them indorse the departure as being sensible, Jules Lemaitre among them, while others, such as Ludovic Halévy, are bitter in opposition. Rostand's enemies declare that he is a "young and frivolous poet," and should not be allowed to play fast and loose with the proprieties. The author of "Cyrano," however, says he will stick to his determination in spite of all protests. Only once before has the traditions of the academy been departed from, when Buffon, after a perfunctory mention of his predecessor, delivered his famous "Essay on Style."

President Roosevelt has granted a full and unconditional pardon to Gunner Charles Morgan, United States navy, who some years ago was found guilty by court-martial of being absent from station and duty on the cruiser *New York* without leave, and sentenced to be reduced several numbers in his grade. Morgan is perhaps the best-known warrant officer in the navy. His application to Admiral Sampson last spring for recommendation for examination for commission drew out the admiral's opposition to the law which afforded enlisted men an opportunity to obtain commissions and advance to the higher grades, an opposition that caused no end of comment, and brought down upon the admiral very severe criticism. Morgan rendered distinguished service in charge of the divers who examined the wreck of the *Maine*, and, in view of this, Secretary Long, at the request of Representative Melville Bull, obtained for Morgan the President's pardon. With his numbers restored, Morgan, who is now attached to the *Pensacola*, will become chief gunner.

In New York a fortnight ago, Judge Bischoff granted Ernest Seton-Thompson, the author and naturalist, permission to assume his real cognomen and be known henceforth as Ernest Thompson Seton. That he has for so many years borne a pseudonym is due to the fact that one of his forebears—the Earl of Winton—concealed his identity under an *alias* as a measure of safety, after having participated in the Jacobite rebellion, in Scotland, in 1745. It was as Seton-Thompson that the writer was born, about forty-one years ago, in North Shields, where the family had lived continuously, and it was as Seton-Thompson that his parents were known when they came to America to live. Mr. Seton was about eighteen years old, and just entering college, when he made his first effort to assume the name which had been one of honor in British history for many years. As several members of his family opposed the change the young man abandoned his plan, at least so far as insisting that he be called by the new, or rather the old, cognomen. On his earlier works, however, he signed himself Ernest Thompson Seton, and sometimes he omitted the middle name. In his magazine work and on illustrations for a dictionary the initials "E. T. S." may be found.



## CLARA MORRIS'S MEMOIRS.

Why She Became an Actress—Her First Theatrical Vacation—  
Anecdotes of John Wilkes Booth and Edwin Booth—  
Her Secession from Augustin Daly's Company.

Clara Morris, once the foremost emotional actress on our stage, tells the story of her professional career in a volume entitled "Life on the Stage," which will prove a delight not only to those who are interested in things dramatic, but to those who enjoy a good story well told. For Miss Morris's narrative reads more like a romance than an autobiography, and would hold one in its spell purely by its literary merits. More or less intimately connected with nearly every great figure on the theatrical stage during the last half-century, she has a fund of entertaining gossip and anecdote to draw from, and some of her descriptions of departed celebrities could not be surpassed.

Clara Morris was born at Toronto on a certain seventeenth of March in the late 'forties, and with her mother passed through a childhood of wandering and poverty. As an illustration of her mother's almost savage pride and honesty, Miss Morris tells how on one occasion she picked up one of the potatoes that had dropped to the ground while a huckster was measuring them out for a purchaser. Fairly wild with delight she ran to her mother with it:

"But my mother was angry through and through.

"Who gave it to you?" she demanded.

I explained with a trembling voice: "I des founded it on the very ground—and I'se so hungry!"

But hungry or not hungry, I had to take the potato back. Nothing in the world could be taken without asking—that was stealing—and she was the only person in the world I had a right to ask anything of!

It was a bitter lesson, and was rendered more so by the fact that when I carried the tear-bathed potato back to the street and laid it down, neither the woman who bought nor the man who sold was in sight—and, dear heaven! I could almost have eaten it raw.

The emphatic necessity of helping her mother, not the divine afflatus, brought her upon the stage at the age of thirteen. They were in Cleveland at the time, where her mother was acting as a sort of housekeeper in a boarding-house. One of the actress boarders suggested putting the child in the ballet at Ellsler's old Academy of Music, and her mother, against her scruples, but forced by necessity, consented. Mr. Ellsler thus describes Clara Morris' appearance as an applicant:

"I was much put out by a business matter, and was hastily crossing the corridor when Blanche called me, and I saw she had another girl in tow; a girl whose appearance in a theatre was so droll I must have laughed, had I not been more than a little cross. Her dress was quite short—she wore a pale-blue apron buttoned up the back, long braids tied at the ends with ribbon, and a brown straw hat, while she clutched desperately at the handle of the biggest umbrella I ever saw. Her eyes were distinctly blue, and were plainly big with fright. Blanche gave her name, and said she wanted to go on in the ballet, and I instantly answered she would not do, she was too small—I wanted women, not children, and started to return to my office. Blanche was voluble, but the girl herself never spoke a single word. I glanced toward her and stopped. The hands that clutched the umbrella trembled—she raised her eyes and looked at me. I had noticed their blueness a moment before—now they were almost black, so swiftly had the pupils dilated, and slowly the tears rose in them. All the father in me shrank under the child's bitter disappointment; all the actor in me thrilled at the power of expression in the girl's face, and I hastily added: 'Oh, well! You may come back in a day or two, and if any one appears meaneer who is short enough to march with you I'll take you on.' And after I got to my office I remembered the girl had not spoken a single word, but had won an engagement—for I knew I should engage her—with a pair of tear-filled eyes."

She remained long with Mr. Ellsler as a ballet-girl. The parts assigned to her increased in importance, however, until she obtained such honors as supporting E. L. Davenport as the queen mother in "Hamlet," and, according to the star's own words, "not acceptably, but brilliantly." She adds:

My clear skin, bright eyes, and round face gave me an appearance of perfect health, which was belied by the pain I almost unceasingly endured. The very inadequate provision my poor mother had been able to make for the necessities of her child's welfare, the cruel restrictions placed upon my exercise, even upon movement in that wooden chair, where I sat with numb limbs five hours at a stretch, trying to be quiet while my mother worked out, had greatly aggravated a slight injury to my spine received in babyhood. And now I was facing a life of hard work, handicapped by that most tenacious, most cruel of tortments, a spinal trouble. At fourteen I knew enough about such terms as vertebra of the back, spinal-column, spinal-cord, sheath of cord, spinal-marrow, axial nervous system, curvatures, flexes and reflexes, to have nicely established an energetic quack as a specialist in spinal trouble; and, alas! after all these years, no one has added to my list of flexes and reflexes to words "fixed or reflexed," so my poor spine and I go struggling on, and I sometimes think, if it could speak, it might declare that I am as dented, crooked, and wavering as it is. However, I suppose that state of uncertain health may have caused the capricious appetite that tormented me. Always poor, I had yet never been able to endure coarse food. Heavy meats, cabbage, turnips, beets, fried things, filled me with cold repulsion. Crackers and milk formed my dinner, day in and day out. Now and then crackers and water had to suffice me; but I infinitely preferred the latter to a meal of roast pork or of corned beef, followed by rice pudding.

During the first years of her stage career at the Cleveland Theatre, when she was but a slip of a girl, she was once called upon to act the part of Queen Gertrude to Edwin Booth's Hamlet. When she went to Mr. Booth's dressing-room to talk over the stage business with him, she was so awed by his presence that she began to cry, and explained that she was forced to play the rôle as the "heavy woman" had broken her leg:

A whimsical look, half smile, half frown, came over his face. Then he sighed, and said: "Well—it was the closest scene I wanted to speak to you about. When the ghost appears, you are to be," he stopped—a faint smile touched his lips—even reached his eyes, he laid down his scissors, and remarked: "There's no denying it, my girl, I look a great deal more like your father than you look like my mother—but," and he went on with his directions, and, considerate gentleman that he was, spoke no single unkind word to me, though my playing of that part must have been a great annoyance to him when added to hunger and fatigue.

When the closet scene was over—the curtain down—I caught up my petticoats, and made a rapid flight roomward. The applause was filling the theatre. Mr. Booth, turning, called after me: "You-er—Gertrude-er—Queen! Oh, somebody call that child back here," and some one roared: "Clara, Mr. Booth is calling you!"

I turned, but stood still. He beckoned, then came to me, took my hand, and, saying, "My dear, we must not keep them waiting too long," led me before the curtain with him.

I very slightly bent my head to the audience who, I felt, were applauding Hamlet only, but turned and bowed myself to the ground to him whose courtesy had brought me there. When we came off, he smiled amusedly, tapped me on the shoulder, and said:

"My Gertrude, you are very young, but you know how to pay a pretty compliment—thank you, child!"

One of the best chapters in the volume, is Miss Morris's description of John Wilkes Booth as she knew him in the days just preceding Lincoln's murder, when she was a member of a Columbus stock company:

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole female sex was in love with him. At depot restaurants those fiercely unwilling maiden slammers of plates and shooters of coffee-cups made to him swift and gentle offerings of hot steaks, hot biscuits, hot coffee, crowding around him like doves about a grain-basket, leaving other travellers to wait upon themselves or go without refreshment. At the hotels maids had been known to enter his room and tear asunder the already made-up bed, that the "turn over" might be broader by a thread or two and both pillows slant at the perfectly correct angle. At the theatre, good heaven! as the sunflowers turn upon their stalks to follow the beloved sun, so old or young, our faces smiling, turned to him. Yes, old or young, for the little daughter of the manager, who played but the Duke of York in "Richard III.," came to the theatre each day, each night of the engagement, arrayed in her best gowns, and turned on him fervid eyes that might well have served for Juliet. The manager's wife, whose sternly aggressive virtue no one could doubt or question, with the aid of art waved and fluffed her hair and softened thus her too hard line of brow, and let her keen black eyes fill with friendly sparkles for us all—yet, 'twas because of him. And when the old woman made to threaten him with her finger and he caught her lifted hand and, uncovering his bonnie head, stooped and kissed it, then came the wanton blood up in her cheek, as she had been a girl again.

Here is the account of the horror, the consternation, and the heartfelt sorrow which overcame the little company when it became known that Booth had committed the crime:

My roommate and I had from our small earnings bought some black cotton, at a tripled price, as all the black material in the city was not sufficient to meet the demand, and, as we tacked it about our window, a man passing told us the assassin had been discovered, and that he was the actor Booth. Hattie laughed so she nearly swallowed the tack that, girl like, she held between her lips, and I, after a laugh, told him it was a poor subject for a jest, and we went in. There was no store in Columbus then where play-books were sold, and, as Mr. Ellsler had a very large and complete stage library, he frequently lent his books to us, and we would hurriedly copy out our lines, and return his book to his own use. On this occasion he was going to study his part first, and then leave the play with us as he passed going home. We heard his knock; I was busy pressing a bit of stage finery. Hattie opened the door, and then I heard her exclaiming: "Why—why—what?" I turned quickly. Mr. Ellsler was coming slowly into the room. He is a very dark man, but he was perfectly livid then; his lips even were blanched to the whiteness of his cheeks. His eyes were dreadful, they were so glassy and seemed so unseeing. He was devoted to his children, and all I could think of as likely to bring such a look upon his face was disaster to one of them, and I cried, as I drew a chair up to him: "What is it? Oh, what has happened to them?"

He sank down, he wiped his brow, he looked almost stupidly at me, then, very faintly, he said: "You—haven't—heard—anything?"

Like a flash Hattie's eyes and mine met; we thought of the supposed ill-timed jest of the stranger; my lips moved wordlessly. Hattie stammered: "A man—he lied though—said that Wilkes Booth—but he did lie, didn't he?"—and in the same faint voice Mr. Ellsler answered, slowly: "No, no! He did not lie—it's too true!"

Down fell our heads and the waves of shame and sorrow seemed fairly to overwhelm us, and while our souls filled the little room, Mr. Ellsler rose and laid two play-books on the table. Then, while standing there, staring into space, I heard his far, faint voice, saying: "So great, so good a man destroyed, and by the hand of that unhappy boy! My God! My God!" He wiped his brow again and slowly left the house, apparently unconscious of our presence.

When we resumed our work—the theatre had closed because of the national calamity—many a painted cheek showed runnels made by bitter tears; and one old actress, with quivering lips, exclaimed: "One wee doct tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow!" but with no thought of quoting, and God knows the words expressed the situation perfectly!

Mrs. Ellsler, whom I never saw shed a tear for any sickness, sorrow, or trouble of her own, shed tears for the mad boy who had suddenly become the assassin of God's anointed—the great, the helpless Lincoln.

We crept about quietly; every one winced at the sound of the overture. It was as if one dead lay within the walls—one who belonged to us.

Once Lawrence Barrett visited Miss Morris to inquire about her health. So interested did he become in their talk that he forgot the flight of time—forgot everything except the subject of conversation:

At last we came up hard and fast against "Hamlet." The air was thick with stories. Part of the time we talked together in our eagerness. Mr. Barrett's coat was quite unbuttoned, the curl on his wide brow had grown as grizzly as any common curl might grow. Two round, red spots spread over his high cheek-bones; his eyes were hungrily glowing; he had just taken a long breath and made a start on an audience with the Pope, when Mr. Harriott entered, and said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Barrett, there's a man outside who is very anxiously inquiring for you."

"For me!" exclaimed Mr. Barrett, with astonishment; "that's rather impertinent, it seems to me."

Suddenly he noted the gaslight. He started violently. He pulled out his watch, then sprang to his feet, crying: "Good God! Harriott, that's my dresser looking for me. I ought to be in my dressing-room. What will Mr. Booth think has become of me? And what, in heaven's name, do you think of me?"

He hastily buttoned himself into rigidity, rescued the flying ends of his muffler, and, holding my hands for a moment, he laughed: "You are not only 'just Clara,' but you are the only Clara that could make me so utterly forgetful of all rules of etiquette. Forgive and good-by!" and he made an astonishingly hasty exit.

The "call" that lasted from one till seven, with the accompanying picture of the stately Lawrence Barrett drinking cold tea and eating stiff, cold toast while he talked brilliantly of all things under heaven, is one of my quaintest memories.

In Cleveland, she acted in support of all the great players of the day—with Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Lawrence Barrett, and John E. Owens—and in 1870 her restless ambition took her to New York in search of an opportunity to obtain the coveted recognition from a metropolitan clientele. Of her first meeting with Augustin Daly in his office at the little theatre on Twenty-Fourth Street, she writes:

It held a very small desk and one chair, behind which was a folding-stool. As he entered, I laughingly said: "I think I'll lean here; I'm not used to sitting on the floor," but to my surprise, as he brought forth the stool, he curiously replied: "I was not going to ask you to sit on the floor," which so amused me that I could not resist asking: "Are you from Scotland, by chance, Mr. Daly?" and he had frowningly said "No" before the old, old joke about Scotch density came to him. Then he said, with severity: "Miss Morris, I'm afraid your bump of reverence is not well developed." And I laughed, and said: "There's a hole there, Mr. Daly, and no bump at all," and, though the words were jestingly spoken, there was truth and to spare in them, and there, too, was the cause of all the jolts and jars and friction between us in our early days together. Mr. Daly was as a god in his wee theatre, and was always taken seriously. I knew no gods, and took nothing under heaven seriously. No wonder we jarred. Every word I spoke that morning rubbed Mr. Daly's fur wrong way. I offended him again and again. He wished to show me the theatre, and, striking a match, lit a wax taper, and held it up to the auditorium, at which I exclaimed: "Oh, the pretty little match-box! Why, it's just a little toy play-house—is it not?"

The interview ended with Miss Morris's engagement for the next season at a salary of thirty-five dollars a week, with the proviso that "if you make a favorable impression, you'll get seventy dollars." During the next fall, Miss Morris, in the character of Anne Sylvester, in "Man and Wife," did make the favorable impression, but she did not receive any increase of salary until offers from other managers forced Mr. Daly to keep his promise in order to retain her at the head of his company:

At the theatre I think every one liked me well enough, save Mr. Daly. He disliked me because I simply could not learn to treat him with reverence. I had the greatest admiration for him, I showed him respect by obeying him implicitly, but if he was funny I laughed, if he gave me an opportunity to twist his words absurdly I accepted it as gleefully as if he had been the gas-man. But two things happened, and lo! my manager's attitude toward me changed completely. Mr. Daly was convinced that no man or woman could bear decently a sudden success. He was positive that no head could stand it. When I made no demand for my promised increase of salary, but went pinching along as best I could, he only said to himself: "She will be all the worse when her head does begin to turn."

And when he found that Miss Morris took no advantage and claimed nothing through her success in "Man and Wife," the armed neutrality between actress and manager was at an end:

Thus I came to know him fairly well. A man with unbounded ambition, a man of fine and delicate tastes, with a passionate love of beauty—in form, color, sound. I have known him to turn a sentence, exquisitely, word by word, slowly repeating the line, as though he were tasting its beauty, as well as hearing it. Interested in the occult and the inscrutable—a man of many tastes, but of one single purpose—every power and acquirement were brought to the service of the stage. In love he was mutability personified. In friendship, exigent. Now suddenly silent, now rapidly talkative, whimsical, changeable, he was ever lavishly generous and warm-hearted. And it is a comfort to know that in one respect at least I proved satisfactory during the friendship that lasted as long as I remained in the theatre, since I never, even by chance, betrayed his confidence.

Miss Morris thus relates how Daly secured permission from a Catholic priest—his confessor and friend—to use a cathedral scene in "Madeline Morel," to which the father objected:

Mr. Daly described the play, assured his old friend there were no religious arguments, no homilies in it; but when he came to the scene, the father shook his head:

"No, no, my son!" said he, "I do not see how that can be sanctioned."

Mr. Daly reasoned, argued, almost pleaded; but though it evidently hurt the good man to refuse, since he was greatly attached to his son in the church, he still shook his head, and at last declared it was a serious matter, and he would have to bring it to the bishop's attention. But that was just what Mr. Daly did not want.

"Can you not see, father," he said, "these lines are spoken in a frenzy? They come from the lips of a woman mad with grief and trouble? They have not the value or the consequence of words spoken by a sane person."

The priest shook his head. Suddenly Mr. Daly ceased his arguments and persuasions. After a little silence, he said:

"You can not sanction this scene, then, father?"

A positive shake of the head. Mr. Daly looked pensively out of the window.

"Too bad!" he sighed; "too bad!"

The kind old man sighed, too—companionably.

"You see, if that scene is not done—the play can not be done,"

"Dear—dear!" murmured the priest.

"And if the play is not done, having nothing else at hand, I shall have to close the season with the old play, and naturally that will mean bad business."

"Too bad—too bad," muttered the voice, comfortably.

"And if the season ends badly—why, of course, there can be no charity benefit."

"What?" sharply exclaimed the erstwhile calm voice. "No benefit for our poor? Why—why—er—I—dear me! and the asylum needs help so badly—er a frenzy, you said? spoken in madness? er—I—I will give the matter serious thought—and I'll acquaint you with my conclusions," and evidently much disturbed he retired.

And when Mr. Daly told me this he added, with a twinkle in his eye: "He will get the benefit, surely enough," and when he saw my bewilderment, he added: "Don't you see? I had my doubts about the bishop—but the dear old father will be so anxious about his orphans that he will make things right for me with him for their sakes;" a view of the matter that proved to be correct. Verily a clever man was our manager.

"Madeline Morel" was the last and fourth success that was granted to Miss Morris under Mr. Daly's management. The best salary he gave her was fifty-five dollars a week, with three dresses out of five provided:

And let me say right here that about the middle of the season I found that some young actresses, who handed me cards on the stage, and, in laced caps and aprons, appeared as maids in my service, were receiving for their arduous duties a higher salary than I received as leading woman and their play mistress. "It's a strange world, my masters, a very strange world."

She left the company because Daly tried to prevent her from making starring trips on her own account. Daly threatened all kinds of injunctions if Miss Morris attempted to appear in any other theatre, but A. M. Palmer was quick to offer her an engagement and take the risks. Accordingly she acted at the Union Square Theatre in "The Wicked World" with immense success. Next came her appearances in "Camille," and then "Miss Multon," of which Miss Morris says, in concluding her volume:

A great, great triumph for every one was that first night of "Miss Multon," and one of the sweetest drops in my own cup was added by the hand of New York's honored and beloved poet, Edmund Clarence Stedman, for, all nestled in a basket of sweet violets, came a sonnet from him to me, and, though my unworthiness was "evident enough," nevertheless I took keenest joy in the beauty of its every line—surely a very sweet and gracious token from one who was secure to one who was still struggling. And now, when years have passed, he has given me another beautiful memory to keep the first one company. I was taking my first steps in the new profession of letters, which seems somewhat uncertain, slow and introspective, when compared with the swift, decisive, if rather superficial profession of acting, and Mr. Stedman, in a pause from his own giant labor on his great "Anthology," looked at, nay, actually considered, that shivering, fledgling thing, my first book, and wrote a letter that spelled for me the word "encouragement," and, being a past-master in the art of subtle flattery, quoted from my own book, and set alight a little flame of hope in my heart that is not extinguished yet. So gently kind remain some people who are great. Just as Tommaso Salvini, from the heights of his unquestioned supremacy—but stay, the line must be drawn somewhere. It would not be kind to go on until my publisher himself cried: "Halt!" So I shall stop and lock away the pen and paper—lock them hard and fast—because so many charming, so many famous people came within my knowledge in the next few years that the temptation to gossip about them is hard to resist.

Miss Morris dedicates her volume to her husband, "in memory of a labor shared," and her picture, showing her as she looks to-day, serves as a frontispiece.

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## A WOMAN'S RIGHT FOR MEN.

## Chaoging One's Miod—Ungrammatical Americans.

The papers had a story last week that the President had refused promotion to an army officer because he had jilted his *fiancée*. Whether this is true or not, it's interesting. The President is a chivalrous mao, with a fine American point of view, and whatever he did really do about the officer's promotion, we may be sure that he coddemned him for his uogallant behavior to the lady. Most men would coddemn him. To go hack oo your best girl—especially when the wedding-cards are printed and the trousseau ready—is an offense few meo would codoode. Singularly enough, womeo—who are the sufferers by it—are very lenient to this infirmity of purpose. I have ofteo heard girls say they would rather be jilted than married to a man who had lost his affection for them, and I thiook they told the truth.

When Pope said every woman was at heart a rake he expressed his idea in coarse, eighteenth-century English. What he meant to say was that every woman is at heart a sentimentalist. However fate and fortune may make her marry, she has her little dream of marrying for love. Presupposing that she is a "nice girl," she would rather be left like Ariadne than go on into the dark and unexplored places of matrimony with a man who oo longer cared for her. I am inclined to think her respect for the man would oot suffer much—might possibly increase—if he had the temerity to rise up and tell her he had made a mistake and did not love her. Women have beeo dooing this themselves since Pandora opened the box, and nobody blamed them. It was a lady's privilege to change ber miod, and that settled it. Maybe we are beginooing to feel that the privilege is a little one-sided, and that down-trodden man ought now and then to bave a holiday wheo he, too, can have caprices and not know whether he loves Polly or Sally best.

There is another point in his favor which the men who condemn him do not consider—the courage it takes. It takes nerve to head a cavalry charge io battle, to stand up in a duel, to eoter a burniog buildiog, but it is nothing to the nerve it must take to look a loviog woman io the eye, and tell her you don't care for her. Men have not been dooing this for centuries as women have, and they do not really understand the fell horror of it. I have no doubt many have gooe so far as the front-door, or even the hat-rack in the hall, fully intending to break their fetters; then, at the sound of a foot oo the stairs, a *frou-frou* of skirts, have felt their courage ooing away, and decided a lifetime of liviog a lie was better than dealiog one decisive, staggeriog blow. I don't know whether they were heroes, koaves, or fools—ooe ofteo is confused in such decisioos. Men, I think, would approve of them; women would be sentimentally harrowed, and in their hearts be just a little contemptuous.

The heroism of the situatioo would depend entirely on how the man acted for the next—say twenty years. Aoybody can be heroic for a moment; time is the test of the real thing. It would seem one of those noble, foolish actions, like the charge of the Light Brigade, which would be pitiful if they were not grand—to spend a lifetime living such a futile lie. It would be so little worth while, so little gain, for such a large expenditure of suffering. Whereas, if the man were not of the mold of heroes, let his wife see he had married her under protest, and that she bored him to death—what would he the gain then? Even if she had not a grain of pride, the woman could hardly be bappy with such begrudged attentions and uograteful companionship. As for the man, he would brood on his wrongs and he-moan bis one moment of unselfishness, till a bear with a sore bead would be an amiable companion compared to him. In the general distribution of new twentieth-century privileges, I don't see why the right to change the mind in matters sentimenta! should not be now and then extended to the male of the species.

Last summer in London an Englishman, who had lived and traveled in the United States, roused my ire by telling me that well-bred and well-educated American men constantly spoke bad grammar. Our argument, which was over the invariable five o'clock tea-cups—the best hour for conversation in Engo!and—was perforce mild and polite, yet we were both positive io assertion and denial. He started the subject by asking me if I could tell him the reason of it. He said it had constantly puzzled him, because the men he referred to had been excellently educated, and their womenkind spoke English as correct as theirs was faulty.

Though I argued heatedly on the other side, I was conscious that part of what he said was true—particularly of the West. You go to the East—especially New Engo!and—and you hear the language grammatically spoken on pretty nearly all sides. But the further West you get the worse grows the grammar, when you are justified in expecting it to be good. You constantly hear men who are the graduates of well-known universities say "I seen it" and "I done it." You meet a student who is doing wonders in his class, and he can't boid a ten-minutes' conversation with you without violating the most ordinary laws of "English as she is spoke." The other day a friend of mine was speaking to me of two Berkeley

students she had been talking with. Ooe, she said, was very interestiog and clever; but both of them, she confessed, spoke extraordinarily defective grammar. I asked her what she thought was the reason of it, and she said she supposed they had come from very uncultured people, and that this was the sort of language they had heard their parents speak and had been brought up to speak themselves.

My English friend's accusation was so sweeping that I afterward asked an American io Loodon if he thought it was true, and could account for it. Beiog with a fellow-countrywomao, he set aside his patriotism, and said he thought it was partly true. How he accounted for it was this: The average American mao goes from college io business, and in business mixes with the great mass who oever had aoy grammar, and doo't want it. If the college-bred man persists in talking by the book—correcting, as it were, with his own good English the faulty English of his business associate—the latter will resent it as a pose of conscious superiority. It will make him feel small and common, and he will take it very ill of the college-bred man—so ill, in fact, that he will withdraw from him, and give him a black eye among his kiod, as a mioion of fashion. Thus it will be seen that if the collegiao sticks to his good grammar, it will work his financial ruin. So nobody can blame him if he doubles his negatives, and "seen things" and "dooe thiogs" with every other sentence.

This struck me as a very ingenious and plausible reason, and probably the true ooe. The average Briton, with his good grammar—and they do speak good grammar, though their vocabulary is very small—condescends when he mingles, even fioanially, with a lower class, which is supposed to rise to him and respect his superiority. Ooe of the marks of this would be his better English, and it would stand as one of the landmarks between the two classes. But the English are getting on. The poor aristocrats, with their eotailed lands and their taxes, are feehly trying to make a little pocket moeey in milliners' shops and the coal business, and thoo!fully rentiog their castles to Standard Oil magnates and Tammany chiefs. The time is fast approaching when they, too, will have to accommodate themselves to the ways and wordings of the business world. The Countess of Warwick will have to learn to drop her *h's*, and Lord Rosslyn allude glibly to "the Prince of Wiles."

GERALDINE BONNER.

## MATER CORONATA.

A COMMEMORATIVE POEM.

(Recited at the Yale Bic-Centennial, October 23, 1901.)

All things oo Earth that are accounted great  
Are dedicate to conflict at first breath;  
Nature herself koows grandly to await  
The masterful estate  
Which from ber secret germ Time conjureth.

The elements that buffet man decree  
His lusthood prevailing to the end;  
The free air foreordains him to be free;  
—Their stern persistency  
The ages to his resolute spirit lend.

So arose our Academe since that far day  
When reverently the grave forefathers came,  
In council by the shoal ancestral hay,  
To speak the word,—to pray,—  
To found the enduring sbrine without a name.

Ye, at the witchery of whose golden wand  
New cloisters rise to splendor in a night,—  
Find here your model! Here the barriers stand  
That were not made to hand,  
That have the puissance Time coofers aright.

Born with the exit of that iron age  
When Nova Anglia to New Engo!and grew,  
Learning's new child put up a hermitage,  
Whereof no godly mage  
As from a mount the boundaries forekoew;

No oracle betokened the obscure  
Grim years encounteriog the elders bowed,  
Yet knew not faintness nor discomfure,  
But set the huttruss sure  
That should upstay these tabernacles proud;

These fanes, that bred their patriot to vie  
In steadfastness, erect of thought to live,  
Or, when the country bade, undauntedly  
Without lament to die  
Save that he bad but one young life to give.

Twice, thrice, and yet again, that sovereign call  
Rang not in vain; oor from this ancient grove  
Hath ceased to broaden, as the days befall,  
The famed processional  
Of the mind's workmen who to greatness move.

No feebling she that reared them, no forlorn  
And wrinkled mother lgeriog in the gray;  
Fadeless she smiles to see her shield upborne:  
It is ber morn, her morn!  
The past, but twilight ushering in her day.

Stroog Mother! thou who from the doorways old,  
Or housed anew in beauty renovate,  
Hast spread thine heritage a huodredfold,—  
Hast wrought us to thy mold  
Whether the bread of ease or toil we ate;

Thou who hast made thy soos coequal all,  
The least ooe of thy progeny a peer  
Wearing for worth oot birth bis coronal,—  
The watchmen on thy wall  
Wax proud this sundawn of thy cyclic year!

The lusters of a new-won firmament,  
Spanned from the height thioe upmost turrets crown,  
Relume the course whereon thy thoughts are bent,—

Whereto the words are seot  
That hid thy children pass the lioeage down.

Ere yet that raibowed dome thou seest complete,  
Mankiod, be sure, shall Earth more nobly share;  
No churl his measure shall unduly mete;  
And where are set thy feet  
Life shall be counted lordlier and more fair.

Science shall yield new spells for man to koow,  
And bid thee consecrate to mortal weal  
All that her beechmen in thy gates bestow;  
Nor lofty then, oor low,  
Save to his race each ministrat is leal.

Thioe be it still the uodying antique speech,  
The grove's high thought, the wio'd Helleioe lyre,  
Unvexed of soul thy acolytes to teach,—  
So shall they also reach  
Their lamps, and light them at a queochless fire!

And wield the trebly welded English tongue,  
Their vantage by inheritance dioive,  
Inviochle the laureled lists amoo!  
Wherein the hards have sug  
Or sages deathless made the lettered line;

Till now, for that sure Pentecost to come,  
The globe's four winds are winnowing apoe  
Fresh harvests of speech, in ooe to sum  
A world's curriculum  
When East and West forgather face to face.

Thus first imbued, thy comiog host the clews  
To broad achievement shall decry the more;  
What thou hast taught them shall in statecraft use  
Greatly; nor cao they choose  
But follow where the omeos blaze before!

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

## New Publications.

"The Marriage of Mr. Merivale," by Cecil Headlam, is a lively story of London society told in a somewhat headloog, breathless style. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, "The Voyage of Ithobal," illustrated by Arthur Lumley, is out in a handsome edition for American readers. Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

Hamilton Drummond's latest novel, "The Seven Houses," is a powerful and artistic story of Fraoce and Italy in the days of knighthood. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A new edition of "The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics," edited by Frederic Lawreoe Knowles, has been brought out. It is a choice collection, fully indexed. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Three new books for boys are "Nelson, the Newsboy," by Horatio Alger, Jr.; "The Rover Boys on the Great Lakes," by Arthur M. Winfield; and "Boys of the Fort," by Captain Ralph Bonehill. Published by the Mershon Company, New York; price, \$1.25 each.

The latest issue in the Town and Country Library Series is "The Most Famous Loha," by Nellie K. Blissitt, a romance of Carcassonne in the thirteenth century. The story is one worth telling, and its old-time manner is sustained with no little art. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

Mary Hazelton Wade has written for young people four attractive and instructive books whose character is indicated by the titles—"Our Little Japanese Cousin," "Our Little Brown Cousin," "Our Little Indian Cousin," and "Our Little Russian Cousin." They are illustrated from drawings by L. J. Bridgman. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, per set, \$2.40.

A combination of songs, exercises, and plays, designed to train a child in a practical way to understand simple housework, is offered in "How to Teach Kitchen Garden," by Emily Huntington Miller. It is illustrated, and will be found an efficient aid by teachers who wish to give their young pupils pleasing and instructive occupation. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

The sixth volume relating to that mysterious creation is "The Golliwogg's Auto-Go-Cart." Bertha Upton has written the verses as usual, and Floreoe K. Uptoo is responsible for the funny colored pictures. The book is equal to any that have preceded it in the series, and it will be welcomed by all the children who have ever heard of the Golliwogg. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Lovers of dogs everywhere will rejoice in "The Show Dog," by H. W. Huntiogton, which describes "the cardinal virtues and objectionable features of all the breeds of dogs from the show-ring standpoint, with mode of treatment of the dog both in health and sickness." Its illustrations, from photographs of one hundred and twenty typical dogs, representing all the marked varieties of the canine race, are alone worth more than the price of the book. Published by the author, Providence, R. I.; price, \$2.00.

Fifty homes of beauty and attractive associations are described in "Romantic Castles and Palaces," by Esther Singleton. The author has selected from writers in several languages the chapters that make up her volume, ranging from Hawthorne to Groat Allen, from Pierre Loti to Bholanauth Chunder, and

the places described are io various quarters of the globe, but all are notable. The numerous illustrations are reproductions of photographs, well printed. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.60.

## Death of Li Hung Chang.

Li Huog Chaog died in Pekin November 7th, aged seventy-nine. His death removes the best-known, the ablest, and the shrewdest man in Chioa, and raises doubts whether there is aoy one io the Flowery Kingdom capable of succeeding him. The Chicago *Tribune* thus summarizes his achievements:

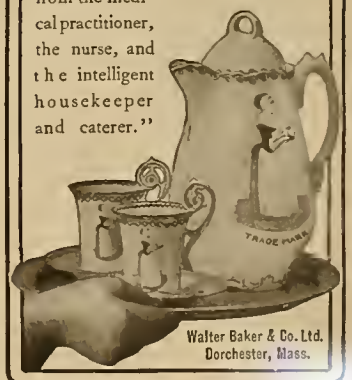
"Li Hung Chaog came io public notice about the time of the Tai Ping rebellion, and the military ability he displayed io harassing the rebels at first secured for him many important commands, and subsequently still more important political positions, beginooing with that of viceroey of Kiaog Su, from which he rose to the highest position io the empire oext the throne. For many years Li Hung Chang was the 'graod old mao' of Chioa. If all reports are correct, he was also the graod old hoodler, or 'squeezer,' of Chioa, though boodliog is oo crime amoo Celestials, while a failure to boodlie when possible is looked oo as foolishness. It has been said that Li Huog Chaog was ooe of the world's richest meo. His wealth may have beeo exaggerated by his countrymen, but if he made use of his many opportunities for pilloog up riches, he must have become a plutocrat for Chioa. About the time of the outbreak of the war with Japao, he was at the zenith of his power. His pacific advice was not relished by the obstinate dowager-empress, his policies were rejected, and Chioa had to pay the penalty of that war, which cost so dear. His sensible suggestions were not followed, and he was removed from office, stripped of many waistcoats and peacock feathers, and subjected to other indignities, but whoever the court found itself io extreme difficulties it was always Li Hung Chang who was seot for. For lostaoce, he negotiated the peace with Japao. He had traveled much, making a graod tour of the world io 1896, was conversant with Western ways, and was a diplomat of unusual astuteness and ability. He proved himself as adroit a liar as the most accomplished of European statesmen. That he had not outlived his usefulness is shown by the part he took in the settlement with the allied powers of the recent Boxer uprising. Io his death Chioa suffers a great loss. His place might be filled to some extent by Wu Ting-fang, who, report says, has been recalled from this country, but the Chioese Government will not be likely to select any man for preferment who has beeo as acceptable to a foreign people as Wu Tiog-fang has been to Amerioans."

Camillo Martio, who recently passed away, was for forty-two years the consul of Spain in San Francisco. In Juoe, 1893, he was knighted by Maria Christina, Queen Regent of Spao, at which time the queen forwarded him the gold cross of the Order of Isabel la Catolica. The distinction was a recognition of faithful service as Spanisb consul in this city for over thirty-eight years. On his retirement, he held the title of honorary consul. After the Spanish-American War, he was succeeded as consul of Spain by Dr. Del Amo, but subsequently became vice-consul, and, at the time of his demise, was acting as consul in the absence of Dr. Del Amo.

The State University football team came out victorious in its match with the Stanford players at Sixteenth and Folsom Streets on Saturday last, November 9th, when it won by a score of 2 to 0. It is said that practically nothing was lost by playing the game before Thanksgiving Day. The receipts amounted to \$19,000, about \$5,000 less than those of last year, but the difference was offset by the expenses which would have been incurred by nearly three weeks' more training.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Romantic Lady Bountiful.

Among those who found many delights in "Elizabeth and her German Garden" there doubtless were few who anticipated such a pleasure to follow as a novel from the same pen. Yet the novel is now offered, and the brightest anticipations could not have overdrawn the charm of the reality. "The Benefactress" is a novel, though the love-story is but one of its attractive features. It is a character-study of mortals who differ in but slight degree from those most familiar, and its events follow logically from the premises of the opening chapters. It might be a record of actualities, but there are few histories with any suggestion of its variety, its firm hold of impressive possibilities, its power to stir the emotions. It will be more widely read even than its famous predecessor, and it will make new friends for that curiously pleasing compound of nature-studies, philosophy, and biography.

"The Benefactress" tells the story of a young and romantic Lady Bountiful, and its heroine is a creation who must be given a place of honor among the brightest and best of her sex in fiction. She is the only daughter of an English house whose fortunes have dwindled until they can no longer sustain in dignity the glories of a proud ancestral line. Her only brother marries into a wealthy but commonplace family, and his wife's money restores the ruined estate and provides education, food, and clothing for the girl. But she can not make the return her aspiring sister-in-law asks—a marriage with some rich if elderly suitor. As a consequence, her life grows more unsatisfactory from year to year, and solitary spinsterhood is in prospect. Then an old German uncle dies and leaves her a tiny estate on the shore of the North Sea, with an income far above her modest needs. The uncle had visited the English home, looked on gravely, and understood the girl's sorrows and longings. Miss Estcourt goes to Germany and accepts the uncle's bequest, but is so overwhelmed with thankfulness and joy that she can not rest until she manifests her appreciation in some practical way. Her benevolence is stirred, and she plans to fill her house with gentlewomen who have no means of support, no friends, no hope of earthly happiness. How her work is carried out, how her unselfish kindness is rewarded, the story tells in an artless, convincing manner. When the first of her difficulties appear, the man who is fated to assist her in surmounting them also appears, but it requires many disappointing and sorrowful experiences to prove to the independent, self-willed benefactress that his aid is indispensable.

There is more of humanity and less of the garden and fields in this book than in the "Elizabeth" volume, but the same love and understanding of nature's moods and appearances are shown. In its pictures of rural German life, its portraits of farmers, country ministers, petty officials, and their womankind, and its keen analysis of their impulses, their pride of station, and their contempt for foreign innovations, the work of an artistic, thoroughly trained hand is apparent. One who knows her Germany better than her England only could have drawn them. The author still preserves her anonymity.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Another Fortunatus and His Princess.

Two striking names stand out in pleasing prominence on the title-page of one of the new novels—"Tom Beauling" and Gouverneur Morris. One is recognized instantly as a fit appellation for a big, breezy, courageous, sentimental hero of romance, and the other, with all its dignified associations and inheritance of ability, is guaranty that the story will reflect impressions from worldly experiences of a wide range. And the book amply justifies these opinions.

"Tom Beauling," by Gouverneur Morris, is a novel of fragments and unfinished pages, with some serious faults beyond omissions, yet it is distinctly worth while for its evidence of power as yet untrained, for its knowledge of forces and the channels they have made, for its occasional graces of description, humor, and pathos. Its opening chapters are much better than those that follow and make the second and third divisions of the story. They are clear, direct, and forceful. When the poor, pleasure-loving, ruined, and dying woman comes back to the village of her childhood and asks the one kind, unselfish old man whom she had known to take and care for her boy, the scenes are made real, the characters use the words and tones that carry conviction. The reader accepts this stern old judge, who first refuses to accept the charge and then allows his feelings to have their way, at his real value. And as the boy first wins his guardian's heart, and grows up to be his companion and friend, and brings youth back to the older man, thorough appreciation follows the author's plan.

Then there is a break in the history. Tom Beauling, the man, appears in China, and is taken up by an American millionaire who has designs on Celestial coal mines. The result is a mission to America for the young man, and the coal mines and the millionaire recede in the distance. But the magnate's influence gives Tom an introduction to another rich man's home, and the rich man's daughter Phyl is the young man's fate. However, he can

not ask for a bride while he is penniless, so he flies to the Indian pearl fisheries for a fortune. A series of letters from the as yet undeclared lover fill a good many pages here, and the letters are well written, but the story moves slowly.

Once more a journey homeward, by reason of a summons from Phylis and her father; but there are numerous delays and distractions along the way, of value only for the glimpses afforded of India, and steamer travel through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal. Arrived in New York all is happily arranged with speed. And here is an incident that it would seem might better have been left unchronicled. Tom confesses that he never knew his father's name. His prospective father-in-law shows no concern, and admits that his own youth was not blameless. Then he sees the photograph which is Tom's one link of remembrance with his parents, and gasps and turns pale. All the possibilities of the situation are suggested, but they are followed by an anti-climax. The photograph is like another that the father-in-law was interested in, but it is not the same. This is a blemish on a work that is often artistic and never uninteresting.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip

A new book by Augustus C. Buell, author of the excellent biography of "Paul Jones: Founder of the American Navy," is expected to come out about the end of the year. It is a historical romance, or, as Mr. Buell calls it, a romantic history. Its plan is in the nature of the history of a family running through three generations, beginning with the period of the old French war and coming down to about 1876.

Mrs. A. C. Farquharson's "St. Nazarius" has just been published by the Macmillan Company.

Jerome K. Jerome has written a novel entitled "Paul Kelter," the longest and most ambitious book he has ever produced, being, in fact, quite outside of the humorous vein with which Mr. Jerome has so long been identified.

Max O'Rell will leave London for the United States, where he will remain until spring, when he will go to Paris and join the editorial staff of *Le Figaro*.

F. Marion Crawford's next story, "The Harvest of the Sword," is said to be one of the most ambitious he has yet written, for in it he introduces a series of characters memorable in history and literature. It turns upon the struggles of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and Francesca da Rimini, Count Ugolino, and Dante are all introduced. The story will begin its career as a serial in the *London Sphere* early next year.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. say that the Middle-West has shown a special interest in Walter Barr's story of American politics, "Shacklett," in which he has explored a field not largely developed in American fiction.

Justin Huntly McCarthy's play, "If I Were King," which is being presented in New York by E. H. Sothern, has prepared a way for the romantic novel founded on the career of François Villon, on which Mr. McCarthy has been at work for some years. The story will bear the same name as the play, "If I Were King," but in the book the author has necessarily wider scope for detail and episode.

Beatrice Harraden has written twenty chapters of her new novel, but will spend six or seven months' work on it before it is finished. It is a study of temperaments, and all its characters are moved to Norway for a time, among the peasants with whom Miss Harraden spent several months last year when she broke her ankle in dismounting from her pony.

Early next month D. Appleton & Co. will publish Mrs. Poultny Bigelow's novel, "While Charlie Was Away." It is a story of a woman in London "smart" life.

A new novel by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, "Full of Fire," is to be soon published.

In "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," soon to be brought out by Elder & Shepard, Wallace Irwin has written a sonnet cycle setting forth the tender plaint of a love-lorn butcher's apprentice, giving voice to his passion and despair.

Stanley Weyman's novel, "Count Hannibal," will be published shortly. The scene of the story is laid in France, and opens on the eve of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Henry B. Fuller recurs to the picturesque possibilities of Chicago life in a new story he has written for D. Appleton & Co., called "Under the Skylights." It is described as a subtly satirical study of arts and letters in the West.

A clever novel, which failed at the time of its publication, but which now bids fair to succeed, is Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession." Mr. Shaw has made a poetical version of the story, and calls it "The Admirable Basville."

A novel dealing with the Italian secret societies, called "The Unnamed," is coming from the pen of William Le Queux.

The J. B. Lippincott Company will publish in this

country the "Temple Bible," the first volume of which, the "Book of Genesis," will be ready shortly.

Norman Hapgood's biography of "George Washington," in which he endeavors to pay as much attention to his human side as to the much-exploited political side of his life, has been published by the Macmillan Company.

"Jim" McGarry, the original of F. Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" sketches, died in Chicago last week after a two months' illness.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will soon bring out Tom Gallon's Christmas story, "The Man Who Knew Better." Mr. Gallon has been, as he expresses it, "hunting for stray guineas in Grub Street" since 1895, being now thirty-five years old, and his hunting has resulted in the publication of a considerable number of novels, beginning with "Tatterley" in 1897.

## Distinguished Men Honored by Yale.

Among the notable men who received the degree of doctor of laws at the recent bi-centennial celebration of Yale were Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States; Horace Howard Furness, editor of the Variorum Edition of Shakespeare's works; John Hay, Secretary of State; John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul; John La Farge, president of the Society of American Artists; Charles Eliot Norton, professor of the history of art, emeritus, in Harvard University; Henry Codman Potter, Bishop of New York; Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California; James Burrill Angell, president of the University of Michigan; Joseph Hodges Choate, ambassador of the United States at the Court of St. James; Melville Weston Fuller, chief justice of the United States; Seth Low, ex-president of Columbia University; Richard Olney, former Secretary of State; Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*; William Thomas Sampson, rear-admiral of the United States Navy; and Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University.

The degree of doctor of literature was conferred on Thomas Bailey Aldrich, for many years editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*; George Washington Cable, author; Samuel Langhorne Clemens ("Mark Twain"); Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*; William Dean Howells, for many years editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and author of novels; Brander Matthews, professor of literature in Columbia University; Thomas Nelson Page, author; and Woodrow Wilson, professor of jurisprudence and politics in Princeton University.

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GEORGE ADE.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Stories of Animal Pets.

"The Soul of a Cat" is a very prettily illustrated little volume, in which the writer, Margaret Benson, discusses, in all seriousness and respect, the distinct individualities of a number of feline pets. Publishers have discovered that animal stories appeal to a very large number of readers. There are quantities of people who have a passion for cherishing animal pets of various kinds. This tendency is especially noticeable in households in which there are no children. It is natural for the adult human to love and cherish children, and these human pets failing, animals often usurp their place. This fact frequently arouses quizzical amusement in the minds of those who have never found opportunity to discover how thoroughly and even inconveniently the affections of the owners become involved under such circumstances.

Few, indeed, are those who, having once undertaken the care and training of a pet, be it bird, cat, dog, parrot, or monkey, but make so many surprising discoveries concerning the intelligence and marked individual traits of their particular *protégé* that they feel an intense desire to publish them to the world at large. Heretofore, they have satisfied themselves by unloading their boastful budget to a circle of friends, but nowadays pathetic or amusing accounts of the characteristic happenings in some tiny animal existence form a prominent feature of magazine matter.

It is to this class of reading matter that Miss Benson's book belongs. The book, although containing a few stories about other animals, will appeal principally to the lovers of cats. To others it will be rather dull revelry, for, while the authoress avoids the mistake of becoming maudlin over the perfections of her various pets, she fails to endow her brief sketches with sufficient humor and literary charm to beguile the interest of those who have never made but slight acquaintance with the reasoning power of animals. To the uninitiated, the authoress takes her feline heroes and heroines a little too seriously. A pleasant feature of the book, however, is the number of apt quotations, one of which precedes each chapter, and there are other evidences which tend to show that the writer is a woman of reading and general culture.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

## New Publications.

A new edition of that popular educational work, "An English Grammar for the Use of High School, Academy, and College Classes," by W. M. Baskerville and J. W. Sewell, has just been brought out by the American Book Company, New York; price, 90 cents.

Prescott's "Mexico," at once recognized on its appearance, fifty-eight years ago, as a masterpiece of literary composition, is still the standard of popular knowledge concerning the Spanish conquest of the empire of the Montezumas. A new edition of that "History of the Conquest of Mexico," edited by

John Foster Kirk, has been brought out in three volumes, with a wealth of foot-notes and all the author's original introductions and appendices, and a complete index. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

"Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch," by Alice Caldwell Hegan, is not a pretentious chronicle, but it is a good story for a dull half-hour, and its pathos is as sure as its humor, though the latter quality predominates. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Casa Guidi Windows," the poem in which Elizabeth Barrett Browning pictured her personal impressions of events in Tuscany in the middle years of the nineteenth century, is offered in a new edition with a descriptive and critical introduction by A. Mary F. Robinson. Published by John Lane, New York; price, 75 cents.

Recent additions to Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics Series are Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Cooper's "The Deerslayer," and Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," each volume having the author's portrait, with introduction and notes. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 25 cents each.

Elizabeth Strong Worthington offers in "Our Children in Peril" some thoughtful chapters that are to be commended to parents and teachers. Her topics are "The Overcrowded Brain," "Growing Immorality of Children," and "Suggestions and Remedies." The little book demonstrates the author's practical knowledge of the subjects treated, her sincerity, and her desire to aid in the highest cause. Published by Cubery & Co., San Francisco.

Following the "Grey," the "Pink," the "Yellow," the "Green," and the "Red" "Fairy Books," comes now "The Violet Fairy Book," edited by Andrew Lang, as were the others. In this there are thirty-five of the best fairy stories, collected from many sources, and they are illustrated with eight colored plates and more than fifty engravings. It is one of the choice holiday offerings for young readers. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Dr. Lyman Abbott delivered a series of letters last winter before the Lowell Institute in Boston, on topics connected with municipal government, institutions of society, questions of labor, education, and religion, and the series has been printed in a volume entitled "The Rights of Man: A Study in Twentieth-Century Problems." Fundamental principles and their application to American conditions and prospects are treated in Dr. Abbott's studious way, and his book has more of timely interest than any of his earlier works. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.30.

Physicians and medical students will be attracted by the title, "Disciples of Esculapius," chosen by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson for his great work, but dipping into its pages anywhere will prove to the general reader that its contents have not been prepared exclusively for any one class. The first volume

gives biographical sketches of twenty eminent professors and practitioners, from Harvey and Boerhaave down to Jenner, with portraits of each. Important discoveries and achievements are connected with each name, and every detail given is of interest. The second volume covers as important a range, though the names are not so well known. Lovers of the quaint and curious will find much to their liking in the books, and every student of biography will consider the work a treasure. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, two volumes, \$8.00.

A work whose interest and value is not to be measured by its bulk, is a modest paper-covered book entitled "Let Us Make a Beautiful City of Springfield, Mass." It contains a series of sixteen articles reprinted from the Springfield *Republican*, and although its illustrations and examples are confined to that New England city, its criticisms and suggestions are applicable to the many larger and less attractive cities of the world. Ideals and methods of municipal improvement, cooperation, nuisances to be abated, park systems, public squares and playgrounds, the architecture of dwellings and business blocks, art and art education, are among the topics treated in a practical and helpful way. The little book deserves and will have a wide reading among all interested in municipal improvements. Published by the Republican Company, Springfield, Mass; price, 10 cents.

Happy the newspaper writer whose duties are cast in such a mode that their results may be collected from perishable columns and treasured for leisurely contemplation. Many wise, clever, and poetic thoughts die with the passing of each morning and evening issue; few of them are preserved or remembered. Ray Clarke Rose, a poet and humorist of the Chicago *Record*, has made a volume of the verse which he has contributed to his department of the paper during a number of years, and it contains many poems that new friends and old ones alike will be glad to linger over. Mr. Rose has many fancies, light as thistle-down, tender as the notes of young birds, and his phrasing is always musical. While a number of the bits are humorous and satirical, there are more confidential tones in many of his selections. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

## The November Century Magazine.

Among the most interesting features of the *Century Magazine* for November are articles on "Our Foolish Virgins," in which Eliot Gregory discusses the foibles and follies of society maids; "A Retrospect of American Humor," by W. P. Trent; "The Dirigible Balloon of M. Santos-Dumont," by Sterling Hellig; "The Settlement of the West: A Study in Transportation," by Emerson Hough; "The Assassination of Kings and Presidents," by J. M. Buckley, LL.D.; and "Some Personal Characteristics of President McKinley," by John D. Long. Fiction is represented by the first two parts of "Barbarossa," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "Mr.

Appleby's Vote," by Catherine Young Glen; "The Indiscretion of John Henry," by Walter Leon Sawyer; "The Legend of the White Reindeer," by Ernest Seton-Thompson; and a novelette, called "Trent's Trust," by Bret Harte. Verse is contributed by L. Frank Tooker, Edith Margaret Wherry, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Alice Williams Brotherton, Mary Adams, Madeline Bridges, and Clinton Dangerfield; and among the many handsome illustrations which adorn the number are three striking pictures of Don Quixote, by André Castaigne, Howard Pyle, and Arthur I. Keller.

It is said that the late General Fitz-John Porter left a request to his children, especially to his sons, H. Fitz-John Porter and Robert Eddy Porter, to continue his fight for a complete vindication of his name from the charge of willfully failing to support General Pope. The general declared positively in this request that he was always obedient to his commanding officer, and never more so than to General Pope.

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This book is substantially a collection of the writer's studies on the actual practice of the United States during a century and a quarter, as to annexation of territory, government of territory, and relations as a world-power.

## George Washington: A Biography

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The grand operatic flood has swept over us again, and we are all music-mad. What a divine, yet maddening thirst it kindles in our souls, and, for a time, how completely our every-day, threadbare, prosaic sensations are swept aside by tasting of this most stimulating of intoxicants. There are always a certain proportion among the enthusiasts who try to keep the rising dementia back, who clutch desperately at the vanishing skirts of thrift and prudence and all the unpleasant virtues, a steady practice in which tends to keep people out of the parlor-house, but at the last they yield with a rush, and for the rest of their lives thank Providence for that one season's financial indiscretion that has given them a hoard of rich memories.

After all, what is greater luxury than spending one's pleasure money on big emotions? It takes big people to inspire them, and big people cost big money. Grand opera, ideally given, is as far as human achievement can go in providing the highest, finest, rarest, and most costly form of artistic enjoyment. And grand opera as Grau provides it, as all the world knows, is the best the world in our day can hope to hear and see.

Damrosch has been a sort of advance cup-bearer, permitting us to sip sparingly the intoxicating draught. And who so well-fitted as he in lifting the magic beaker to our expectant lips. I believe the man passes his life with his soul in a halo of musical ecstasy. His enthusiasm burns within him like a flame, and he is unable to comprehend that to many of those lovely bare-armed goddesses behind him, their appearance and the rustling adjustment of their feathers and fallals are matters of equal importance with the music.

A group of us were earnestly debating, during the rustle of arrivals on Monday night, as to whether "all those endearing young charms" of Miss Rosecheck were as true in nature as the pink orchid which so cannily matched her complexion. At that moment Damrosch, as he gave the preliminary tap with his baton, directed piercing eyes under severely over-hanging brows toward the greeting, gossiping, huzzing throng. We paused, horrified and conscience-stricken, and the frivolity within our insignificant snails withered away in a guilty, miserable, apologetic speck.

But grand opera always begins with frivolity. The instant one sets foot in the theatre, which up to that moment had been figuring in the mind as a sort of temple enshrining the holy of holies, our transcendental dreams are justly aside by the numbers of interesting sights one sees. How radiantly handsome the women look, how resplendent their gowns, how brilliant their jewels! The house itself is a gorgeous show, so thoroughly deserving of attention that again one temporarily forgets what is awaiting us on the other side of the curtain. Everybody is as keenly anxious to discover friends and acquaintances in the audience, as if a second view would never gladden their eyes this side of eternity. I am sure that some young dandies there merely endured life when the curtain went up. They longed for the happy hour when they could scan, with a critical eye, the décolleté and richly jeweled women, and remark to each other, with a knowing air, that nearly all the women were *passé*. Indeed, the women who can attend seven-dollar-a-seat opera are principally matrons, whose husbands have footed the bill. If it were not for those rich-plumaged idlers, grand opera would never stand on its financial legs. They steep their snails in a kind of musical frenzy, attend Damrosch's lectures, and finally beguile season seats out of their indulgent lords by the aid of a few blandishments.

In truth, the operatic attitude of the ordinary husband can not be too highly eulogized. Sing, oh muse, of the seraph who provides seats and costly array for his womankind, and, fortifying himself by consolatory musings on the mutability of opera seasons, and the snatching contemplation of his own angelic perfections, leans upon the air at the back of the opera-house, the while he catches occasional glimpses of his wife's snowy nape and the diamond comb in her back hair. Such is true conjugal devotion.

I think the women would have taken it kindly if the men had added to their obligations by lending them a few masculine bravos on Monday night. Some of them tried to unlatch their enthusiasm by starting shouts of acclamation. But their voices sounded like so many distressful terrier yelps, until the more good-naturedly drowned the dolorous cries with a ringing chorus of bravos.

The opera of "Lohengrin" was produced with a slight cast in that of last year, save for the Elsa of Mrs. Eames. The *prima donna's* first entrance

was eagerly awaited, and when it came the curious spectators had ample time to pass mental verdict on her appearance, during the interval which precedes Elsa's reply to the king's adjuration. It was, no doubt, in many something of a disappointment. Mrs. Eames is not the richly beautiful woman that she appears in her photographs. Nevertheless, she has, in a lesser degree, beauty, with much distinction, charm, and grace. She has not the billowing girdle full of flesh that experience has taught us to expect in the usual *prima donna*. On the contrary, she gives one an impression of picturesque grace and slenderness. Her face is fine, gracious, intellectual, her smile charming. She wears her own beautiful hair hanging over her bosom in two twisted cables, which are fastened to the bodice by two great gold clasps. Some years ago she had the reputation of being an indifferent actress, but the tide of energetic New England blood that surges in her veins has evidently spurred her on to overcome this fault.

As Elsa, she was almost as faultless dramatically as vocally. Her attitudes, her gestures, her expressions were full of poetic charm and beauty, and were invariably exquisitely appropriate to the feeling they expressed. They seemed to match her beautiful voice, which is of the clear, glittering, soprano quality. It is like living crystal, but is rarely colored by that glorious glow of passion which always thrills through Van Dyck's tones, whether with the merely human emotion of the lover, or the divinely inspired exaltation of the stainless knight.

What a superb, artistic imagination the great tenor has, and how grandly he succeeds in bearing us away with him in the sweep of his great flight. At times, there are tones in his voice that arouse a pleasure so poignant as almost to resemble pain. If it were not for the exquisite completeness with which he sinks himself into this beautiful rôle, one might feel a keener admiration for Mrs. Eames's Elsa. As it is, we are always dimly conscious that it is he more than she who draws us over the verge into the land of enchanted illusion.

A tenor who can act is as rare as roses in snow-time. Van Dyck is our one entire and perfect chrysolite. We needn't look upon his like again. But when it comes to an entire cast, then we begin to realize the rich endowments of these wonderful people. Bispham is as instinctively dramatic as musical—a consummate artist in both particulars. And Schumann-Heink is an Ortrud with a soul like a stormy sea. We have lived to see at last that character cease to be merely an unamiable bore, although Wagner was in quite too deliberate a frame of mind when he outlined the interminable colloquy in the second act between Telramund and his scheming consort.

It was very interesting, after a year's interval, to hear Gadske again, and compare her voice to that of the greater sopranos. Hers has neither the aerial lightness and clearness, nor the limpid fluency which characterize the voices of both Melba and Eames. But, on the other hand, there is a depth and strength of dramatic intensity to her tones which neither of them can approach. Gadske is on her native heath in Wagnerian opera, when her voice pours itself out in great, forceful gushes of feeling. There is so much Italian conventionalism to the character of Valentine in "The Huguenots" that she did not at first reveal herself at her best. But, in the later scenes, she was again the intensely dramatic singer that we remembered. Especially was this so during the long interview between the lovers, in which they both sang with a passionate abandon that one rarely witnesses in the heavy old opera.

DeMarchi, as Raoul, discovered to his hearers a voice of stupendous volume, but with several disagreeable qualities. There is occasionally a slight nasal tone, and even an unmistakable harshness in certain notes. It is not a voice that will appeal to everybody, but its power and passionate force are electrifying qualities that startled the house into enthusiastic demonstration.

Indeed, those who did not dare to break in with applause in the sacred Wagnerian atmosphere of Monday night, and the unsnubbables, who will always persist in setting their heels down into the rainbow mists of music woven by a Wagnerian orchestra, were relieved to find themselves free and untrammelled on Tuesday night. They were in sympathetic union with Meyerheer, who loved to have the rumbles of his basses and baritones, and the swallow flights of his sopranos appeal to an instantly appreciative and applauding public.

Was ever composer more merciless than Meyerheer when he imperiously swept his long-suffering librettist aside, and bent his resourceful energies to

the cramming of every situation known to operatic tradition within the scope of one act. In spite of the excellent choral singing, it was a relief to get back to the thread of the story again, after the second act was over, and allow one's musical susceptibility to become the foot-ball of those magnificent voices. For the cast of "The Huguenots" was a very remarkable one. Two striking examples of easy vocalization among the singers are Mrs. Hamer, the contralto, and Scotti, the baritone. Mrs. Hamer's voice comes rollicking out of her throat as freely and unconcernedly as a bird's morning song. She is like a merry little swallow herself, with her gay, saucy face, and her neat little preening swagger; there is, too, a fresh, bird-like buoyancy of tone and a bird-like penetrating sweetness to the quality of her voice. Scotti, as De Nevers, was a noticeable figure on the stage, easy in action, remarkably facile in vocal execution. His voice is full, rich, and powerful, delightfully melodious, and bubbles out with such exuberant freshness, and, withal, with such a perfect mastery of technique, that one wonders, until noticing the limitations of his upper register, that he is not known as one of the great baritones.

Suzanne Adams was again, as in last year's cast, the queen. Her style of singing, with its floridity of decoration, touches merely the surface of music. One's emotions are unmoved, save that one feels at times a passing wish that the singer could shake out the notes with a lightness to match their meaning. But the stress of their delivery is reflected in the singer's face, which, handsome as it is, is sometimes disfigured by an unconscious contraction, in spite of the triumphant brilliancy and sureness with which the notes come forth.

Eduard de Reszké poured forth mellow molten thunder from his massive throat until sometimes the ear was startled by its melodious power. Journet also, as Saint Bris, displayed a voice of great volume with a delivery of beautiful facility.

There was one large green and red cloud on the performance. That was Gadske's wig and Gadske's riding-suit. How I hated to see her fine, strong German face framed inappropriately in her hair! How white the feather looked in her hair, how rankly red her hair, how brilliantly, brutally green the hue of her gown! Dear Gadske, how I would love to have an artist's eye and fingers to design and fashion costumes to show her at her fairest and best!

Was there ever anything more beautiful than the tint of Elsa's bridal robe, worn by Mrs. Eames? The delicate, exquisite wraith of green, it had a faint moonlight sheen glimmering over its surface that was rarer and finer than silk can show, while here and there were beautiful traceries of dim gold embroidery. It was a garment fit to clothe the muses of poetry, or, perhaps, its delicately sumptuous splendor would more appropriately grace the queen of fairy-land romance.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Martin Harvey, who created the rôle of Sydney Carton in "The Only Way," is said to have made a great hit in Dublin in his new play, "After All," another version of the Eugene Aram story.

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ANECDOTES OF MAUDE ADAMS.

Acton Davies's Biography of the Popular Actress.

Acton Davies, the dramatic critic of the New York Sun, has written a charming little biography of Maude Adams, which, while it is weighted with only a hit of criticism here and there, contains a wealth of gossip and anecdote about her stage career, which makes his volume very readable. It is an accepted fact to-day that, regarded merely as a business proposition, a drawing card, no American star, however much greater her histrionic powers may be, has ever had so tremendous and wide-spread a popularity as Maude Adams enjoys in the United States to-day.

In many communities this popularity has amounted almost to a mania, which blinds her audiences absolutely to her faults, and grossly exaggerates even her greatest charms. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that there are hundreds of playgoers in New York and all the other American cities to-day who would accept little Miss Adams seriously—aye, and enthusiastically, too—if she attempted to play Lady Macbeth.

Miss Adams, it seems, made her first appearance on the stage in 1872, when she was only nine months old. Her mother, Mrs. Kiscadden, or "Mrs. Adams," as she was billed at the theatre, was at that time the principal character actress of the stock company in Salt Lake, and, in order that her baby might be as near as possible, she used to carry it to her dressing-room at the theatre every night. Says Mr. Davies:

It was the fashion in those days to end the night's performance with a roaring farce. On the night of her impromptu debut the manager had announced a comic piece in two scenes called "The Lost Child." Mrs. Adams was cast for one of the leading rôles in it. The first scene had passed off very successfully, and the baby—a salaried member of the company who played all the rôles, both masculine and feminine, which were under a year old—had scored quite a hit. But no sooner was the infant removed from the stage than it set up a most unearthly yell. It was one of those weird consecutive wails which, to a mother's ear, mean either a pin or a wakeful night. After investigation had proven that a pin had nothing to do with it, the mother, turning to the stage manager in sheer despair, exclaimed: "The play is done for. When she once gets started crying like that she never thinks of stopping under two hours."

"But, good heavens! We'll have to gag her. The play must go on somehow," cried the stage manager. "The audience knows what's coming. They've seen the play before, and if we don't bring that youngster in on a platter, why, they'll pull down the house."

"Why not try Maudie?" said Mrs. Adams, coming to the rescue. "She's down in my dressing-room, and as I am on the stage with her I'm sure she'll be good."

And she was good—so good, in fact, that her rival that very night received her two weeks' notice, and for the remainder of that season all the infant rôles were played by little Miss Kiscadden.

When Mr. and Mrs. Kiscadden came to San Francisco a few years later, little Maude acted with J. K. Emmet, B. J. Murphy, and, finally, at the Baldwin Theatre. David Belasco, speaking of her early career on the stage, says:

"I can remember the first time I ever saw Maudie. I was the stage-manager of the Baldwin then; James A. Herne and I were playing there together, and in most of our plays there was usually a child's part. Annie Adams I had known for some years then as one of the best character actresses of the West, but my first remembrance of the present Maude Adams is of a spindle-legged little girl, unusually thin and tall for her age, with a funny little pigtail and one of the quaintest little faces you ever saw. In those days, I don't think even her mother, who doted on that child as I have never known a mother to dote before—I don't think even she considered Maudie pretty in those days. But even in her babyhood there was a magnetism about the child—some traces even then of that wonderfully sweet and charming personality which was to prove such a tremendous advantage to her in the later years. The child, in short, was a born artist; she had temperament. She could act and grasp the meaning of a part long before she was able to read. When we were beginning rehearsals of a new play at the Baldwin, I would take Maudie on my knee, and hit by hit would explain to her the meaning of the part she had to play. I can see her now, with her little spindle legs almost touching the floor, her tiny face, none too clean, perhaps, peering up into mine, and those wise eyes of hers drinking in every word. I soon learned to know that it was no use to confine myself to a description of her own work; until I had told the whole story of the play to Maudie, and treated her almost seriously as if she were our leading star, she would pay no attention. She was serious-minded in her own childish way even in those days, and once she realized that you were treating her seriously there was nothing that that child would not try to do. But first, mind you, she had to know the story of the play and all about it. When the parts were given out to the company, Mrs. Adams was always letter perfect in Maudie's lines long before she attempted to learn her own. Then hit by hit, while they were together in the dressing-room, on the street-cars, or at their home, Mrs. Adams would teach the child her part. She had a good memory, and made what we of the stage call 'a wonderfully quick study.' But to-day I never see Maude Adams on the stage without a picture rising up before me of that patient, hard-working, self-sacrificing mother of hers drilling the child in one of her parts. Stage people, with all their faults, are probably the warmest-hearted in the

world, but never in all my long experience have I seen an instance of such unselfish, idolizing devotion as Mrs. Adams displayed for her little girl. Of course, it's the most natural thing in the world for any mother to love her child, but Mrs. Adams's love was something quite out of the common. We were all mighty poor in those times, and there was many a week in those San Francisco days when the ghost refused to walk, and a good many of us went hungry in consequence. But, in spite of the hardships and privations which we all faced together, there never was a millionaire's daughter more zealously guarded, more tenderly nurtured, than Maudie Adams was by her mother. No sacrifice was too great for her to make. Many and many a night, after the long performances, and perhaps a whole morning's rehearsals, I have seen Mrs. Adams sitting up till daylight, working over some new little gown for Maudie. I mean it in all seriousness when I say that whatever Maude Adams has become to-day, she owes entirely to her mother."

The volume is illustrated with some twenty portraits showing Miss Adams in almost every rôle in which she has appeared—as Adrienne in "The Celebrated Case," with Flora Walsh in "The Wandering Boys," as Dot Bradbery in "The Midnight Bell," as Dora in "Men and Women," as Nell in "The Lost Paradise," as Suzanne in "The Masked Ball," as Miriam in "Butterflies," as Dora in "Christopher, Jr.," with John Drew as Mrs. Denant and Mr. Kilroy in "The Squire of Dames," as Jessie Keher in "The Bauble-Shop," as Dolly in "Rosemary," as Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," and as the Duke of Reichstadt in "L'Aiglon."

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.10.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Willie Collier in "On the Quiet."

Willie Collier will begin a fortnight's engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night in his new comedy, "On the Quiet," written for him by Augustus Thomas, and presented for six months at the Madison Square Theatre last year. Mr. Thomas's comedy is said to be one of the best things in a light vein he ever wrote. A hit of chaff here, a wisp of jaunty mischief there, and a whole fountain of hubbly and sparkle. The plot briefly summarized is this: Agnes Colt has inherited a great fortune from her father, and Robert Ridgeway, a student at Yale College, falls in love with her. If she marries without the consent of her brother she will lose a large portion of her patrimony. Ridgeway marries her, and they try to keep the marriage a secret. It takes three acts to tell how it is done, and the complications are of the most laughable description, but in the end the coveted consent is gained. The scene of the last act is placed on the schooner-yacht *Coryphe*, which, under full sail, is crossing Long Island Sound.

The rôle of Robert Ridgeway is said to fit Mr. Collier's personality admirably. "There is grave perplexity running all through the comedy," says one critic, "and that is in Collier's happiest vein, but there is a lot of sparkle, wit, impertinence, and nonsense, and this Collier is said to handle beautifully. There is the prettiest drift of sentiment, true and sincere, and Mr. Collier manages it without bringing on misapprehension and destructive laughter. He makes love delightfully, and every actor must know how to do that, or content himself with buffoonery and keep out of the track of the stars." Mr. Collier does everything so well, and there is so much to do in "On the Quiet" that he is sure to crowd the Columbia Theatre as he did with "The Man from Mexico" and "The Smooth Mr. Smooth."

Precocious Juveniles in "A Gaiety Girl."

The Pollard Juvenile Opera Company will change their offering next week to the London musical success, "A Gaiety Girl," which made such a hit at the Baldwin Theatre some years ago when it set the town to whistling. "Tommy Atkins" and introduced to us a bevy of English beauties, among whom were Gracie Palotta, Maude Hobson, and Decima Moore. All the little ones will have a chance, and as Life Guards, ladies of fashion, and gaiety dancers they will wear some fetching costumes. Willie Pollard is to be the Rev. Brierly, chaplain of the regiment, the part made famous by the London comedian, Harry Monkhouse; Ivy Pollard will be the Captain Charles Goldfield, in which Hayden Coffin was first heard in San Francisco. Alice Pollard will appear as Rose Brierly, Little Daphne as Corporal Lance, Fred Pollard as Captain Fitzwarren, Willie Thomas and Lily Thomas as Major Barclay and Lieutenant Rivers (respectively), Irene Loftus as Lieutenant Farquhar, Madge Woodson as Lady Virginia Forrest, Emma Thomas as Lady Gray, and Connie Prebble as Minna. The six gaiety girls, selected for their dancing, are the Misses Topping, Farrell, May Topping, Sharpe, Prebble, and Howard. A grand Pierrot ballet is to be one of the features, and the piece will be handsomely mounted.

"Self and Lady" at the Alcazar.

A successful French adaptation, "Self and Lady," is to be the bill at the Alcazar Theatre next week. The plot revolves about M. Furet, a notary at Chalons, who, while visiting at the opera-house, learns that the tenor is seriously ill and unable to sing his rôle of "Faust" that evening. The man-

agement are overjoyed when Furet, an excellent singer, volunteers to take his place. He scores a tremendous hit in the rôle of Faust, and upon his reaching his dressing-room to change to his street clothes, finds a note addressed to Racouli requesting his acquaintanceship, and appointing a rendezvous for the following day. The note further "implores" him to wear his Faust costume and make-up. He goes to the rendezvous at the appointed time; and is surprised to find that the fair devotee is none other than his own wife, and that the appointed meeting place is the hostelry wherein reside the real Racouli and his wife. All sorts of complications ensue, but in the last act peace is restored in the Furet household, and all ends happily. M. L. Alsop, who plays the rôle of Furet, is under the necessity of wearing doublet and tights, as well as rendering a selection from "Faust." Fortunately, Mr. Alsop has had some considerable experience in comic opera, and a clever impersonation is assured.

Following this comedy will be a Thanksgiving presentation of "We'uns of Tennessee," the military drama which scored such a run at this theatre last season.

At the Orpheum.

The Kauffman family of bicyclists will be the big feature of the Orpheum programme next week. Their feats are said to be remarkable, the climax being reached when the six performers form moving pyramids on a single wheel. One of the youngest members gives an individual display which promises to make a great sensation. He jumps and climbs about the machine with the agility of a monkey, and whirls about on one wheel like a dancing Dervish. It is said to be a show which no cyclist should miss. Ward and Curran, formerly of the famous Clipper Quartette, and who made such a hit on their last visit here, will present their latest skit, "Familiar Characters"; and Bicknell, an artistic and comic modeler in clay, will offer a new and novel act.

The hold-overs include Lillian Burkhardt, who will present "A Deal on Change," in which she made a hit here last year; "The Girl with the Auburn Hair," who enters on her last week; the Fraser troupe of dancers; Fred Nihlo, the American monologist; and the biograph.

The Races.

The big event at the Oakland track this (Saturday) afternoon will be the Golden Gate Selling Stakes for three-year-olds and upward, the distance being seven furlongs, and the purse \$1,500. The special features of next week's races will be free handicaps on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, and the Crocker Handicap for two and three-year-olds on Saturday. The purse for the latter race is valued at \$1,500, and, as there are some sixty-four entries, there will doubtless be a large field.

Emma Nevada's concert tour will open in Boston on November 26th, at the Colonial Theatre. She will be assisted by Pablo Casals, the Spanish cellist; Moreau, the French pianist; Marquarre, a flute virtuoso; and Heahe Gregory, a young American basso.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is one of the most convenient objective points for outing-parties during these clear autumn days. The railway affords beautiful views, and the Tavern more than satisfies the inner man.

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## VANITY FAIR.

In commenting on the retirement of Sir Redvers Buller, Julian Ralph says: "In a way, Sir Redvers Buller stands for the worst faults that poison the sources of Great Britain's strength and for the worst defects that weaken her army. What Buller lacked in capacity and personal worthiness was made up to him by the influence of Lady Aubrey Buller at court. She got him appointed to the chief command at the opening of the war, and always after that, while he messed and bungled at the front, she kept him in high favor with the crown and the war office. It is a proud boast of the English that their wives sit beside their husbands and even speak for them at the hustings, working hard and shrewdly among the people as well, to gain votes for those who aspire to seats in Parliament. But all the Englishwomen of brains and ambition do not stop with this. A few others work their way deep into government circles, and defile the sources of the nation's strength by ceaseless efforts to further the interests of their husbands, even when those husbands are unfit; even when they—the wives—possess nine-tenths of the energy and brains in the conjugal partnership. And it is not their husbands but themselves about whom they are most concerned. They are infatuated with the delight of personal power. They wish to pull themselves into higher and higher station while clinging to the arms of the husbands whose careers they engineer by playing upon the weakness of the great and powerful with their smiles, their flattery, their dinners, and their gossip. Give them credit for their skill if you like, but think of what results from it. Think what must be the effect upon an army of seeing a man like Buller put in high command, of a man like Lord Methuen kept in the field after committing such a blunder as to walk unsuspectingly into the Boer trap at Modder River, after leading his men to such a shambles as Magersfontein. All through the army runs the story that a Lady Jeune, a Mrs. Chamberlain, or a Lady Aubrey Buller is behind these and half a dozen other such incompetents—such misfits in uniform."

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, through her secretary, Miss Isabelle Hagner, has requested the papers of Washington, D. C., to announce that she will discontinue her informal Friday afternoon receptions, this course having been adopted to avoid the embarrassment caused by the large number of uninvited guests who have made their way into the White House on these occasions, even before the expiration of the thirty days' official mourning for President McKinley. Mrs. Roosevelt was at home on Friday afternoons, when her personal friends were sure to find a cup of tea awaiting them. Each week has seen the number of "personal friends" doubled and redoubled, until last Friday's at home assumed the proportions of a well-dressed mob clamoring for admission. The Washington papers have also been commenting on the very striking liveries worn by the President's new coachman and footman. Says one daily: "Two young colored men, who looked enough alike to be twins, were on the front seat, in the handsomest livery displayed by any President since Arthur. They wore long dark blue coats, with double rows of brass buttons, and on their tall hats were cockades of black with rosettes of red, white, and blue silk. President Roosevelt is the first President within the recollection of White House attachés who has had his coachman and footman equipped with cockades on their hats. Heretofore the display of cockades has been limited as a rule to army officers of high rank, such as General Miles."

Dr. John H. Girdner, a physician who says that he has studied the people and conditions existing on Manhattan Island for twenty five years, has found that the Manhattan Islander differs from his fellow-Americans to a marked degree, and for the worse. The difference, he declares, in a little hook just published, is due to a malady peculiar to New York City, and to which he gives the name "Newyorkitis." This malady has well marked moral, physical, and mental symptoms. For instance, he says: "Newyorkitis in women presents certain symptoms which seem to be peculiar to that sex and are not pronounced features of the disease in men. The female of every species of the animal creation possesses philoprogenitiveness, or love of offspring, and in the human female this sentiment is especially marked when she is in a normal condition. But when she is suffering from the disease I am describing, the brain centre which presides over this sentiment is entirely paralyzed, or paralyzed to such an extent that its function takes on an entirely abnormal character. In those cases where the paralysis of this brain centre is complete, the patient has lost not only all desire and affection for offspring of her own, but she exhibits a marked dislike for the offspring of others. In another class of cases the patient shows the natural love of children when they belong to others, but she does not wish any of her own. In another large percentage of cases of Newyorkitis in the female, the brain centre which presides over philoprogenitiveness is still active, and sometimes abnormally so, but its function is perverted, and the unfortunate patient lavishes her natural maternal love and devotion on a dog, a cat, a bird, or some other of the lower animals. This class of patients have a settled delusion that children

are an unmitigated nuisance; that so-called 'society,' the theatre, card-parties, late suppers, and supposed freedom from care and responsibility, are blessings which greatly outweigh the sacred joys of motherhood. And the divine injunction to multiply and replenish the earth, in which our fathers and mothers believed, finds no place in the disordered mind of a female Newyorkitic. The latter part of the injunction—to subdue the earth and have dominion over it—she makes strenuous efforts to live up to."

From the record of divorces in Michigan for the last year—a record showing one divorce for every ten marriages—the Detroit *Tribune* draws some interesting deductions. It learns from its study of the figures that the acute divorce period is between the date of marriage and the completion of the fifth year. Of the 2,418 divorces in 1900 685 of the applications came within the five-year division. From five to nine years, inclusive, the number of divorces was 665; from ten to fourteen years, 406; fifteen to nineteen years, 292; and from this period the decrease was rapid, winding up with one couple divorced after fifty five years. It thus appears that the test of married life is during the first ten years. Another point of interest is that in 1,091 of the divorce cases, nearly a half of the total, the divorced couples had no children.

T. R. Barnes, superintendent of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway dining car service, contemplates the employment of pretty girls as waitresses in dining-cars. The plan, however, has been unproductive of enthusiasm among railroad men who have heard of it. "In the first place," said one superintendent, "there would be no place for women to sleep on dining-cars, unless they 'roughed it' as men do. Then, again, the work of a waiter on Western railroad dining-cars consists principally in the arduous occupation of extracting corks from the necks of bottles, a species of service which would be neither suitable nor congenial for properly reared young women. The scheme will never do." But Barnes has this to say for his plan: "Girls are neater, cleaner, and quicker than men in dining-car service. I shall employ them first in Colorado to see how the public takes it, and, if satisfactory, I may introduce the plan on the Missouri Pacific."

The court of appeals of Washington, D. C., has decided that whoever so desires may play croquet all day and night if he chooses. The decision was in the suit of Mr. and Mrs. William Marsh to restrain James O. Akers, Margaret Lacey, and others from playing croquet late at night in a vacant lot, near the Marsh residence. The Marshes alleged that the noise produced constituted a nuisance. The district court decided that the play must cease at nightfall, or whenever artificial lights became necessary. An appeal to the supreme court extended the playing time to ten o'clock, and now the court of appeals knocks the time limit in the head, and declares that croquet is a nice game, and not a nuisance. The feeling has been bitter, and it is said that the Marshes may carry the case to the United States Supreme Court.

"To be healthy is the natural state, and disease is, in nine cases out of ten, our punishment for some indiscretion or excess," says Adelina Patti. "Every time we are ill it is part of our remaining youth which we squander. Every recovery, whether from headache or pneumonia, is accomplished by a strenuous effort of vitality, and is, therefore, a waste of your capital of life. Therefore, don't let yourself be ill. The best plan to avoid illness is to live regularly, simply, with a frugality that stupid persons alone will deem painful or eccentric. Sleep eight hours in every twenty-four. Ventilate the rooms you work and sleep in. Very few people, even among those who think they are well up in modern ideas, have any conception of what ventilation means. Even when my voice was the only thing I had in the world, I slept with my windows wide open, summer and winter, and never caught cold in that way. Examine seriously into your list of social obligations, have the good sense to recognize that there is neither pleasure nor profit in most of what you regard as essential in that line, and simplify your social life—simplify it all you can. Complicated living breeds worry, and worry is the main enemy of health and happiness—the one fiendish microbe that does more to destroy the health and happiness of mankind than any other. Make your home a pleasant place. cheerful, but well within your means."

Indians with an ardent desire for the education of their children are rare, and a recent action of some of the Winnebago tribe in Wisconsin is notable for this reason. They are dissatisfied with the Tonah School for Indians, and have asked that their children be permitted to attend the public schools in La Crosse. For this favor (says the New York *Evening Post*) they are willing to pay liberally so long as there are muskrat to trap and ginseng to gather for the Chinese. Their views of the situation were well expressed by Stand Straight. An Indian, he says, is measured by the extent of his mastery of the English language. For four years, he declares, his oldest daughter, now eighteen years of age, has been an attendant at the Tonah School, and even now can not speak English. His thirteen-year-old daughter

is equally ignorant of any but the Indian tongue. Stand Straight believes that strong Indian girls are kept in ignorance at the school that they may become valuable as servants. His oldest daughter was with him when he made these statements. She was dressed in the gaudy apparel of the savage. About her neck were a half-dozen strings of heads made of Canadian dimes. A yoke of the same material encircled her breast, and her waist also was girded with a belt of silver trinkets. On her hands were no less than a dozen silver rings, and silver bracelets adorned her wrists. "She has these," said Stand Straight, "but she can not talk. They let her buy these things with her income, when they should teach her to dress like a civilized woman."

Mrs. Emmons Blaine, of Chicago, whose scheme of employing servants by relays, and only for certain prescribed hours attracted such attention a few months ago, has had to give it up. Report has it that after faithfully testing the plan, Mrs. Blaine retired to the country this summer, a perfect wreck—utterly worn out through her efforts to solve the servant question in a way hailed by theorists as the only salvation both for maid and mistress. "Some-what recuperated," says the New York *Sun*, "Mrs. Blaine will venture back to Chicago this winter; but her house, the scene of the late domestic experiments, will remain closed. She has taken an apartment; her meals will be taken at a restaurant, and whatever service she requires will be performed by the attendants of the apartment-house. It begins to look as if the only way to get rid of the servant question was to get rid of the servants."

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## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 13, 1901, were as follows:

| BONDS.                           |                          | Closed. |         |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|---------|---------|
|                                  | Shares.                  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| U. S. Coup. 3%.....              | 3,500 @ 108 3/4          | 108 3/4 |         |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.....            | 27,000 @ 107             | 107     |         |
| Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....         | 3,000 99%                | 99%     |         |
| Los An. Ry 5%.....               | 10,000 @ 118             | 117 3/4 |         |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.....           | 11,000 @ 123             | 123 1/2 | 123 3/4 |
| N. R. of Cal. 6%.....            | 1,000 @ 113              | 112 3/4 | 113     |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....           | 3,000 @ 107 1/4          | 107 1/2 | 107 3/4 |
| Oakland Transit 6%.....          | 13,000 @ 125             | 125     | 126     |
| Oakland Transit 5%.....          | 7,000 @ 112-112 1/2      | 112     | 112 1/2 |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....           | 1,000 @ 103 3/4          | 103 3/4 |         |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%..... | 5,000 @ 123 1/2          | 123     |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909 19,000    | @ 113 3/4                | 113 3/4 |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910 4,000     | @ 114 1/4                | 114 1/4 |         |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1,000           | @ 108                    | 108     |         |
| 1905 Series A.....               |                          |         |         |
| S. V. Water 6%.....              | 11,000 @ 111 1/2-111 3/4 | 111 1/2 | 112     |
| S. V. Water 4%.....              | 1,000 @ 101 1/2          | 102 1/2 | 103 1/2 |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d.....           | 8,000 @ 102 1/2-103 1/4  | 102 1/2 | 103 1/4 |
| Stockton G. & E. 6%.....         | 35,000 @ 102 1/2-103 1/4 | 102 1/2 | 103 1/4 |
| STOCKS.                          |                          | Closed. |         |
|                                  | Shares.                  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra Costa Water.....          | 195 @ 72-78              | 76 1/2  | 76 3/4  |
| Spring Valley Water.....         | 408 @ 87 1/2-90          | 89 1/2  | 90      |
| Bank of Cal.....                 | 38 @ 408                 | 406     | 408     |
| Gas and Electric.....            | 21 @ 40                  | 40      | 41      |
| Pacific Gas.....                 | 455 @ 44-44 1/4          | 44      | 44 1/4  |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....        | 50 @ 5                   | 5       | 5 1/2   |
| S. F. Gaslight Co.....           | 50 @ 5                   | 5       | 5 1/2   |
| Street R. R.....                 | 60 @ 135                 | 135     |         |
| California St.....               | 460 @ 82 1/2-83          | 83      | 83 1/2  |
| Powders.....                     | 423 @ 79-85 1/2          | 84 1/2  | 85      |
| Giant Con.....                   | 3,275 @ 4 1/2-5          | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Vigort.....                      | 3,275 @ 4 1/2-5          | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Sugars.....                      |                          |         |         |
| Honokaa S. Co.....               | 360 @ 12 1/2-13 1/4      | 12 1/2  | 13      |
| Hutchinson.....                  | 145 @ 16 1/2             | 16      | 15      |
| Kilauea S. Co.....               | 100 @ 11 1/2             | 11      | 12 1/2  |
| Makaweli S. Co.....              | 255 @ 27-28 1/2          | 26      | 27      |
| Paauhau S. Co.....               | 655 @ 12 1/2-13 1/4      | 12 1/2  | 13      |
| Miscellaneous.....               |                          |         |         |
| Alaska Packers.....              | 99 @ 150-152             | 151     | 151 1/2 |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....              | 175 @ 89-89 1/2          | 89      |         |
| Pac. C. Borax.....               | 50 @ 165                 | 165     |         |

Giant Powder has been active, and, on bear rumors, broke six and one half points to 79, but on small buying orders reacted to 84 1/2 bid; the total transactions amounting to less than 500 shares.

The water stocks were mixed, Spring Valley advancing two and one-quarter points to go, on sales of about 400 shares, closing at 89 1/2 sales and asked. Contra Costa was offered down to 72, a break of six points, at which figure small transactions were made, but the stock reacted on equally light business to 76 bid. The break was made on bear article claiming opposition water company having been formed to bring water to Oakland at greatly reduced rates; but, from the action of the market, evidently not much stock is taken in the report.

The sugars were weak, and on transactions of about 1 600 shares, sold off from one to one and one-half points; the latter in Makaweli, which sold down to 27, Paauhau and Honokaa selling down to 12 1/2.

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Reserve Fund..... 228,994  
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES.....President  
WILLIAM BABCOCK.....Vice-President  
S. L. ARNOT, JR.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Fense, S. L. Arnot, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. I. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,851,860.11  
October 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAV.....Secretary

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St. Louis.....Rothschild & Sons  
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London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
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BRANCHES—NEW YORK, H. R. Parsons, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. Dooley, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

ASSETS.  
Loans.....\$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants 2,191,720.17  
Real Estate 1,665,730.77  
Wells Fargo Bank, Astoria, Ore. 1,124,105.53  
Due from Bank and Bankers 1,104,308.12  
Cash..... 3,973,676.04  
\$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up.....\$ 500,000.00  
Surplus..... 5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits..... 3,311,250.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers 1,124,105.53  
Individual..... 8,904,102.62  
\$19,589,558.17

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondence throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.18; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,  
421 California Street.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A British Columbia lawyer was passing along the street, carrying under his arm a law-book in circuit binding, when he was accosted by a self-righteous individual: "Ha! Mr. Blank, and where are you going to preach to-day?" "I don't preach, I practice," replied the lawyer.

When the late Li Hung Chang visited Germany a few years ago, the Kaiser asked him: "How do our women compare with those of China?" "I really can not tell," said Li, slyly, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present; "we never see half as much of our women as you do of yours."

A French journal recalls the story of Voltaire, who, under a fictitious name, offered to the Comédie-Française a play, entitled "Le Droit du Seigneur." It was promptly rejected as badly written and poor in rhyme; but when he offered the same manuscript a second time under the title "L'Ecuell du Sage," and signed with his own name, it was accepted with enthusiasm and universally declared admirable.

Speaking of sympathetic strikes the other day, Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, told of one that he conducted when only a boy working on a farm: "The force of hands had dwindled to two, a fellow named Joe and me. The farmer decided to discharge the other fellow, whereupon Joe suggested that I should stop work also, leaving the farmer in a fix. This I did. I went out on a sympathetic strike; but the result was that the farmer hired Joe back again, and I was left out in the cold."

The first volume of the Australian commonwealth legislative reports shows a high level of speaking in both houses. Recent home discussions with regard to "sitting on the fence" give a special interest to Senator Sir John Downer's defense of the practice: "They said, 'are you sitting on a rail,' and I said, 'yes,' a very high rail, too, from which I can get the perspective of what is going on, and can come down on this side and do what is best for my fellows, and then down on the other side, and do what is best, and then go up again, and not be groveling in the dirt with a lot of beetles of men."

Sir Henry Irving has no special caddy on his nightly transit from the London Lyceum Theatre to his home, and when he leaves the theatre the first man within call gets the job, and, it may be, a ticket for the pit on some future occasion. One of these occasional caddies to whom a pass had been given was asked by Sir Henry how he liked the play. The man hesitated, and then, choosing what seemed to be the most grateful words to express his pleasure, answered: "Well, sir, I didn't go." "You didn't go! Why not?" "Well, sir, you see, there's the missus, and she preferred the wax-works."

Daniel Webster once told a friend that his great speech in reply to Hayne, which is the high-water mark of modern eloquence, but which at the time was supposed to have been delivered with ut preparation, had been substantially prepared long before. When called upon suddenly to reply to the fiery Carolinian's attacks, which so alarmed the New Englanders at the capital, he was entirely at ease and ready for the fray; for, as he said, he had "only to turn to his notes tucked away in a pigeon-hole," and refresh his recollection. "If Hayne," he said, "had tried to make a speech to fit my notes, he could not have hit them better. No man is inspired by the occasion; I never was."

Not long ago Professor N. R. Leonard, who was called recently to the presidency of the mining college at Butte, Mont., feeling indisposed, consulted his physician, a German, very scientific and acknowledged as one of the leading men in his profession in Montana. The doctor advised Mr. Leonard to work less at the desk, exercise more outdoors, and take beer as a tonic, something the professor had never cared for. The doctor met his patient a few days later as he was leaving the college, and stopped to inquire how he was feeling. "About the same," replied the professor. "Did you take beer as I directed?" inquired the physician. "Yes," responded the professor; "I took it a few times, but it became so nauseous that I had to discontinue it." "How much did you take?" "Why, I bought a whole bottle, and took a spoonful before each meal," answered the professor.

Senator Bard, of California, is said to be rather careless about his dress, and is rarely seen in the frock-coat and shining silk that generally supposed to constitute the garb of a senator. His brother, who somewhat resembles him, is, on the contrary, very particular about his apparel. A story is going the rounds to the effect that the brothers were traveling together through the interior last summer when they met many of the senator's constituents. At a little station that lay on their route a rough old miner boarded the train, and holding his hand out to Mr. Bard, said: "How d'ye do, senator, glad to see yer in these diggin's." "I'm not the senator,"

explained Mr. Bard; "it's my brother here that you are looking for." The miner gave one withering glance at Senator Bard. "Waal," he remarked, slowly, "ef yer ain't the senator, yer ought to be, fur yer look the part an' he dnn't."

To teach his son obedience to nursery rules, Napoleon gave strict orders that he never be admitted to his apartments if he came thither alone. One morning the little King of Rome came trotting along the corridor, and, looking up at the tall officer on guard, imperiously ordered: "Open the door for me. I want to see papa!" The officer, true to his instructions, answered gently but firmly: "Sire, I can not open the door for your majesty." "Why not?" demanded the little autocrat; "I am the little king?" At the gentle reminder: "But your majesty is all alone," the golden-haired cherub seemed somewhat nonplussed; but his governess appearing a moment later, he seized her hand, and, thus protected, stamped his tiny foot and cried: "Open the door! The king wishes it!" This time, all being in order, the tall officer flung the door wide open, solemnly announcing: "The King of Rome!"

In introducing Dr. Seth Low at a meeting of the Order of Acorns in New York last week, Mark Twain said he had been advised by his physicians to stay away from the meeting, but he was ashamed to tell what ailed him. It was on account of a banana he ate in the hope of getting an Italian to vote for the Fusion ticket. Then he continued: "Gentlemen, it was a Tammany banana. Now, a Tammany banana is a strange thing. The first nibble of it is white and pure, but all the rest of it is rotten, and will contaminate. We all have respect for Mr. Shepard. He is the pure part of the banana, but all the rest of the ticket is rotten, and the best we can do is to get rid of the whole Tammany banana, Shepard, et al. I have eaten only one banana, but still I feel as if I had swallowed a whole bunch of Tammany tigers, and they were wrestling for the spoils in my interior. New York has eaten the Tammany banana, and needs a doctor. I think I can introduce to you a competent one in Dr. Seth Low."

## A Butler Spoon Story.

For years John Budd has been the toll-gatherer at the end of the Wiscasset Bridge, the longest in the State of Maine. It is built on restles and is something over a mile long. A short time ago old Budd was sitting in the sun smoking his pipe. Two young men on a pedestrian tour stopped to pay their toll. Budd asked them whence they had come. "New Orleans," said the older of the young men. "We are up here in Maine for the summer." "I stopped in New Orleans at one time," said Budd, "when I was with General Butler." The faces of the young men hardened. The older one said, with much bitterness of tone: "Well, you can't be very proud of that."

"And why not, you young snipet?" demanded Budd, with just as much asperity. "Because Butler was an insulter of women, a tyrant, and an old thief; that's what he was, and the boys of New Orleans who never saw him hate him. And, besides, he stole all the spoons out of my grandfather's hotel." "He did, eh?" snapped Budd. "What was the name of your grandfather's hotel?" "The St. Charles." "You just wait a moment, young man." Budd went upstairs into his living-room, and brought down a heavy canvas bag. He opened it and took out a handful of spoons. On the handle of each was engraved "St. Charles." "What do those look like?" demanded Budd. "Why, those are some of the spoons from my grandfather's hotel!" gasped the young man. "Where did you come on those?"

"I took 'em," said Budd, placidly. "And I know who took the rest of 'em—and we all did it at the risk of our lives, for if General Butler had known it he would have had us strung up. Now you take back what you said about him. Take it back, or I will dump you both over the rail there." Daunted by the glare in the eyes of the old man, the boys apologized. Then the older said: "Sir, my father will pay any price for those old spoons."

"Let me tell you," replied Budd, "that you couldn't bring money enough in a two-horse wagon to buy one of them. I'm not a thief; I'm not trying to make money by stealing. I took those spoons as plunder of war, and I'm going to keep 'em. Don't you ever declare war against the North again. Those spoons staying up here in Maine will be a jog to your memory." And the young men were obliged to trudge away without their grandfather's spoons.

Christmas Excursion to City of Mexico, via Southern Pacific and Mexican Central Railways, will leave San Francisco December 18th, stopping at Los Angeles, El Paso, and Zcatecas. The party will be in charge of a gentleman familiar with the customs of and points of interest in the Southern republic, and will reach Mexico in ample time to witness the numerous civic and religious ceremonies attending celebration of the Christmas season. Rate eighty dollars for round trip. Low rates for all interesting side trips have been arranged. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, 613 Market Street, for particulars.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Ballade of Ambition.

Some aim to write scholastic lore  
In words aglow with learning's light;  
While others would in verse outpour  
Their happy souls so clear and white.  
Some would achieve Fame's glorious height  
By breezy screeds of babbling brooks;  
But as for me, I'd fain indite  
One of the Six Best-Selling Books.  
With stirring tales of sea or shore  
Some would the Torch of Fame ignite;  
Others Parnassus-ward would soar  
On Hymns and Odes of interest slight.  
Some, commendation would invite  
By "Aids to Health" or "Hints to Cooks";  
But I would publish if I might  
One of the Six Best-Selling Books.  
'Tis easy. All one needs is Gore,  
A Shipwreck or a Frantic Fight;  
Hints of fierce oaths the villain swore,  
Some saws and apophorisms trite.  
Although these elements seem quite  
Enough for certain scribbling crooks,  
I reach but in my fancy's flight  
One of the Six Best-Selling Books.

## ENVOI.

Oh, Fame, I ask not gilding bright,  
Nor brave editions *de luxe*;  
But grant that some day I may write  
One of the Six Best-Selling Books.  
—Carolyn Wells in November Bookman.

## Modern Romance.

Information, speculation, fluctuation, ruination.  
Dissipation, degradation; reformation or starvation.  
Application, situation; occupation, restoration.  
Concentration, enervation, nerve prostration. A vacation.

Destination, country station. Nice location, recreation.  
Exploration, observation; fascination—a flirtation.  
Trepidation, hesitation, conversation, simulation;  
Invitation, acclamation, sequestration, cold libation.  
Stimulation, animation; inspiration, new notation.  
Demonstration, agitation, circulation, exclamation!  
Declaration, acceptance, osculation, sweet sensation.  
Exultation, preparation, combination, new relation.  
—Henry M. Blossom, Jr., in November Smart Set.

"What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?" "A centipede with chilblains."—Boston Christian Herald.

## Pure Cow's Milk.

made sterile and guarded against contamination, from beginning to baby's bottle, is the perfection of substitute feeding for infants. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has stood first among infant foods for more than forty years.

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The most interesting and delightful winter tour in the world. If you wish to know how to do it properly, call or write

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## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

NEW MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.  
Boston to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa.  
S. S. Commonwealth (twin-screw, 13,000 tons), November 27th, January 4th, February 18th.  
S. S. Cambrian, January 15th, February 26th  
To Alexandria, Egypt.  
S. S. Commonwealth, Sat., January 4th, February 12th  
This new twin-screw steamer is one of the largest afloat; has splendid accommodations for passengers.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast, 621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

## IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.  
Hongkong Maru, Saturday, November 16  
Nippon Maru, Wednesday, December 11  
America Maru, Saturday, January 4, 1902  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 Tons  
Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, November 23, 1901 at 7 P. M.  
S. S. Australis, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Friday, November 29, 1901.  
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, December 5, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 613 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## The Dr. Deimel Underwear of Linen-Mesh

Look about among your friends and note those who are constantly troubled with colds—you will find the majority of them are wearers of woolen undergarments.

You never heard of a wearer of the Dr. Deimel Linen-Mesh Underwear being troubled with colds or rheumatism or afraid of draughts.

There are thousands and tens of thousands in this city who have worn it for years, and who will be glad to confirm all the good we say in its behalf.

Only such stores as carry the best there is in underwear have the Dr. Deimel Underwear for sale. All genuine garments bear a label with our trade-mark, as reproduced herewith.



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## The Deimel Linen-Mesh Co.

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## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Doric (Via Honolulu), Tuesday, December 3  
Coptic (Via Honolulu), Saturday, December 28  
Gaelic (Via Honolulu), Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902  
Doric (Via Honolulu), Saturday, February 15  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, December 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., Nov. 3, 8, 13, 23, 28, Dec. 3.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles). Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 A. M.  
Steamer Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Caycos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneque, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 A. M.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
For further information obtain company's folder.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
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## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

**AMERICAN LINE.**  
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg Westbound.  
St. Paul, November 20 | St. Paul, December 12  
Kensington, November 27 | St. Louis, December 18  
Philadelphia, December 4 | Philadelphia, December 25  
**RED STAR LINE.**  
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Vaderland, November 20 | Friesland, December 12  
Kensington, November 27 | Southark, December 18  
Zeeland, December 4 | Vaderland, December 25  
\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.  
International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Season of Grand Opera.

The first week of the Grau opera season ends this (Saturday) evening with the eagerly awaited *debut* of Sibel Sanderson in the title-role of Massenet's "Manon." A warm reception awaits the fair California singer, for every seat in the house has been taken, and standing room will be at a premium. The remainder of the cast includes Mme. Marylli as Poussette, Carrie Bridewell as Javotte, Mme. Van Cauteren as Rosette, Declery as Lescaut, Journet as le Comte des Grieux, Glibert as Guillot, Bars as le Breigny, and Salgnac as le Chevalier des Grieux; conductor, Mr. Flon.

The opening of the season on Monday night was a gala spectacle, the Grand Opera House being thronged to the doors with a fashionable audience. Evening toilets were worn throughout the house as well as in the boxes, and Emma Eames and all the favorites of last year were enthusiastically received. Mme. Eames, so far, has proved the greatest magnet, her second appearance in "Tannhäuser" on Thursday evening having brought out another brilliant audience. Owing to Emma Calvé's indisposition, and the substitution of "Les Huguenots" for "Carmen," the second night's attendance was only fair. Mme. Sembrich, too, drew but a half house on Wednesday night, but her first appearance resolved itself into a veritable ovation, and it is safe to predict that she will be greeted by crowded houses when she sings hereafter.

To give a complete list of those who were present on Monday night would be to name all of San Francisco's most representative society, but among those who occupied boxes were:

Mrs. James L. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Sallie Maynard, Mr. Allen St. John Bowie, and Mr. John W. Twiggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Princess Poniatowski, Miss McNutt, Mr. Holt, and Mr. R. N. Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Grau.

Mrs. George A. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Knight, Mrs. J. A. Lewandowski, Miss Elizabeth Bender, and Mr. John Biven.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Chesebrough, Mr. S. B. McKee, and Mr. H. S. Fry.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss Frances Petridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. W. H. Taylor, and Miss Frances Hopkins.

Mayor Phelan, Miss Katherine Clement, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, General and Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Miss de Young, and Mr. Donald de V. Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, and Miss Grace Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Flora Elmore, and Mr. Harry Holbrook.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Azalea Keyes, and Mr. Sydney Salisbury.

Mrs. Florence P. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Pierce, and Miss Sophia Pierce.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. Kincaid, Miss Apperson, Mr. Orrin Peck, Dr. J. M. Flint, and Mr. J. C. Hoove, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scott, and General S. B. M. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green and Mrs. Frank Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Hellman, Captain and Mrs. E. S. Heller, and Miss Hellman.

General William R. Shafter, Captain and Mrs. W. H. McKittick, and Miss Redmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, Judge and Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. Louise Greenwald, and Mr. Otto H. Greenwald.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Meertief, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter, and Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller.

Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Nolan, the Misses Nolan, Judge Ward McAllister, and Mr. Addison D. Kelly.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller and Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Godchaux, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvain Solomon, and Mr. Edmund Godchaux.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Leake, Mrs. Genevieve Hamilton, Miss Mamie Barrett, Miss Georgie Speaker, and Miss Ruby Sessions.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Bishop.

Mrs. George W. Reed, Miss Violet Jacobs, Mr. E. J. Bowes, and Mr. Henry Cosgriff.

The Grill Room of the Palace Hotel presented a brilliant scene after the opera. Among those who entertained their guests at supper were:

Mrs. George Whittell, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, Miss Jennie Flood, Mrs. George D. Carr, Mayor James Phelan, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. M. H. de Young, Judge M. C. Sloss, Mr. M. Meyerfeld, Mr. J. C. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Herman Shainwald, Mr. Charles Holbrook, Mr. J. A. Folger, Mr. Francis

Newlands, Mr. Henry Payot, Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Maurice Casey, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Thomas H. Williams, Mr. Roos, Mr. E. O. McCormick, Mr. S. W. Heller, and Mr. W. S. Fulton.

On Sunday night the first performance at popular prices will be given. Puccini's "La Bobème" will be the bill, with Suzanne Adams, Fritz Scheff, DeMarchi, Perello, Glibert, and Campanari in the cast.

As at present arranged, the operas to be sung next week are as follows:

Monday evening—Only performance of "Romeo et Juliette." Sibel Sanderson, Bridewell, Salgnac, Edouard de Reszké, Journet, Declery, Bars; conductor, Flon.

Tuesday evening—Joint appearance of Mme. Eames and Mme. Sembrich in Mozart's opera, "Le Nozze di Figaro" ("The Marriage of Figaro"), with Fritz Scheff, Edouard de Reszké, and Campanari in the cast; conductor, Seppell.

Wednesday evening—"Carmen," in which Calvé, Susanne Adams, Salgnac, and Scotti will appear; conductor, Flon.

Thursday evening—"Die Meistersinger," with Galski, Schumann-Heink, Dippel, Bispham, Mublmann, and Edouard de Reszké in the leading rôles; conductor, Damrosch.

Friday evening—Repetition of "Carmen," with Calvé and the same cast as on Wednesday.

Saturday matinée—Repetition of "Lohengrin," with same cast as on opening night.

Saturday evening—"The Barber of Seville," with Sembrich in the leading rôle.

The second popular Sunday performance will be "Les Huguenots," on November 23d.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Polly Dunn and Mr. Harry R. Macfarlane will take place in Honolulu on December 4th, Rev. Dr. McIntosh officiating. Miss Maye Colburn is to be the maid of honor, and the Misses Imegarde and Helen Macfarlane will act as bridesmaids. Mr. Hermona Widemann will be the best man, and Mr. Walter Dillingham, Mr. Tarn McGrew, Mr. Frederick Grimwood, Mr. Joseph Atkinson, and Mr. Southard Hoffman will serve as ushers. Miss Dunn and her fiancé sailed on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura* on Thursday for Honolulu, which is to be their future home.

The wedding of Miss Grace Grimes, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. Grimes, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Daniel D. Tompkins, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., son of General C. H. Tompkins, U. S. A., took place at the home of the bride's parents, at the Presidio, on Thursday, November 14th. Chaplain W. W. Brander, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., performed the ceremony, which was followed by a reception.

The wedding of Miss Josephine Chabot, daughter of Mrs. Remi Chabot, and Mr. Henry Dieckmann took place at the home of the bride's mother in Oakland on Thursday evening, November 14th. The ceremony was performed at half-after eight o'clock by Father McSweeney, of St. Francis de Sales Church. The Misses Katherine and Claire Chabot were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Frederick Dieckmann and Mr. C. D. Bates attended the groom. The ribbon-bearers were Mr. Augustus Dieckmann, Mr. Philip Abbott, Mr. Reuben Honk, and Mr. Roger Bocqueraz. The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper, at which nearly two hundred guests were present. When Mr. and Mrs. Dieckmann return from their wedding journey they will take up their residence at the Chabot home.

The wedding of Miss Violet Carey, daughter of Captain Carey, and Mr. Daniel J. Callaghan, son of the late Daniel Callaghan and brother of Mr. Arthur V. Callaghan, took place at the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, at Vancouver, B. C., on Tuesday afternoon, November 12th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father McGinkin. Miss Fanny Carey, the bride's sister, acted as maid of honor, and Mr. William J. Hogg was the best man. After the church ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served on board the steamship *Moana*, which is commanded by the bride's father, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Callaghan left for Seattle, en route to this city.

Miss Edith Huntington will give a theatre-party on Monday evening, November 18th, in honor of Miss Pearl Landers.

Mr. James W. Reid gave a dinner in honor of Miss Polly Dunn and Mr. Harry R. MacFarland on Wednesday evening at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. George G. Carr, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Jessie Fillmore, and Dr. McVean, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, who recently returned from their trip to Southern California, were the guests of honor at a luncheon given in Los Angeles at the Country Club by Mr. and Mrs. Charles

Munroe. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Laurence I. Scott, Mrs. William Childs, Mrs. Jack Foster, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Ensign Cyrus R. Miller, U. S. N., recently gave a dinner on the *Albatross*, at which he entertained Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. Edward A. Montgomery, Mr. Henry L. Davis, Mr. John C. Wilson, Mr. Charles Dickman, Paymaster Grey Skipwith, U. S. N., Mr. Redick McKee Duperu, Lieutenant William M. Fassett, U. S. A., and Mr. Alexander.

Mrs. Arthur V. Callaghan gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her new home on Van Ness Avenue in honor of Miss Helen de Young, who leaves for Paris about the first of December. Others at table were Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Pearl Landers, and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck.

Miss Fannie Danforth gave a luncheon on Wednesday, November 6th, at which she entertained Mrs. W. B. Harrington, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. J. C. Hall, Mrs. Birmingham, Mrs. Harry Gray, Mrs. Frank Sumner, Mrs. W. R. Eckart, Mrs. George G. Carr, and Mrs. Edwin Danforth.

## A Novel Doll Show.

The annual reception of the Protestant-Episcopal Old Ladies' Home will be held in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel, December 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th. The board of managers will add a novelty to the entertainment this year in the international doll collection, which will be exhibited for the first time on the Pacific Coast.

This collection of dolls numbers four hundred, among them many old and rare dolls which can never be duplicated, being the only ones of their kind in existence, and obtained under great difficulties from the interior of countries where the days of making native dolls have passed—the manufactured ones of Germany and France having taken their places in the hearts of the children. There are dolls from Japan, Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, the Philippines, Polynesia, Australia, South America, Africa, Arabia, dolls of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and dolls of the early centuries of Europe, also many curious American Indian dolls, which, collectively, make one of the most unique as well as the largest collection of dolls in the world.

There is to be a State doll, which will be named by a popular voting contest—the name to be a Spanish one—which will be presented to the collection at the close of the exhibit to represent California in other States and cities to which the dolls shall journey. This State doll will be very daintily dressed by Mrs. Daniel McLeod, and it is hoped that the name chosen will be worthy of her beauty and high standing as the representative of California.

There will be for sale a table of fancy articles, Christmas dolls, home-made candies and delicacies, and luncheon will be served from eleven o'clock throughout the afternoon.

The patronesses are:

Mrs. R. B. Sanchez, president; Mrs. C. E. Gibbs, vice-president; Mrs. James Newlands, recording secretary; Mrs. George W. Kline, corresponding secretary; Mrs. S. L. Foster, treasurer; Mrs. P. I. Asbury, Mrs. B. E. Babcock, Mrs. George S. Baker, Mrs. Philip Cadue, Mrs. Alfred Clark, Mrs. J. F. B. Curtis, Mrs. John Landers, Mrs. E. J. Lion, Mrs. J. V. D. Middleton, Mrs. A. M. Prindle, Mrs. M. A. Ramus, Mrs. George Reed, Mrs. John I. Sabin, Mrs. Louis C. Sanford, Miss Selby, Mrs. George Sneath, Mrs. F. L. Southack, Mrs. E. M. Spalding, and Mrs. George Wellington.

## An Enjoyable Promenade Concert.

A promenade concert, under the direction of Henry Heyman, was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Thursday evening, November 14th. The soloists were Miss Lillian K. Slinkey, soprano; Robert Bonner, baritone; George Goette, cornet; and Emil Cruells, organist and accompanist. The programme was as follows:

Organ, overture, "Isabella," Gerasch, Emil Cruells; aria, "Fear Not Ye, O Israel," Buck, Robert Bonner; cornet solo, "The Palms," Faure, George Goette; aria, "Charming Birds" ("Perle du Brazil"), David, Miss Lillian K. Slinkey; organ, "Pastorale," Schere, Emil Cruells; song "My Dream," Tosti, Robert Bonner; cornet solo, "Romance," Arban, George Goette; ballad, "Winds in the Trees," Goring-Thomas, Miss Lillian K. Slinkey; organ, march, "Palestine," Hummel, Emil Cruells.

The next concert will take place on Thursday evening, November 21st, when the annual fall exhibition of water-colors, pastels, and black-and-whites, which is attracting much attention at the institute, will come to a close.

C. P. Hall, manager of the Victory Theatre of San José, has leased the Macdonough Theatre in Oakland for five years. With his theatre in San José, the Barton at Fresno, the Yosemite at Stockton, and the Clunie at Sacramento, he will have an excellent State circuit.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, accompanied by Miss Gertrude Bates, sailed for Honolulu on Thursday on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura*.  
Miss Ethel Keeney left last week for New York, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Tomlinson for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker are sojourning in British Columbia, and expect to be absent a month.  
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton and Miss Gertrude Dutton have postponed the date of their departure for Honolulu until November 23d.

Miss Florence Ives has returned from New York after an absence of two months.

Mrs. Edith Coleman and her son will live in San Mateo until February, having leased the Knight cottage.

Miss Maye Colburn sailed for Honolulu on Thursday on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura*.

Mr. Charles M. Hays and the Misses Marjorie and Orian Hays sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark have returned from a trip of several months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dingee were in New York last week.

Miss Gladys Merrill is visiting relatives in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. John De Witt Allen leaves for the East this week.

Miss Maud Howard is visiting in New York, where she will be joined later by her mother, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard.

Mrs. Charles A. McNulty has leased her residence, 2200 California Street, to Bishop and Mrs. W. F. Nichols for six months.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Harnes and Miss Belle Harnes, of Sausalito, have taken apartments at the California Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Josephine Morris de Greayer will spend the winter in New York.

Dr. W. S. Thorne has returned after an absence of several months in Europe.

Mrs. Fred Bates Southworth (née Nichols) will spend the winter with Mrs. A. C. Nichols at her home in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Wheaton (née Palmer) have returned to Oakland from their wedding journey in Southern California, and have taken up their residence in their new house on Lake Street.

Mr. James G. Tacker, who came up from Honolulu a month ago on business, returned this week. Mrs. Tucker is still at the islands, where they intend to remain.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. Charles A. McNulty will shortly leave for Santa Barbara.

Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., have been spending a couple of weeks in New York.

Mr. Tevis Blanding returned from Europe on Monday after a year's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Morgan are in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Butters have returned from "Constantia," their country place in Lassen County, and have opened their home at Piedmont.

Mrs. William Dunphy came up from San Mateo last week, and registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. H. R. Judah and Mrs. John H. Phillip were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. C. W. Dobbins and Mrs. H. L. Dobbins, of Pasadena, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop sailed for Honolulu on Thursday, on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura*.

Mrs. W. P. Coleman, of Sacramento, visited the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee and family have returned in Oakland from a four months' stay in the country on the Magee ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Taylor, of Bridgeport, Conn., are guests at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. George W. Haas was a visitor at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Adler and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Alexander, of San Rafael, have taken apartments at the Hotel Granada for the winter.

Mrs. C. O. Richards, who came up from San Diego to attend the opera, is a guest at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Robert Taylor Bien is on a visit to his parents, having arrived from Paris on Thursday.

Mrs. H. A. Stephenson and her son, Mr. F. W. Stephenson, have taken apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Wiel, who have recently been visiting Venice, Florence, and Rome, will sail from Europe for New York on November 28th, and expect to arrive in San Francisco about Christmas.

Miss Adelaide Pearson arrived last week from Boston for a short visit, and is staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Andrews and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gibbon, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Haydin, of Tacoma, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Byrnes and Mrs. E. Beatty, of Chicago, Mr. J. C. Ewing, of Oakland, Mr. Llewellyn Jones, of London, Mr. J. L. Hooper, of Hastings, England, Mr. A. W. Rolfe, of Palo Alto, and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fortescue.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. William Gruenhagen, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. B. Jeffreys, Miss Toy, and Mr. Pierre P. Terry, of Seattle, Mrs. Z. J. Hatch, Miss L. Hatch, and Mrs. Barker, of Berkeley, Mrs. A. H. Cederberg, of Allentown, Pa., Mr. J. E. Beale, of Santa Barbara, Mrs. James Finlayson, of Healdsburg, Mr. A. K. Whetten, of San José, Mr. and

Mrs. H. Levy, Mrs. J. Andrews, Mrs. J. M. Litchfield, Mrs. W. G. Curtiss, Mr. D. A. Smith, Mr. J. R. Tobin, and Mr. C. A. Fisher.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Bidwell and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hampton, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brainard, of Connecticut, Mrs. T. P. Taylor, of Bridgeport, Conn., Mrs. W. D. McGilray and Miss McGilray, of Pasadena, Mr. G. P. Pollard, of New York, Mrs. J. L. Bowen, of Denver, Mr. L. K. P. Smith, of Portland, Mr. J. W. Dorsey, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Downing, Mrs. W. A. Kimball, Mrs. C. D. Mosher, Mr. C. D. Atterburg, and Mr. W. E. Tritch, of Stanford University.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Henry C. Merriam, U. S. A., who has been in command of the Department of the Colorado, was retired on Wednesday on account of age, after a service of forty years. Colonel James M. J. Sanno, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is temporarily in command of the Department of the Colorado. It is understood in Washington that Major-General MacArthur, U. S. A., is to be given command of the department about January 1st, as his service upon the brevet board expires about that time.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ahner H. Merrill, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been assigned to the command of Alcatraz Island.

Mrs. Adolph Marx, wife of Commander Marx, U. S. N., and better known to the public by her stage name of Grace Filkins, arrived in this city early in the week en route to the Philippines, where she will join her husband.

Mrs. Silas Casey, wife of Rear-Admiral Casey, U. S. N., and Miss Casey sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura* on Thursday.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert M. O'Reilly, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Monroe, Virginia, and ordered to this city as chief surgeon of the Department of California.

Captain Edwin T. Cole, U. S. A., was at the Occidental Hotel during the week. He is en route to the Philippine Islands, where he will join his regiment.

Captain Franklin J. Moses, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Moses spent six weeks in September and October visiting Japan. Captain Moses is adjutant of the First Regiment of Marines stationed in the Philippines, and, during his absence, Captain P. M. Bannon, U. S. A., acted as adjutant.

Captain Uriel Sehree, U. S. N., late in charge of the light-house district here, sailed for Pago Pago on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura* on Thursday to act as governor of Tutuila pending the investigation of charges against Commander B. F. Tilley.

Captain D. F. Rethers, Third Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rethers, who have been at Benicia, are soon to return to San Francisco, Captain Rethers having been assigned to duty at the new model camp at the Presidio.

Death of John Gillig.

John Gillig, a well-known merchant of Virginia City, died in San Francisco on November 3d, aged seventy-four years. Mr. Gillig was a native of Detroit, and went to Virginia City in the boom days of the old Comstock Lode. He went into the hardware business there, and the firm of Gillig, Mott & Co. was one of the best-known firms in Nevada for a third of a century. Mr. Gillig was a successful business man, and, in addition, was a fortunate investor in the Comstock mines. He accumulated enough to make a comfortable competence, and retired from business a number of years ago. He was a kindly old gentleman, of a retiring disposition, and was greatly loved by those who knew him. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Rebecca Gillig, and one son, Mr. Harry M. Gillig, a prominent member of the Bohemian Club, who is well known in New York and San Francisco.

The members of the California Eye and Ear Hospital held their annual meeting on Tuesday afternoon, November 12th. The ladies elected on the executive board for the ensuing year were:

Mrs. G. J. Bucknall, Mrs. A. Clarke, Mrs. A. Cornwall, Mrs. C. S. Dean, Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mrs. H. Hedger, Mrs. J. G. James, Mrs. Clarence Mann, Mrs. J. L. Martel, Mrs. D. J. Murphy, Mrs. E. Partridge, Mrs. Clyde Payne, Mrs. R. Payne, Mrs. M. R. Roberts, Mrs. John F. Sahin, Mrs. G. R. Sneath, Mrs. Robert White, Mrs. William Willis, and Mrs. Frvin J. Wiel.

Owing to the fact that she had contracted a severe cold, Mrs. Fred H. Hanson was obliged to postpone her monologue recital, which was to have been given on Thursday evening, until the first week in December. A definite date will be announced in the next issue of the *Argonaut*. Tickets purchased for Mrs. Hanson's recital will be honored on the evening when she appears in December.

— MOST OF THE PEOPLE DO NOT KNOW WHERE to secure the old English Sheffield platters, vases, and candlesticks, and the Feroza art pottery ornaments, which undoubtedly make the most desirable holiday presents one can give. The P. Rossi Company's art store, at 229 Sutter Street, is the only art store that carries these articles, which look very attractive among the ancient and artistic furniture therein displayed.

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Wills and Successions.

Mrs. John Dunsmuir, widow of the late Robert Dunsmuir, founder of the fortune of British Columbia's wealthiest family, has entered an action against her son, James Dunsmuir, premier of British Columbia, which involves a portion of the big estate. Mrs. Dunsmuir asks for the delivery of 4 993 shares in the R. Dunsmuir Company (limited), which controls the Esquimalt and Northern Railway, Wellington collieries, Comox and Extension mines, collieries, coasting steamers, and an immense amount of other property. She claims that she is entitled to these under an agreement which she entered into with the defendant and her other son, the late Alexander Dunsmuir, in September, 1896. She also wants an account of all dividends and profits upon said shares from January 31, 1900, and payment of the same to her with interest. The shares mentioned in the action are believed to be those left by the late Alexander Dunsmuir to his brother, and the action in no way affects the fortune left by Alexander Dunsmuir to his widow, and by her to her daughter, Edna Wallace Hopper, the actress.

Mrs. Jennie C. McCauley's estate has been distributed by Judge Troutt. The legacies amounted to \$62,250, and as there were only \$53,028.95 on hand to pay them a reduction of about 14 per cent. was made in them.

Mrs. Alice Meynell will lecture on Monday afternoon, November 18th, at half-past three o'clock, in Century Hall on "Charles Dickens." The novelist was a friend of Mrs. Meynell's parents. Her father acted with him in the famous private theatricals at Wilkie Collins's house in London, and Dickens was a profound admirer of her mother, to whom he wrote verses. Some of these verses will be read for the first time in public by Mrs. Meynell at next Monday's lecture.

The death of the Spanish *torero*, "Lagartija," whose actual name is José Diaz, is reported from Cuenca, in Spain, where he was engaged to appear at the annual fair. The *torero* was caught and gored in the stomach by the bull, who, after withdrawing his horns, attacked the unfortunate man a second time, inflicting frightful injuries. The *torero* died half an hour later.

Art Notes.

William Morris's holiday exhibition is now open. Mr. Morris has just received a very beautiful collection of oil paintings, water-colors, and black-and-whites, by both American and European artists, suitable for holiday gifts. Admission free. Framing a specialty. 248 Sutter Street.

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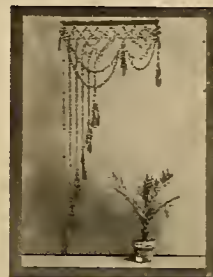
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# Christmas Holidays

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### SOUTHERN PACIFIC. Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | FROM NOV. 4, 1901.  | ARRIVE   |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmhurst, and Sacramento.  | 6:55 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.   | 7:55 P.  |
| 7:30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.  | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.  | 8:25 A.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.   | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.  | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.                    | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.             | 4:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carthers.   | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.   | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.  | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.                | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.  | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.   | 5:25 P.  |
| 11:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers.  | 11:00 P. |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.   | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.                          | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.  | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.   | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.  | 18:55 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.   | 10:25 A. |
| 5:00 P.  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, San Joaquin, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.                   | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.  | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.   | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo.  | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.  | 8:25 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.  | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Pnet Sound, and East.         | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.  | 11:25 A. |
| 18:05 P. | Vallejo.  | 7:55 P.  |

| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).<br>(Foot of Market Street.) |  |          |
|--|--|----------|
| 8:45 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.                        | 5:50 P.  |
| 12:15 P.   | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations. | 10:50 A. |
| 4:15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.   | 18:50 A. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hunters' Train—San José and Way Stations.  | 17:20 P. |

| OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.<br>From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)— |             |            |
|--|-------------|------------|
| 7:15 P.  | 9:00 A. M.  | 1:00 P. M. |
| 7:45 P.  | 10:00 A. M. | 2:00 P. M. |
| 8:15 P.  | 11:00 A. M. | 3:00 P. M. |
| 8:45 P.  | 12:00 A. M. | 4:00 P. M. |

| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).<br>(Third and Townsend Streets.) |  |          |
|--|--|----------|
| 6:10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.   | 6:30 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | San José and Way Stations.   | 1:30 P.  |
| 7:40 A.  | New Almaden.   | 4:10 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.     | 7:45 P.  |
| 10:30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.   | 4:10 P.  |
| 11:30 A.   | San José and Way Stations.   | 5:30 P.  |
| 12:45 P.   | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Barbara, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove. | 10:45 A. |
| 3:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.   | 6:30 A.  |
| 4:15 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.   | 9:45 A.  |
| 15:00 P.   | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.   | 10:00 A. |
| 5:30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.   | 8:30 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.  | 10:05 A. |
| 6:30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.   | 18:00 A. |
| 11:45 P.   | San José and Way Stations.   | 6:30 P.  |

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"Now, don't you bother to help me on with my coat." She—"It's no bother. It's a pleasure."  
—Town Topics.

Heredit—"Wnt ynu dain', chile?" "Nnthin', mammy." "My, but you is gittin' like yooth father."  
—Baltimore World.

Doctor—"Did you take my prescriptinn, ma'am?" "Patient—"Yes; but, say, doctor, paper's awful hard to get down, an' it didn't seem to dn me no gndd."—Chicago News.

Employer—"And how long were you io ynur last place, my gnod man?" —James (just out of Ful-smn penitentiary)—"Ten years, sir, and I never had a single evening out."—Ex.

A guarantee and a promise: "Dn ynu guarantee this goods nnt to fade?" "Absolutely! And if it dnes we will sell ynu new gnod to match the changed cnlur."—Indianapolis News.

"Why, gentlemen!" cried the after-dinner speaker, tragically, "what would this nation be without the ladies?" "Stag-nation, of course," murmured the Cheerful Idiot.—Judge.

Nnt his fault: "Dn ynu realize," said the econm mist, "that there is a heavy surplus in the United States Treasury?" "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "it ain't my fault."—Washington Star.

"That is your husband rapping!" announced the medium in a solemn voice. "My husband rapping?" said the widnw, absently; "gracius! he must have forgotten his ight-key!"—Philadelphia Record.

In his favnr: She—"Papa says that a young man who smokes cigarettes will never set the world on fire." He—"Well, that's the first gnd thing I ever heard any one say of a cigarette smoker."—Yonkers Statesman.

Poet—"I was pleased to see my poem in your paper. Is there any mooney—" Editor—"Oh, no; we sha'n't charge ynu anything this time. It is your first offense, you know. If, however, it is repeated, we can nnt let ynu nff again so easily."—Boston Transcript.

One of the latest apocryphal stories on the international yacht-race is that about the Glasgow lady who, on hearing that the Shamrock was beaten on time allowance, said it was "horrid of the Americans to take advantage of the difference between their time aud ours."—Ex.

Manoeuvres: Lieutenant Nobs (just arrived)—"How long will you take to drive me to the furi, cabby?" Cabby—"Ten minutes, capting, by the short cut through the halleys. But the military allus goes the long way round, through the fashionable part n' the twyn, yer hnnnr, which takes an hour." (Cabby gets his hour.)—Punch.

At the thrilling part of the dime novel: "Didn't I tell ynu I waned ynu to run an errand for me?" asked the mnther the third time. "Yes, maw," said Johnnie, laying down his literature. And as the boy started to the grocery he muttered to himself: "I hope Seven-Fingered Sam won't kill Old Sleuth till I git back."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

"There, my dear," said the returned hunter, "there's one bird for you, anyway. Bagged him just as I was abnut to give up to disgust." "Oh, George!" she exclaimed, "it's a carrier-pigeon, isn't it?" "Not much! It's a quail." "But it has a card tied to its leg, with some message on it. Let's see. It says: 'John Jnnes, Poultry and Game, Central Market.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"Mike," said Mrs. Flannigao, looking frnm the paper in her hand to her husband, who had just signed the temperance pledge, "shure an' a great dnother sez that alcnhal do be a shure cure for car-bolic acid pizen, an' if so be yez haven't anny alcol, thin twict as much whisky will dn jist as well." "Be quick, thin, Narah, me dear, an' lay by a good store of the stuff. Shure I'm that despr'rl, there's no tellin' whin I'll be nadin' the rimidy."—Judge.

The doctnr examined his patient carefully, and, with a grave face, told him that he was very ill, and asked if he had consuled any one else. "Oh," said the man, "I went to see a druggist and asked his advice, and he—" "Druggist!" the doctnr brnke in, angrily; "what was the gndd of that? The best thing you can dn when a druggist gives ynu a bit of advice is to dn exactly the oppsite." "And he," the patient continued, "advised me to cnme to ynu."—Ex.

See that Steedman is spelt with two ees when ynu buy Steedman's Soothing Powders. Beware of spurious imitations.

An inquiry: Uncle Hiram—"I see the editnr of the San Francisco Danner has a long article nn the bubonic plague." Uncle Silas—"That so? Is he for nr ag'in it?"—Ex.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED to No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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| Ar. Stockton.      | 10:18 A.       | 11:45 A.         | 11:10 P.         | 7:18 P.        |
| " Merced.          | 12:05 P.       | 1:17 P.          | 1:20 P.          | 9:11 P.        |
| " Fresno.          | 2:05 P.        | 2:35 P.          | 3:15 A.          | 10:50 P.       |
| " Hanford.         | 3:10 P.        | 3:27 P.          | 8:05 A.          | .....          |
| " Visalia.         | 3:30 P.        | 3:39 P.          | 5:00 A.          | .....          |
| " Bakersfield.     | 6:15 P.        | 5:20 P.          | 7:45 A.          | .....          |
| " Kansas City.     | .....          | 2:40 A.          | 7:30 A.          | .....          |
| " Chicago.         | .....          | 2:15 P.          | 9:00 P.          | .....          |

a for morning. p for afternoon.

a m train is the California Limited, carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Car runs to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 7:05 a m daily.

4:20 p m is Stockton and Fresno local. Corresponding train arrives at 12:30 p m daily.

8:00 p m is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:00 p m daily.

7:20 a m is Bakersfield Local, stopping at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives at 8:40 a m daily.

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| 9:30 A.            | 8:00 A.                                   | 1:00 P.             |
| 1:45 P.            | 10:00 A.                                  | 3:00 P.             |
| 4:15 P.            | 11:30 A.                                  | 5:30 P.             |
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WEEK DAYS—6:10, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 a m; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10, 6:30 p m. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 p m. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 a m; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 p m.

| Leave<br>San Francisco. | In Effect<br>April 28, 1901. | San Francisco.  | Arrive        |
|-------------------------|------------------------------|---|---------------|
| Week<br>Days.           | Sun-<br>days.                | Destination.  | Sun-<br>days. |
| 7:30 a m                | 8:00 a m                     | Navato.   | 10:40 a m     |
| 8:30 a m                | 9:30 a m                     | Petaluma.   | 6:05 p m      |
| 5:10 p m                | 5:00 p m                     | Santa Rosa.   | 7:35 p m      |
| 7:30 a m                | 5:00 p m                     | Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale. | 10:40 a m     |
| 3:30 p m                | 8:00 a m                     | Hopland and Ukiah.  | 10:40 a m     |
| 7:30 a m                | 5:00 p m                     | Guerneville.  | 10:40 a m     |
| 3:30 p m                | 5:00 p m                     | Sanoma and Glen Ellen.  | 9:15 a m      |
| 7:30 a m                | 8:00 a m                     | Sebastopol.   | 10:40 a m     |
| 3:30 p m                | 5:00 p m                     | Sebastopol.   | 7:35 p m      |

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skags Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Searoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hultville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Union, Willits, Laytonville, Cummins, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Scotia, and Eureka.

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## Argonaut Clubbing List for 1901

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|   |        |
|---|--------|
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| Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.             | 5.25   |
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| Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.              | 4.70   |
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| Argonaut and Outing.                                    | 5.75   |
| Argonaut and Judge.                                     | 7.50   |
| Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.                      | 4.20   |
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| Argonaut and the Critic.                                | 4.35   |
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# The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 25, 1901.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Delegations from many of the large Eastern cities have recently been visiting the President in the interest of the reciprocity convention announced to be held next week in Washington. They have represented the chambers of commerce of half a dozen cities. The most that their activity and persistence has obtained from the President is the intimation that it would not be his province to urge special treaties with any particular country, but that, having recommended the subject to Congress on the lines of McKinley's Buffalo speech, he would leave that body to its own action.

Though the convention may be held, and representatives

appear as expected from all sections, the outlook for any results is not promising for its members. They have already been officially notified that neither the American Iron and Steel Association, nor any of its subsidiary organizations, would send representatives, being satisfied with the present tariff conditions. The Ohio election was a protest against both reciprocity and revision, and the conferences at the White House are equally discouraging. Senator Aldrich says the North-Eastern senators will oppose the French treaty, which lowers duties on manufactured articles. The West will oppose treaties which favor foreign wool and hides, while the proposed West Indian treaties will each fall under the ban of some protected interest. Senators who oppose one treaty to benefit their own section will scarcely be found voting for another opposed by some other section. They will rather combine their votes so that all the treaties will fall together.

In the meantime the growing surplus is estimated to reach \$130,000,000 by next June. Since no reductions are likely through reciprocity or revision of the tariff, Republicans are figuring on repealing all the taxation made necessary by the Spanish war. War taxes originally produced about \$110,000,000 a year. Last winter reductions were made which leaves the annual receipts at \$70,000,000. If all war taxes are removed, it is expected that the surplus will remain at about \$60,000,000, a sum large enough to meet the demands and permit a gradual reduction of the public debt. Granting, therefore, that the necessities for funds to provide for the building of the Nicaragua Canal and the subsidies of a shipping bill do not intervene, the policy of Republicans in Congress is liable to experience a change from tariff tinkering to revenue reduction.

The history of the Democratic party since 1896, viewed in the light of the recent elections, has brought to the front the vexed question of leadership of a reorganized national Democracy. The long fight for free silver shattered the party into warring factions, of which the dominant one was composed of the followers of Bryan. To-day, Bryanism is no longer a prominent note in national politics, and the party is looking about among the old-time Democrats for a leader big enough for a Presidential candidate in 1904. During late years there has been talk of Tillman, Altgeld, Bailey (of Texas), Richardson (of Tennessee), Carter Harrison, and Watterson. The first two may be easily dismissed as impossible, and the other four as improbable, because not one of them is generally regarded as measuring up to the rank of ability required of a Presidential candidate. There remain, then, but two names among the old-timers which at present attract serious attention. They are Gorman, of Maryland, and Hill, of New York. The chances of both these men have received decided impetus from the late elections.

Gorman has regained control of the legislature of Maryland, and will be able to resume his seat in the Senate when it is vacated by Wellington in March, 1903. This will restore him to active politics in time to take part in the national conventions of the following year. The qualities which point him out for leadership are his recognized political astuteness and his marked ability as an organizer. He is strong with the leaders of his party, and is lacking only in the oratorical power which would help him to greater popularity with the masses of Democratic voters.

The defeat of Tammany places Hill in the position of leader of his party in New York. The long fight between himself and Croker is over, and Hill is on top. He has been shrewd enough to maintain his party regularity during the late convulsions within it. Though not so strong as Gorman with the leaders, he is more popular with the masses, and could have been nominated on the ticket with Bryan at Kansas City, in spite of both Bryan and Croker, but that both he and his friends recognized that the ticket was foredoomed to defeat. Both Gorman and Hill are now so strong that it may seem best to place both on the national ticket, but it would be almost impossible to induce either to take second place under the other. Hill has one advantage.

If Roosevelt is to be, as now appears, the logical candidate of the Republicans, a Democrat would have to be chosen who would be most likely to insure the electoral vote of New York. Roosevelt and Hill in opposition would make a notable campaign in the Empire State.

The report of President Wheeler, of the State University, concerning his interview with President Roosevelt, while in Washington, is full of encouragement for those interested in the West in general and in this Coast in particular. Personally Dr. Wheeler confirms the impressions of others who have known or met the President face to face. He found in him evidences of a manly, active, virile President—one who believes in results, and is willing to wear himself out in obtaining them. Not less hopeful is Roosevelt's warmly stated feeling of interest in the West and its affairs. He knows the West and its problems by study and observation, and has spent so much time in the Middle West that his predictions give him some claim to be considered a Western President. Being especially eager to know conditions, the suggestion of his making a trip to this Coast was met by an assurance that such was his intention as soon as the work of Congress was closed, next spring or summer.

The West will learn gladly that President Roosevelt is deeply interested in the question of irrigation for our arid sections, and that his forceful character promises to make of it a national issue—one which he considers as important to the whole country as the improvement of rivers and harbors. There is valuable suggestion in this for Californians, who should be prepared to give the President a hearty welcome, and add a full knowledge of the conditions of aridity in this State to that which he gained by experience when ranching in the Bad Lands of Dakota. Extensive irrigation would be a source of national wealth and worthy of a national policy, and should be taken out of the field of local enterprise, where it has only succeeded in spots.

The early history of litigation in this State contains many a story of the triumph of might over right in securing title to large tracts of land that later became immensely valuable. Mexican grants and squatter titles, maintained at the point of the shot-gun, combined to give the courts a vast amount of labor, and to confuse land titles to a disastrous extent. Fortunately, the State has almost outgrown this condition, but an echo of it sometimes crops up. Such a one appears in the case of a tract of seventy-eight thousand acres of land located in the northern part of this State, and formerly claimed by Jesse D. Carr and associates, and used as a stock range. The claimants surrounded the property with a stone fence forty miles in length, and sternly warned off all intruders. A similar tract located in Oregon was held and claimed under similar conditions. The district attorney for Oregon looked into the question and decided that Carr had no legal title to the land. He brought suit in the circuit court, and the court agreed with him and ordered the fences to be removed. This order was carried out as regarded the fences around the land in Oregon, but as to the land in California there was a difficulty. The district attorney, who had gone into the matter with enthusiasm, looked up an old law authorizing the President to remove fences from around public land, using military force for the purpose, if necessary. No President had ever acted under the authority conferred by this law, but the district attorney determined to take advantage of its provisions. The matter was laid before President Roosevelt, and he signed an order directing Marshal Shine to tear down the fences. Here a new cause of delay intervened. A motion for a stay of proceedings was made in the circuit court of appeals, and Marshal Shine could do nothing while it was pending. Last week the motion was denied, and now the marshal is free to act. He has telegraphed to Washington in regard to securing a surveyor, and to ascertain from what appropriation the expenses are to be paid. The land will be restored to the people before long, but, in the meantime, Jesse D. Carr and company have



had the use of the land for a quarter of a century without returning any compensation, and the expose of dispossessing them will undoubtedly have to be met by the people.

The new Hay-Pauncefote treaty was signed at Washington on November 18th by Secretary Hay for the United States and Lord Pauncefote, the British ambassador, for Great Britain. The old treaty was amended so extensively by the Senate at its last session that the British Government declined to ratify it. The new treaty is drawn with special reference to the objections found by the Senate with the first treaty. The text of the new convention will remain secret until the Senate shall break the seal. If it shall be ratified, the State Department will proceed immediately to negotiate the treaties with Costa Rica and Nicaragua, for which it has already arranged its protocols, pending before the Senate, permitting the canal to be constructed and prescribing the terms upon which the consent of Nicaragua and Costa Rica may be given. President Roosevelt has made a particular point of pushing the treaty, and it is understood that there will be no opposition to its ratification, as everything the Senate asked for has been conceded. The London *Times* fairly expressed the more advanced English opinion on the subject, taking the position that has been urged by the *Spectator* for some time. It supports the new treaty on the ground that it is very much to the advantage of England that the canal should be built, and she ought to be extremely glad that America would undertake the work; that all she wants is the use of the canal on equal terms with the rest of the world; and that it is desirable that the neutrality of the canal should be placed in strong hands for enforcing it. The *Spectator* wisely says: "The notion that America should bind itself to preserve its neutrality in regard to a power with which she is at war, is absurd. Such a stipulation would not be observed for ten minutes after war had been declared. Whatever jurists may say, we would do the same with the Suez Canal."

The fight for the gubernatorial nomination is already showing evidence of considerable animation. The ambition of Governor Gage to succeed himself is by no means a secret. He has busied himself in building up his machine throughout the State, and his active interest in the recent municipal election here was by no means purely disinterested. Though his allies in this city were defeated, he has strength, and the patronage that he controls is a source of power. He controls the county committee, and, with the primary law out of the way, this would be a formidable weapon. The possession of patronage is a source of strength in building up a State-wide machine, but it is a source of weakness in rearing up a host of enemies. In this city Gage has the unyielding opposition of the two Republican dailies. In his own county, General Otis and the *Times* are opposed to him. State Senator Bulla is striving to prevent the Los Angeles delegation from supporting Gage, and his efforts are being cordially seconded by other prominent politicians of that county. The reelection of Mayor Clark in Sacramento was a defeat of the machine, and is regarded as unfavorable to Gage's chances in that direction. In Alameda, the Pardee-Dalton faction is in control, and is opposed to Gage. In Napa, Assemblyman Weber is out against Gage. In Humboldt, ex-Senator Gillette opposes him, while Senator Salvage is under the Gage standard.

There are many others who would like to be the Republican standard-bearer next year. Senator Thomas Flint, Jr., is the most prominent, and is making an active fight. He has lately made a tour of the principal cities of the southern part of the State, and has received much encouragement. In Los Angeles he was received by the Union League Club at an enthusiastic meeting. Senator Caldwell, of Riverside, declares that his county is solid against the machine, and that Flint has gained considerable strength there. The other candidates are numerous and hopeful. Dr. Pardee, who made so strong a fight for the nomination three years ago, is again in the race. Railroad Commissioner E. B. Edsoo, of Shasta County, is ready for promotion, and has a following in the northern counties. E. F. Preston is the candidate of the *Call*, and Reuben H. Lloyd of the *Chronicle*. Harold A. Power, of Placer, who was a delegate to the national convention, W. R. Davis, of Alameda, and Judge Frank Short, of Fresno, are also in the willow class. An echo of the municipal campaign is heard in talk about Mayor-Elect Eugene E. Schmitz as a Republican gubernatorial nominee. On the Democratic side, Assessor Washington Dodge and ex-Governor Budd are the leaders at present. J. C. Sims, chairman of the State Central Committee, Thomas O. Toland, of the State board of equalization, ex-Senator Fred Cox, of Sacramento, Mayor Spiller, of Los Angeles, Franklin K. Lane, Mayor Phelan, and William T. Jeter, are among the others being considered. If the congressional contests an important factor is what

would ordinarily be considered a side issue. John C. Lynch's term as collector of internal revenue expires soon, and his successor will be appointed during the next session of Congress. John D. Spreckels and M. H. De Young want Lynch removed. The railroad wants Lynch retained. Senator Bard has declared in favor of Stephen F. Kelly, of San Bernardino. In 1896 Kelly was one of the most active political henchmen of Senator Perkins, and he naturally expected the support of both senators. Friends of Kelly, indeed, declare that Perkins has promised him his support. Friends of Lynch, on the other hand, declare that Perkins has declared himself on their side. The fact is that the term of Senator Perkins is soon to expire. The machine supports Lynch, and Perkins dares not offend the machine. He does not want to repudiate Kelly. So he has chosen to escape from the dilemma by leaving the question to the entire congressional delegation. Congressman Needham, of the seventh district, has declared for Kelly. McLachlan, of the sixth, Metcalf, of the third, and Coombs of the first, are for Lynch. Woods, of the second, has not declared himself, but inclines to Lynch. This leaves Congressmen Loud and Kahn, who are in a peculiar position. Loud is under obligations to both Spreckels and the railroad. Spreckels wants Lynch removed, the railroad wants him retained. In Kahn's case the devil and the deep sea are represented by the machine and De Young. Kelly starts with two supporters, Lynch with three. Four are doubtful, but the balance with these seems to incline toward Lynch. Were Perkins to declare for Kelly, he, with Bard, would probably secure his nomination, but he is hardly likely to sacrifice himself in that manner.

The difficulties just arranged between France and Turkey had their origin in enterprises begun ten years ago. At that time a syndicate of French capitalists secured a concession from the Sultan for building a system of quays on either side of the Golden Horn at Constantinople, which carried with it the ownership of large tracts of land which their operations reclaimed. The quays were opened in 1895 and proved a profitable investment. The Turkish Government then became covetous, claimed the right to buy out the French company, and refused to give up the title-deeds to the land. The French finally agreed to sell at a price, but the Sultan could not raise a loan. This situation continued for some years, until the Sultan was prevailed upon by the French ambassador to raise a loan of \$20,000,000 and pay off the French company as well as certain other French claims. About two months ago the Sultan receded from the agreement, and the French ambassador at once left the capital. Diplomacy was to be replaced by force. Admiral Caillard with a squadron of French warships was dispatched to the Aegean Sea, where he seized the rich Turkish island of Mitylene, lying just south of the Dardanelles and within two hundred miles of Constantinople. The French plan also included the seizure of Smyrna, the customs of which ports with those of Mitylene would furnish sufficient revenue in due time to pay all French demands. The latter move, however, was unnecessary, as the Sultan came to time in about three days, and gave France satisfactory assurances of full settlement. Though the Sultan has again escaped war and the mooted Eastern question is again quiescent, the incident is full of future possibilities. The Sultan is a universal debtor to the nations, and a precedent has now been set for collecting bills from him with naval squadrons. When his already rotten financial resources fail, his creditors may have to demand land in payment, and then the Eastern question will start up again in a most serious form.

The deal consummated last week, by which the principal street railway lines of this city were consolidated under the control of an Eastern syndicate, means much to the people of this city. The syndicate which has purchased a controlling interest controls large street railway lines in the East, having already consolidated the lines in Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis. The negotiations have been in progress for about a year. The first to be absorbed was the San Francisco and San Mateo line, which was purchased last spring at a price approximating \$1,300,000. The Sutter Street and Sutro lines were next taken, the price being about \$2,000,000. The most important step was to follow. This was the purchase of the Market Street system with its various branches gridironing the heart of the city, and reaching to the outskirts in all directions. The Market Street system is capitalized at \$18,617,000, and the syndicate is to take three-quarters of the stock, paying \$14,000,000 for it at par. Improvements are contemplated that will cost \$4,000,000, so that the entire investment will amount to \$21,000,000. For this the syndicate gets 179 miles of track from the Market Street system, nearly 23 miles from the Sutter Street and Sutro lines, and 36 miles from the San Mateo line—a total

mileage of 237.85. Electricity is the motive power on about 170 miles, horses are used on five miles, and the remainder is operated by cable. The improvements contemplated by the syndicate are extensive. The San Mateo line is now operated only as far as Badeo. It will be extended at the present time to San Mateo, and ultimately as far as San José. On Market Street electricity will be substituted for the cable as a motive power, if the consent of the supervisors can be secured. On those lines where steep grades are encountered the cars will be equipped with both electric and cable-gears, the latter being used on the grades. By way of Sutter Street through cars will be run from the ferry to the Cliff House. The transfer system will also be revised. Transfers will be given between all the different branches of the system. Thus a passenger can go from any point in the city to any other point on payment of one nickel. Finally, modern rolling-stock is to be put on.

Subjoined we print a letter from a prominent physician in the East concerning the alleged existence of the plague in San Francisco. We know that no San Francisco daily would print this letter, and we very much doubt whether any other San Francisco paper would print it. But the *Argonaut* would be unworthy of the trust in which its readers hold it—which trust is evidenced by the language of this letter—were we to refuse to print an honest expression of opinion because we did not agree with the writer. Dr. Brumer says:

247 STATE STREET, ALBANY, N. Y., November 10, 1901.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: As a constant reader and admirer of the *Argonaut*, and as a physician, I take the liberty of writing to you. In your issue of October 28, 1901, you write an editorial on the plague situation, in which you, indirectly it is true, support the statement of the commission of the State board of health "that there was not then and never had been a case of plague in San Francisco." Surely you have failed to inform yourself on the other side of this question. Let me refer you to articles on the plague by Drs. Barker, Flexner, and Novy in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences* for October, 1901. These articles were partly based on a study of plague cases made in San Francisco. Let me further refer you to an article headed "San Francisco Plague Report," in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of October 5, 1901. In this report, two certain cases of plague and one probable case are reported. These cases are published since the report of your commission, but some time before your editorial. That the city authorities were cognizant of them is shown by the fact that the city bacteriologist, Dr. Kellogg, is reported to have examined one case. I would further call your attention to the fact that the report of the commission, which you support, though it may satisfy the lay mind, is sadly lacking in some points from a medical standpoint. It states that plague was not the cause of death, but does not state what did cause death, nor who conducted the examinations. I would not take the trouble to write to you if I did not feel that you fail to appreciate the gravity of the stand which you take. Your steady insistence that there is no danger of an epidemic leads me to believe that you have been misinformed as to certain of the medical aspects of plague. I would merely call your attention to the recognized fact that many epidemics of plague begin by the appearance of sporadic cases of a relatively mild type, such cases often lasting over months or even years, and being followed by explosive and wide-spread outbreaks of the disease. It is through this stage of sporadic cases that San Francisco is now going, and the possibility of an extensive outbreak can not be denied. Would it not be better candidly to acknowledge the presence of the disease and counsel vigorous action for its extermination, rather than to lull the citizens into a sense of false security by editorials such as the one I have referred to?

The attitude of the *Argonaut* has, it seems to me, always been so eminently fair that I have taken the liberty of calling your attention to these facts, which must have escaped your notice.

Very truly yours, GEORGE BRUMER.

Concerning this, we have only to say: That many physicians, from this and other States, have investigated the alleged existence of the plague in San Francisco. These doctors disagree, as doctors often do. But an overwhelming majority of those who have been on the ground have declared that they believe there is no plague in San Francisco, and most of them add that they do not believe there ever has been. Most of those who have been on the ground believe that the so-called plague symptoms were merely manifestations of glandular troubles due to syphilis. This disease is very common among the Chinese, to whom the alleged cases of plague were confined. Out of a hundred physicians who have been on the ground, ninety do not believe that there has been plague in San Francisco. The editor, being a layman, naturally hases his opinion upon the majority verdict of the medical men.

The iron-workers have been more persistent than the members of any of the other unions, who have been out on strike in this city recently, in declaring that they would not return to work unless their demands were complied with. They demanded ten hours' pay for nine hours' work, and they demanded an increase of twelve and one-half per cent. in their wages. After a time, they overcame their desire for the twelve and one-half per cent. advance. But they still clung to "ten hours' pay for nine hours' work." So they remained idle for a few months longer, and their wives and children began to feel the pinch of want. Last week the Fulton Iron Works opened up with a full quota of five hundred men. The leaders of the Iron-workers' Union said the strike had ended triumphantly. The Metal Trades Association held a special meeting,

FOR A MODERN  
STREET RAILWAY  
SYSTEM.

ANOTHER  
STRIKE  
FAILURE.



and called the proprietors of the Fulton Iron Works to account. Then it was found that the men had resumed work under the regular winter schedule. The Fulton Iron Works did not agree to take all of the strikers back. Those non-union men who had been working during the strike retained their positions. Not one of the demands of the union was acceded to—the men returned to work on the terms dictated by the employers.

The convention called to express the will of the people of California concerning Chinese exclusion is in session as this issue of the *Argonaut* goes to press. More than a thousand delegates are in attendance, representing county boards of supervisors, city councils, merchants' exchanges, improvement clubs, and trades-unions in all parts of the State. Among those prominent in the movement are men who are known not only in California but throughout the country. The action proposed has not been outlined at this writing, but it is certain that the reenactment of the exclusion law which expires next May will be demanded, with possibly the addition of even more stringent provisions. A note of encouragement in the work came from President Roosevelt on the eve of the convention. In an interview with Congressman Needham this week the President stated that his message to Congress would recommend that the Chinese Exclusion Act be reenacted and strengthened. Even with this indorsement, the effort to extend the law will meet with serious opposition in the East and probably in the South, and its immediate success can not be looked for. The convention will discuss practical means for demonstrating the imperative necessity of favorable legislation, and take steps to unite in its behalf all who oppose the importation of Asiatic labor.

Present conditions give some assurance that peaceful relations have been established between the Morgan-Hill and Harriman-Kuhn, Loeb railroad interests in the North-West. A combination of ownership of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads has been effected, and the Hill-Morgan party controlling the stock has apparently conceded to the Union Pacific interest a representation in this combination, and also equal rights in the directorate of another new company, to which the Burlington road will be leased. The settlement is a matter of no little concern in the world of railroad securities, as a dangerous rivalry has existed between the interests involved since last May. A corporation entitled the Northern Securities Company, with a capital stock of four hundred millions of dollars, has been formed under the laws of New Jersey, and the control of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads will be vested in this new company. The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, recently formed under the laws of Iowa, will lease the Burlington road, and in its management the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and Union Pacific interests will have an equal voice. The starting-point of the difficulties between the rival financial powers was the acquisition of the Burlington property by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Companies. The settlement arrived at is considered one of the most important railroad deals that have ever been effected.

The pro-Boer pamphlet written last year by Dr. Kuyper, the new prime minister of Holland, has been translated and published in London. Dr. Kuyper speaks of the consequences to England in these words:

"Behind her in Africa she would have sown the seeds of a deep rancor, of an unspeakable repugnance, of an indestructible hatred, and these seeds would shoot up. The determination of the Boers is unshakable. Never will they be voluntary subjects of England. . . . In the first war that should burst on England, they would be the devoted allies of her enemy. There is the wound from which England, unless she repent, will bleed for a whole century. To persevere in the beaten track of violence would undoubtedly be the prelude of the beginning of the end of the greatness of England in point of power. Perhaps she would succeed in disarming the people; she will never destroy the fecundity of the Boer women. In less than a century, from their former numbers of sixty thousand, the Boers, thanks to this marvelous fecundity, have grown to half a million. In the coming century, they will reach three, four, five millions, and South Africa will be theirs."

The supreme court of Montana has handed down a decision that strikes another blow at the arbitrary and unreasonable demands of the labor-unions. Some months ago the State furnishing board advertised for bids for furniture for the new State-house. The contract was awarded to the lowest responsible bidder, as required by law. It happened that this bidder employed non-union men in the manufacture of furniture, and the trades-unions of the State immediately filed a protest against the carrying out of the contract. The board met to consider the situation, and by a vote of two to one rescinded the contract, spreading on the minutes of the board the fact

that the rescission was on account of the employment of non-union labor. The attorney-general and the secretary of State truckled to the unions; the governor stood firm, holding that this was not a legal ground for rescinding the contract. The furniture company then appealed to the supreme court for a writ of mandamus, to compel the State board to fulfill its contract. The attorney-general, ignoring the ground of rescission as stated in the minutes, based his defense on the ground that the board had not advertised for bids as required by law, and therefore the contract was illegal. The court held this latter point well taken, and directed the board to advertise for bids once more. Departing from the usual rule of only considering the point necessary for the decision of the case, however, the court went on and discussed the question of union labor, holding that if the contract had been properly awarded, it would be valid, and the fact that the work was to be done by non-union men would not have absolved the board from its performance. The board must now begin the proceedings *de novo*, but, unless some union firm bids lower, a non-union firm will get the contract, and all firms employing non-union labor will be encouraged to bid by the decision.

With the absence of Mayor-elect Schmitz in Watsonville, there has been little stir in municipal politics. The county committee of the Union Labor party has held a meeting, and, as a result, Chairman Parry went to Watsonville to confer with Schmitz. The most important matter, naturally, was the distribution of patronage, though it was decided to have a recount as to tax collector and the supervisors. One of the first things that Mayor Schmitz will have to consider is the appointment of eight commissioners, whose terms will expire on January 8th of next year. These are A. B. Maguire, of the board of public works; J. C. McKinstry, of the board of fire commissioners; Mrs. Mary Kincaid, of the board of education; John C. Quinn, of the civil-service commission; D. I. Mahony, of the board of police commissioners; Dr. William McCarthy, of the board of health; John A. Stanton, of the board of park commissioners; and M. Greenblatt, of the board of election commissioners. It is understood that A. B. Maguire, D. I. Mahony, and Mrs. Kincaid desire re-appointment, but beyond the rumor that Schmitz will not appoint a woman on the board of education, nothing is known as to his intentions.

Physicians speak of bacteriological therapeutics as if it were an exact science—notably so in their attitude toward the alleged "plague" in San Francisco—yet these startling facts concerning the recent diagnosis of some diphtheria cases and their treatment with anti-toxine, tends to shake the belief of the laity in the practice of the faculty:

A St. Louis jury has rendered a verdict finding the St. Louis health department negligent in the preparation of diphtheria anti-toxine that caused the deaths by lockjaw (tetanus) of seven children in whom it was recently administered for diphtheria. The verdict says: "We find that the deceased came to their death from tetanus, following the administration of diphtheria anti-toxine containing tetanus toxine, said diphtheria anti-toxine having been prepared and issued by the health department of the city of St. Louis, showing negligence on the part of the health department." The St. Louis health department has been making an anti-toxine for use in diphtheria cases which was distributed among practicing physicians free of charge, and used in the city institutions. The serum was obtained from horses that are said to have contracted tetanus.

Great alarm has been caused by nine cases of tetanus following vaccination in Camden, N. J. The board of education has rescinded the order of compulsory vaccination for school children. Of the nine cases of tetanus so far reported, seven of the victims have died and the other two are still in a dangerous condition.

In Atlantic City, on November 18th, Bessie Kessler died of lockjaw, as a result of vaccination.

If there is any domain in which the vocabulary of the sharp sporting man is rich, it is in that which includes the non-sporting class. Of the older words, there were "gull," "dupe," "gudgeon," "cully," "pigeon," "flat," "greenhorn," and "Simple Simon." In these up-to-date days, the sharp sport uses later words, like "Reuben," "gillie," "sucker," "farmer," "good-thing," and "jay." But we do not believe that in the many millions of suckers and jays there can be found such suckerdom and jayness as is betrayed by the sharp sport when he is hamboozled by fake prize-fights. No Reuben who is flimflammed, no farmer who is humcoed, ever burns his fingers twice. But the sharp sport goes, year after year, to fake prize-fights, and yields up his wad or his roll with a touching simplicity which must make mere farmers weep. For many weeks the yellow organ of the sharp sports has been printing pages about pugs—pictures of pugs, pictures of pugs' trainers, pictures of the artists who take pictures of pugs, pictures of the hired men who write up notes for the artists who take pictures of pugs, pictures of the pugs' bottle-holders, interviews with trusty hunk-fellows of pugs' bottle-holders, inside tips from darkies who black the pugs' hoots, highfalutin' special articles from pugilistic commissioners specially imported to report the fight—and

all of this mass of rubbish and drivel is eagerly swallowed by the sharp sports.

It is the same old story. Again the sharp sports have been flimflammed. As in the days when Robinson and Sullivan, Sharkey and Corbett, Sharkey and Fitzsimmons, and other lesser pugs gulled their audiences, now Jeffries and Ruhlin have repeated the old game. Why, these sharp sports don't even get a common or water-front fight for their money. In the weird grammar of the prize-ring, it is only a "lay down." You can get a better fight on the seawall by calling a British sailor a sanguinolent something beginning with *b*. You can get a better fight on the water front by calling an American sailor names reflecting on his female ancestry. And you can get a better fight on the levee at New Orleans any day between two negro roustabouts for five dollars. They will fight to a knock-out for twenty. How amusing, therefore, that the sharp sports should pay \$30,487.50 to watch two heavy-weight pugs fan each other gently for a quarter of an hour!

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois enforces the tax assessment upon the capital stock and franchises of twenty local corporations which have hitherto been taxed only on their tangible property—street-railroad, gas, electric, and telephone companies operating under a municipal franchise. The events leading up to the decision may be mentioned briefly:

About two years ago the Chicago board of education reduced the salaries of the public school-teachers, stating that the condition of the city's finances made this action necessary. The teachers declared that if taxes were paid upon all the taxable property in the city it would not be necessary to cut their earnings, and in a practical manner set about securing facts and figures which would sustain their contentment. A committee of teachers was appointed to make an investigation of the city's tax digest, and as a result of their labors, which extended through a period of several months, they made out and presented to the State board of tax equalization a list of properties upon which it was alleged taxes had not been paid in accordance with the law. The board of equalization refused to demand the payment of taxes alleged to be due upon these properties, and the teachers secured from a circuit court a writ of mandamus requiring the levying of taxes according to their list. An appeal was taken from the decision of the circuit court in granting the mandamus, but the supreme court has affirmed this decision. The value of the property affected is alleged to be more than \$235,000,000, and if the taxes are finally collected \$8,000,000 will be added in the revenues of the State of Illinois and \$2,000,000 to the treasury of the city of Chicago.

Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese minister at Washington, has been more than ordinarily active recently to create the impression with his government, it is alleged, that his recall at this time would be unfavorable, the opposition to reenactment of the exclusion bill requiring his continued labor. The rumor that Secretary Gage was opposed to exclusion probably came from some source of information favorable to the minister. Of the rumor that he would recommend no action, Secretary Gage says:

"I shall make no such recommendation nor shall I recommend anything regarding Chinese exclusion. It is not my business to do so. That is a matter that rests entirely with the State Department and with Congress. That disposes of my bogey man. President Roosevelt is strongly in favor of the reenactment of the Geary act or one similar to it. That statement can be made in most unqualified terms, because the President himself has said so within the last twenty-four hours. There is just one government official who opposes Chinese exclusion. He is Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury Taylor, and he said just before the last Presidential campaign he did not believe in exclusion. For that he was sharply rebuked by Secretary Gage and President McKinley, and since that break Mr. Taylor has kept quiet on the subject."

Editor Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, now a candidate for governor of his State, is even more than usually fluent, picturesque, and personal in his ante-campaign utterances. This is a paragraph from one of his recent editorials:

"There are two Republican parties—one of sentiment and conviction, the other of opportunism and money. There is the party of Hanna and Platt and Quay, all wool and iron, and there is the party of Roosevelt and Low, all gilt-edge and goo-goo. Plenty of ricks ahead for both. The ship subsidy, campaign-debt-paying grab, for me. Reciprocity, seeking to ride two horses—Free Trade and High Tariff—around a ring hardly big enough for me, for another. The succession in 1904, for a third, Teddy in the Rucker, but most of the 'prominent cards' in adverse hands; particularly the 'machine' in the State of New York. Already the heavy swells of finance are beginning to discount the future, to unload on the lambs, and, generally, to prepare for the rainy day they see to be inevitable. In fine and in short, good luck can not run forever, and both the President and his party are going to find Jordan a mighty hard road to travel."

Following the fervent eulogy of Spain, delivered by General Rafael Reyes, of Colombia, at the municipal banquet early in the progress of the Pan-American conference in Mexico, came a telegram of thanks from the Spanish Government for the friendly sentiments. This was read at a succeeding session of the conference, and General Reyes thereupon delivered a speech, further explaining and justifying his toast. During the course of his speech, he said:

"My salutation to Spain signifies, Mr. President, that the peoples of Latin America do not disown their race and their blood, and in mentioning Latin America I include not only the peoples of Spanish and Portuguese origin, but also the French who conquered Canada and Louisiana, where their descendants to-day do not deny their race, but, on the contrary, reflect honor upon it by producing such men as Laurier, the prime minister of Canada, beloved and respected in England as well as his motherland, France, whose race he represents in the New World."



## THE LIBERATING SLUMBER.

How Pancho Escaped the Witch and the Haunting Hymn.

The Swiss knocked the dirt from his feet at his own back-door, and Pancho saw seven dead *cacomixtles* hung up by their tails under the workshop shed. The Swiss was a godly man, and a stern Protestant. To him war was sin; so, when the Confederate army had tried to draft him in at New Orleans, he had shaken the dust of the United States from his feet, denounced that unholy struggle, and come to Mexico. At Orizaba, by years of labor, he acquired a little coffee and orange grove at the edge of the town. There he and his wife grew old. This strange country, worshipping the devil, had profoundly shocked him. Now, through the years, he looked out on Mexican life with sad, stern eyes.

There were deep thickets of coffee-trees whose dark foliage glistened. There were rows of orange-trees, the gold fruit all too plementous for profit. The paths which wound through those quiet grounds were of damp sawdust, and the shade of high forest trees which bordered them lay deep. A wall went all around. The grove was gloomy, yet one's thoughts in it were sweet. Far within its depths the old house stood.

"I shall rescue at least one soul of this miserable race," said the Swiss to his wife. "I'll give that boy a civilized home and teach him something that is good."

He went out to a neighboring hut and made a bargain for little Pancho. Pancho's hut was dirty. Pancho slept on the ground, and, when it rained, snuggled against his mother to get out of the pools. His dinner of beans was cooked over a hole in the earth. Two dirty babies crawled in and out of the doorway. There was nothing else in the house but two pots and a saint. The mother was pleased to have her son live at the Swiss's home, and receive food free of charge.

Pancho was brownly pale, with a sweet, pinched countenance. He was nine years old. He took the hand of the Swiss (who moved rheumatically), and went walking in manner sedate through the long aisles of coffee, over the damp sawdust.

Thus at the back-door did he come to see the seven dead *cacomixtles*. They are something like coons, and go lumbering over their ceilings at night, or fight and chase one another, thrashing about. The Swiss had a mysterious way of killing them with chloroform. Pancho was awed by this funeral company hanging from their tails, by the smell of the sawdust, and by the shadow of the large, still grove.

After supper they went to the sitting-room, and the Swiss's wife waddled in. She had no teeth, could speak but little Spanish, and had forgotten French. There was a large fire-place in the corner, and the Swiss sat down and blew the fire with a bellows, while Pancho crouched on a chair and dared not move. An old clock ticked. A hand-organ was on a table. Over the fire-place a startling woman in a frame gazed down on Pancho, and seemed, when the Swiss's broad back was bent lower and the fire flared up, a terrible creature. The picture was an ancient portrait of the Swiss's mother. The Swiss's wife sat down with her knees far apart and her chin too close to her nose.

"Pancho," said the Swiss, gesturing with the bellows, "everything Catholic is wicked. I will save you, if I die. First, you must read the Bible. I shall now begin." He opened the book, printed in Spanish by the American Bible Society. He read a passage, still holding the bellows, about the Witch of Endor. Pancho stared; and when the reader wished to emphasize a word, he unconsciously blew the bellows, and the fire flared up. Then Pancho's wan countenance shone out at the woman in the frame, and the woman in the frame looked piercingly at Pancho. Ah, he knew it now at last, and trembled. The mystery of that shadowed portrait was made clear. That, that, was the Witch of Endor.

"We now play a hymn," said the Swiss. He arose stiffly and went to the tiny hand-organ. There he sat down and ground out its only tune. The machine was one of those into which cylinders are put. Each cylinder plays a different air. But all the cylinders save one were lost, and Pancho seemed doomed to hear that dismal tune forever. It had been a good hymn in its day, and all the Protestant world is familiar with it. But the organ was old and hoarse. The Swiss seemed lost to earth. His gray-bearded face wore a tender smile; his hand on the crank moved slowly; the tones were broken with care.

Pancho, hardly able to move, was sent to bed in a room by himself, where it was dark with the door shut. He had never had a bed before; but his heart cried for the wet earth of his mother's hut. He crawled under the covers quickly. But, behold, the Witch of Endor was also there. The dismal hymn still lingered in his brain, and the witch's face flickered like a blaze. He crawled out of the covers in a hurry and sat up. The Witch of Endor was in every corner of the room. After hours of torture, he suddenly shrieked: "The witch! The witch!"

The old woman came in with a candle. She was squat and all in yellowish white. "Lie down," she said, in bad Spanish, putting his brown legs under the covers.

"I can't sleep," wept he.

She took a big bottle from the shelf, and smiled toothlessly in the candle-light. "We'll give you this if you don't," said she. "This will make anybody sleep if you uncork it under their noses. My husband makes the *cacomixtles* sleep with this." The bottle had "chloroform" written on it.

Pancho looked pinched, and turned to the wall. She went out, and the Witch of Endor let him sleep.

At breakfast, the Swiss, with a big knife standing up straight in his hand, sat by the table drinking a bowl of coffee and eating cheese. His wife drank a bowl of coffee, at, while the sun came in and shone on Pancho's head. They gave him milk; then the Swiss cut an enormous slice of cheese. "Eat that," said he.

Pancho tried, but could not; it was limburger and smelled. The Swiss ate large chunks of it. Pancho sat and pined.

"Eat!"

"I can't," whispered Pancho.

"Oh, you want your barbarous *tortillas* and peppers, do you? You've got to learn to eat something civilized."

Pancho crammed it all into his mouth, and ate with superhuman effort. Later, he was sick.

Every morning thereafter he must eat the cheese. And every night he heard the Bible and the hymn, while the witch looked down. At last he revolted.

One cloudy afternoon, when the sea-fog had risen up to this high city, and the trees were dripping, he sat dreaming of the hymn-ful night and the cheese-ful morning. The Swiss had walked out, and the old woman was stewing something. Pancho crept into the dining-room. There stood ten pounds of cheese—a fearful object. Pancho took it and carried it into the room of the Witch of Endor. He opened the organ and crammed the cheese into its works. A frenzy seized him; he climbed to the table and stamped the greasy stuff in harder. He mashed it to pieces and worked it into every labyrinthine depth. He put in his feet and waded in cheese; and a high odor rose to the painted nostrils of the Witch of Endor.

After this he was afraid of himself and crouched in a corner. The Bible hour came with the night. The Swiss tramped in; the woman sat down heavily, with her knees apart, and her husband blew the fire, which flared.

"Now we play a hymn," said the Swiss, sunk in the revelry of the far-off Protestant past.

He sat down at the organ and turned the crank. At first no sound issued. Then a strange and greasy note, all awry, did painfully complain. The Swiss put down his ear, and his gray beard touched the crank. The Witch of Endor looked on Pancho with convicting horror; and Pancho, stiff, strove to bury his guilty head.

The Swiss turned again, and a sad sigh came out of the organ. The lid was now raised and the odor issued. Madly—fascinated with the very blasphemy of it—the Swiss whirled and whirled the crank, gazing at those flying, cheesy depths. The song thus ground out was like the very voice of the devil.

That night the boy was whipped. The Swiss carried him out to where the funeral company hung by their tails. Under that workshop shed came the pale radiance of the moon, shining through fog. Through the trees the night wind moaned, and the *cacomixtles*, dead, dead, swung slowly to and fro. There Pancho shrieked in pain. At length, full of despair, he went to bed.

Long he heard the Swiss at the organ. The woman held the light and peered into its works. The man brought knives and spoons, little paddles of wood, and rags. Down he delved; he scraped, he wiped. His face was deadly serious; his toothless wife smiled not. The fire went out. Hours passed, and heaps of cheese were on the table and the floor. Every little while the Swiss would turn the crank to try the thing's reviving voice, so that a phrase of the hymn would break out of a sudden and die away.

The Witch of Endor at last was comforted, her gaunt face assuming a look of wild relief. At midnight the organ played the air quite through, though the tones were yet a little greasy. Never, never would the poor machine entirely recover.

All this Pancho had heard, or, with exaggeration, imagined. He could not sleep. He thought of the chloroform, that mysterious thing that would bring slumber. He might try it, but he was afraid to get up. The witch was gazing at him wherever in the dark he looked, freezing him. At one o'clock, all having become quiet, he could not endure it any more. But, oh! the mighty struggle to nerve his cowed heart to flight! The struggle's winning was the crisis in his life. He arose, shaking. There was still a little of the moon's radiance in the dining-room. He was very lonely; he would run away. He unbolted the back-door and went out. The night was chilly, and behold, that horrible company of *cacomixtles* hung dead. Pancho went wandering on. The fog was light, and the large, bright spot in the west, hazy, where the moon was, shone through the oranges. The way was full of terror, and the Witch of Endor was behind the coffee-trees. Having arrived at the door in the high wall, far from the house, he found it locked.

He had not thought of this. The keys were in the old man's pocket in the day and hid away at night. Pancho's spirit was broken. He began to moan, cold and miserable, and crept all along the wall for many yards, his hands on it. He was very tired and ached. If he could only go home! If he could crawl into the little hut and lie down on the dirt, and snuggle up to his mother, where she lay by the hole and the pots under the saint. There the dirty children would be sound asleep. There the world was yet a world of peace. He wanted to go home.

He sank down, at last, overcome, and, seeing the Witch of Endor thrust her horrid head round the clump of coffee-trees, fell asleep on the ground. They found him in the morning lying there half frozen. He was sick for some days.

"That's it," said the Swiss, bitterly, as he carried him in. "What's the use to try? You can't do anything with them."

Thus the great and daring flight had failed.

Every morning the cheese; every evening and all of every night of terror, the lugubrious hymn. If only the malevolent and blasting witch would let him alone!

The Swiss's grief over the altered voice of the organ was tinged with exasperation. "Listen to the befouled thing," cried he, turning and turning. "It isn't the organ that it used to be."

But the crisis in Pancho's life had passed. He had dared to assault the sacred machine; he had dared to flee. These things had been to him an education. He would now dare further. His little soul would not endure the hymn, the cheese, the witch. Crouched there on his chair in the fire-light, hearing the words of the good

book, he was plotting evil. Behind his wan, sweet face, was desperation.

For days he watched the keys. They came out of the old man's coat-pocket, and went back there again. But where did he keep them when he went to bed? This the boy could never learn. So he could not steal them in the night. There must be some more daring deed.

Once he did not bring wood to the fire-place, and was whipped in the kitchen. Weeping, he fled to the sad comfort of those *cacomixtles*, and sat there with his cheek on a box and the brutes, heads down, over him. His tearful eye, cocked up in pain, observed them. "She said he puts them to sleep," muttered he. "I suppose he uses the bottle first, and when they sleep he kills them."

He thought of this a long time; arose, and going into his own room, stood before that large bottle and gazed and gazed.

The evening came on, with its shadows. Supper was over. The grove was still and dark. The Swiss came in at the back-door and knocked the dirt from his feet. The woman sat down in the sitting-room with her knees apart, and her husband hlew the fire with the bellows, and there was little Pancho crouched in a corner on his chair.

"Now we play a hymn," said the Swiss.

The same decrepit tune came forth, the same sad revelry was on the man's face as he turned the crank. The witch seemed sleepy, with a loathsome drowsiness; the fire fell lower; the clock ticked when the hymn had ceased; the woman arose and went away to bed, and little Pancho still sat crouched upon his chair.

"Ah, we shall play it again," said the Swiss, suddenly waking from his revelry.

The hymn was played again; and little Pancho was not there.

The Swiss's head sank to his hand; the fire was lower. At length he sat up once more, and said, dreamily, looking at his mother's face: "Now, we shall play a hymn."

The turning of the crank was slow; and Pancho was creeping in along the floor, behind his master, with a bottle in his hand. Many times the hymn was played, and the fire died down. There was just a little glow of it wherein Pancho's face looked white, behind the Swiss's chair. The room was filled with a new odor, and the Swiss, letting his hand fall from the crank, and the music cease, fell asleep.

Pancho's hair stood straight up. The witch beheld him, and he beheld the witch. He arose and, where the old man's forehead had fallen to the organ, so that his nose was half a foot above the table, there Pancho left the bottle.

The keys were in the right-hand pocket. Yes, it must have been thus that he put the *cacomixtles* to sleep, and he doubtless killed them afterward. The woman had said truly, for the heavy breathing at the organ told how little Pancho had put the Swiss to sleep.

Pancho fled away with the keys. His last scared look was at the witch. After all, she had not been so bad—he was leaving her, leaving her, poor, lonely witch, never to return. He went out. There they hung by their tails. The grove was dark and mournful with the breezes of the night sighing therein.

He ran, in a convulsion of fright, over the damp sawdust, between the rows of oranges and coffee. He came to the door in the great wall. Then—freedom, freedom again.

Outside, he was about to shut the door, but held it a little ajar, and peered back. Would the witch not look out again from the shadowed clumps? Would she not gaze at him once more before he went? No; the witch was gone, the witch had deserted him forever.

He ran away, and came to the hut. A dirty baby was asleep in the very door. His mother was snoring by the pots, and felt him against her. "What, Pancho, have you come again?" she asked, sleepily.

"I have come home," said Pancho, and snuggled up against her in the dark.

The morning sun lit the grove. The Swiss's wife awoke and was surprised to see that her husband's place beside her was unpressed. She, in her yellowish white, went all about the house. Presently she entered the sitting-room, wherein the clock ticked, and the sunshine came, and the fire was dead. There was her husband, with his head upon the organ and a bottle under his nose. The organ was silent. From the wall, with a look of waiting, gazed down the Witch of Endor.

Ah, yes, Pancho had put the Swiss to sleep.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1901.

Who would have believed it possible (asks the New York *Evening Post*), after reading the American denunciations of Spain's concentration policy in Cuba in 1897 and 1898, that within three years American generals would be applying it in the Philippines? Yet the unexpected has come to pass. In Samar, the strictest orders have been given for the entire population of the island to concentrate in towns, accompanied by the threat that any one found outside them will be shot or hung as an enemy of the American people. Any man who should have dared in 1898 to prophesy such a state of affairs would have been denounced far and wide as a slanderer of the United States, and been informed that the American flag never had covered and never would cover such infamy. Now, however, the situation has changed, and it is almost impossible to get those newspapers which were most outspoken in their denunciations of Spanish misrule to discuss the situation in the Philippines. When they are forced to comment upon it by such mishaps as the recent disasters in Samar, it is only to assure their readers, as did the New York *Times* recently, that the situation in Luzon is satisfactory.

Count Tyszkowski recently set out from Warsaw for Paris, mounted on a camel. The venturesome sportsman had made a wager of seventy thousand dollars that he would accomplish the journey within a period of fourteen days. Two attendants accompanied him, also mounted on camels.



# CALVÉ'S CHÂTEAU.

How the Great Diva Passes Her Vacations at Her Picturesque Mountain Home in Southern France—Her Twenty Little Bedrooms for Convalescent Girls.

While I was making a "cure" last year at Lamalou, an obscure spa in the Cevennes Mountains (says Eliot Gregory in his volume, "The Ways of Men," published by Charles Scribner's Sons), Mme. Calvé, to whom I had expressed a desire to see her picturesque home, telegraphed an invitation to pass the day with her, naming the train she could meet, which would allow for the long drive to her *château* before luncheon. It is needless to say the invitation was accepted. As my train drew up at the little station, Mme. Calvé, in her trap, was the first person I saw, and no time was lost in getting en route.

During the hour passed on the poplar-bordered road that leads straight and white across the country, I had time to appreciate the transformation in the woman at my side. Was this gray-clad, nun-like figure the passionate, sensuous Carmen of Bizet's masterpiece? Could that calm, pale face, crossed by innumerable lines of suffering, as a spider's web lies on a flower, blaze and pant with Sappho's guilty love?

Something of these thoughts must have appeared on my face, for, turning with a smile, she asked: "You find me changed? It's the air of my village. Here I'm myself. Everywhere else I'm different. On the stage I am any part I may be playing, but am never really happy away from my hill, there." As she spoke, a sun-baked hamlet came in sight, huddled around the base of two tall towers that rose cool and gray in the noonday heat.

"All that wing," she added, "is arranged for the convalescent girls whom I have sent down to me from Paris hospitals for a cure of fresh air and simple food. Six years ago, just after I had bought this place, a series of operations became necessary, which left me prostrated and anemic. No tonics were of benefit. I grew weaker day by day, until the doctors began to despair of my life. Finally, at the advice of an old woman here who passes for being something of a curer, I tried the experiment of lying five or six hours a day motionless in the sunlight. It wasn't long before I felt life creeping back to my poor, feeble body."

"The hot sun of our magic south was a more subtle tonic than any drug. When the cure was complete, I made up my mind that each summer the same chance should be offered to as many of my suffering sisters as this old place could be made to accommodate."

The bells on the shaggy Tarhes ponies she was driving along the Languedoc Road drew, on nearing her residence, a number of peasant children from their play.

As the ruddy urchins ran shouting around our carriage wheels and scrambled in the dust for the sous we threw them, my hostess pointed laughing to a scrubby little girl with tomato-colored cheeks and tousled dark hair, remarking: "I looked like that twenty years ago and performed just those antics on this very road. No punishment would keep me off the highway. Those pennies, if I'm not mistaken, will all be spent at the village pastry cook's within an hour."

This was said with such a tender glance at the children that one realized the great artist was at home here, surrounded by the people she loved and understood. True to the "homing" instinct of the French peasant, Mme. Calvé, when fortune came to her, sought and partially restored the rambling *château* which at sunset casts its shadows across the village of her birth. Since that day every moment of freedom from professional labor and every penny of her large income are spent at Cabrières, building, planning, even farming, when her health permits.

"I think," she continued, as we approached the *château*, "that the happiest day of my life—and I have, as you know, passed some hours worth living, both on and off the stage—was when, that wing completed, a Paris train brought the first occupants for my twenty little bedrooms; no words can tell the delight it gives me now to see the color coming back to my patient's pale lips and hear them laughing and singing about the place. As I am always short of funds, the idea of abandoning this work is the only fear the future holds for me."

With the vivacity peculiar to her character, my companion then whipped up her cobs and turned the conversation into gayer channels. Five minutes later we clattered over a drawbridge, and drew up in a roomy court-yard, half-blinding sunlight and half-blue shadow, where a score of girls were occupied with books and sewing.

The luncheon bell was ringing as we ascended the terrace steps. After a hurried five minutes for brushing and washing, we took our places at a long table set in the cool, stone hall, guests stopping in the *château* occupying one end around the *châtelaine*, the convalescents filling the other seats.

Those who have only seen the capricious *diva* on the stage or in Parisian *salons* can form little idea of the proprietress of Cabrières. No shade of coquetry blurs the clear picture of her home life. The capped and sahoted peasant women who waited on us were not more simple in their ways. Several times during the meal she left her seat to inquire after the comfort of some invalid girl or inspect the cooking in the adjacent kitchen. These wanderings were not, however, allowed to disturb the conversation, which flowed on after the mellow French fashion, enlivened by much wit and gay badinage. One of our hostess's anecdotes at her own expense was especially amusing.

"When in Venice," she told us, "most *prima donnas* are carried to and from the opera in sedan-chairs to avoid the risk of colds from the draughty gondolas. The last night of my initial season there, I was informed, as the curtain fell, that a number of Venetian nobles were planning to carry me in triumph to the hotel. When I descended from my dressing-room, the court-yard of the theatre was filled with men in dress-clothes, bearing lanterns, who caught up the

chair as soon as I was seated, and carried it noiselessly across the city to the hotel. Much moved by this unusual honor, I mounted to the balcony of my room, from which elevation I howed my thanks, and threw all the flowers at hand to my escort.

"Next morning the hotel proprietor appeared with my coffee, and, after hesitating a moment, remarked: 'Well, we made a success of it last night. It has been telegraphed to all the capitals of Europe! I hope you will not think a thousand francs too much, considering the advertisement!' In blank amazement, I asked what he meant. 'I mean the triumphal progress,' he answered. 'I thought you understood! We always organize one for the "stars" who visit Venice. The men who carried your chair last night were the waiters from the hotels. We hire them on account of their dress-clothes! Think of the disillusion,' added Calvé, laughing, "and my disgust, when I thought of myself naively throwing kisses and flowers to a group of Swiss *garçon* at fifteen francs a head. There was nothing to do, however, but pay the bill and swallow my chagrin!"

How many pretty women do you suppose would tell such a joke upon themselves? Another story she told us is characteristic of her peasant neighbors.

"When I came back here after my first season in St. Petersburg and London, the *curé* requested me to sing at our local *fête*. I gladly consented, and, standing by his side on the steps of the *Mairie*, gave the great aria from 'The Huguenots' in my best manner. To my astonishment, the performance was received in complete silence. 'Poor Calvé,' I heard an old friend of my mother's murmur, 'her voice used to be so nice, and now it's all gone!' Taking in the situation at a glance, I threw my voice well up into my nose, and started off on a well-known provincial song, in the shrill *falsetto* of our peasant women. The effect was instantaneous! Long before the end, the performance was drowned in thunders of applause. Which proves that to be popular a singer must adapt herself to her audience."

Luncheon over, we repaired for cigarettes and coffee to an upper room, where Calvé was giving Dagnan-Bouveret some sittings for a portrait, and lingered there until four o'clock, when our hostess left us for her *sista*, and a "break" took those who cared for the excursion across the valley to inspect the ruins of a Roman bath. A late dinner brought us together again in a small dining-room, the convalescents having eaten their simple meal and disappeared an hour before. During this time, another transformation had taken place in our mercurial hostess! It was the Calvé of Paris, Calvé the witch, Calvé the *capiteuse*, who presided at the dainty, flower-decked table and led the laughing conversation.

A few strokes on a guitar by one of the party, as we sat an hour later on the moonlit terrace, were enough to start off the versatile artist, who was in her gayest humor. She sang us stray bits of opera, alternating her music with scenes hurlished from recent plays. No one escaped her inimitable mimicry, not even the "divine Sarah," Calvé giving us an unpayable impersonation of the elderly tragedienne as Lorenzaccio, the hoy hero of Alfred de Musset's drama. Burlesquing led to her dancing some Spanish steps with an abandon never attempted on the stage! Which in turn gave place to an imitation of an American whistling an air from "Carmen," and some "coon songs" she had picked up during her stay at New York. They, again, were succeeded by a superb rendering of the imprecation from Racine's "Camille," which made her audience realize that in gaining a soprano the world has lost, perhaps, its greatest tragedienne.

At eleven o'clock the clatter of hoofs in the court warned us that the pleasant evening had come to an end. A journalist en route for Paris was soon installed with me in the little omnibus that was to take us to the station, Calvé herself lighting our cigars and providing the wraps that were to keep out the cool night air.

As we passed under the low archway of the entrance amid a clamor of "adieu" and "au revoir," the young Frenchman at my side pointed up to a row of closed windows overhead. "Isn't it a lesson," he said, "for all of us, to think of the occupants of those little rooms, whom the generosity and care of that gracious artist are leading by such pleasant paths back to health and courage for their toilsome lives?"

## DAWN ON MOUNT TAMALPAIS.

A cloudless heaven is bending o'er us,  
The dawn is lighting the linn and lea;  
Island and headland and bay before us,  
And dim in the distance the heaving sea.

The Farallon light is faintly flashing,  
The birds are wheeling in fitful flocks,  
The coast-line brightens, the waves are dashing,  
And tossing their spray on the Lobos rocks.

A flame of fire in the east is glowing,  
And boldly lifting the veil of night;  
Shasta and Whitney are bravely showing  
Their crowns of snow in the morning light.

The town is stirring with faint commotion,  
In all its highways it throbs and thrills;  
We greet you! Queen of the Western Ocean,  
As you wake to life on your hundred hills.

The day advances, the light is lending  
A sheen of silver to stream and strait;  
From his royal couch, full-orbed, ascending,  
The sun looks down on the Golden Gate.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

A remarkable story is going the rounds of the English papers with regard to General Sir Ian Hamilton's spectacles. It appears that General Hamilton lost a pair of spectacles in the Battle of Majuba Hill. They were apparently picked up by a Boer whom they suited, and who kept them for twenty years. In the early part of the present year the spectacles were found on the body of a dead Boer. The case had General Hamilton's name on it, and the glasses were in due course returned to their original owner.

# INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Frederick Funston has completely recovered from the operation performed on him about a month ago for appendicitis, and is said to drive daily on the Luneta, at Manila.

Denis Mulvihill, the new mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., was a fireman in a power plant until four years ago. He had been an alderman since he left the fire-room in 1897, and his candidacy for mayor grew out of a jocular newspaper suggestion inspired by his "watchdog of the treasury" policy in the council chamber.

In a preface to the new edition of the "Index Lihrorum Prohibitorum," Pope Leo the Thirteenth explains that in deference to the wishes of French, German, and Italian hishops, some books that have always been under the ban have now been liberated. Among these are Galilei's "Dialogues" and "De Revolutionibus" and Dante's "De Monarchia."

Mrs. Otis Skinner, known on the stage as Maude Durbin, has become a student at the University of Chicago. Although Mrs. Skinner has been the most successful leading lady of her husband's company, she did not care to take the part of Francesca in the Da Rimini play this year, and so, while Mr. Skinner is on the road, Mrs. Skinner is studying literature at the university. She is taking a course on "English literature from 1700 to 1744."

Count Leo Lvovich Tolstoy, a son of the great novelist, recently made his *début* as a playwright at the New Theatre, in St. Petersburg, with a play called "Nights of Folly." It is felt that there is not much promise of young Count Leo's ultimate success. The son, moreover, went out of his way to ridicule his father, a fact which promptly cooled any willingness on the part of the audience to afford him a favorable reception. The incoherency of the play was so absolute that all the passages calculated to bring tears provoked laughter.

At the close of the run of "Ben Hur," in Chicago, last week, it was announced that the total receipts of the dramatization since its first performance in New York, two years ago, amounted to \$1,091,500, of which \$100,000 has been given to General Lew Wallace in royalties. An English production will be made at Drury Lane Theatre, London, in March, and before that time an Australian production will have been made at Melbourne. Next September a French version will be launched in Paris, and a month later German and Russian adaptations will be produced at Berlin and at St. Petersburg.

Lafcadio Hearn, whose volume, "A Japanese Miscellany," has just been published, has had a most uncommon and romantic experience. His father was an Irish surgeon in the Seventy-Sixth British Regiment, his mother a Greek lady from Cerigo. He was born at Leucadia, Santa Maura, Ionian Islands. He was sent to France at sixteen to be educated, came to America when nineteen, and found himself in New Orleans, where he did editorial work for ten years. In 1887 he visited the West Indies, with which he was charmed; went to Japan against his wish, but was quite reconciled to his fate, for he married a Japanese lady, studied the Japanese people with marvelous success, and has produced books of rare charm and remarkable value. He is now lecturer on English literature in the Imperial University of Tokio.

It is said that the savings of forty-five years of active service in the United States navy have been eaten up by the expenses of inquiry by which Admiral Schley hopes to clear his record as a naval officer. Since the final adjournment of the public sessions of the court, the admiral has been staying in Washington, D. C., attempting to extricate himself from the financial tangle caused by the inquiry. He has ended with his accounts, and he finds that every cent of the twenty thousand dollars which he had expected to leave his family, in addition to all the prize money which he will get for his part in the Spanish-American War, has been expended on the inquiry. Financially the admiral is worse off than he was almost half a century ago, when he entered the naval academy as a cadet. Mrs. Schley insists that the money has been well spent. Her children agree with her. They say that the clearing away of the cloud placed on the admiral's naval record will be of more lasting satisfaction than anything money could buy. During the inquiry witnesses were brought from long distances, stenographers were employed, and clerks were kept busy. "I can not say I wish I had it back," said Admiral Schley, "but I do wish that I had the assurance now that I had a year ago that my wife would never come to wait."

The conferring of the title of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester on the Duke of Cornwall and York on November 9th, King Edward the Seventh's sixtieth birthday, came with peculiar appropriateness immediately on the return of the duke from his colonial tour. The title of Prince of Wales was originally borne by the native rulers of that territory, who governed it as suzerains of the English crown. The commonly received story of the transfer of the title to the heirs of the English kings is that Edward the First, when expecting the birth of a son, promised the Welsh to give them a prince "free from any hlemish upon his honor, and unable to speak a word of English," and that Queen Eleanor was then taken to Carnarvon Castle, where her son was born. The title was at first hereditary, but later it became merged in the crown. The Earldom of Chester has, ever since the days of Henry the Fourth, been conferred with the Princedom of Wales. Both titles were conferred on King Edward the Seventh by patent on December 8, 1841, a month after his birth. The coat-of-arms of the Prince of Wales bears the "Prince of Wales's feathers," consisting of three ostrich feathers. At the base of these is an antique coronet, with the motto, "Ich Dien" ("I serve"). Three feathers were taken by the Black Prince from the head-dress of the King of Bohemia, who was slain at Crecy, and this resulted in the adoption of the coat-of-arms.



## BRIDES OF FORTY YEARS OR MORE.

## Woman's Age of Greatest Charm.

What is the reason that men are marrying women so much older than themselves? What is the charm of the woman of forty to the man of twenty-five? Time was when she had none at all, when he regarded her from the standpoint of a son, if not a grandson. Forty was the same as seventy is to-day. When a woman had got there, she had reached the jumping-off place. In New England, when a spinster gained the age of thirty, she put on a cap as a sort of tacit announcement that her case was past hope and she was acquiescing gracefully. We don't hear what she did when she reached forty, but it is probable she put on a shroud.

The age of the greatest charm has been steadily advancing for the last four centuries. In Shakespeare's day it was fourteen. The only heroine of his whose number of years is mentioned was at that tender period of her youth. The other dramatists, up to the Restoration, persisted in the fourteen tradition. Then there was an advance in favor of sixteen and seventeen. Sir Walter Scott and his contemporaries raised it to eighteen, and the early Victorian romancers gave it a boost up to nineteen. But it rested with the French to boldly get up and announce that there still was power to please in a woman of thirty. Balzac was responsible for this. He puts his Duchesse de Langeais at that remote age, and then wrote another book even more exclusively concerned with the charm of the woman of thirty years. This was thought so original that one of his contemporaries—I think it was Théophile Gautier—wrote a parody on it, entitled "The Woman of Forty Years." It was odd that it took the French so long to get the well-seasoned and *passé charmeuse* into their literature, as she had been a prominent figure in their social life for many generations. The Widow Beauchamps was thirty-six when she captivated young Bonaparte. Mme. Roland was thirty-eight when she was seized by her *grande passion* for the young Girondist. And had not three generations of the house of Sevigné worshipped at the shrine of Ninon de L'Enclos?

With us, the Anglo-Saxons—who mature late and develop slowly—it is singular that for so long a period the age of charm should have been confined to the earliest youth. The tendency of men to marry women older than themselves, and of society to seek its belles in women approaching middle-age, is new with us. We have not even yet got quite used to it. A marriage like Lady Randolph Churchill's to a man nearly twenty-five years her junior, seems to us a little shocking. But then we are still in the stage when a woman between forty-five and fifty sounds horribly old. We can only picture her as wrinkled, gray-haired, and fat, leading round a lad who looks as if he might be the son of her youth. Whereas, the truth of the matter is, Lady Randolph Churchill is a handsome, radiant, and altogether satisfactory person, of no age at all, or perhaps just the right age, to whom one would no more apply the word old than one would to Cleopatra when Anthony met her on the barge.

Youth—as far as women are concerned—is becoming a matter of industry and knowledge. One learns how to keep young as one learns how to keep books or play the piano. Any woman who is not harassed past endurance by poverty or overwork, can keep her youth to an age when in the past she was regarded as dead stock in the market. The beauty doctor, an extended knowledge of the laws of hygiene, the spread of luxury, the possession of money, have all contributed to keeping smooth the brow and bright the eye of the woman who, twenty years ago, would have been laid away in lavender. And when looking into her glass she complacently concludes that she is really better-looking than she was at twenty, she does not see anything incongruous in the thought of marrying a nice young man who is fifteen years her junior. As for the young man, he finds her a great deal more attractive than the maid of eighteen, who really stands a poor show beside her. Eighteen seems very bread-and-butter after the experienced attractions of a forty which is quite as good-looking and so very much more amusing.

But why does the woman of forty like the young man of twenty-five? In "The Princess and the Butterfly," she liked him because he was full of fire, romance, and illusions, and hers were all gone. He was something new. In Lady Randolph Churchill's case, he was very handsome—quite an Apollo of a young man. But in most cases the spell seems to be that of a sort of mutuality of taste and aim. The young man is generally of the serious type, and to want to marry a woman so much his senior argues a desperate love. This touches the heart of the lady, who—in the plays and books, at least—always honestly tells him her age. But he doesn't care a bit. He loves her for herself—age cuts no ice. And the man who desperately woos, no matter what his years, means, or condition, is the man who wins. What is that proverb about the faint heart and the fair lady?

When you come to a larger disparity of years than an advantage of fifteen to twenty on the part of the wife, you come to something before which the skill of the beauty doctor is of no avail. A woman of sixty generally looks sixty, and if she tries to look thirty by making up and wearing a wig, she

only succeeds in looking seventy. Nature seems to say: "I can tolerate your marriage with a man fifteen years your junior, but when it comes to thirty I can not countenance it. Therefore, I will draw my favor from you, and you can look your years. Presto! Change!" And the woman suddenly appears old and decrepit. Then she calls in the aid of artifice, but it is of no avail. She looks appallingly, hideously old, a wrinkled old crone, blinking pitiously out on a scornful world from the shadow of her blonde wig.

We are not trained up yet to the marriage of the really old woman to the young man. Probably fifty years from now it will be quite the fashion, and grandmas of seventy will have the air of being twenty-five. I saw the other day in a paper that Nikola Tesla was going to invent some kind of an electric machine with which one took a shock every morning instead of a bath, and kept young forever. That machine will probably be perfected, and every woman will have one in her dressing-room. But at the stage we are now at, seventy is still undisguisable, and when it mates with thirty it offends us. England never quite got over the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's marriage. And Queen Victoria, who, with all her German narrowness of view, had sensible ideas on the behavior of her own sex, never forgave it.

And there is such a piteous side to it. The woman appears so humilatingly old and looks as if she knew it. Her paint and powder and blonde curls are piercingly pathetic, indicating such a gallant fight against an enemy who has already won. One day in the Rue di Rivoli, in Paris, I encountered one of these bedizened old dames, walking with a young and handsome man, tall, very slim, and well dressed. She was a little woman, and walked stiffly, as though her boots were too tight. She was radiantly dressed in white, a white parasol spread over her head, on which was perched an elaborate light hat. Her face was richly painted, with a pair of crimson lips as the deepest note of color, and a fringe of auburn curls was on her forehead. She looked haggard and aged. There was something curiously familiar about her face, and, as she spoke, I suddenly saw who it was—Adelina Patti and her young husband! It was a shock. This was what "the last of the great prima donnas" had come to.

GERALDINE BONNER.

## Close of the Art Exhibition.

The annual fall exhibition of water-colors of the San Francisco Art Association, which has been attracting much attention during the past fortnight, came to a close on Thursday evening, November 21st, with a promenade concert which was given under the direction of Henry Heyman. The soloists were Miss Carrie Brown Dexter, soprano; Miss Clara Dabney (accompanist for Miss Dexter); Jack Harris, tenor; Julius Gold, violinist; and Emil Cruells, organist and accompanist.

Rollin M. Daggett, who passed away last week, was one of the best-known of the earlier writers of the Coast. He published several books, and latterly has been engaged in editorial work here. His best-known volume is entitled "Legends and Myths of Hawaii."

## THE DECEMBER MAGAZINES.

## The Century Magazine.

During the coming year the *Century Magazine* is to have some interesting features in the poetical line. For the December number Milton's "L'Allegro" has been chosen for color illustration by Maxfield Parrish, whose remarkable drawings for the "Ode on the Nativity," printed in colors, were the pictorial feature of the Christmas issue of last year. Among the other stories, descriptive articles, and poems appropriate to Christmastide which will appear in the December *Century* are "Christmas in France," by Th. Benton ("Mme. Blanc"), illustrated by the distinguished artist, Boutet de Monvel; "The Christmas Angel," by Clinton Scollard; "How They Brought the Christmas Tree to Nome," by Edith M. Thomas; "The Steeple-Builders," by Anita Fitch, illustrated attractively by Helen Armstrong, Guerin, and Orson Lowell; and "The Mystery Play," by Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, a touching story of Kentucky.

Other leading contributions will be the second paper, by Emerson Hough, on "The Settlement of the West" (the early steamboat days), with illustrations by Remington; a paper on "Book Plates"; the second part of Cyrus Townsend Brady's dramatic sketch, "Barbarossa"; the first part of "The Rescue," a new novelette of heredity, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, a young American woman living in England, the author of "The Confounding of Camelia"; and interesting material of a personal character relating to Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt.

The humorous features of the number include a story of an amateur librarian, by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "Blackgum ag'in Thunder"; "The Deception of Martha Tucker," by Charles Battell Loomis, an automobile extravaganza; "The Testimonial," by Gelett Burgess; and "Officer Brady," by Robert W. Chambers, a clever satire in verse on the New York police under the Tammany régime. New original drawings and letters by Thackeray accompany the first of two papers on "Thackeray in the United States," by General James Grant Wilson, and there are short contributions from Ruth McEnery Stuart, Carolyn Wells, Oliver Herford, and Elliott Flower.

## Scribner's Magazine.

The artistic features of the Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine* will include a colored cover by Maxfield Parrish, and a frontispiece in color by the same artist, drawings by Castaigne and Jessie Wilcox Smith, reproduced in their original colors; snow scenes in the Adirondacks by Guérin, printed in tints which suggest the winter landscape; and a collection of portraits of American children from paintings by Sargent, Miss Beaux, Kendall, Alexander, Chase, Miss Cassat, Thayer, Brush, Lockwood, and others.

The longest single story will be "The Turquoise Cup," by Arthur Cosslett Smith, author of "The Monk and the Dancer," "The Peach," and other well-remembered tales. Thomas Nelson Page will revive his memories of an old-time Sunday in Virginia as it was in his boyhood, and William Henry

Bishop will contribute an up-to-date fairy story, "The Last of the Fairy Wands." Among the other notable features will be a capital sea story, "The Making of a Pilot"; a humorous story, "The Stranger Within Their Gates," with characteristic illustrations by Glackens; the second installment of F. Hopkinson Smith's novel, "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn"; and "Thyreus," a poem of Cleopatra, by Benjamin Paul Blood, illustrated in color by Castaigne.

## The Smart Set.

The leading feature of the December *Smart Set* is a novelette by Edward S. Van Zile entitled "How Chopin Came to Remsen," which tells of a prosaic lawyer who becomes suddenly seized with the spirit and genius of the great composer. It is at once a psychologic study and a travesty on the theory of reincarnation. The second contribution of length is a story in play-form, entitled "The Castle-Builder," which is printed anonymously. The Infanta Eulalie writes a very interesting opinion of "The American Girl," whom she studied on the occasion of her memorable visit to the United States, and as a companion article, Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood discusses "L'Américaine" as she is found abroad, particularly in Paris. Among the interesting short stories are "An Opal Ring," by Justus Miles Forman; "The Pathos of Being Gooey," by Kate Jordan; "Lord Cammarleigh's Secret," by Roy Horniman; "Art for Love's Sake," by Laura Cleveland Gaylord; "The Problem Play," by Douglas Story; "Extension Souls," by Guy Somerville; and "The Heart of the World," by Marvin Dana; and verse is contributed by Julien Gordon, Bliss Carman, Clinton Scollard, Theodosia Garrison, Myrtle Reed, and Madison Cawein.

## A Unique Voting Contest.

Naturally the most interest in the exhibit of four hundred international dolls, for the benefit of the Protestant-Episcopal Old Ladies' Home, in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel during the first week in December, will centre in the California doll. This is to be donated by Mrs. Daniel McLeod, and will represent this State in the other cities to which the dolls shall journey. In order to raise funds, the doll is to be named by a popular voting contest, each vote costing but ten cents. Carmelita, Dolores, Ramona, Juanita, Mariquita, Mercedes, Ynez, are the names which have been chosen as the most appropriate, and they will be voted upon in every city and town throughout the State. By this means, all who avail themselves of the opportunity of voting will have a share in selecting the name and of helping this most worthy charity.

The Protestant-Episcopal Old Ladies' Home affords a shelter for aged and infirm old ladies. It has no State aid, is supported entirely by voluntary contribution, and consequently is in need of funds. The board of managers have resorted to this means of raising money to supply the daily needs of the institution, and it is hoped that they will succeed in raising a generous sum.

Hugo Mansfeldt has just returned from a year's travel in Europe.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S new novel

# THE CRISIS

is still the best selling book in the United States, and perhaps in the world. For one reason, it is the best story and the most exquisitely told, and for another, it gives us that interpretation of American history that we so much need, and that inner light on the life of our great men which no one now would be without.

Recognizing the fact that the book is destined to increase its popularity from now on, the publishers are putting on the market a special holiday edition with a portrait of the author, never before published, and reproduced in photogravure. And this edition will be sold at the same price as the other, viz., \$1.50 net, by the booksellers.

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, author of "Richard Carvel," "The Celebrity," etc. With Illustrations by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY. 12mo, cloth.

Holiday Edition, with portrait, in a special box, \$1.50 net.

"A book that presents the great crisis in our national life with splendid power and with a sympathy, a sincerity, and a patriotism that are inspiring." —*The Tribune*, Chicago.

"A book every American should know, for it teaches him anew to revere the memory of the men to whom this nation owes its continued existence." —*The Mail and Express*, New York.

## The Benefactress

is another new novel which is worth reading. It is perhaps the only work of fiction of real humor published during the past year. Cloth, \$1.50.

"If you have the taste to know what real entertainment is you will find it here." —*THE SUN*, New York.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, 66 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.



LITERARY NOTES.

With the Painters and Sculptors of France. Nine years ago, W. C. Browell's instructive and entertaining work, "French Art: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture," was given to the public, and its merit has kept it in favor through the decade. The publishers have now brought out a new and enlarged edition, embellished with forty-eight fine engravings, and the author has taken advantage of his opportunity, and added a chapter on "Rodin and the Institute."

Mr. Brownell has divided his work into seven chapters, treating successively "Classic Painting," "Romantic Painting," "Realistic Painting," "Classic Sculpture," "Academic Sculpture," and "The New Movement in Sculpture." In his descriptions and criticisms he notices the paintings of Claude, Poussin, Lebrun, Lesueur, Greuze, Chardin, David, Prud'hon, Delacroix, Couture, Puvis de Chavannes, Courbet, Bastien-Lepage, Béraud, and

others, and the sculpture of Clodion, Houdou, Frémiet, Rodin, Dalou, and their contemporaries. Mr. Brownell's knowledge and ability make him an authority, and his judgments in these pages will be the last word with most lovers of art.

The volume is handsomely printed in large type on heavy, antique paper, with wide margins and rough edges. It is worthy of the thoughts expressed in its pages.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$3.75.

New Publications.

Two detective stories, rather above the ordinary in that line, are "A Daughter of Mystery," by R. N. Silver, and "My Strangest Case," by Guy Boothby. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50 each.

Mrs. Lovett Cameron's latest novel, "Bitter Fruit," considered one of her best, and Burford Delaunoy's detective story, "The Margate Mys-

tery," are prominent among the new books. Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.25 each.

"Cardigao," the American historical novel, by Robert W. Chambers, which has attracted much attention during its publication as a serial, is now ready in book-form. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

All bachelors contend with their lot, all bachelors in doubt, and all who sympathize with bachelors or revile them, will find entertainment and wisdom culled from more than a hundred authors in a little red volume just the size for a pocket companion and entitled "Bachelor Bigotries," compiled by an old maid. Published by the Commercial Publishing Company, San Francisco.

It is easy to decide that "Kids of Maoy Colors" belongs among the best of the holiday books for children. Its name is the least attractive thing about it, and that is excused by the fact that it illustrates children's moods and sports in all kinds, describ-

ing them in melodious rhymes by Grace Duffie Boylan, and picturing them in colored designs by Ike Morgao. Published by the Jamieson Higgins Company, Chicago; price, \$1.50.

John Habberton's new story, "Caleb Wright," is crowded with the experiences of three leading figures in a country town. The book is named after the chief of the three, a confidential clerk in a general merchandise establishment, who looks after and delights his employer and his employer's wife, a young couple who inherit the business unexpectedly and come from New York to take charge of the business. It is not a briskly humorous tale, but there are some quiet comicalities in it, and its sympathetic air is agreeable. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"A Modern Aotæus," by the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," is to be published this week.

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

\$3.00 A YEAR

FOR 1902

25 CENTS A COPY

## THE AMERICAN "COMMERCIAL INVASION" OF EUROPE



FRANK A. VANDERLIP

By FRANK A. VANDERLIP, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. A vitally important subject, treated in a striking and highly suggestive way by one of the best expert investigators and men-of-affairs of the country. The series of articles was undertaken especially for *Scribner's* and is the result of a journey through Europe. In the course of this trip Mr. Vanderlip gathered a vast store of new facts and information concerning the invasion of Europe by American industries and methods, and these facts, in addition to his previous thorough knowledge of the subject, are brought out in a peculiarly interesting and vital fashion in these papers. Mr. Vanderlip has not written as a statistician, but as a master in the art of presentation. Fully illustrated from most interesting material.

### WALTER A. WYCKOFF

The author of "The Workers" will tell in several articles how American competition is affecting laborers in foreign countries, and how it is looked upon by them. These articles, which are the result of a special trip to Europe, are, in a way, complementary to Mr. Vanderlip's, and present the human and personal side of the subject.



WALTER A. WYCKOFF

### F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S NEW SERIAL STORY

"The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," which began in the November *Scribner*, will run through eleven numbers. This is Mr. Smith's longest and most ambitious novel, and in every respect as to interest of plot and charm of narrative his best. Illustrated by W. A. Clark.

### SPECIAL ARTICLES

A few of the notable articles to appear early in the year are four Italian sketches by Mrs. Edith Wharton, illustrated by E. C. Peixotto; The Abitibi



F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Fur Brigade, the great annual canoe voyage from Hudson's Bay, described and illustrated by Arthur Heming; illustrated articles on the life of deep-sea fishermen, by J. B. Connolly; The Modern French Girl, by Mrs. Philip Gilbert Hamerton; illustrated out-door articles by Frederic Irland, and an article with superb illustrations by André Castaigne.

The illustrated prospectus, in small book form, of "*Scribner's Magazine for 1902*," will be sent free of charge to any address

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York

## RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S NEW NOVEL

"Captain Macklin" will begin during the year, and will fulfill in the highest degree the great expectations aroused in Mr. Davis's readers by "Soldiers of Fortune." It is the author's ripest and most important work, and it has a special element of vividness in the fact that it deals with a life with which Mr. Davis has become very familiar in the course of his own experiences. "Captain Macklin" will prove to be the most popular as it is the most ambitious of Mr. Davis's stories.



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

### EX-PRESIDENT D. C. GILMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS

These reminiscent papers, by Ex-President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, deal with much of the most important intellectual movement of the last quarter-century, and have a strong personal flavor and are full of anecdote and character.

### SHORTER FICTION

The strength of *Scribner's* in the past in this kind of literature is perhaps assurance enough. It may be mentioned, however, that there will be stories by Thomas Nelson Page, Richard Harding Davis, George W. Cable, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Frank R. Stockton, John Fox, Jr., Frederick Palmer, A. T. Quiller-Couch, Jesse Lynch Williams, Mrs. Jeannette Duncan Cotes, F. J. Stimson, Arthur Cosslett Smith, and others.

### ILLUSTRATIONS

*Scribner's*, as in the past, will contain new and interesting examples of the best work of leading illustrators. Among those who have been engaged for special work for 1902 are Howard Pyle, Maxfield Parrish, Walter Appleton Clark, Howard Chandler Christy, André Castaigne, F. C. Yohn, A. B. Frost, Henry Reuter Dahl, A. I. Keller, W. Glackens, Henry McCarter, E. C. Peixotto, Arthur Heming, M. J. Burns and others. There will be special illustrative schemes printed in colors, each one novel in its way, also elaborate cover-designs in colors.



REDUCED ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTY



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Arabian Nights Entertainments.

A new and notable edition of that wonderful collection of stories of the Mediæval East, "The Arabian Nights Entertainments," reproduces the original translation from the Arabic by E. W. Lane, the first made in English. Antoine Galland, the noted French Orientalist, introduced the work to his countrymen in the early years of the eighteenth century, publishing "Les Mille et une Nuits, contes Arabes traduits en français" in Paris, in twelve volumes. For many years all English versions followed the Frenchman's rendering, but in 1847 the Lane translation appeared, offering many new attractions. This paragraph is from the preface of the first volume of the new edition:

"As the 'Ramaunt of the Rose' has vividly pictured mediæval European life for us, as the 'Ramayana' has preserved for centuries the local characteristics and coloring of the great Aryan advance into Ceylon in the face of the opposition of the Dravidian aborigines, so the 'Arabian Nights' retains traces of its eclectic or composite origin. Embedded in its stories we find all the mysterious supernaturalism of India, all the vivid and picturesque social life of China, all the learning and the culture of Persia, all the unknown terrors and nameless dread attaching in the Dark and Mediæval Ages to Africa. The book has given delight to countless millions in days gone by, and its pleasure-giving attributes seem ever on the increase."

The publishers have spared no pains in their effort to make the work attractive in every way. Its literary style and completeness will please the scholar as well as the general reader, and its hundred fine illustrations in photogravure, by Stanley Wood, will delight those of artistic tendencies. The books are handsomely printed on antique-finish opaque paper, and are bound in green cloth with gilt tops and rough edges.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, six volumes, \$9.00.

## Short Stories of Political Life.

William Allen White has named his collection of short stories "Stratagems and Spoils," with the subtitle, "Stories of Love and Politics." But there is much more political life than romantic experience in them. With one exception, they are studies of the influence of woman on politics and politicians, and it is remarkable that in only one of the instances noted is that influence for good. There are five of the stories, and all are told in a straightforward, realistic style, that often produces dramatic situations. All have been printed singly in a magazine, but they lose no force by being brought together in book-form.

"The Man on Horseback" shows a street-railway magnate in his home, and pictures the conditions that surround him at a critical period, when an important franchise is under consideration by the city council. His only son has been suddenly called by death, and the still form rests in the darkened house. Reports that the franchise is doomed are brought in, and an interview with one of his lieutenants confirms their threats. But the wavering lieutenant can be brought back to his allegiance through the ambition of his wife. The railway president coolly sends for the woman, who has been concerned in a scandal with his son, and promises her social success if she will keep her husband loyal. She agrees, and demands as an earnest that she be welcomed by the dead boy's mother, and invited to remain during the funeral. And the father accepts the terms, and forces his wife to submit to the ambitious woman's presence.

"A Victory for the People" is a refreshing contrast, for in this a good wife compels her husband, the governor of a State, to appoint an upright man senator, and thus confounds the unprincipled schemers who try to buy him with promises of higher office. In "A Triumph's Evidence," a young congressman sacrifices his chances for reelection on principle, and then in his retirement wins a young woman who praises his strength of character and ability. But when he is offered the bribe of an election to the Senate, and hesitates, the woman's influence is thrown against his mistaken idea of honor, and he accepts. What will be recognized by many as a portrait of a once-popular idol is drawn in the character of Daniel Gregg, the central figure in "A Most Lamentable Comedy," but in the story the enthusiastic patriot and fervid orator is elected governor and proves a wretched failure as an executive officer. The influence of a woman who cares nothing for him leads him to neglect his wife,

and in the end contributes to the forces that cause his downfall. The story is well-named.

Mr. Allen's stories are written from thorough knowledge of political life and its temptations. His skill as a story-teller aids him in making conventional positions seem novel and exigent. But few of his scenes are overdrawn, and the problems which he has illustrated are real. The book is to be commended as one of the most faithful representations of American political life yet seen in fiction.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Máxim Górký's new book, from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, with the title, "Orloff and His Wife: Tales of the Barefoot Brigade," is new only to the author's English-speaking audiences, the book having already had fifteen Russian editions, besides a wide distribution in French. It includes eight stories, all of which, with one exception, portray the vagabonds whom Górký has met in his tramp life in Russia.

Professor David Starr Jordan has written a "Life of Herbert Spencer," which is to be published soon.

Stanley Weyman's latest romance, "Count Hannibal," will be ready in book-form on December 1st.

Two biographies of Napoleon are on the list of the forthcoming books of the Macmillan Company, both of which are likely to add to the interest of an inexhaustible study. The first in order of publication will be "A Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," in two volumes, by J. H. Rose, M. A. The other is "A Life of Napoleon I.," by the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, which is announced as only in preparation.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, whose remarkable series of books on France, Spain, Italy, etc., in the nineteenth century, is well known, has written an historical novel, entitled "Prince Incognito." This departure from the writer's chosen field is remarkable, considering Mrs. Latimer's advanced age of ninety years.

"The Elf Errant" is the title of a fairy-tale, by Moira O'Neill, which the Macmillan Company will publish immediately.

Students of Rome will be interested in "New Tales of Old Rome," an illustrated work, by Rodolfo Lanciani, which has just been published. Professor Lanciani's scholarship and his high position at Rome give the stamp of authenticity to his statements.

A posthumous volume of essays by Max Müller is to appear soon. It will treat of Buddhism and on the alleged sojourn of Christ in India.

A new novel is occupying the energies of Mrs. Humphry Ward, which, it is announced, will be published next year as a serial.

"The Life and Works of Schiller," by Professor Calvin Thomas, of Columbia, is to be published soon. It will be a sumptuous volume of nearly five hundred pages, with a few portrait illustrations in photogravure.

W. J. Locke, author of "Derelicts," "Idols," and other novels, has written another book entitled the "The Usurper."

It is understood that while "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" is not altogether autobiography, it has woven into it many of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's own experiences.

"The Story of the Art of Building," by P. L. Waterhouse, has just been published by D. Appleton & Co. It gives a concise outline history of architecture from its primitive beginnings to the American "sky-scraper."

Mrs. Edith Wharton's novel of eighteenth-century life in Italy is to be called "The Valley of Decision."

The creator of that delectable rascal, Raffles, the hero of the volume of that name reviewed in our issue of October 14th, is said to be one of the quietest men in London literary circles. One might expect to see in E. W. Hornung almost any sort of personality rather than the affable, mild-mannered, and almost clerically looking gentleman that he is. Mr. Hornung is only thirty-six years old, and he looks several years younger. He got his education at an English school, and at eighteen went to Australia for two years, where he obtained the materials for his popular stories of bush life. He is a cricketer of no mean ability, a fact of some interest to the friends of Raffles, whose early experience as a cricket player they will remember. Mr. Hornung's wife is a sister of Conan Doyle, the novelist.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Circumstance."

The distinctive characteristics and foibles of the conservative society of Philadelphia are the materials used by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell in his new novel, "Circumstance." The Faithornes are a wealthy and distinguished family, showing in conservatism and refinement the effects of a long line of well-bred ancestors. But one male member survives, John Faithorne, an ailing but intellectual old man, in whose care are three orphan nieces. Of these, two are practical, quiet girls of sterling character and brilliant mind; while the third, Kitty, is a typical society coquette—empty-headed and vain. Mrs. Hunter, a shrewd and unscrupulous adventuress, takes advantage of this weakness on the part of the niece to introduce herself into the household of the uncle, whose confidential secretary she soon becomes. Finally, knowing that she has been exposed, and will be driven from the house, she almost decides to murder the old man with poison, so as to obtain thirty thousand dollars left her in his will. Her struggle between decision and indecision in this matter forms one of the strongest passages in the book, working up to a dramatic climax when she relents at the last moment and implores her benefactor not to take the fatal dose which she has already put into his hand. But while the schemes and intrigues of Mrs. Hunter form the main plot of the book, there are quite a number of other characters which play an important part, and are admirably drawn. They are just such persons as Dr. Weir Mitchell has probably known in Philadelphia, and show his penetrating analysis of human nature. Their love-stories are extremely entertaining, and give a cheerful and wholesome tone to an otherwise sombrous tale.

"Circumstance" is strictly a novel of character; it concerns itself solely with people and their interplay on each other, and affords ample opportunity for the exploitation of different phases of human nature as Dr. Mitchell has observed them in his study and practice. It is filled with interesting philosophical reflections such as: "Some people pile up mountains in their imagination, and then climb over them." "There may be two fools, the fooler and the fooled." But except for this vein of keen observation and strong character-drawing, "Circumstance" does not equal some of the writer's former novels either in scope, interest, or forcefulness.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Sonnets in Slang.

"The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," by Wallace Irwin, is a unique work. It consists of twenty-four sonnets, built up of slang, telling the story of a discarded swain's unsuccessful efforts to reestablish himself in the good graces of his adored. Gelett Burgess has written a clever introduction for the rhymes, in which he defends the use of slang and quotes from Phineas Fletcher, John Webster, Ben Jonson, and other Elizabethan poets to sustain his assertion that the language of those days was "untrammeled" and of kin to "modern colloquial talk." "The sonnet has been likened to an exquisite crystal goblet that holds one sublimely inspired thought so perfectly that not another drop can be added without overflow," says Mr. Burgess, and then adds: "And now, in this first year of the new century, the historic cup is refilled and tossed off in a radiant toast to Erato by Wallace Irwin."

Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

New Publications.

"Back to the Soil," by Bradley Gilman, is the story of a colony that proposes to solve some sociological problems. It is a serious yet entertaining book. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Serious readers will find much of value in "The Passing and the Permanent in Religion," by Minot J. Savage. It is an interesting statement of advanced liberal thought. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.35.

"Aguinaldo: A Narrative of Filipino Ambitions," by Edwin Wildman, is an explanation, an argument, and a prophecy, but not a biography or a novel. There is little that is new in the volume. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.20.

Two pretty volumes, one containing "Jan Oxber" and the other a collection of short stories under the title of "Love in Our Village," all by Orme Agnus, are suited to the holiday season. They are realistic tales of rustic life in England. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, two volumes, \$2.00.

"Beowulf," by Samuel Harden Church, is not a translation of the old Anglo-Saxon saga, but a poem suggested by the traditional adventures of that Gothic warrior. It is handsomely printed, and has eleven illustrations by Albert Grantley Reinhart. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

"In the Days of Audubon," by Hezekiah Butterworth, is a volume that describes the prominent events in the life of America's first great naturalist in an entertaining way, and the story is one that every boy and girl should read. In addition to the

biographic narrative, there is an appendix giving instructions for the forming of Audubon societies, and for the acquirement of knowledge about birds. The book is well illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.20.

"In the Fairyland of America: A Tale of the Pukwudjies," by Herbert Quick, is a fine story of Indians and other denizens of the woods, humorous, and yet full of gentleness. It will please all young readers. The illustrations, by E. W. Deming, are notable. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.20.

There are few volumes of fairy stories that equal in interest and worth, and in artistic illustrations, "The True Annals of Fairyland: Old King Cole." It has been edited by J. M. Gihbon, and illustrated by Charles Robinson, and the labor of these two artists has produced a book that will gladden many youthful hearts. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Three novels worthy of more than passing notice are "The Road to Frontenac," by Samuel Merwin; "The Backwoodsman," by H. A. Stanley; and "The Black Tortoise," by Frederick Viller, translated from the Norwegian by Gertrude Hughes Brækstad. The first mentioned is a romance of Quebec in 1687, the second a story of the Mohawk Valley in Revolutionary times, and the third a detective story with European settings. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 each.

Through poetry, romance, and the work of the master painters, Esther Singleton has sought with success for the choicest expressions of the tender passion, and the result is a handsome volume of

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Well-considered analysis and crisp, lucid characterization and criticism mark the six essays by W. C. Brownell contained in the volume entitled "Victorian Prose Masters." Thackeray, "one of the few great novelists of the world"; Carlyle, whose "whimsical and artificial" style is still vital; George Eliot, whose "remarkable genius" set her at the head of psychological novelists; Matthew Arnold, to whose influence a marked change in the literature of England is ascribed; Ruskin, the "born poet," whose work became famous "first for its style and second for its ideas"; and George Meredith, the "original" novelist who "can not be placed," are the writers discussed by Mr. Brownell. The interest of the essays is continuous, and their illuminating power remarkable. The book will not be neglected by readers of critical taste. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

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A French critic has called Wagner "the sovereign dispenser of supernatural ecstasy and of super-human weariness." It is a clever summing up that will find many an echo in many a mind. But, after all, it is only a half truth. It is not Wagner, but the feeble conception of the puppets who have vainly attempted to interpret him, that has wearied us. Musical genius demands the artist's truest expression to convey its message to humanity. And we have all endured heavy disillusionments at various times in trying to acquaint ourselves with the music of the future.

I have heard the rôle of Elsa sung by a voiceless, middle-aged frump, with a figure like a ham. I once heard a tenor supporting Emma Juch sing so execrably out of tune that he came to grief on the simple swan melody. I remember hearing a chorus who all but broke down on the familiar "Lohengrin" wedding march. I have heard yelping tenors, yawping contraltos, hooting sopranos, in the same opera. I have heard conscientious and well-trained vocalists sing it with a sort of mechanical precision. They were virtually unaware that they were called upon to breathe life into a lovely poem. Their imaginations slumbered, and so did the æsthetic sensibilities of their audience.

I have frequently come away from these deadening performances stigmatizing "Lohengrin" as heavy—which is a term by which we compromise with our conscience, and avoid saying dull. But I first heard "Lohengrin" as it should be sung during the Grau season of last year, and again on the opening night of the present season. And lo! all heaviness is gone! It is full of delicious melodies, delicate harmonies. It is an enchanting fairy-tale, a lovely medieval romance. Never was night so sinless, lady so fair, love so pure. Never were sight and hearing, those twin avenues that open such glorious vistas to the soul, so bathed in floods of enchanting beauty. For there was the winged imagination of true artists to carry straight to our hearts the loveliness of the poet's thought.

But our French critic further asserts that Wagner neglected the greater possibilities of the human voice in favor of orchestration. When one recalls the merciless length of discourse by the characters in the Niebelungen Ring, at which even some of the most loving and comprehending commentators among Wagner's own countrymen rebel, one sits aghast at the assertion. The composer, borne on irresistibly by a tremendous fecundity of thought and expression, was not given to restraining the vocal eloquence of his characters. But in a second hearing of "Die Walküre," we perceive even more clearly that the orchestral accompaniment is but an intensification of the vocal expression. It is of wonderful beauty, whether the music is so frankly descriptive as to arouse the disapproval of the ultra-critical, or so subtly suggestive as to create the appropriate mood without arousing the consciousness.

In the performance of last Friday evening there were missing two potent personalities—two magnificent voices—whose presence in last year's cast of the same opera made the "Valkyrie" night the biggest artistic and financial success of the season. Mme. Reuss-Beloe's Brunnhilde could as little approach the thrilling grandeur of Nordica's portrayal as Dippel's Siegmund could possess the heroic qualities with which Van Dyck invested the same character. Each of these two singers, however, displayed superior musical attainments, and many evidences of comprehensive dramatic study. But Gadske remained the overmastering figure, vocally and dramatically, and by thus subordinating the character of Brunnhilde, she unconsciously subtracted from the artistic balance of the performance.

The opera makes a tremendous claim on the imagination, and it is only by the completeness of our response that we can hope to taste the perfect joys of the initiated. No one who has a limited imagination, a purely practical order of mind, and a sense of humor of the simple and literal kind, should attempt to set foot within that wild realm of gods and heroes. But even though we wade knee-deep in the mystic mythology of the Norseman, even though we saturate ourselves with musical lore and chase up the elusive leit motif until the brain reels, still must we be content to remain on the hither side of perfect comprehension of Wagner's great work. It was to the mind and heart of his own countrymen that he addressed himself, and no one would be more skeptical than the composer himself of our ability to approach complete intellectual or emotional sympathy with music-dramas couched in a tongue that is either unknown or but partly comprehended. We are like children listening to a beautiful tale, whose dimly felt ethical meaning fasci-

nates but eludes us. Even the coolest-blooded, however, would feel their pulses leaping in response to the strange, wild challenge of the music of the *valkyries*, as the wish-maidens assemble on the rocky heights with thrilling calls to each other of a wild and piercing sweetness.

What a radical change it was on Saturday night to emerge from the dim twilight of primeval times, and from the thrall of the Titanic emotions that swayed the gods and their half-mortal progeny. We found ourselves plumbing the shallows in the heart of a pretty, mindless coquette on the evening of Sibyl Sanderson's first appearance. It was at once easy to understand the favor that singer has won in Paris. She seemed more French than American, and has an almost Judic-like witchery in the little coquettish, the pretty by-play, the dainty seductiveness of manner, tone, and gesture. Neither temperamentally nor vocally, however, is she built on the proper colossal scale to charm the musical susceptibilities of her fellow-countrymen. She may please but never thrill, nor has she the power to electrify us into universal acclamation. We are a practical people, and want much for our money. Our idea of grand opera as given by Grau's singers necessarily includes some element of greatness, something overmastering, overwhelming. We wish to be swept off our feet by the unquestioned vocal or dramatic genius which has won its owner world-wide renown. If it be true that some have greatness thrust upon them, then that same crowning gift of life may perhaps be coaxed, beguiled, and charmed out of an indulgent and too-partial world. There are always some fortunate ones on this earth who irresistibly attract toward themselves so many of the good things of life that even high fame on his flinty hill-top succumbs to the spell, and heads the flattering procession rather than be left out.

Sibyl Sanderson had youth, beauty, personal charm, and moderate musical talent. With the further elements of favorable circumstances, opportunity, and good luck joining in a friendly conspiracy to aid her, her name has become great without the singer herself possessing any of the elements of true greatness. Her voice, as all San Francisco knows by this time, and as it shrewdly suspected before she came, is merely charming. Of its phenomenally high register only the technical musician can judge. The general audience was sweetly unconscious as to whether she was singing to E or G, but was perfectly aware that the voice never issued from the loveliest little throat in the world with the sureness, breadth, and volume which should accompany the vocalism of great singers. Sweetness it has, great flexibility, and in moments a delicate, evanescent brilliancy; but it lacks purity of intonation, and even at times correctness of pitch. There is a suggestion of physical frailty about it, as if years or illness had subtracted something of its strength. But it is perfectly patent that it never was, never could have been, a great voice. And yet, nobody grudges Sibyl Sanderson her past triumphs. Every one wishes to say the best that can be said. With all the good things that have been rolling her way, goes a tide of friendly feeling, and a sort of unspoken congratulation on her having daringly patted grim old destiny's cheek, and, while adroitly avoiding his buffets, gotten around him with pretty, coaxing blandishments.

Sibyl Sanderson is called by so many a beautiful woman, and she can in her small person marshal such an array of physical charms, that it is only fair to award her her place in the ranks of beauty. To some, however, prettiness rather than beauty seems the fitting term. She is a little woman, and her figure, with its delicacy, yet roundness of contour, is her great point. Her throat, cheek, and neck have the peach-like curve that belongs to extreme youth. In her Juliet costume, with fair hair falling in graceful, girlish dishevelment, she was triumphantly youthful, and almost the Juliet of our fancy—almost, but not quite. There is, in spite of her youthful contour, a hint of maturity in the expression of her face. Her smile is frequent and sweet, but mechanical; there is an inward weariness in the expression of her eyes.

I did not discover any passion in her Juliet. It was graceful, sweet, maidenly, contained, but not ardent. Her costumes were rich, of elegant design, with a beautiful blending of pale tints, and worn with grace. But there is something so essentially modern about Sibyl Sanderson that it is as difficult to locate her modish little figure back in the centuries as it is to fancy the lovely, large-eyed Elsa we saw on Monday night, with the rapt, *spirituelle* face, and rhythmic, poetic beauty of gesture and bearing, trudging along Market Street in the rain, with an

umbrella over her head and a short, rainy-day skirt swashing about her ankles.

People who go to the opera are not those who make up the ordinary theatre audience. Several times this week I have seen the usual tremendous concourse, its numbers entirely unaffected by the size of the grand-opera multitude, streaming along in a slowly uniting tide from the group of theatres in the neighborhood of Powell Street. On Tuesday night, while thousands of people were desperately trying to pay for a mere foothold at the Grand Opera House, without any prospect whatever of laying eyes on the singers, Willie Collier's audience were comfortably filling the Columbia, and looking gayly oblivious of the strenuous delights of grand opera.

Willie Collier is at present about the best histrionic remedy I know of for the toothache of carking care. It is quite impossible to analyze the methods of the instinctive humorist. I have tried to sit me down seriously, while Collier was on the stage, and discover just why a mildly witty remark on his lips is provocative of such extreme and uncontrollable mirth. And while I wonder, we are off! Suddenly the entire house is shrieking with laughter, strangers are looking sympathetically at each other with streaming eyes, and people are rocking helplessly in their seats, while the cause of this risible cataclysm, having just dropped a small remark in the quietest of tones, is wearing an earnest, zealous expression, and is busy arguing in dumb show as to the entire gravity and weight of his just-uttered sentiment. Mr. Collier loves to take his audience in. He will suddenly become serious, and with his voice and manner full of pleasant, likable sincerity, will perhaps discourse to the girl of his heart, of his affection, his hopes, resolutions, etc. Collier has a low-toned voice with a penetrating quality to it, the kind of voice that always makes itself heard without effort. Every one listens with pleased approval to the tones of the *mauvais sujet* discarding earnestly of his deeper feelings, when, suddenly, after the serious interest of the house is thoroughly roused, comes an irrepressible lapse into absurdity, and again laughter is the rule.

The new play is badly named; but "On the Quiet," in spite of its colorless title, is clever, bright, and very amusing. It fits Mr. Collier's intense Americanism of style so closely that it is hard to dissociate his individuality from the lines he utters. One feels continually as if he, and not Augustus Thomas, were the witty creator of the jokes and enormously funny situations.

His company, while a good one, does not contain so many talented players as he brought with him in his last engagement, but the play is so amusing that they are scarcely missed. Cranley Douglas filled out the clever character sketch of the Duke of Carbonade with much intelligence and humor, while the rest were amply efficient in supplying an appropriately humorous atmosphere.

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During the Grau opera season Colonel Kirkpatrick, of the Palace Hotel, has found it necessary to use the peristyle of the court-yard for supper-parties after the opera. The temporary screen of curtains suspended on brass rods has been replaced by handsome screens of ornamental brass-work and solid plate glass, effectually protecting guests from winds and draughts caused when the doors from the street are opened to allow carriages to enter the court-yard.

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## TRIALS OF THE IMPRESARIO.

Colonel J. H. Mapleson, who during the 'eighties was one of the greatest *impresarios* of the day, died in London on November 14th of Bright's disease. His funeral on Monday was a sadly neglected ceremony. A solitary carriage containing a brother and a brother-in-law of the deceased followed the hearse. Not one of the great operatic artists either attended or sent a floral token, and only a few private and family friends were present at the interment in the cemetery at Highgate, a suburb of London.

This pathetic ending of the once prosperous Mapleson, whose career was illuminated by a marvelous record of successful operations and artistic triumphs, makes especially timely the remarks of Maurice Grau, the other day, when he declared that in two years—as soon as all his contracts expire—he will sever his connections with grand opera and retire to private life. He adds:

"For the past five years I have succeeded, and the world never knew such opera before—the Western world, at any rate. I have given society what it wanted. But no more from me after my contracts expire. Not another venture. I shall die leaving enough money for my funeral expenses. Every other opera manager has been buried by his friends. If New York wants my kind of opera after I have quit, then New York must assume the risk. Let a millionaire like Morgan, who must have spent one hundred thousand dollars at least bringing out a train of hishops to California, put up half that amount as a guarantee, to be lost if necessary without murmur, and I will manage. But the New York millionaires who own their own opera-house and get their boxes practically for nothing, will not put up—not even that little bit. Grau must assume all risk. Well, Grau is tired, and after thirty years of it from one end to the other, Grau will retire and say that only a fool or a madman will take it up where he left off. They say Grau will come crawling back after he has been out of it for six months. Wait and see. I have played the game and I have won, and I shall quit while the luck is still hot; and the burial of Maurice Grau will not be paid for by his friends."

However, while Grau's worries as an *impresario* are great, he has the field in America practically to himself, and his *prima donnas* and tenors no longer throw away large sums of money to gratify their whims as did Patti, Minnie Hauk, Ravelli, De Anna, and the other great singers who were the plague of Mapleson's existence. And then there was the competition! Take the season of 1883-84, of which Henry C. Lahe gives an interesting account in his latest volume, "Grand Opera in America." He writes:

Henry Abbey opened at the Metropolitan Opera House (which, being new, was in itself a great attraction) with Nilsson, Valleria, Sembrich, Lablache, Fursch-Madi, Scalchi, Trebelli, Campanini, Stagno, Novara, Capoul, Del Puente, Corsini, and Kaschmann. Mapleson had Adelina Patti, Gerster, Pappenheim, Dotti, Josephine Yorke, Nordica, Galassi, Perugini, and others less known. In order to counteract the effect of the new opera-house, Mapleson planned a great reception for Mme. Patti on her arrival from Europe. Sixteen large tugboats covered with bunting were engaged to meet her steamer. These were to carry military bands, and to approach the vessel in two columns, eight on each side, with whistles tooting and hands playing. Arditi had written a *cantata* for the occasion, and this was to be sung by the operatic chorus on Patti's arrival at the wharf. But the steamer passed Fire Island unobserved, and was not signaled, so the military bands passed the night in silent contemplation, and Patti made a very commonplace entry into New York.

The most thrilling moment of the season was when, in Chicago, the chief artists of the rival companies were living under the same roof—Patti, Gerster, Nilsson, Fursch-Madi, Sembrich, Trebelli, and Scalchi not only being in the same hotel, but having rooms on the same floor. Both companies gave brilliant performances, and both lost money. By the time Mapleson reached St. Louis, he came to the conclusion that it would be advisable to get out of the way of Abbey's competition, so he decided on the bold expedient of a trip to the Pacific Coast.

The journey was a series of ovations:

At Denver several performances were given; at Cheyenne the whole town—government, brass band, and all—turned out to meet the company, and tickets were ten dollars each. The arrival at San Francisco caused great excitement, and the tickets sold at enormous prices, the sales being attended with more or less strife and damage. The California trip enabled Mapleson to partly recoup himself for the losses sustained during the earlier part of the season. When he returned to New York, Abbey had given up the fight, and retired from operatic management after having lost a very large amount of money. Thus Mapleson was enabled to reengage some of his former artists.

Nothing daunted by past experiences, Mapleson made preparations for the 1884-85 season, and this time he secured Patti, Minnie Hauk, Emma Nevada, Fella Litvinoff, Bauermeister, Alma Fobstrom, Scalchi, Dotti, Ravelli, Nicolini, Del Puente, and others:

The most notable events of the New York season were (1) the *debut* of Emma Nevada in "La Sonnambula," with brilliant success; (2) the twenty-fifth anniversary of Adelina Patti's first appearance at the New York Academy of Music, the opera "Lucia di Lammermoor" being the same in which she had made her first appearance; (3) the first performance in America of Massenet's "Manon Lescaut" on

December 23d (1885), with Minnie Hauk, Del Puente, and Giannini.

On account of some difficulty with the directors of the Academy, Mapleson closed his New York season early, and went to Boston, where Patti gave one of her innumerable "positive farewells," for which she became famous. Leaving Boston, the company made its way west by Philadelphia, New Orleans, St. Louis, Topeka, St. Joseph, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, and so to San Francisco, where the triumphs of the previous season were repeated, and Mme. Nevada, whose appearance was delayed by a month's illness, received an enthusiastic welcome on her first appearance in her native State as a *prima donna*.

On the return journey a stop was made at Burlington, Ia., where a performance of "Faust" was given at such short notice that the announcements were chalked up on the walls, there being no time for printing. The next stop was made at Chicago, where a grand operatic festival was prepared in an opera-house built especially for the occasion. The performances lasted two weeks, and the audiences were immense. The festival over, elaborate formalities of mutual admiration took place between the mayor, the festival association, and Colonel Mapleson, and the latter took home with him, as the result of this season's labors, some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

This was the high-water mark of Mapleson's career. The season of 1885-86 was a sad one for him:

In the first place he found himself opposed by the newly formed American Opera Company in New York, and all kinds of difficulties were constantly confronting him. His company was a strong one, and, although Mme. Patti was not in it, he had Mme. Minnie Hauk and Marie Engle, in addition to many of his previous artists. After leaving New York the company was torn by internal dissensions, and disaster of all kinds. Minnie Hauk and Ravelli had a disagreement, the result of which was that Mapleson was obliged to give a bond for two thousand dollars to guarantee his tenor's future good conduct. Arditi had an attack of pneumonia which put him out of action for several weeks. Mapleson had to succumb to illness in Minneapolis. In San Francisco Ravelli again gave trouble, and instituted legal proceedings against Mapleson. De Anna also refused to sing, and was replaced by Del Puente. In fact, the whole company was, as Mapleson says, in open rebellion. Finally, Ravelli seized all Mapleson's property, and the unfortunate company, unable to pay hotel bills, were obliged to camp out in the streets until such time as the legal matters were settled, and money could be procured.

The retreat from San Francisco was effected with excellent strategy, a series of rear-guard action being fought at various points. That is to say, operatic performances were given in certain cities in order to pay expenses, the receipts being pledged in advance to the railroads for transportation. Thus the remains of a once brilliant company reached New York:

Mapleson attributes the collapse of the company to the reckless gaiety indulged in by the singers at Minneapolis, where the winter festival was in full swing, and the ice palace and tobogganing offered irresistible attractions to the singers. Wet skirts and had colds followed. But there were other potent reasons for the failure of operatic enterprise. There were riots in Cincinnati, in Chicago, and in Detroit. Mapleson's chorus and orchestra, inoculated with the germs of "strike," which at that time filled the air, refused to do their duty. To relate the difficulties encountered by Mapleson in withdrawing his forces across the continent and the Atlantic would take too much space, but it can safely be said that few men have been so hampered with writs, attachments, and other legal processes, or have so successfully combated the difficulties placed in their path. When he finally left New York, he avoided an arrest, which was prepared for him in Jersey City, by departing from Castle Garden in the health-officer's steamer, the captain of the Inman liner having agreed to beave to outside the harbor in order to allow him to get on board.

Thus ended Mapleson's operatic career in America, with the exception of a short and disastrous attempt a few years later, when he met with defeat in Boston, after having produced "Andrea Chenier" for the first time in this country. Notwithstanding the final failure of Colonel Mapleson, America is much indebted to him, if only for the fact that his early success provoked competition, and helped to develop a taste for opera and a desire for still higher achievements in that line.

Mr. Lahe's volume, "Grand Opera in America," is published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## THE RACES.

An excellent programme has been arranged for Thanksgiving week at the Oakland Track. On Tuesday, November 26th, a free handicap for three-year-olds will be run, and on Wednesday, November 27th, a free handicap for all ages will be the special feature. On Thanksgiving Day there will be two big events—the Shasta Water Handicap for two-year-olds and the Thanksgiving Handicap for three-year-olds and upward for a purse valued at \$2,500. Two handicaps are also to be run on Saturday, November 30th.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Last Week of Willie Collier.

Despite such a strong counter-attraction as the Grau Opera Company at the Grand Opera House, Willie Collier has crowded the Columbia Theatre at every performance of Augustus Thomas's new comedy, "On the Quiet." It is one of the most amusing plays which have been seen here in a long time, and will be continued all next week. Collier is the only comedian now before the public who obtains his ends without resort to acrobatics and horse-play. He is unctuous to a degree, and has a mobility of feature that is wonderful. Add to these two qualities a remarkable degree of magnetism and a thorough understanding of the art and technique of the stage, and it is little wonder that his work pleases. Collier began his stage career under the management of the late Augustin Daly, when that manager was at the height of his success and his Broadway Theatre was the Mecca for all lovers of theatrical performances of the highest class. His development and rise have been rapid, and at the present time he stands at the head of his profession. There will be a special holiday matinee on Thanksgiving Day and Sunday night performances.

"The Girl from Maxim's" follows.

## At the Orpheum.

"La Belle-Tortajada," a famous beauty as well as singer and dancer, a native of Grenada, will appear for the first time at the Orpheum next week. A good foil to this Spanish beauty will be Mlle. Taglione, a *premiere* ballet-dancer, who presents three unique dances called "The Fly," "House of Colors," and "The Garlands." Coleman's trained dogs and cats, and Andy Lewis and his company in "The Cocaine Fiend," are also new-comers.

Those retained from this week's bill are Lillian Burkhardt, who will appear with her excellent company, for her fifth and last week, in "Kitty Clive, Actress"; the six Kauffmans, the most wonderful bicyclists ever seen in this city; Ward and Curran, the comedian and sweet singer; Bicknell, the amusing clay-modeler; and the biograph.

## Melodrama at the Alcazar.

The Thanksgiving week attraction at the Alcazar Theatre will be "Weuns of Tennessee," which made a great hit here last year. The plot is based on incidents which occurred during the recruiting of soldiers for service in the Philippines during the recent war, and its action takes place in the romantic State of Tennessee. Two of the principal characters of the play will be sustained by Howard Scott and Charles Francis Bryant the clever young stage-director. Both of these actors appeared in the same rôles in last season's production of the drama. Mr. Bryant especially scored a notable success in the part of Lige Monroe, a private in the Third Tennessee Volunteers. Marion Convere, who has established herself as a clever emotional actress, will essay the rôle of Lucille Courtney, Miss Marie Howe will again have her old character of Aunt Milly, Paul Gerson will revel in the villainy of Jack Thomas, and to Frank Bacon has been assigned the comedy character of the play.

## The Pollard Company in "The Geisha."

The Pollard Juvenile Company have been drawing large houses at the Tivoli Opera House in "The Gaiety Girl," which is presented in a manner that would reflect credit on any company of adults. Next week they will put on the "The Geisha," which has already enjoyed several big runs at the Tivoli. Willie Pollard will have the rôle of the Chinaman, Wun Hi, the part in which Tommy Leary and afterward Ferris Hartman were seen. The Marquis Imari, Edwin Stevens's great rôle, is to be done by Harold Hill; and Mollie Seymour, the pert English girl who disguises as a geisha, and is bought by the noble marquis, is played by Madge Woodson, whose French girl in the "Belle" and Lady Virginia in "A Gaiety Girl" have made her a prime favorite with the audiences. Little Daphne Pollard is the Tommy Seymour of the cast, and Alice Pollard will appear as O Mimosa San, Connie Pollard as the French girl, Fred Pollard as the Japanese captain, Ivy Pollard as Reginald Fairfax, and the other officers of H. M. S. Turtle are Lilly Thompson, Irene Loftus, and Emma Thomas.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mme. La Bavarde, the pseudonymous writer in charge of the *Sao Francisco Bulletin's* society columns, went to hear Sibyl Saundersoo to "Manoo" oo last Saturday evening, and was much impressed with the glittering jewels which the California *diva* wore in the third and fourth acts. "Sibyl Saundersoo's jewels last evening," she wrote, "were something to dazzle the eyes of one accustomed to resplendent jewels, for nothing like them has ever been seen here—every diamond more beautiful than the last. The Terry jewels are famous, but we never knew how just so until—in her hair, about her throat, waist, fingers, until one almost wearied conjecturing the possible value." Perhaps the much-dazzled Mme. La Bavarde will be grieved when she learns that all her "conjecturing" as to their possible value "was useless, for most of the jewels are only imitations. When Sibyl Saundersoo made her first appearance in New York in "Manoo" in 1895, her reception was very similar to that of Saturday night—that is, her beauty and acting were praised, but her voice was declared too small to fill the Metropolitan Opera House, and fit only for light opera. A short time after her *début*, she was the guest of honor at a dinner-party, at which her hostess remarked: "Those jewels that you wore in 'Maoo,' Miss Saundersoo, are the most beautiful that I have ever seen." "Good heavens!" cried Miss Saundersoo, "you didn't think that they were real, did you? Those are only stage jewels. If they had been real, I would deserve all that the American papers have said about me."

The New York *Sun* declares that fashionable women are at present wearing quantities of false jewels cleverly made, and perfectly set in gold in simulation of the real article. One of the pictures of the Duchess of Manchester which was printed in the newspapers, showed her wearing a pearl necklace which was said to be "the famous Manchester pearls." This claim was knocked to the head only the other day when a New York firm of manufacturers of imitation jewels began a suit against the duke for something like six hundred dollars for this very necklace for which his grace had failed to pay. "It has only been within the last few seasons," adds the *Sun*, "that this vogue of artificial jewelry has become fixed. . . . The possession of genuine pearls, for instance, is possible only to the very few, for necklaces of well-matched pearls are worth small and even large fortunes. Many of the most perfectly matched ropes have taken years to their accumulation, while others are heirlooms that have passed from one generation to another in the royal families of Europe. When the pearl necklace became so fashionable in America there was a demand for them that could not be supplied, and now imitations of the beautiful ropes that are worn are false. The new imitation pearls are indistinguishable from the real except under a glass and to the eye of an expert. They are perfect in shape, finish, color, and the wonderful satiny surface that gives the pearl its beauty. . . . The diamond imitations are only effective at night, for this stone is one which most successfully defies the art of imitation. A counterfeit pearl takes an expert for its detection, while any one at all accustomed to handling diamonds can readily discover the imitation stone. The Paris makers are sending to this country now some very clever products in this line, the settings being artistic, and the stones tiny and closely set. These are extremely effective at night, and are worn for stage purposes by many actresses who are famous for their so-called diamond collections. These imitations are not cheap. On the contrary, they are constantly advancing in price. For hair ornaments the imitation stones are in much demand. There are some who say that they really outglisten the genuine diamond under the electric light. But they are impossible for wear in the daylight, and by no means approach the degree of perfection to which the pearl counterfeit has been brought."

The cruel absurdities of what is called discipline and honor in the German and Austrian army were never more revoltingly shown than in two duels which have recently been widely discussed in the Continental press. One evening, in one of the small interior towns in Germany, Lieutenant Hildebrand and Lieutenant Rassmussen met their friend, Lieutenant Blaskowitz, going home in a state of intoxication. He had been celebrating the approaching end of his bachelorhood, and had drunk too much. They carried him to a spot near his residence and left him there. Returning later, however, they found Blaskowitz crouching against a wall, asleep, and tried to arouse him and get him upon his feet. Blaskowitz, being ignorant of the identity of the two men who were endeavoring to assist him, struck right and left in his semi-solent state and hit Lieutenant Hildebrand. The latter considered himself insulted by the blow, and reported the affair to the court of honor, which decided that a duel was unavoidable, whereupon Lieutenant Hildebrand challenged Lieutenant Blaskowitz. The latter, however, unconscious of what had occurred while he was intoxicated, went to Eylau the next day to attend a party held at the house of the young lady whom he was to marry on the following day. A telegram recalled Blaskowitz from the party to meet Hildebrand. Blaskowitz, ignorant of the reason

which had caused Hildebrand to challenge him, waited to settle the matter with an apology, but the highest officers of the brigade and division sanctioned the flogging of the court of honor that a duel was necessary. Accordingly, they met at Iotenburg, East Prussia, and the young lieutenant was killed, leaving his bride-elect and an aged clerical father to mourn. German newspapers of all shades of opinion express amazement at the action of the court of honor. Even the Conservative papers regard the action of the court as being incomprehensible. It is expected that the case will come before the Reichstag. The papers used the strongest language against permitting duels like the above, holding that the superior officers were responsible.

The other duel, in Vienna, was the result of the attentions of Beauty voo Soyka, a lieutenant of hussars in the Austrian army, who carried on a *liaison* with Mme. Loewefeld, a handsome woman of thirty-five, the wife of the junior partner in a large manufacturing firm, and mother of a boy of thirteen years. For two years the lieutenant met her clandestinely at his rooms and saw her openly in her husband's home. A short time ago, the husband was informed of his wife's doings, surprised her in the lieutenant's rooms, and insulted the officer. The wife declared she would not return to her home, but would go to her parents and wait for a separation, when she would marry her lover. The officer wrote a letter to the outraged husband, whom he felt he could not challenge, saying that his regiment had been transferred to a garrison in Hungary, but that he would wait for his orders until the eighth of the month. The husband understood the hint, and sent his seconds. The two met in the military riding-school, where all duels are fought in Vienna. The offended husband had the right to fire first, but being quite inexperienced in fire-arms he refused to do so. The officer's first shot missed fire. The pistols were changed. Loewefeld fired, and missed his adversary; then the officer fired, and the pistol again missed fire. After this Loewefeld just raised his weapon, pressed the trigger, and Lieutenant voo Soyka lay dead, shot through the heart. Loewefeld was in utter despair, but his own and his adversary's seconds assured him he had acted in the most gentlemanly manner throughout the whole duel, all the details of which were correct according to the strictest code of honor. "Two years' imprisonment would probably be the least punishment that would be inflicted on the civilian duelist," comments the Vienna correspondent of the *Londoo Telegraph*. "He has, however, left the country to escape the ignominy of the trial and imprisonment. Had his opponent killed him the consequences would not have been serious. Subject to military jurisdiction only, the officer would have escaped with very slight punishment, because, by accepting the challenge, he had only done what, according to military customs, he must do. Had he refused to fight the outraged husband he would have been discharged, would have been considered a coward by all his comrades, and would have been avoided in all social circles."

Bridge, according to an English writer, is poisoning the very life-blood of society at its source. "For," she says, "if we analyze what we mean by society, we find that it rests upon women. It is impossible to conceive of society, the true society, without women, and especially young and beautiful women. For the first time in the history of England young women have been touched with the gambling fever. It was not so in the eighteenth century; it was not so under the later Georges, under William the Fourth, and when the late queen ascended the throne. Men gambled then, and if women staked their half a crown or even guineas at a quiet rubber, they were the old women, the grandmothers, the spinster aunts with whom one meets in the pages of Jane Austen and Fielding, Dickens and Thackeray." The writer asserts that young women who do not play are absolutely ignored when house-parties are being made up, even at houses where a few years ago they were favored guests.

An organization of Pullman car porters has been formed with headquarters in St. Louis, and it is to have branches in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities. The organizers say that the tipping system is on the decline, and is not now such an important addition to their earnings as it once was. Passengers who do tip they say, now rarely give more than ten or fifteen cents. Their wages average thirty dollars a month, and they will agitate for an increase, but no threats of a strike are made.

Kate Greeaway, the English artist, famous for her illustrations of children's books, who died on November 9th, was one of the group distinguished as "the three Christmas fairies" by an English writer. The group consisted of Miss Greeaway, Randolph Caldecott, and Walter Crane. Miss Greeaway was the daughter of a wood-engraver of London, so may be said to have inherited her talent (points out the *New York Tribune*). Her father saw that she possessed it when she was a mere child, and gave her the first lessons. Her favorite occupation in school is said to have been that of sketching her companions, which she did in preference to studying—sometimes with sad results. She delighted especially

in the fluffy little bonnets and capes of the girls and the caps and smocks of the boys in the lower social grades. In later years she used the same models, often visiting the "charity schools" in search of types. Kate Greeaway's early work was much in the field of Christmas and New Year cards, which were introduced to the 'seventies, and which she did much to popularize. In March, 1879, a "Little Folks' Pictorial Book" was published, but the first "real Kate Greeaway" book was "Under the Widow," which made her famous immediately. It was published in November, 1879, for the Christmas season, and was said to have "revolutionized children's literature." Her succeeding books were eagerly looked for, and their success was assured as soon as issued. In Germany and in France her illustrations were as well known as in England, and that they had a notable effect abroad is certain. Boutet de Moovel, among others, has been manifestly influenced by her. There was always a certain monotony about her work, however, and her later designs are strongly mannered. But the best of them show a real sympathy with children, and they will not soon be forgotten.

Visitor—"Why, what is that terrible noise? Is the house tumbling down?" Mrs. Updote—"Oh, no; that's only Geraldine punching the bag. She's getting into training for Ketchum & Skioem's bargain sale next Friday."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Christmas Excursion to City of Mexico, via Southern Pacific and Mexican Central Railways, will leave San Francisco December 18th, stopping at Los Angeles, El Paso, and Zacatecas. The party will be in charge of a gentleman familiar with the customs of all points of interest in the Southern republic, and will reach Mexico in ample time to witness the numerous civic and religious ceremonies attending celebration of the Christmas season. Rate eighty dollars for round trip. Low rates for all interesting side trips have been arranged. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, 613 Market Street, for particulars.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 20, 1901, were as follows:

| BONDS.                      |                     | Closed. |         |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|---------|---------|
| Shares.                     |                     | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| U. S. Coup. 3%.....         | 500 @ 108 1/2       | 108 1/2 |         |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.....       | 5,000 @ 107         | 107 1/2 |         |
| Contra C. Water 5%.....     | 2,000 @ 111 1/2     | 111     |         |
| Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....    | 2,000 @ 99 1/2      | 99 1/2  |         |
| Los An. Ry. 5%.....         | 16,000 @ 113        | 112 1/2 |         |
| Market St. Ry. 6%.....      | 2,000 @ 127 1/2     | 127 1/2 | 128 1/2 |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.....      | 2,000 @ 123         | 123 1/2 | 123 3/4 |
| N. R. of Cal. 6%.....       | 3,000 @ 112 1/2     | 112 1/2 |         |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%.....       | 2,000 @ 121 1/2     | 121 1/2 | 122 1/2 |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....      | 25,000 @ 107 1/2    | 107 1/2 |         |
| Oakland Transit 6%.....     | 5,000 @ 124 1/2-125 | 125 1/2 |         |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....      | 6,000 @ 104-104 1/2 | 104     |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910..... | 1,000 @ 114 1/2     |         |         |
| S. P. of Cal. 5%.....       | 9,000 @ 109 1/2     | 109 1/2 |         |
| STOCKS.                     |                     | Closed. |         |
| Shares.                     |                     | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra Costa Water.....     | 100 @ 76-76 1/2     | 76      | 76 1/2  |
| Spring Valley Water.....    | 150 @ 88-89         | 87 1/2  | 88      |
| Gas and Electric.           |                     |         |         |
| Equitable Gaslight.....     | 50 @ 3-3 1/2        | 3 1/2   | 3 1/2   |
| Oakland Gas.....            | 50 @ 51 1/2         | 51      | 51 1/2  |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....   | 495 @ 42 1/2-44 1/2 | 42 1/2  | 43      |
| S. F. Fruit & R. R.         |                     |         |         |
| Market St. Ry.....          | 510 @ 84 1/2-84 3/4 | 84 1/2  | 85      |
| Powders.                    |                     |         |         |
| Giant Con.....              | 90 @ 82 1/2-84 1/2  | 83 1/2  | 84      |
| Vigorit.....                | 1,250 @ 4 1/2       | 4 1/2   | 5       |
| Sugars.                     |                     |         |         |
| Honolulu S. Co.....         | 360 @ 12 1/2        | 12 1/2  |         |
| Hatchinson.....             | 920 @ 13 1/2-16     | 15 1/2  | 16      |
| Makawell S. C.....          | 5 @ 27              | 26      | 27      |
| Onomaea S. Co.....          | 15 @ 24 1/2         | 24 1/2  |         |
| Paauhau S. Co.....          | 50 @ 12 1/2         | 12 1/2  | 13 1/2  |
| Miscellaneous.              |                     |         |         |
| Alaska Packers.....         | 324 @ 15 1/2-15 1/2 | 15 1/2  | 160     |
| Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....     | 10 @ 99 1/2         | 100     |         |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....         | 140 @ 89 1/2-90     | 89 1/2  | 90      |
| Oceanic S. Co.....          | 5 @ 45              | 44      | 48      |

The market has been very quiet, the sugars being traded to the extent of 1,300 shares only, with quotations unchanged, with the exception of Hutchinson, which advanced two points on buying to fill short contracts.

Giant Powder was sold down one and one-half points to 82 1/2, on small sales, but closed in good demand at 83 1/2 bid, with only small lots offering at 84.

San Francisco Gas and Electric, on sales of 500 shares, declined two points to 42 1/2, but was 42 3/4 bid at the close, with good buying orders in the market. Equitable Gas, on sales of 500 shares, sold down to 3, closing at 3 1/2 bid, 3 1/2 asked.

Spring Valley Water sold off one point to 88, closing at 87 1/2 bid, 88 asked.

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Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901.....29,886,288.11

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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve Fund.....226,994  
Contingent Fund.....445,617

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Security Savings Bank

Millie Building, 222 Montgomery St., SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS.....150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

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CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....2,851,860.11  
October 1, 1901.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
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BRANCHES—New York, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; Salt Lake, J. E. Dooly, Cashier; Portland, Or., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901.

ASSETS.  
Loans.....\$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants.....2,191,727.10  
Real Estate.....1,665,030.77  
Miscellaneous Assets.....12,415.53  
Due from Banks and Bankers.....1,104,308.12  
Cash.....3,973,676.04

\$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up.....\$ 500,000.00  
Surplus.....5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits.....3,311,290.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers.....1,124,165.27  
Individual.....8,904,102.62

\$19,589,558.17

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CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A little boy of five, a regular attendant at a Berkeley Sunday-school, was asked by his mother what they taught him. "They have been telling us about Jesus for a long time," he replied, "but they hung him to-day, so I guess we'll have something else next Sunday."

A lawyer was about to furnish a bill of costs the other day when his client, a haker, said: "I hope that you will make it as light as possible." "Ah," said the lawyer, "you might perhaps say that to the fireman of your establishment, but that is not the way I make my bread!"

Once, when passing through a cemetery in Lenox, Elint Gregory was surprised to see that the members of one old New England family had been buried in a circle, with their feet toward its centre. He asked the reason for this arrangement, and a wit of that day, daughter of Mrs. Stowe, replied: "So that when they rise at the Last Day, only members of their own family may face them!"

Professor Syle, of the State University, can not tolerate snobbishness on the part of his scholars, and any such offense is sure to call forth some keen, sarcastic comment. The other day, while calling the roll of one of his classes, he came upon the card of a Miss Greene. He paused and expressed his disapproval of the final *e* in her name by saying: "G-r-e-e-n-e, does that spell Green or Greenie?" Miss Greene promptly replied: "S-y-l-e, does that spell Syle or Sillie?"

At the close of the Civil War, and before he was well known, Wendell Phillips, the distinguished abolitionist, went to Charleston, and put up at a hotel. He had breakfast served in his room, and was waited upon by a slave. Mr. Phillips seized the opportunity to represent to the negro in a pathetic way that he regarded him as a man and brother, and more than that, that he himself was an abolitionist. The negro, however, seemed more anxious about his breakfast than he was about his position in the social scale or the condition of his soul, and finally Mr. Phillips became discouraged and told him to go away, saying that he could not hear to be waited on by a slave. "You must 'scuse me, massa," said the negro; "I is 'bliged to stay here 'cause I'm 'sponsible for de silverware."

An authoress of note was in Naples, and very much desired to know Morelli, Italy's famous painter, but could find no one to act as intermediary. At last she resolved to introduce herself, but not without qualms. As she approached, she found the studio door open, and, pushing a curtain to one side, stood before the artist at work, who, looking at her absent-mindedly, said: "These lines seem to be all right. What do you say?" And to her murmured response went on: "But the eyes of the nuns do not suit me; pray sit down a moment; yours are just the thing." With inward delight the lady sat down, and acted as model for an hour and a half, during which writer and artist talked as though they had been friends all their lives. At a certain point Morelli stopped abruptly, took off his glasses, peered at his handsome model, and said: "But excuse me, who are you?"

James McNeil Whistler was recently dining with a friend in London. Suddenly, when all had dined and were back in the drawing-room, Whistler said that he had almost forgotten it, but he absolutely must write a letter and get it off by the night's post. He was told that in a room at the head of the first flight of stairs he would find the lights burning and pens, paper, and ink at his disposal. He went up, and presently there was heard a series of humps, ending in a heavy thud at the foot of the stairs. The master had tripped, lost his balance, and come near having a bad fall. The host ran to him and asked if he was hurt. "I am not killed, if that's what you mean!" Whistler replied; "but, tell me, who huilt those stairs?" The host mentioned the name of a builder unknown either to Whistler or to fame. "Humph, he did, eh? The d—d teetotaler," said Whistler.

Booker T. Washington tells an amusing story of an old colored preacher who was endeavoring to explain to his congregation how it was that the Children of Israel passed over the Red Sea safely, while the Egyptians, who came after them, were drowned. The old man said: "My brethren, it was this way: When the Israelites passed over, it was early in the morning, while it was cold, and the ice was strong enough so that they went over all right; but when the Egyptians came along it was in the middle of the day, and the sun had thawed the ice so that it gave way under them, and they were drowned." At this, a young man in the congregation, who had been away to school and had come home, rose and said: "I don't see how that explanation can be right, parson. The geography that I've been studying tells us that ice never forms under the equator, and the Red Sea is nearly under the equator." "There, now," said the old preacher, "that's all

right. I's been 'spectin' some of you smart Alecks would be askin' jest some such fool question. The time I was talkin' abnout was before they had any jogafries n'r 'quans either."

Mateo Renato Imbriani, the Italian politician, who died a few weeks ago, was noted, among other things, for his rabid *chauvinism*. He hated particularly the Austrians and Germans. When he was editor of the *Pro Patria*, the news editor one morning got a telegram that Richard Wagner had died in Venice. He forthwith took the speaking-tube and informed Imbriani. The reply was a volley of abuse, in which he made out a few words like: "Canaglia, musica italiana!—Tedesco!—La morte! Ignominia!—Il nostro Bellini!—Miserabili!" The news editor ventured to suggest that, all the same, a daily paper was obliged to take some note of happenings in the world of art. "Nnt a word!" came back the answer; and not a word was printed about the death of Wagner.

When Judge Gates, of Kansas City, was a practicing lawyer, he was before the supreme court on one occasion. While waiting for his case to be called, he listened to a lawyer from the south-eastern part of the State arguing his case. He was at least six feet seven inches tall, and had a voice so deep that when he spoke it seemed like the rumbling of Niagara. "I will read," he said, "from a work with which your honors are, no doubt, familiar—Blackstone." The judges did not smile, although there was a decided twinkle in their eyes as they glanced at each other. The man read a few lines, and then said: "There is reference here, your honors, in a foot-note by Lord Granville. I would have your honors pay particular attention to this note, because it is by Lord Granville." The judges waited expectantly. The lawyer held the book in front of him, glanced at it two or three times, and then coughed as many times in rather an embarrassed manner. Everybody waited for several seconds. Finally he said: "Your honors, I see, on closer inspection, that this foot-note is not so important. It is in Latin, so I reckon I'd better skip that."

## Donley on Booker T. Washington.

Commenting on President Roosevelt's daring innovation in asking Booker T. Washington to dine at the White House, F. Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" says:

"It's goin' to be th' roonation iv Prisdint Tiddy's chances in th' South. Thousan's iv men who wudn't have voted fr him under anny circumstances has declared that under no circumstances wud they now vote fr him. He's lost near ivry State in th' South. Th' gran' ol' commonwealth iv Texas has deserted th' banner iv th' Rayppublican party, an' Mississippi will cast her unanimous counted vote again him. . . .

"Findin' Booker T. was intrested in important public subjects like th' Cuban war, th' Prisdint ast him to come up to th' White House an' ate dinner an' have a good long talk about th' Cuban war. 'I'm goin' to thry an experiment,' he says. 'I want to see will all th' pitchers iv th' Prisdints befor Lincoln fall out iv th' frames whin ye come in,' he says. An' Booker wint. So wud l. So wud annywan. I'd go if I had to black up. I didn't hear that th' guest done anything wrong at th' table. Fr'm all I can larn, he hung his hat on th' rack an' used proper discrimination between th' knife an' th' fork, an' ast fr nawnthin' that had to be sint out fr. They was no mark on th' tablecloth where his hands rested, an' an inventory iv th' spoons afther his departure showed that he had used gentlemanly restraint. . . .

"But I don't mind sayin' that I'd rather ate with a coon thin have wait on me. I'd sooner he'd handle his own food thin mine. Fr me, if anny thumb must be in th' gravy, lave it be white, if ye please. But this wasn't my dinner an' it wasn't my house, an' I hardly give it a thought. But it hit th' Sunny Southland. No part iv th' country can be more gloomy whin it tries thin th' Sunny Southland, an' this here ivint sint a thrill iv horror through ivry newspaper fr'm th' Pattymack to th' Sugar Belt.

"Th' supremacy iv th' white depends on soical superiority, an soical superiority depends on making th' coon ate in th' back iv th' house. He raises our food fr us, cooks it, sets th' table, an' brings in th' platter. We are liberal an' make no attempt to supplant him with more intelligent an' higher wage labor. We encourage his industry because we know that fr a low order iv intelligence labe is th' on'y panacea. . . . Ivry year war or more nagurs is given a good idjaction an' put on a north-bound freight with a warnin'. But whin it comes to havin' him set down at th' table with us, we draw th' color line an' th' six-shooter. Th' black has many fine qualities. He is joyous, light-hearted, an' easily lynched. But as a fellow being vivant, not be anny means. Th' last enthrinment of soical superiority in th' South is th' dinin'-room, an' there we will defend it with our sacred honor. We will not on'y defend our own dinin'-room, but ivry other man's, so that in time, if th' Prisdint iv th' United States wants to ate with a nagur, he'll have to put on a coat iv burnt cork an' go to th' woodshed."—Copyright, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Lay of Ancient Rome.  
Oh! the Roman was a rogue,  
He erat, was, you betum;  
He ran his automnibus  
And smokd his cigarettum;  
He wore a diamnd studidus,  
An elegant cravatium,  
A maxima cum laude shirt,  
And such a stylish battum!  
He lved the luscious hic-hac-hack,  
And bet nn games and equi;  
At times he wnn; at others, tho,  
He got it in the nequi;  
He winked (qun usque tandem?)  
At puellas nn the Forum.  
And somtimes even made  
Thsse goo-goo oculorum!  
He frequently was seen  
At combats gladiatnrial,  
And ate enough in feed  
Ten boarders at Memorial;  
He often went on sprees,  
And said, nn starting homus,  
"Hic labor—opus est,  
Oh, where's my—hic—hic—damus?"  
Altho he lived in Rome—  
Of all the arts the middle—  
He was (excuse the phrase)  
A horrid individ'l;  
Ah! what a different thing  
Was the homn (dative, hominy)  
Of far-away B. C.  
From us of Anno Domini.  
—Harvard Lampoon.

## The Family Tree.

A brand-new family tree adorns  
The home of Croesus Pickles;  
With tales of titled ancestors  
His fawning friends he tickles.  
To all the world that tree proclaims  
Descent from lord and lady.  
Betwixt the branches and the ground  
Of course it's rather shady.  
—Josephine Coan in December Smart Set.

## Croker's Soliloquy.

O, now, forever  
Farewell the job of boss! farewell the graft!  
Farewell the ox-eyed cinch, and the big mit,  
That made me what I have been! O, farewell!  
Farewell the dens of vice that filled my purse,  
The house disorderly, the wine-room vile,  
And other joints too hideous for print,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of Croker's graft!  
And, oh, you Tiger, whose ensanguined maw  
The ancient dragon's foul breath counterfeits!  
Farewell! I'm off for Europe and my moat!  
—Chicago Tribune.

—MOST EVERY ONE WHO HAS WHISKY FOR sale compares its virtues to Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky.

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The most interesting and delightful winter tour in the world. If you wish to know how to do it properly, call or write

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Enston to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa.  
S. S. Commonwealth (twin-screw, 13,000 tons), November 27th, January 4th, February 12th.  
S. S. Cambrian.....January 15th, February 26th  
To Alexandria, Egypt.  
S. S. Commonwealth.....Sat., January 4th, February 12th  
This new twin-screw steamer is one of the largest afloat; has splendid accommodations for passengers.  
For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast,  
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IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.  
Nippon Maru.....Wednesday, December 11  
America Maru.....Saturday, January 4, 1902  
Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, Jan. 30, 1902  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, cor. First Street.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6200Tons  
Sannuma, 6200Tons  
Ventura, 6200Tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, November 23, 1901, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Australia, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Friday, December 29, 1901.  
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, December 5, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
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Imitation is the sincerest of flattery. However, flatterers are frauds and humbugs.

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Suppose you want the real article? The kind which keeps you in good health and comfort, with no colds to catch and no catarrh to bother with, get the Dr. Deimel kind—there is no other.

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YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, December 3  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, December 28  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, February 15  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 12, 17, 22, 27, December 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1.30 P. M., Nov. 3, 8, 13, 23, 28, Dec. 3.  
For San Diego, stopping only at San Pedro, Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles). Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. Steamer Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Caycos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 A. M.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
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St. Louis.....November 27 | St. Louis.....December 12  
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St. Paul.....December 11 |

RED STAR LINE.  
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Zensland.....November 27 | Southward.....December 15  
Kennington.....December 4 | Vadenland.....December 25  
Friesland.....December 11 |  
\*Stop at Cberbourg Eastbound.  
International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Opera Season.

The second week of the opera season has been a great success, not only from an artistic but from a financial standpoint as well. Mme. Eames and Mme. Sembrich were greeted by a record-breaking audience on Tuesday night in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and Calvé in "Carmen" on Wednesday night, and Gadske and Schumann-Heink in "Die Meistersinger" on Thursday night filled the house to overflowing. The attendance this afternoon (Saturday), when "Lohengrin" is to be repeated, and to-night, when Mme. Sembrich appears in "The Barber of Seville," promises to be very large, as both houses have been practically sold out.

Several of the singers of the company have been the guests of honor at social functions during the week. Princess Poniatowski gave a tea complimentary to Mme. Sanderson-Terry on Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, and Mayor Phelan gave a luncheon in honor of the California *diva* at the Cliff House, but she was unable to come. On Wednesday, Mrs. George C. Boardman was hostess at a reception at her home in honor of Mme. Terry. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. William R. Smedberg, Jr., Mrs. Detrick, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. McIvor, Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Carolan, Miss Sophia Pierce, and Miss Salie Maynard.

Walter Damrosch gave a luncheon at the University Club on Wednesday, in honor of Mme. Eames-Story. Mme. Story and Miss Fetridge visited Chinatown on Sunday night in company with Mr. Harry Holbrook and Dr. Harry Tevis.

The Baroness von Meyerinck gave a reception on Friday afternoon from three to five o'clock in honor of Mme. Gadske, and on Wednesday afternoon Mme. Sembrich was entertained by Mrs. Henry Martioez at her home at 2109 Pacific Avenue. Those who assisted Mrs. Martinez in receiving were Mrs. E. T. Cruz, Mrs. S. E. Woodworth, Mrs. William Boericke, Mrs. Edward Selfridge, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Geraldine Bonner, and Miss Linda Cadwalader.

The second Sunday night performance at popular prices on November 24th is to be "Les Huguenots," and will mark the only joint appearance of Mme. Gadske and Mme. Sibyl Sanderson. The rest of the cast will be Louis Homer, Dippel, Scotti, Muhlmann, and Journet; conductor, Flon.

The repertoire for the third week of the opera season, as at present announced, is as follows:

Monday evening—"Faust"; Eames, Bridewell, Salignac, Campanari, and Edouard de Reszké. Conductor, Seppilli.

Tuesday evening—"Die Walküre"; Gadske, Schumann-Heink, Reuss-Beloe, Van Dyck, Blass, Bispbam. Conductor, Damrosch.

Wednesday evening—Double bill; "Don Pasquale"; Sembrich, Scotti, Tavecchia, and Saligoac. To be followed by "I Pagliacci"; Fritz Scheff, Campaari, De Marchi, Declery, and Reiss. Conductor, Flon.

Thursday afternoon—"Romeo et Juliette"; Sibyl Saundersoo, Bridewell, Journet, Glibert, Declery, and Salignac. Conductor Flon.

Thursday evening—"Die Meistersinger"; Gadske, Schumann-Heink, Dippel, Bispbam, Blass, Muhlmann, and Edouard de Reszké. Conductor, Damrosch.

Friday evening—"Aida"; Eames and Louise Homer, Scotti, Journet, Muhlmann, and De Marchi. Conductor, Seppilli.

Saturday matinée—"The Barber of Seville," with Sembrich and the same cast as before.

Saturday evening—Mme. Calvé in "Carmen," with same cast as before.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Simpson, daughter of Consul and Mrs. John Simpson, and the Right Rev. Sidney Catlin Partridge, Bishop of Kyoto, Japan, will take place Wednesday, November 27th, at St. Luke's Church. Miss Maud Simpson, the bride's sister, will be the maid of honor, and Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Gertrude Palmer, Miss Jeannette Deal, and Miss Bertie Bruce will be the bridesmaids. Mr. Frederick Green, will act as best man, and the groom's brother, Rev. Wells Partridge, Mr. George Hinds, and Mr. Harold Smith

will be the ushers. The church ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 2520 Vallejo Street.

The wedding of Miss Mary Winchester MacDermot, daughter of the late Charles Francis MacDermot, and Dr. Charles Alexander Crawford, assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., took place in Boston on Tuesday afternoon, November 19th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Frisbie, of the Church of the Advent, and the bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Mr. Louis M. MacDermot. Miss Flora MacDermot, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Emma Rutherford, of New York, and Miss Marion Hackett, of Portsmouth, N. H. Assistant-Surgeon D. Bell Kerr, U. S. N., was best man. After a wedding journey Dr. and Mrs. Crawford will spend the winter in Boston.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Metcalfe, daughter of Captain John Metcalfe, and Mr. Edward Selkirk Swan, took place at the home of the bride's father, 2319 Central Avenue, on Tuesday evening, November 19th. The ceremony was performed at half-after seven o'clock, by the Rev. Charles Gardner, of Palo Alto. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Swan will be the guests of Captain Metcalfe for a week prior to their departure for New York, which will be their future home.

The Misses Loughborough gave a luncheon on Tuesday at their home, 1100 O'Farrell Street, at which they entertained Mrs. Alexander H. Loughborough, Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. Frank W. Griffin, Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Thérèse Morgao, Miss Katherine Dillio, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Flora Elinore, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Mary Polhemus, Miss Cecelia Tobio, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Edith Huntington, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Elizabeth Ames, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Jolliffe, and Miss Bessie Zane.

Miss Louise Redington made her formal social debut at a tea given by her mother, Mrs. William P. Redington, on Saturday afternoon, November 16th. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. L. S. Mooteagle, Mrs. George S. Bowman, Mrs. E. Wright, Mrs. Thurlow McMullio, Miss Anna Center Gray, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Bessie Bowman, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Laura Farnsworth, Miss Jeao Nokes, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Helen Klloe, Miss Mattie Livermore, Miss Nadine Nuttall, Miss Hazel Noonan, of Los Angeles, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Kate Herrin, and Miss Alice Herrin.

Miss Gertrude Palmer entertained at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Miss Agnes Simpson on Friday afternoon, November 22d. The young ladies who are to be bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Simpson and Bishop Partridge received with Miss Palmer.

Miss Edith Huotington gave a theatre party at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening in honor of Miss Pearl Landers, which was followed by a supper in the Grill Room of the Palace Hotel. Miss Huntington's other guests were Mrs. Willard V. Huntington, Miss Katbryo Robinson, Lieutenant Ralph P. Brower, U. S. A., Dr. McVean, U. S. A., Lieutenant Conrad Babcock, U. S. A., and Dr. Collins, U. S. A.

Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Mrs. Wilfrid Chapman, and Mrs. William R. Sherwood will be at home on Saturday, November 30th, from four until seven.

Miss Mary Harrington gave a luncheon at the University Club on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Lawrence S. Adams and Mrs. Tenant Harrington. Others at table were Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Florence P. Frank, Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mrs. George P. Tallant, Mrs. Horace Bloachard Chase, Mrs. G. M. Stoney, Mrs. Regioald Knight-Smith, Mrs. Henry Rodgers, Mrs. Otis, Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool, Mrs. Cary T. Friedlander, Mrs. W. C. Peyton, Mrs. John Johns, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. C. B. Brigham, Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Otis, and Miss Sallie Maynard.

The first dance of the Friday Fortnightly Cotillion Club took place at Cotillion Hall on Friday evening, November 22d. The cotillion was led by Miss

Olive Holbrook, assisted by Mr. Somers. In the first set were Miss Kate Brigham, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Coffin, Miss Edith Huntington, Miss Catherine Robinson, Miss Nadine Nuttall, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Jean Nokes, Miss Flora Elmore, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Genevieve King, Mrs. Keyes, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Kate Herrin, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Lucie King, and Miss Redington.

Cards have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Carrier for a euchre-party, to be given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Gregor Graot Fraser, on Saturday evening, November 23d.

Mrs. Walter Edwin Deao and Miss Dean, who reside at the Palace Hotel, have issued cards for the first and third Mondays in December ad January.

Miss Mabel Cluff will make her formal debut at a tea to be given by her mother, Mrs. William Cluff, at 2118 Pacific Avenue. Those who will assist in receiving will be Mrs. Charles Perkins, Mrs. Robert Campbell, Mrs. Thomas Cluff, Mrs. Linda Cadwalader, Miss Maude Cluff, Miss Georgie Speaker, Miss Rowena Burns, Miss Eleanor Eckert, and Miss Gertrude Campbell.

Mrs. Gordon M. Stolp, of Oakland, gave a euchre-party on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Clarence Martio Mann and a number of Oakland debutantes assisted her in receiving.

Mrs. W. Greer Harrison and the Misses Harrisoo will be at home at 2423 Broadway the fourth Friday during the winter.

Mrs. George Q. Crux held her first "at home" on Thursday afternoon, November 14th. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mrs. George Barstow, Mrs. William C. Peytoo, Miss Marie Rose Deane, Miss Katherine Hall, Miss Wilson, and Miss Thellar.

Mrs. Richard H. Warfield has sent out cards for an "at home" at the California Hotel, Saturday, November 30th, from four until seven o'clock.

## Thanksgiving and the Flower Mission.

Thanksgiving is the gala-day of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, and, as is its custom, it will supplement its year of active benevolence by providing Thanksgiving dinners for the poor, the sick, and the destitute. The *Argonaut* is authorized by the girls of the Fruit and Flower Mission to announce that on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of next week, at their head-quarters, No. 631 Sutter Street, they will receive, for distribution, money, meats, vegetables, turkeys, chickens, wines, liquors (to be taken medicinally, and under the advice of the family physician), raisins, figs, jellies, fruits, cakes, pies, bread, flowers, and all sorts of groceries and canned comforts. These donations are easy to make by the butcher and grocer, by the vegetable and wine-dealer, by the mothers of families. To every gentleman of easy circumstance, every young gentleman of the club, and every family man who appreciates his own well-provided, happy home, we advise the sending of money—gold coin. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express will transport from the country any donations, and return the empty baskets, free of charge.

## Thanksgiving at Burlingame.

President George A. Newhall, of the Burlingame Country Club, announces the following programme for Thanksgiving Day at Burlingame:

The first annual tennis tournament (doubles) open to members only, will commence at 10 A. M. for trophies offered by the club. (Entries should be addressed to the secretary.)

A professional golf tournament (36 holes) will commence at 10 A. M. First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25.

A "meet" of the San Mateo Hunt Club will be held in front of the club-house at 9:30 A. M.

There will be a concert on the club porch during luncheon, commencing at one o'clock. Members are requested to notify the manager of their intention to be present, and state the number of guests for luncheon, so that adequate arrangements may be made.

The privileges of the club are cordially extended on that day to members of tennis, golf, and hunt clubs.

The musical critics of the *Call* and *Post* have explicitly stated that "Manoo" was written for Sibyl Sanderson, yet the book, published in Paris, says: "Représenté pour la première fois, à Paris, sur le Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique, le 19 janvier, 1884. Musique de J. Massenet. Libretto de Henry Meilhac et Philippe Gille." In 1884, Sibyl Sanderson was a young girl just leaving San Francisco, and it is extremely probable that one of these famous Frenchmen had ever heard of her.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

— AT THE WEDDING OF LADY SMITH, OF LONDON, the most prominent and greatly admired presents consisted of very unique and artistic antiques, such as old silver articles, classic bronzes, marbles, paintings, rare wood carvings, and quaint pieces of antique furniture and porcelain. In San Francisco, we have a unique store which keeps similar articles, and it should be encouraged. This art display is at the P. Rossi Company, of 229 Sutter Street.

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**HUGO MANSFELDT**  
Will return from Europe and resume teaching November 1st. Applications for lessons may be made at once at the residence of  
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**MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.**

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling have arrived in New York after a two years' absence in Europe. They will visit Mrs. Darling's son, Dr. Catherinewood, in New York, for a fortnight, and then return to San Francisco.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Susie Blanding left for New York early in the week.

Ex-Senator Charles N. Felton, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. William L. Elkins, at her home near Philadelphia, attended the horse show in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert N. Drown and the Misses Bernie and Newell Drown are expected home next week after an extended stay abroad.

Mrs. Edward Barron has returned to Mayfield after a trip to her former home in Dublin.

Mr. John W. Mackay arrived from the East on Monday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Miss Marion Smith, and Miss Mae Burdge returned from the East, after having spent the summer at their seaside place on Shelter Island, and have opened their East Oakland house, "Arbor Villa."

Mr. Clarence Pollis was in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery have departed for the East, and expect to be absent several months. Senator George C. Perkins and Miss Pansy Perkins expect to leave for Washington, D. C., early next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Beardslee, of Honolulu, are the guests of Captain and Mrs. T. G. Taylor.

Mrs. George Beaver and Miss Beaver spent a few days at the Hotel Pleasanton last week before sailing for Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sonntag have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani arrived from Honolulu on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *China* on Saturday, November 16th. After a short stay in this city at the California Hotel, she will proceed to Washington, D. C.

Mr. J. B. Randol is visiting San Francisco after an absence of five years.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker is expected here from Port Ludlow next week to spend the winter.

Mr. J. D. Bailey and family have taken apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Congressman Julius Kahn departed for Washington, D. C., on Wednesday.

Mrs. George Gibbs has been the guest of Majnr and Mrs. Theodore K. Gibbs at Newport.

Mr. P. R. Mabury, of San José, and his sister, Miss B. Mabury, are in town to attend the opera, and are stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. William Beckman, of Sacramento, was at the California Hotel during the week.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, were guests at the Palace Hotel during the week. Mrs. Regua and Mrs. Long gave an opera-party in their honor on last Saturday night, when Sibyl Sanderson appeared in "Manon Lescaut."

Mr. and Mrs. William Giselman and Mr. Marshall Giselman were in New York last week.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. O. J. Humphrey, of Portland, Mr. D. L. Newhall and Mr. G. E. Starr, of Philadelphia, Mr. B. Peyman, of Walton-on-Thames, England, Miss Foy, of Seattle, Mrs. John Yule, Mrs. Frank Kendall, Mrs. W. R. Davis, and Mrs. E. Haas, of Oakland, Mrs. J. M. Litchfield, Mrs. B. Jeffrey, Mrs. C. G. Lyman, Mr. E. H. Fritch, and Mr. E. F. Fischer.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tam-alpais were Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hunt, of Des Moines, Ia., Mrs. Samuel Martin and Miss Ethel Martin, of New York, Mrs. P. Rothrock, of Manila, Mr. Henry Lamotte, of Bremen, Mr. O. H. Kiefer, of Los Angeles, Mr. W. C. Harris, of London, Mr. E. W. Runyon, of New York, Mr. W. C. Runyon, of Cleveland, O., Mr. J. H. Hawes, of Bridgeport, Mr. Hugo Friedlander, of New Zealand, and Mr. A. R. Ward, of Berkeley.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Parker, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Blackman, of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wren and Mr. L. A. Craig, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Graef, of Vancouver, Mr. and Mrs. N. Blackstock, of Ventura, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hall, of Paris, France, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott, of Agnew, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Nash, Miss E. S. Pleasants, Miss A. E. Brown, and Mr. W. R. Dudley, of Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Holbrook, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Insh, of Santa Cruz, Mr. W. H. Post and Mr. L. Grothwell, of Stockton, Mrs. J. B. Curtin, of Sonora, Mr. R. R. Syer, of San José, and Mrs. W. Morse, of New York.

**Army and Navy News.**

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General S. B. M. Young left for Washington, D. C., on Sunday last. He will spend a month in the East, and during his absence, Colonel Jacob B. Rawles, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will be in command of the Department of California.

Major William E. Birkhimer, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., returned from Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda* on Tuesday.

Captain William R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., and Mrs. Smedberg arrived from the East on Monday.

Colonel Robert M. O'Reilly, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A., who is to be chief surgeon of the Department of California on the retirement of Colonel C. R. Greenleaf, has been ordered to report here the first of January. Colonel Greenleaf, who has been East for the last two months, will arrive

home in a few days, and assume charge of his office again temporarily.

Lieutenant Raymond H. Fenner, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Andrews, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., left on Tuesday for their new station at Vancouver Barracks.

Captain Joseph C. Castner, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Castner (*née* White) are expected home from the Philippines the latter part of next month.

Major Charles W. Hobbs, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has reported for duty at the Presidio.

Surgeon John J. Snyder, U. S. N., and Lieutenant John G. Muir, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Muir, arrived from the Philippines last week.

Captain J. L. Donovan, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from his duties in the casual camp in this city. Major S. A. Wolf, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., will take his place.

On behalf of the Southern Pacific Company, Mr. E. O. McCormick gave a banquet in the supper-room of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening to the delegates of the American Association of Railway Traveling Passenger Agents. Covers were laid for three hundred ladies and gentlemen. Among others present were President J. C. Clair, of the association, Mayor M. P. Schneider, of Los Angeles, W. D. Jerome, of the New York Central at Chicago, M. C. Roach and F. W. Ritter, of New York, H. J. Rhein, of Buffalo, J. L. White, of Boston, L. D. Heusner, of Chicago, and Messrs. Goodman, Donaldson, Horsburgh, Sanhara, Hitchcock, and Ritchie, of this city.

**Art Notes.**

William Morris's holiday exhibition is now open. Mr. Morris has just received a very beautiful collection of oil paintings, water-colors, and black-and-whites, by both American and European artists, suitable for holiday gifts. Admission free. Framing a specialty. 248 Sutter Street.

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**AFTER-THEATRE REFRESHMENTS**

Each year during the grand-opera season the Palace Grill remains open until midnight to accommodate those who desire refreshments at the close of the performance. This year the provisions for your entertainment include good music, polite *attachés*, and unsurpassed cuisine.

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|---|------------|---|------------|
| Kim, by Rudyard Kipling.....\$1.50                      | \$1.20     | Like Another Helen, Horton.....\$1.50                         | \$1.20     |
| Count Hannibal, Stanley Weyman.....1.50                 | 1.20       | The Lion's Brood, Osborne.....1.50                            | 1.20       |
| Tristram of Blent, Hope.....1.50                        | 1.18       | Eleanor, Ward.....1.50  | 1.20       |
| Man from Glangary, Connor.....1.50                      | 1.18       | Expatriates, Bell.....1.50                                    | 1.20       |
| Eben Holden, Irving Bacheller.....1.50                  | 1.18       | Babs, the Impossible, Grand.....1.50                          | 1.20       |
| Dr. and I, Irving Bacheller.....1.50                    | 1.20       | The Making of Christopher Ferringham, Dix.....1.50            | 1.20       |
| The Lives of the Hunted, Set on Thompson.....1.75       |            | Billy Baxter's Letters......60                                |            |
| Capt Ravenshaw, R. N. Stephens.....1.50                 | 1.05       | John Henry......60  |            |
| Bob, Son of Battle (new illustrated edition).....1.50   | 1.18       | Fables in Slang, Geo. Ade.....1.00                            | .79        |
| The Valley of Decision, Edith Wharton.....1.50          | 1.20       | More Fables, Geo. Ade......79                                 |            |
| The Abandoned Farmer, Preston.....1.25                  | 1.00       | Penelope's Irish Experiences, Kate Douglas Wiggin.....1.25    | 1.00       |
| Raffles (sequel to the Amateur Cracksmen).....1.50      | 1.20       | Observations of Henry, Jerome.....1.25                        | 1.00       |
| Ruling Passion, Van Dyke.....1.50                       | 1.20       | A Sailor's Log, Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans.....2.00         | 1.60       |
| Julietta, McDougall.....1.50                            | 1.20       | John Charity, Horace A. Vachel.....1.50                       | 1.20       |
| Truth, Dexter, McCall.....1.50                          | 1.20       | Masters of Men, M. Robertson.....1.50                         | 1.20       |
| The Puppet Crown, McGrath.....1.50                      | 1.20       | To Have and to Hold, Johnson.....1.50                         | 1.15       |
| Quincy Adams Sawyer, Pidgin.....1.50                    | 1.20       | Prisoners of Hope, Johnson.....1.50                           | 1.15       |
| The Octopus, Norris.....1.50                            | 1.20       | A Woman Tenderfoot, Thompson.....2.00                         | 1.60       |
| The Column, Marriott.....1.50                           | 1.20       | Understudies, Mary E. Wilkins.....1.25                        | 1.00       |
| The Helmet of Navarre, Runkle.....1.50                  | 1.18       | Cruel Instances, E. Wharton.....1.50                          | 1.20       |
| The Successors of Mary the First Phelps.....1.50        | 1.20       | The God of his Fathers, London.....1.50                       | 1.20       |
| Sir Christopher, Goodwin.....1.50                       | 1.20       | Son of the Wolf, Jack London.....1.50                         | 1.20       |
| The Love Letters of the King, Le Gallienne.....1.50     | 1.20       | Wolfville Days, Henry Lewis.....1.50                          | 1.20       |
| Curious Career of Roderick Campbell, McIlwrath.....1.50 | 1.20       | The Making of a Marchioness, Frances Hodgson Burnett.....1.10 |            |
| The Conscience of Coralie, Moore.....1.50               | 1.20       | The Secret Orchard, E. Castle.....1.50                        | 1.20       |
| A King's Pawn, Drummond.....1.50                        | 1.20       | In Spite of All, Edna Lyall.....1.50                          | 1.20       |
| Miss Nell, Hazelton.....1.50                            | 1.20       | Jack Raymond, E. L. Voinich.....1.50                          | 1.20       |
| The Voice of the People, Glasgow.....1.50               | 1.20       | How to Cook Husbands.....1.00                                 | .80        |
| The Heritage of Unrest, Overton.....1.50                | 1.20       | Gentle Art of Cooking Wives.....1.00                          | .80        |
| The Ways of the Service, Palmer.....1.50                | 1.20       | Circumstance, Weir Mitchell.....1.50                          | 1.20       |
| The Cardinal's Snuff Box, Harland.....1.50              | 1.20       | Blennerhassett, Pidgin.....1.50                               | 1.20       |
| Richard Yea and Nay, Hewlett.....1.50                   | 1.20       | Lazarus, Catherine Wood.....1.50                              | 1.20       |
| Visits of Elizabeth, Glyn.....1.50                      | 1.20       | Graustark, McCutcheon.....1.50                                | 1.20       |
| Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip, Bernham.....1.50         | 1.20       | The Cavalier, Cable.....1.50                                  | 1.20       |
| Arrows of the Almighty, Johnson.....1.60                | 1.20       | The Riddle of the Universe, Ernest Haeckel.....1.50           | 1.20       |
| The Good Red Earth, Phillips.....1.50                   | 1.20       | New Canterbury Tales, Hewlett.....1.50                        | 1.25       |
| A Soldier of Virginia, Stevenson.....1.50               | 1.20       | The Outcasts, W. A. Faber.....1.50                            | 1.20       |
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|   |            | Marietta, Marion Crawford.....1.50                            | 1.20       |
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### SOUTHERN PACIFIC. Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | From Nov. 4, 1901.  | ARRIVE   |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7:00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.....  | 6:55 P.  |
| 7:00 A.  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey, 7:30 A. Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....      | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....   | 6:25 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East..   | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....   | 8:25 A.  |
| 8:00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....  | 7:25 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Sbasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....                    | 4:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....             | 7:55 P.  |
| 8:30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carters....   | 4:25 P.  |
| 9:00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 11:55 A. |
| 9:00 A.  | Vallejo.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 9:00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....                | 7:25 P.  |
| 9:30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 7:55 P.  |
| 10:00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 5:25 P.  |
| 11:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers.....  | 11:00 P. |
| 3:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 7:55 P.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....                          | 10:55 A. |
| 4:00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....  | 9:25 A.  |
| 4:00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi....  | 12:25 P. |
| 4:30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore, Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....                              | 10:25 A. |
| 5:00 P.  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Gangus for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....                     | 8:55 A.  |
| 5:00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....  | 12:25 P. |
| 5:30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....   | 7:55 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Vallejo.....  | 11:25 A. |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 8:25 A.  |
| 6:00 P.  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.....  | 4:25 P.  |
| 7:00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....        | 8:55 A.  |
| 8:05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 11:25 P. |
| 18:05 P. | Vallejo.....  | 7:55 P.  |

| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.) |  |
|---|--|
| 8:15 A.   | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                        |
| 12:15 P.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... |
| 4:15 P.   | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....   |
| 4:30 P.   | Hunters' Train—San José and Way Stations.....  |

| OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip B). |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 17:15   | 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M. |
| From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  | 16:00 18:00                           |
| 18:05   | 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.     |

| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.) |   |
|---|---|
| 6:10 A.   | San José and Way Stations.....  |
| 7:00 A.   | San José and Way Stations.....  |
| 7:00 A.   | New Almaden.....  |
| 9:00 A.   | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.....  |
| 10:30 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....  |
| 11:30 A.  | San José and Way Stations.....  |
| 12:45 P.  | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... |
| 3:30 P.   | San José and Way Stations.....  |
| 14:15 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.....  |
| 15:00 P.  | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....  |
| 5:30 P.   | San José and Principal Way Stations.....  |
| 6:00 P.   | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....   |
| 6:30 P.   | San José and Way Stations.....  |
| 11:45 P.  | San José and Way Stations.....  |

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Some enterprising publisher should secure the publication rights to "The Letters of Pat Crowe to the Omaha Police."—*Denver Republican*.

Ocular demonstration: "Mrs. Décolleté, over there, puts every cent her husband makes on her back." "He's making very little, then."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mr. Botts—"I think, my dear, I have at last found the key to success." Mrs. Botts—"Well, just as like as not you'll not be able to find the key-hole."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Proud of the boy: Doctor—"Pears to me laik de boy dun got acute indegeshun." Aunt Lucy (smiling through her tears)—"Dat's it, doctah l Dat boy, sick er well, dun eb'ryting cute."—*Judge*.

Comparatively secure: Joke-writer—"Then you couldn't take anything from this batch of jokes?" Editor—"I hope not. I've been vaccinated six times, and always carry a germicide atomizer."—*Judge*.

The important question: Mrs. Dashleigh—"Do you believe it is possible, as Mrs. Roosevelt says, for a woman to dress on three hundred dollars a year?" Mrs. Kapliffe—"It may be possible, but what's the use?"—*Ex.*

Prostrated: First fly—"Come quick, mother l Sister has been drinking some of that poison they tried to fool us with." Second fly—"Oh l Where is she?" First fly—"She's on the ceiling in a dead faint."—*Life*.

"Isn't that a brigantine that's just coming up?" inquired the first passenger, looking toward the coast. "I think not," replied the seasick man near by; "I don't remember having eaten a brigantine."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Sensational: Lena—"What did that Russian nobleman write in your autograph album?" Mabel—"Oh, something unspeakable." Lena—"Goodness gracious! What was it?" Mabel—"His name."—*Town Topics*.

He got in the way: Jimson—"You say your wife threw the poker at a stray dog and hit you instead?" Jester—"Yes, but it was my fault; I had no business standing behind her when she threw."—*Columbus State Journal*.

To be considered: "Do you expect to have an ovation when you get up to see your constituents again?" "I don't know," rejoined Senator Sorgum, absent-mindedly; "how much do ovations cost?"—*Washington Star*.

Messenger boy—"Is this Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson's, or Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton's, or Mr. Thompson-Teton's, or Mr. Ernest Theton-Shompson's?" Maid—"Wait a minute, can't you. He didn't say what it would be to-day. I'll go and ask him."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A boomerang: Tess—"I told Miss Sharpe what you said about her sewing-circle; that you would not join because it was too full of stupid nobodies." Jess—"Did you? What did she say to that?" Tess—"She said you were mistaken; that there was always room for one more."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Professional mendicant—"Please gimme tuppence, lady, to buy some bread." Little girl—"Why, gran'ma, you gave that man some money only half an hour ago!" Professional mendicant (taking in the situation)—"Yes, my little dear, bless yer! But I'm a terrible bread-eater!"—*Punch*.

Easy indifference: "Why did we arrive late and leave before the opera was over?" asked the youngest daughter; "it was very enjoyable." "Of course it was," answered Mrs. Cumrox, "but, my dear, we had to show people that we didn't care whether we got our money's worth or not."—*Washington Star*.

Her taste for charity: "And so you are doing charity work in the slums, Mrs. Naggerson? It's so lovely of you to take an interest in those poor people." "Yes, I enjoy the work very much. Nearly all the women down there have domestic troubles that they tell me all about."—*Chicago Record Herald*.

The old story: The second course of the table d'hôte was being served. "What is this leathery stuff?" demanded the corpulent diner. "That, sir, is fillet of sole," replied the waiter. "Take it away," said the corpulent diner, "and see if you can't get me a nice, tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."—*Tit-Bits*.

See that Steedman is spelt with two ees when you buy Steedman's Soothing Powders. Beware of spurious imitations.

"Ah l my friend l" sighed old Skinfint, who was dying. "I am going a long, long journey." "Never mind," replied the friend, who knew him; "it's all down hill."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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San Rafael to San Francisco.  
WEEK DAYS—6:10, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 a.m.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:15 p.m.; Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 p.m. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 a.m.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 p.m.

| Leave San Francisco. | In Effect April 28, 1901. | San Francisco   | Arrive                |
|----------------------|---------------------------|---|-----------------------|
| Week Days.           | Sun. days.                | Destination.  | Sun. days. Week Days. |
| 7:30 a.m.            | 8:00 a.m.                 | Novato.   | 10:40 a.m.            |
| 3:30 p.m.            | 9:30 a.m.                 | Petaluma.   | 6:05 p.m.             |
| 5:10 p.m.            | 5:00 p.m.                 | Santa Rosa.   | 7:35 p.m.             |
| 7:30 a.m.            | 5:00 p.m.                 | Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale. | 10:40 a.m.            |
| 3:30 p.m.            | 8:00 a.m.                 | Hopland and Ukiah.  | 7:35 p.m.             |
| 7:30 a.m.            | 8:00 a.m.                 | Guerneville.  | 10:40 a.m.            |
| 3:30 p.m.            | 5:00 p.m.                 | Sonoma and Glen Ellen.  | 7:35 p.m.             |
| 7:30 a.m.            | 8:00 a.m.                 | Sebastopol.   | 10:40 a.m.            |
| 3:30 p.m.            | 5:00 p.m.                 |   | 7:35 p.m.             |

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanbedrin Heights, Hulville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Laytonville, Cummins, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Scotia, and Eureka. Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates. Ticket office, 620 Market Street, Chronicle Building. H. C. WHITING, Gen. Manager. R. X. RVAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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|-----------------|---------------------|--|---|
| Week Days.      | Sun. days.          | Foot of Market St.   | Sun. days. Week Days.                                   |
| 9:30 A.         | 8:00 A.             | The 415 P. M. train stops overnight at the "Ferry of Tamalpais," returning leaves at 7:50 P. M., arriving in the city at 9:45 A. M., Week Days only. | 1:00 P. 9:45 A. 3:00 P. 8:40 P. 4:25 P. 5:55 P. 6:55 P. |
| 1:45 P.         | 10:00 A.            |  |   |
| 4:15 P.         | 11:30 A.            |  |   |

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|---------------------------------|-------------|---------------|--------------|-------------|
| Lv. San Francisco.....          | 7:20 a      | 9:00 a        | 8:00 p       | 4:20 p      |
| Ar. Stockton.....               | 10:18 a     | 11:45 a       | 11:10 p      | 7:18 p      |
| " Merced.....                   | 12:25 p     | 1:17 p        | 1:30 p       | 9:11 p      |
| " Fresno.....                   | 2:05 p      | 2:35 p        | 3:15 a       | 10:50 p     |
| " Hanford.....                  | 3:12 p      | 3:27 p        | 8:05 a       | .....       |
| " Visalia.....                  | 3:30 p      | .....         | 5:00 a       | .....       |
| " Bakersfield.....              | 6:15 p      | 5:20 p        | 7:45 a       | .....       |
| " Kansas City.....              | 2:40 a      | 7:30 a        | .....        | .....       |
| " Chicago.....                  | 2:15 p      | 9:00 p        | .....        | .....       |

a for morning. p for afternoon.  
9 a.m. train is the California Limited, carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Car runs to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 7:05 a.m. daily.  
4:20 p.m. is Stockton and Fresno local. Corresponding train arrives at 12:30 p.m. daily.  
8:00 p.m. is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:00 p.m. daily.  
7:20 a.m. is Bakersfield Local, stopping at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives at 8:40 a.m. daily.  
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XLIX. No. 1290.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 2, 1901.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The first session of the Fifty-Seventh Congress will begin on Monday, December 2d. What will come up this session in the way of business, and what will probably be accomplished, are just now subjects of interested speculation. The last Congress was largely noted for what it did not do, and naturally most of its omissions will form the basis of work for the session just opening. The ship subsidy bill was fiercely debated last winter, but did not reach a vote. Senator Frye

has prepared a new bill on the same general lines, which will be presented at the coming session, and is expected to be a prominent feature of proposed legislation. The anti-trust bill which the House passed in its last session was hung up in the Senate. Anti-trust measures may again be considered, not only because of the partial success of the last one, but because President Roosevelt is expected to make recommendations covering the publicity remedy to which he seriously inclines. A bill taxing oleomargarine had a similar fate last year, and is open for a renewal of efforts to push it through. The Pacific cable bill passed the Senate, but did not reach a vote in the House. The need of action in that behalf is quite certain to bring the question again to the front. The last Congress did nothing to advance the numerous reciprocity treaties on its calendar, and the recent general discussion of them makes it very improbable that they will be taken up at all, but if taken up that they will be defeated. The Nicaragua Canal bill will undoubtedly be an important feature of the coming session. The prospects of a bill being passed are much improved by the understanding that the new treaty with Great Britain removes the reasons for senatorial action last year. The ground being cleared, the impetus gained by the ratification of the new convention, giving this country full freedom of action and control, may put the bill through with a rush.

Among the items of new legislation in sight may be counted a bill for new naval construction, which promises to be a large one, it being already pretty well canvassed and it being known that the President will favor a substantial increase in the strength of our navy. A new river and harbor bill will be presented to take the place of the bill carrying appropriations of \$49,000,000, which was talked to death last year. Such a bill is becoming a necessity as a lever to put other bills through Congress. The log-rolling it engenders avoids the necessity of purchasing votes outright. We are also promised a new bill on the subject of revenue reduction. The unpopularity of reductions, through either tariff revision or reciprocity treaties, has turned the attention of the majority party toward the plan of making some changes in internal taxation, or of wiping out all the remaining war taxes, or both. The war taxes were reduced between \$40,000,000 and \$45,000,000 last year, which was about half of the whole. This Congress is liable to put an end to them, as the Secretary of the Treasury estimates that with their elimination we should still enjoy a surplus of revenues at the close of the fiscal year.

Nothing at present indicates the necessity for any radical legislation regarding the Philippines. The last Congress, seeing that it would be impractical to attempt definite legislation until the islands were pacified and a substructure of government laid, handed the government of the Philippines over to the executive and his commissioners "until otherwise provided by Congress." That condition still obtains, and it looks improbable that Congress will see its way to assume control this winter. The McKinley plan will still go on of "affording the inhabitants of the islands self-government as fast as they are ready for it." Cuha will scarcely be ready for much more serious attention from Congress. We have already told the Cuhans we expect guarantees that the independence won for them will be conserved; that we want assurance that their territory will not be alienated to a foreign power; that they will not contract debts in excess of their revenue; and that our privilege to intervene in case of foreign attack or domestic revolution will be respected. Nothing more can be done until the Cuban republic now in course of formation is set up and ready for business.

The election of Eugene E. Schmitz as mayor has created a stir in labor circles, and has filled the Union Labor party with ambitions it did not dream of before. A meeting of the executive committee was recently held at which it was decided to attempt an expansion that should cover the State and reach even beyond its borders. A delegation from the labor-unions of Alameda County was present, and this helped to fan the

flame of ambition. Communications were read from Vallejo, Watsonville, Stockton, San José, Fresno, Los Angeles, Bakersfield, and Lake County, expressing a desire to form branches in those localities, and this added fuel to the flames. It was decided to enter the field of State politics, to attempt to elect a governor, and also to name the United States Senator who will be chosen in 1903. The leaders claim that in this city they can elect assemblymen in the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, thirtieth, and thirty-first districts, and that in the thirty-third, forty-fourth, and forty-fifth districts they can force candidates favorable to them on one or the other of the regular parties. They count on securing three State senators, also. This is not enough to elect a United States Senator, but they hope for some assistance from the interior of the State.

Nor do they stop at this. They have received letters asking for information about the party and its vote at the recent election from the trades assemblies of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, and Bridgeport, Conn. From these they conclude that the labor forces in those cities are contemplating a like movement there, and that the capture of the federal government may not be beyond their grasp ultimately. So they have their eyes fixed on Congress, and claim that they can elect a candidate of their own in the fourth district, and can dictate in the fifth. In the fourth district they can certainly make things very unpleasant for the regular candidates, if they hold the strength they had in the municipal election, and Congressman Julius Kahn is getting quite uneasy. Congressman Loud's district is largely an urban one, in which a majority of the voters unquestionably lean toward the cause of labor. As to the State at large, their success is more problematical. The Workingmen's party that elected a mayor in San Francisco thirty years ago cut no figure in State politics, though it had at least the sympathy of the farming class. The Union Labor party grew out of the strike in this city, and the strike hurt the farmers more than any other class not directly engaged in the struggle. They felt antagonistic to the labor-unions then, and are not likely to support them next year. The new party may have strength in the cities, however.

The much-discussed Reciprocity Convention, held in Washington, has adjourned *sine die*. The labor convention has had no practical result, and has uncovered no new fact, except that the protected interests of the United States can not agree upon any scheme for operating reciprocity with general satisfaction. The convention was entirely harmonious when it talked about the necessity of maintaining protective duties, the upbuilding of a merchant marine, and the construction of an isthmian canal, but when it got down to the subject for which it was called, it learned from its own members that "past experience has shown that a reciprocity treaty was not beneficial to the country"; that the important delegation from New York had nothing to urge except "procrastination in general commercial reciprocity"; that the manufacturers of Philadelphia who favored reciprocity did so solely on the understanding that the necessary tariff reductions would be made on the wares of some one else. The agricultural implement makers wanted reciprocity, and wanted it badly, but no protected interest came forward to sacrifice itself to them. They thought the French treaty would be a good thing—for them—but the manufacturers of New England considered it equally bad for their purposes, and the Pennsylvania men opposed it because it would destroy every textile industry in their State. The leather men saw great benefits to accrue from making a treaty with Argentine, by which hides would come in free, but the wool-growers of the United States do not wish to be sacrificed to obtain them. Manufacturers of the East would like to increase trade with Canada on the same principle, but it can hardly be brought about against the fervent protests of the farmers and the lumhermen all along the border. The Middle West would favor free trade in coal with Canada, but Eastern mine-owners see in it only disastrous results.



tion for them in New England with the coal of Nova Scotia.

So the discussion ran all along the line. It developed the single fact that until methods of reciprocity are proposed which injure no one, duties are liable to remain as they are, and a plan which displeases no one is not yet discovered, and is probably impossible. The closing resolution of the convention, which covers the sole practical result of its work, shows how useless it was to call the assembly together. It recommends to Congress "the maintenance of the principle of protection for the home market"—which is just what the majority in Congress were elected to do. It recommends the opening up of foreign trade opportunities by reciprocity, "but only where it can be done without injury to any of our home interests of manufacturing, commerce, or farming"—which is only another wording of the Republican party platform on the subject of tariff and reciprocity. In short, being unable to formulate any action except that of "how not to do it," they dropped the whole burden on Congress and ran home, and Congress will probably drop it also and even more promptly.

This fiasco ought to put an end to reciprocity agitation for some time. It has only made plainer what most people previously contended for, that the majority in this country is too well satisfied with present conditions of trade and commerce to look with favor on any juggling with the tariff by methods which, once commenced, promise to lead to hopeless complexities. If we inaugurate the system other nations may do the same, and the channels of the world's trade would become a marvel of intricacies.

Stirring speeches, pointed resolutions, a strong memorial to Congress, and the selection of a permanent committee, were the results of the State convention for Chinese exclusion held in this city last Thursday and Friday. Ex-Congressman Thomas J. Geary was made temporary and permanent chairman of the meeting, and head of the executive committee. Mayor James D. Phelan delivered an address of welcome to the delegates, and speeches were made by Congressman S. D. Woods, Frank L. Coombs, Mayor Snyder, of Los Angeles, D. E. McKinley, and others. The committee on resolutions and memorial to Congress was made up of Senator John F. Davis, Mayor Phelan, Senator Smith, A. Caminetti, and W. McArthur, at large, and two from each of the seven congressional districts. The resolutions adopted demand the reenactment of the Geary Exclusion Act and the continuance of existing treaties with China. Supplementary paragraphs refer the question of Japanese immigration to the permanent committee. A summary of the conditions that forced the adoption of the Geary law, a statement of its beneficial effects, and a brief but convincing argument for the continuance of its policy, make up the memorial. Ex-Minister Truxtun Beale, Mayor Phelan, and Andrew Furuseth are three members of the committee appointed to present the memorial to Congress. During the two sessions of the convention, there was much enthusiasm among the eleven hundred delegates present, and there is evidence that earnest efforts to prevent any increase of Asiatic immigration will be continued.

The board of supervisors is considering a number of plans for municipal improvement which involve an issue of bonds to raise the money to pay for them. The same subjects occupied a large part of the attention at the recent merchants' banquet. New school-houses, a new hospital, and a system of sewers have been discussed for a long time, and their necessity has been admitted by a vote in favor of bonds to inaugurate these improvements. The purchase or construction of a municipal water system has also received considerable attention. The approaching expiration of the franchise of the Geary Street Railroad Company has been hailed by the advocates of municipal ownership as an opportunity for taking the first step in establishing city street-car lines. A city gas and electric-lighting plant has been a natural development of the discussion of municipal water-works. There are advocates of a municipal telephone system, more parks, a tunnel through Telegraph Hill, and new engine-houses for the fire department. All of these things require money, and bonds must be issued if they are to be obtained. The charter fixes the limit of bonded indebtedness at fifteen per cent. of the assessed valuation, so that bonds to the amount of \$62,000,000 can be issued. The board of public works has prepared estimates for a municipal water system, placing the cost at \$38,000,000. Park sites, a library building under the terms of the Carnegie gift, a hospital, school sites and buildings, and sewers would cost \$10,000,000. The gas, electric-light, and telephone plants would cost \$3,000,000. The board of public works has made estimates also on a municipal street-car line. This includes not only the present Geary street line, with three and one-half miles of track,

but also an extension carrying the line from the park to the ferries, and branch lines from the Potrero to the Presidio, to the Panhandle along Fell Street, and from Market Street to the railroad station. The cost of this would be \$3,000,000. These improvements, therefore, would involve a total expenditure of \$54,000,000, or nearly the whole of the authorized indebtedness. With regard to the street-railway system, the board of supervisors has called on the Geary Street, Market Street, Sutter Street, California Street, Presidio and Ferries, and San Francisco and San Mateo companies to name a price at which they will sell their franchises and holdings to the city. The desirability of the main improvements will probably not be questioned. Whether the people want them all at the present time at the cost that they involve is not free from doubt.

There were no Roman Catholic ceremonies in Manila in memory of the deceased President of the United States. Not alone that, but the occasion of his death was made the vehicle by which the spite and hatred of the friars—still in the ecclesiastical saddle at Manila—toward the present governing authorities in the Philippine Islands was made manifest. The authorities arranged for lay services in the central government building at Manila, while General Chaffee announced a military observance of the occasion on the Luneta. Meanwhile, the Protestant missionaries among the Filipinos organized a funeral observance on their own account.

Several days after the death of the President a pastoral letter from Friar Martin G. Alcocer, Bishop of Cebu and Apostolic Administrator of Manila, appeared in *Libertas*, a daily paper published in Manila by the Dominican order. From that letter these paragraphs are quoted:

"We, as prelate of this holy church, can not permit in a public and official manner religious funerals shall be held for the departed, dying outside the church. We can not authorize a single priest or simple believer to utilize for this purpose the Catholic temples, or chapels, or cemeteries, or to employ sacred objects of worship, or to conduct the ceremonies or prayers of our funeral offices and ritual. "If the honorable President of the United States had died within the church, we, the prelates, would have had great pleasure in honoring his memory and imploring the favors of heaven with splendid and pompous obsequies in the cathedrals of Havana, San Juan, and Manila.

"So long as we can not do aught else, we have been pleased to order that on Sunday next religious services be held in the Cathedral of Manila for the double purpose of making atonement to the Lord for all the offenses against Him, and the crimes which are committed, and to ask Him to impart to the authorities of America and of the Philippines the necessary skill and favor that they may work out the common welfare and happiness."

This letter was announced by the organ of the friars as a full and satisfactory expression of that church which represents the vast majority of the people of the islands.

The correspondent of the New York *Independent*, who sent a translation of the pastoral to that paper, in which it is printed in full, says:

"The phraseology is religious, but he who fails to find politics wrapped in this pastoral letter must have the view broad. The Right Rev. Alcocer, as acting head of the Catholic Church in the Philippines, assumes to speak the sentiments of the people, who are almost without exception within its fold. In speaking for that people, he is careful to disclaim for them all direct share in the sorrow of the occasion. 'We, of course, are not Americans,' is the air of several paragraphs. Again, the references to the 'vassals' of McKinley, and to 'His majesty' are in point. . . . The Filipino people are distinctly given to understand that the death of McKinley has thrown things into confusion in these islands once more—that their fate is in the air. This at a moment when the governor's proclamation of five days before had been expressly worded so as to allay the rising misapprehension, and when the people were being assured that a change of President could in nowise mean a reversal of the present policy of extending the scope of civil government."

It is said, however, that very few of the Filipinos attended the special cathedral service referred to.

Concerning the comments of the *Argonaut* on the recent municipal election in San Francisco and the influence of the daily journals in that contest, the *Post* says:

"The *Argonaut* had a very interesting article in a recent issue on the power of the press in politics. . . . Our contemporary is right when it says that late elections have proved the utter lack of influence of some of the papers. It shows that the mayoralty candidates who enjoyed journalistic support were defeated, and that the one who had no newspaper aid—Mr. Schmitz—was elected. . . .

"The *Argonaut* should not lose sight of the fact that it was one of the warmest, most logical, and fairest advocates Mr. Tobin had. If the *Call* and *Chronicle* could have elected Mr. Tobin by opposing him, which we do not doubt, what effect did the *Argonaut's* advocacy of Mr. Tobin have on the vote cast for Mr. Schmitz?

"We desire to call the *Argonaut's* attention to a misstatement, made inadvertently, we are sure. It says the *Post* bitterly opposed Mr. Schmitz. There was no bitterness in our opposition to any candidate. The *Post* does not fight that way. The morning after the election, Mayor-elect Schmitz presented his compliments to the editor of this paper, and thanked the *Post* for the generous treatment accorded him and his arguments. In the words of Mr. Schmitz, the campaign conducted by the *Post* was courteous, dignified, and honest, differing therein by that made by its contemporaries, and getting as near to that of the *Argonaut* as is possible in a daily journal."

The *Post* is right—the *Argonaut* is wrong. The *Post* did not oppose Mr. Schmitz "bitterly"—it opposed him vigorously; but there was no element of bitterness in its fight, which was a frank and honest one.

But when the *Post* says the *Argonaut* advocated Mr.

Tobin's election the *Post* is wrong. The *Argonaut* supports the Republican ticket whenever it can. This year we did not like the Republican ticket, and therefore did not stand for it. Apparently a good many Republicans agreed with us.

But we printed the Republican ticket without supporting it editorially; we did the same with the Democratic ticket.

It is true that we printed some extracts from Mr. Tobin's speeches. They were excellent speeches. Mr. Tobin's hopelessness but gallant fight excited our admiration. But it did not excite our desire to see him elected. He represented the Phelan-McNab machine, and he represented some other elements which the *Argonaut* dislikes. We may have shown evidences of our admiration and sympathy for Mr. Tobin's gallant campaign. Very probably we did. For if ever a man was led unsuspectingly to slaughter—if ever a man was smitten politically under the fifth rib—if ever a man had occasion to cry, "Lord, save me from my friends!"—it is Joseph S. Tobin.

But none the less the *Argonaut* did not advocate his election, and of the two we would have preferred to see Wells elected. We would have supported Wells had not the Republican ticket been impossible. It stank.

The war in South Africa has been popularly set down as a masterpiece of Joseph Chamberlain's statesmanship. Whether rightly or wrongly, for the present at least, he will be judged by the success or failure of that conflict. Just now the conduct of affairs in the Transvaal is a subject of severe adverse criticism, and it is but natural that Chamberlain should feel somewhat sensitive on the subject. In a recent speech, he declared that the points of policy in South Africa that are being described as unparalleled atrocities were equalled and even surpassed in recent conflicts, mentioning them. Chamberlain's purpose was to allay British unrest, but whatever he may have accomplished in that direction, he has certainly succeeded in arousing ire in Continental Europe. His remarks reflected upon France, Russia, and Germany. The two former simply shrugged their shoulders and let the remark pass. Not so in Germany, however. There it has aroused a wave of popular indignation that, to an outsider, seems somewhat disproportionate. It is denounced as an insult to the German soldiery, and satisfaction is demanded.

In the meantime there is little diminution of the adverse criticism in England. The blow struck by General Botha near Brakenlaagte proved that he had lost no time in re-assembling his commandos after escaping from the British cordon in South-Eastern Transvaal. The news regarding the concentration camps is even more disheartening. According to the official reports, 576 children died in them during June, 1,124 during July, 1,545 during August, and 1,964 during September. The Bishop of Hereford declares in a letter to the *Times* that the untimely death of all these unhappy children will be the most bitter of all the awful and humiliating incidents of this war. The London *News* says the truth is that the death rate in the camps is incomparably worse than anything Africa or Asia can show. There is nothing to match it even in the mortality figures of the Indian famines, where cholera and other epidemics have to be contended with.

It will be remembered that when the Episcopal Convention was held in San Francisco the dailies discussed, with awe and admiration, the magnificent banquets of Pierpont Morgan. The oysters, the terrapin, the frogs (*sauté sec* and *à la poulette*), the canvasback (with wild celery inside and tame celery on the side), the other rich viands which went to rejoice the episcopal and archepiscopal inner man—the wines of sunny France, which make glad the heart of man and make his face to shine even if he be sacerdotal—did not these things drop from Dives's table in rich newspaper crumbs to be spread before each poor Lazarus's eye—or shall we say Lazari?—by industrious reporters? These newspaper echoes of lackey echoes of the Morgan banquets have resounded across the continent, and have been picked up by yet other newspapers and by unfed and unwined divines. A Baltimore correspondent of the New York *World* quotes Rev. Dr. Hodges, rector of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, as indulging in savage strictures on the dinners given by Pierpont Morgan to the bishops aforesaid. These strictures were represented to have been made before a clerical association in Baltimore. The San Francisco *Chronicle* editorially discussed and condemned the Rev. Dr. Hodges's strictures. But the *Chronicle* now says that the Rev. Dr. Hodges avers that he "did not make any strictures whatever, severe or otherwise, on Mr. Morgan's lavishness." In fact, he goes on to say that he said nothing whatever about Mr. Morgan or Mr. Morgan's dinners. The *Chronicle* apologizes in the handsomest way for its reflections on his reflections on the alleged excesses at Mr. Pierpont Morgan's alleged banquets.

One of the primitive predecessors of the banqueters of to-



day—we mean David—once wrote: "I said in my haste, all men are liars." The obvious comment on this is, of course, that if David lived to-day, he could say it slowly. But waiving this, what can we believe? It recalls the old paradox. If David said that all men were liars, he being a man, was a liar; therefore he lied when he said they are liars; therefore they are not. But if men are not liars, David, being a man, was not a liar; therefore he told the truth when he said that all men are liars. Correspondingly, newspapers being man-made, doubtless all newspapers are liars. But if they lied when they told of the lavish Morgan banquets, if they lied when they repeated it in Baltimore, if they lied when they repeated it in New York, if they lied when they said that the Rev. Dr. Hodges repeated it—may not the *Chronicle* be lying when it says that the Rev. Dr. Hodges says that he did not say it? Perhaps there is no Rev. Dr. Hodges; perhaps there were no Morgan banquets; perhaps there is no *Chronicle*; and perhaps there is not and never was any Morgan.

Verily David was a wise man that he lied and died when he did.

The use of Mexico as a port of entry to the United States by the Chinese is not a new thing, but, like many other utilities of the present day, it is undergoing a process of improvement. The outward evidence of this improvement is to be found in an act presented to the Mexican congress for enactment. This act grants a concession to a steamship company to run a line of steamers between China and the west coast of Mexico. Another line is to trade exclusively along the coast and in the Gulf of Lower California. The company is to have the privilege of fishing in the Gulf of Lower California, and to establish fishing stations there, and to import free of duty such rice, tea, nut-oil, smoked and dried meats, and salted eggs as may be required by its Chinese employees. The company is allowed two years within which to get its steamship lines in operation, and the concession is to continue for fifteen years. The prime movers in the company are M. F. Tarpey, the Democratic politician, said to be agent for the Hearst estate in Mexico, and John P. Bennett, a local attorney, who has frequently appeared as counsel for Ho Yow, the Chinese consul. Upon the surface, this new steamship line has a most innocent appearance. But there is little purely commercial trade between China and Mexico, and not enough is likely to be developed to serve as an incentive for such an enterprise. As a means for bringing Chinese from China into this country, however, it should be very efficient, and prove a bonanza. If Chinese were once landed in Mexico, an army of patrolmen on the border could not prevent their crossing into this country.

Lord Milner, the British High Commissioner in South Africa, recently said at Durban, Natal, that the government should begin at once the repopulation of the conquered territory. Commenting on the speech, the *New York Tribune* says:

"The Boers are gone. This is an awful fact, but it is true. Many thousands of them are dead, many thousands have been sent into exile, many thousands of women and children are prisoners in the hands of their enemies, living in guarded stockades in Natal and Cape Colony. The Boers have been swept out of the countries they made. Three years ago seventy thousand Boer farmers were living on the Transvaal plateau tending their herds of cattle. Their humble farm-houses, the outbuildings in which their hired black labor lived, the hamlets here and there containing the chapels in which the Boers gathered for worship, relieved the monotony of the flat plains. They are now either tenantless, save as wild beasts invade them, or have been leveled to the ground by the torch applied by British soldiers. Desolation reigns everywhere supreme, showing even more direful in the towns than in the country. Not only the Boer republics, but the men, women, and children who made them have been wiped out. If they have not actually been killed or died, they have been carried far away from their country."

In its comments on the Chinese convention, the *Call* gave some attention to the political aspects of the movement, and noted the activity of some of the party leaders:

"In the Chinese Exclusion Convention, the Democratic camp made active efforts to send some of the leaders to the front, and keep others in the rear. The programmers managed to side-track J. C. Sims, chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and to keep him on the siding until near the hour of adjournment. It is surmised that Senator Sims has aspirations for Democratic leadership in 1902, and might easily win the nomination of his party for governor. Perhaps Sims was turned down by the programmers to give Geary a boost, but, whatever the reason, the slight did not escape the notice of Senator Sims's personal and political friends. In the little finesse of skilled politicians, ex-Governor Bond outplayed Mayor Phelan, although the latter had the advantage of position. The Republicans, who were closely watching the play, noted the skill of the ex-governor. Mayor Snyder, of Los Angeles, did not lose a trick. Others who sought special prominence had in mind political advantage. The Republicans in the convention were wary of their political opponents, and have no cause to regret their vigilance. It can not be said that either party gained special advantage in the council of deliberation. It is a source of regret, however, that an occasion of so much concern to California should have been used by Democratic cliques and factions to secretly gratify a spirit of resentment. The Yellow Press announcement that Shortridge was given a hack seat among the silent because he has Chinese clients is the most amusing statement of the season, when it is considered that Geary, the chairman of the convention, has had more than his share of the business in landing Chinese in California. The Mongolian business which Shortridge holds, or has ever held, is a mere trifle compared with Geary's patronage in the same line. If all the China-

men brought ashore by Geary were placed in column, the procession might extend from the federal court-house to Sullivan's Alley, in Chinatown. Duncan E. McKinlay has had more Chinese clients than Shortridge ever had. Geary, however, has had the cream of the business. When the State campaign gets fairly under way, the *Call* will gratify the curious public by presenting federal court statistics, showing the number of Chinese landed to the credit of every lawyer-politician. The Republican lawyers are almost as enterprising as their Democratic brothers at the bar in pursuit of Chinese clients, but the people may want to know if the Republicans can produce a lawyer who can match Geary in the special field of landing Chinese under the color of the law."

Some close observers of political indications in Washington predict a conflict between the executive branch of the government and the Senate unless the present drift is changed. One source of the trouble may be the selection of a chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, made vacant by the death of Senator Cushman K. Davis. A recent dispatch says:

"The rumor that the President is urging the candidacy of Senator Lodge, despite the fact that Senator Culom, of Illinois, is entitled to the place by right of seniority, will not down. Should the President take a hand in the contest for this chairmanship he will stir up a tremendous storm in the Senate, which regards as sacred the right to manage its own affairs. But the principal bone of contention is the appointments which the President will have to make to vacant brigadier-generalships in the regular army and army promotions in general. Secretary Root, at the request of the President, has served notice on the politicians that no requests made by them regarding army appointments would be considered by him, and that importunities made by members of Congress and others would be regarded as prejudicing the cases of those they were designed to help; nothing would count but the records of the men under consideration. The position of the President and Secretary Root is that all army officers should be taken out of politics; that the rule of favoritism in the army shall cease; and officers deserving of promotion shall not be denied because some one else less deserving has the influence of a few senators. Stories of a senatorial combination to 'hold up' all of the President's nominations until he recedes from his present stand are already heard, and no one doubts that the early part of the session will see an attempted revolt against the President like that which made Mr. Cleveland's second term memorable."

The members of the Unitarian Club listened Monday evening, after their usual monthly dinner in the Merchants' Club, to an interesting debate on Chinese exclusion. For the affirmative were former Congressman Thomas J. Geary and Mayor James D. Phelan, and opposed to exclusion were Chinese Consul-General Ho Yow and Professor John Fryer, of the University of California. Mr. Phelan opened the debate on the side of exclusion. He said:

"The European races assimilate with us, and as a result there is a strong composite race known as the American people. The Chinese are an undesirable immigration because they are incapable of assimilation. I do not think that after one or two hundred years we could regard them as citizens in mind or thought."

Consul-General Ho Yow made reply to Mayor Phelan, saying, in part:

"America is a commercial country. Its greatness has sprung from your commercial institutions and from your industry. A man must look to his hushness and not look to politics. We must look at this question in a business-like way, and solve it in that way. It means your money, it means a vast field for your products."

Former Congressman Thomas J. Geary, for exclusion, said:

"The Chinese can never be in touch with us or actuated by the same desires to maintain American civilization. I believe in the expansion of American commerce. There is no sentiment in the trade of China, America, or England. Trade follows in obedience to its own law. We sell England millions of dollars worth of goods where we don't sell China three. This trade with China is a myth."

Professor Fryer closed the debate, arguing that America had broken faith with China so long as the treaty sought by President Tyler and concluded in 1843 existed.

## OBSERVATIONS AT THE OPERA.

Sanderson's Reception in "Manon"—Beauty among Opera-Singers.

San Francisco need never again brag of being a city of friendly impulses and generous enthusiasms. The reception it gave its own *prima donna*, Sibyl Sanderson, on the night of her first appearance in "Manon," was one of the most frosty exhibitions in the way of a reception that a large house ever lent itself to. Yet it was—or ought to have been—a gala occasion. The Pacific Slope has produced two *prima donnas*—Mme. Emma Nevada and Mme. Sibyl Sanderson. The former was born in Nevada, and only received her education in this State. But the latter was peculiarly identified with San Francisco, having passed her childhood and girlhood here, having been born of well-known parents and held a more or less prominent position among the belles and beauties of her day.

Among the thousand aspirants for operatic honors that annually storm the fort in Paris, this young woman makes a success—that is, sings in opera to the pleasure of her audiences and her own profit. Without a great voice, she certainly makes for herself an excellent place among stars of the second rank. Then one day she goes home to her own people to sing. They put on their best clothes, turn out in great force, and fill the house. Then the *prima donna* sings, and they coldly listen. Two houquets are thrown her from her companion artists in the stage-box. A few perfunctory curtain calls are given her at the end of the first act. After that the house sits chilly and stolid, while she throws her high notes against that staring wall of coldness for five more acts. Her vivacity openly dies away. She sings with effort, her voice, as it were, flattening against the frozen indifference of the vast, motionless audience. When it was over, one felt relieved; it must have been so hideously difficult to sing to the dead unresponsiveness of such a house.

It is a curious conclusion to have arrived at, but the audience seemed to have gathered with the intention of disapproving. For some reason or other its own especial *prima donna* did not seem to be in the city's good graces. San Francisco—which from what one reads and hears must once have been a place of splendid generosity and quick enthusiasms—had made up its mind beforehand that it was going to be disappointed, that it waited to be disappointed. For some reason or other, hest known to itself, it came with the preconceived intention of not liking its one and only *prima donna*. It would have taken a great performance to have conquered the cold antagonism of such an audience. As it was, neither "Manon" nor Mme. Sanderson had that greatness in them. The opera, with a pretty first act, is slow and dull. The *prima donna*, with a sweet, light voice, limpid and delicate, is not a Melba or a Sembrich. And it would have taken a Melba or a Sembrich at their most triumphantly magificent hest to have swept this great mass of stubbornly apathetic people from the stolidity of their indifference to enthusiastic approval.

But it was a cruel and unmerited rebuff to the *prima donna*, who, voice or no voice, might reasonably have expected a friendly greeting. She will be a brave woman if she risks a second visit here, and while she can draw a full house in Paris and gain the approval of admiring and sophisticated audiences in that brilliant spot, it is unlikely that she will cross an ocean and a continent to sing again before an audience of old friends all anxious to see only faults.

Apops of the opera and singing apart, it is very seldom that we see so many good-looking *prima donnas* together. Nature has a sense of justice, and when she gives a woman the gift of song, generally denies her the gift of beauty. Few great *prima donnas* have been beautiful. It is said that Malibran was; but Malibran died at twenty-eight, worshiped and mourned by the greatest and hest of her day, and surrounded by the halo of romance which adorns those whom the gods love. It was natural to accredit such a woman with beauty, whether she had it or not. Grisi was handsome in a massive, noble way, and Pauline Lucca is said to have been very fine looking. In her prime, Patti must have had a sort of *gamine* prettiness. She was blessed with that sort of small, feminine daintiness men admire so much, but she was never beautiful.

Eames—on the stage, at least—is coldly, statuesquely perfect. She is undoubtedly of the faultily faultless, icily regular style, but she is beautiful beyond a doubt. Her type is one that appeals more to women than to men. Its clean-cut, patrician regularity of feature, clear directness of eye, and reserved tranquillity of expression, suggest something serenely noble and somewhat chilling. Despite her beauty, she is not an ideal Elsa or Elizabeth. These two high-born damsels had all the softness, dreaminess, and exquisite tenderness of heart that Wagner gave to his heroines, and which mark the German type. They were Marguerite under different conditions. In "Tannhäuser," with that white drapery over her head, she made me think of Isabella in "Measure for Measure." She seemed the exact counterpart of that lofty and dignified maiden whose cast-iron strength of character could never be overcome.

From this type of good looks the audience can turn to that of Mme. Sanderson, who is the direct antithesis of Mme. Eames. Sanderson is not—on the stage—in the least a beauty. She is a person only to be described by French adjectives—*chic, piquante, mignonne, séduisante*. But she is a charming creature to look at—dainty, as if painted by Watteau, captivating, bewildering, and coquettish. Her face is slightly coarse, and the lower part heavy, but she has a great play of expression, and the sparkle of eye and quick, ready smiles are very attractive. She has a charming figure, in a plump, small-boned style, with an amazingly small waist for a singer. Her one great beauty is her hands and feet, which are exquisite. But her general effect is certainly unusually good-looking for a *prima donna*.

These are the two beauties of the company, and, in their different styles, the two prettiest women on the operatic stage to-day. Calvé is outside the realm of beauty. She is the great artist, who is beautiful when she wants, and ugly when she wants, the animating spirit transforming the face to meet the demands of the character. She looks what she wants to look; is not Calvé the woman, on the stage, but Calvé the artist—a great personality, compelling, brilliant, and *bizarre*. Sembrich, without beauty, is the most captivating of all of them. She has charm, irresistible and confiding, such as Alhani had. She is a little woman, neatly made, compact, and erect. She is dark in coloring, with brown eyes—one of which has a slight cast—that are brilliant with humor, tenderness, and intelligence. A delightful pair of eyes, to which the cast gives just that deviation from the ordinary and normal—that slant from the known and expected—which belongs to genius and charm. GERALDINE BONNER.

Senator McMillan, of Michigan, is quoted as saying: "I have felt that we are trying to do too much in raising money for two memorials to the late President at the same time. It is likely to lead to confusion. The memorial to President McKinley should be built at Canton. Memorials commemorative of the public services of Lincoln and Grant have yet to be built here in Washington. They will be authorized by Congress in time."

While the newspaper press in Philadelphia was about as solid in opposition to the Republican "machine" as was the press in New York in opposition to Tammany, yet in New York the reform forces won by thirty thousand majority, while in Philadelphia they lost by thirty thousand.

The Census Bureau bulletin issued November 18th shows the distribution of Chinese and Japanese in the Western States and Territories. There are in California 45,753 Chinese and 10,151 Japanese, as against 72,472 Chinese and 1,147 Japanese in 1890.



## THE WOMAN WHO SANG.

Related by One of the Gentlemen Who Came Home Late.

Our rooms were in an oppressively quiet street. Frondeur and I, who generally came home late, and she, the woman who sang across the way, were the sole disturbing elements. We used to sit in the summer nights with open windows to hear the concerts of our unknown neighbor, which began about ten, and went on to midnight. Our concerts were *al fresco*, and, in the German custom, were frequently given at sunrise, though oftener than every May Day. Ours, as to noise and discord, were Wagnerian, but she was a true Italian. But the neighbors slept through both, as they do in the city through all noises—of cats, milkmen, and drays for the ferries. It was only when we had not the material for getting up one of our concerts that we attended hers—that is to say, when we were poor, and had to stay in the house. It would have paid us at the same price as that of one of our own *musicales*. She was of the "old school good school," as I said, with its trills and quavers and surrenders of sense to sound. I thought her voice perfect, and hatted for my conviction with Frondeur, who had heard more operas than I had heard of; but, "Pshaw, I tell you it is worn! But she is a consummate artist," he would say.

One night Frondeur did something rash. It was a "Trovatore" night. She had sung something—the "Tacea la Notte," I think—and then had let her fingers wander at random over the old score. Snatches and catches we got of all the most hackneyed melodies, till we marked the quick leap of "Di Quella Pira." Frondeur squirmed in his chair. "I wish she would play that again," said he. Sure enough, something in the spouting melody had arrested the listless fingers. It began again, and with the note came one from my chum, struck with wonderful accuracy, considering the distance. The piano stopped, and then came the sharp repetition that marks the waiting accompaniment. Frondeur jumped to his feet—had I ever seen him do so before?—and went storming up the splendid score clear to the great A and down again without a break, the piano firmly accompanying. I had never heard him sing before, except the anthems whereby and with hallooing Jack Falstaff lost his voice. Then he sat down and damned himself in the polyglot profanity which I envied. With an Esculapian precision and elaborateness, he cursed each member of his corporeal frame, and devoted his soul to every Gehenna that the mind of man has invented, as those of a boy and a blackguard, swearing *à la mode de Paris et de Londres* and in the famous Liverpudlian.

"There's your *prima donna*, Ned," he said, the next evening, as we started back to our rooms after dinner. I looked up, and along the shady street I saw a stoutish woman, a little less than middle-aged, with brown clustering hair and red cheeks, and a broad, laughing mouth, advancing toward us. Frondeur worked at home during the day, and had seen her before from his window.

"Not quite divine, eh, Pendennis?"

"I am not likely to apotheosize any opera-singer," I said, somewhat ruffled by his airs of seniority.

"Gad! you might as well that as the other thing, for all you know about 'em. She'd better 'ware of dog-catchers, though."

I had noticed a little hound running along the gutter by her side, loosed from the leash which she held in her hand.

As Frondeur spoke, one of two men who had been driving a dilapidated horse and cart slowly along the street as we walked, leaped suddenly from his seat, and dashed straight at the unfortunate dog. It was all in a moment. Coming in the same direction as ourselves, who had almost met the singer, he had to pass us to reach her pet. Strange to say, he neither passed us nor reached the pet; for the elder of the two gentlemen in his path, without so much as turning a glance over his shoulder, suddenly changed his cane from his left hand, wherein he had swung it, to a position under his right arm. The knob was heavy, and protruded a matter of eighteen inches behind the gentleman's back. I prayed then, and I pray now, that one of the blackguards whom the city of New York licenses to worry ladies and children, and harass and madden harmless animals in its streets, lost an eye by that manoeuvre—as neat a one as may be found in "Napier," "Kinglake," or the "Comte de Paris." At any rate, he said he had, emphatically. Pray heaven, as I said, that for once in his dirty life his foul lips spoke truth. The *signora* was quick as Frondeur; her clasp was on the dog's collar, the brute himself was in her arms, and she, with tucked-up skirts, was running homeward for dear life before the Billingsgate recitative was half over. We followed slowly; for she had turned back as soon as Frondeur had stood his ground long enough to say so, and so reached her house ere long, and without incurring a suspicion of premeditated resistance to the law. She stood on the steps. The dog was safely housed. With her *embonpoint* in a state of hillyow agitation, her cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling, the *signora* was simply charming. She shook her fan at Frondeur as if she had known him for years. She would not have done it to me. It was the freemasonry of Bohemia. "Ah, sir, it was inimitable, that ruse! You are Napoleon, and all for my little dog; but he was Baillo's dog, Crispino—he named him."

Frondeur howled and laughed.

"A musical animal, indeed! Do you think he could strike a key from a piano across the street?"

She gave a pretty little gasp of surprise, and then a suppressed scream of delight.

"Oh, my Manrico! and you are the Troubadour—Il Trovatore? And the dog-catcher shall be Di Luna. Imagine me in 'Il Balen!' But you had an encore—half a dozen. I tried you on 'Favorita' and 'Lucia.'"

"Indeed!" said Frondeur, with one of his frank laughs.

"I spent what voice I had in your service, and have hardly been able to speak since. Besides, you know, a man must sleep one night a week."

She asked us in after a little more of hadinage, and, in truth, I was not sorry, fearing from our clatter that the neighbors, who went to bed, I think, with the sun, would rise in wrath and expel us from the precincts of Philistia.

Was there ever a pleasanter evening spent than in that second-floor front? The room was a revelation to me. Books and music and pictures in hopeless confusion. Piles of little, chunky, green-covered French novels. Balzac and Paul de Kock—the *signora* was not squeamish, evidently; autograph scores innumerable, some of them of great name. Each of the wondrous trio, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti—whose splendid song-hurst filled the earlier years of the century, and made Italy forget her chains—were represented. I provoked a roar from Frondeur, and a piteous appeal from the *signora*, by asking the latter if she had known the author of "Sonnambula," who died, he it said, when she, though no chicken, was in long dresses. Nay, there was never such an evening before in my life, and there have been few since.

There were many visits across the street as the summer wore on. We suspended our concerts pretty much. There was some place to go of evenings, music to be heard without paying for it in drink, and the *signora's* lively talk and droll, graceful ways, supplied the stimulus to exercise, which two flagging and fatigued brains used to seek in kummel and brandy. We had been getting, in truth, into a habit of spiritual inebriety that was as dangerous as pleasant.

One day I had been obliged by a raging headache to leave the tread-mill for a season, and so rode up through the blistered streets to the end of our block, and then, with half-closed eyes, reeled along the pavement to the door of our domicile. Entering the rooms, I found them empty, front and back. Frondeur's work—New York correspondence for the Paris *Tambour*—lay on the table. I thought he had gone down to the Café Vingtrins to get some politics out of the morning papers. Then I heard a well-known laugh outside the window, and looking across the street saw the truant ensconced in the singer's casement, chatting gayly, with the stem of his long, porcelain pipe in his teeth. After a while he came in whistling, in capital spirits.

"Hullo, old man! Sick, eh? What's the matter? Some old spree come back on you? Thought you skipped a headache or two last spring. Getting it now—mills of the gods, you know."

Then he went on to tell me where he had been. I informed him that I knew.

Why hadn't I come over, then? She looked cool and fresh enough of a morning to cure a headache, and she might have fussed me up. There was nothing like a woman around when you are sick.

I thought sickness of all kinds disgusting, I said, and would not intrude it on any one. Besides, he had heard, no doubt, of that unlucky gentleman, M. de Trop.

"De Trop! Ho, ho—and you think I've gone philandering, sentimentalizing?"

"Not by any means. There is no place for sentiment between you; but—I don't know that Charlotte is a married lady, or a moral man is Werther."

Frondeur laughed a little disgusted laugh. "The old heaven is in your lump. From the easy way in which that woman admitted you to her acquaintance you have doubts of her. If you had been required to be viscé before you were let into the same room with her, and stamped and countersigned to insure introduction, you would have none. Oh, they are pretty safeguards, and of great avail. Damme! I wish I had a double X now for all the women I've known that way, and whom—" He stopped, and then went on more quietly. "That a woman smokes cigarettes and hurns brandy in her coffee is a sign of nothing except that she disregards conventionalities, and I can bet you, hoy, that if you take that for a sign of anything further, you will get into awful trouble some of these days. There are no signs of anything further to be trusted."

I felt thoroughly ashamed by this time, and begged pardon.

"You haven't harmed me," he said, "and it isn't your fault. It's the cursed, foul, narrow-mindedness of the society in which you and I and every gentleman were bred." He turned to his work, and continued looking toward the opposite windows. "She's a good woman, and a good Catholic. I wish to God I were." For, like many a gentlemanly wreck, Frondeur was firm in the faith, if not proficient in works. Such people are the least blown about by the winds of doctrine of a time like ours. They receive their convictions in their youth, and lock them up in their bureaus, and, when hested by age or sickness or ill-fortune, bethink them of their beneficent qualities, and take them out often; and, like all ignorant folk, who, knowing that a medicine is good, think that the larger doses they may take the better, so have longings for the shelter of the Romish communion, such as my chum expressed.

It was not to be expected that a woman so cheery as Mme. Alberti—for such was her name—should not have friends, and we often saw them from our windows, and sometimes ran across them in our calls. There were many gay, gossiping ladies, some of them queens of song, who came with spicy hits of greenroom scandal, grumblings about salaries and managers, and with anxious questionings for madame to answer about the horrors of the provinces. Neither was there wanting an occasional *impresario*, with a company, to make up, and wanting material. We met one, a droll, bluff Frenchman, who advised her to pitch the doctors to the deuce and come along with him. She might as well die on her first night as stay where she was. But would he have her die on the stage and spoil a *scena*? He seemed to be in some doubt there. The disappointment of the audience might be counterbalanced by the free advertising that such an event would give his troupe. There were needy songsters, too, in plenty, and I fear that madame's purse was too often opened to settle up old scores for them among the *table-d'hôte* keepers.

As I indicated, madame was on the sick list. She would

die—hurst her heart—she said the doctors had told her, if she sang an opera through.

"You will find that high C a stepping-stone of your dead self to higher things, some time," said Frondeur, one night, as she mounted it with a little strain that began to be noticeable in her voice.

"Yes," she said, "to die on the high C, that would be pleasant, would it not?"

"Ay, or on the low one."

"That is not a good way to talk," she said, leaving the piano and coming toward him, "for you, though it might do for me, who have something to complain of. Do you want to be running around Europe all your days doing nothing? Was the greenroom such a heaven? I do not like your signs. You are careless. See the holes burned all over your clothes with sparks, and these stains at the third button of your vest; that is where the heer drops off the bottom of the glass. Ah, you must not do that. I have seen so much"—and she turned to her instrument again with a face full of the pain of remembrance.

I was out of town for the two closing weeks of the summer, and knew nothing of what was going on in our street. It was late one night, shortly after my return, that I sat in my room alone. Frondeur had gone across the street, but I was too far down on my luck to accompany him. Briefly, I was learning to accept defeat at the hands of the world. It is a hard lesson, and well it is to learn it young, as I did. I was beginning to find out that I was one of those "who don't, somehow, seem to get along," and the reception of the conviction was not pleasant. Presently my chum came in, and, after putting on his slippers and loading his pipe, inquired abruptly if I could afford a ticket to hear Alberti in concert.

"Who the deuce is Alberti? What—I thought she couldn't sing."

"The key of her life," said he, quoting his favorite Clough as he puffed jerkily, "is not 'I will,' I suppose, but 'I must.' She can't starve."

"But I hadn't imagined she was hard up."

"No, I suppose not. She is one who will carry all sail till she runs under."

"She must have made a great deal of money."

"Ay, and spent it. They all do. Especially when they have a man to help 'em."

"And she had?"

"She is a mime—isn't she? I fancy that like Sir Walter and others, she has an old crack in her heart that was never more than half healed. Let us go to bed."

The first chill of autumn was in the air, the pavements shone with the first autumn rain, and the lamps flickered in the first autumn wind, as I slammed the door behind me and took my place with Frondeur on the hack seat of the carriage that hore madame, her friends and fortunes, to her resuscitation in the musical world. She, with her skirts and hoop—it was in the hooped era—occupied the other seat.

"A bad night for it," said Frondeur; "look out for your throat, madame."

But madame did not heed him. She was thinking, as I guessed, of La Scala and her *début*, of youth and health and the sunny Italian skies, and the handsome tenor; and then, perhaps, of the northern drizzle and soak and cold, of foreign comrades, of the comradeship of defeat, and of Death and Poverty that were fighting for the possession of her. Her face lighted and her step grew buoyant, though, as she mounted the steps of the hall. The crowd about, the lights, the carriages, the audience pouring in—these were the heralds of battle and victory. They were concert-singers, the others; and what lay-figures beside the queen of the great boards, the grand opera, with her ease and confidence and superior *rapport* with her audience!

What was the light in her face in that mad song from "Lucia"? Only the delight of triumph, or had she weighed the consequences and found truth in the old manager's words, "Better die on your first night than live here"? Prescience she may not have had, but I think, in the calm of this later time, that the first strain of her *aria* from the orchestra filled her with high resolve and longing to go with the immortal numbers still on her lips, or ringing in the ears through the sleep or waking of those who heard, and that with this her face was radiant as Stephen's before the Sanhedrim.

As we drove home through the rain, she was pale and exhausted, but vivacious and happy. At the house an idea struck her. She would have a little supper. She was going to be rich now, and it was her treat. We hoys had been *fitting* her all summer, she said, which we had been able to do out of the savings arising from the abandoning of our amateur entertainments. I should run around to Cretillon's, and order something.

"Remember," she said, laughing in the doorway, "*vin à discrétion—à discrétion*, remember!"

I vanished into the darkness, and she went back into the light—in very truth.

When I returned—ten minutes of time—there was a bustle in the house and women in the room. Madame lay rigid on her sofa, and Frondeur was rubbing her hands. The light blazed on the pleasant room, and the books and pictures and music—shone on the polished keys of the open piano.

"What is it?" I gasped, in blank dismay.

"My God, my God, she is dead!" he cried, breaking down. And dead she was, on the high C, rehearsing her conquest. The servant came in a moment later with the tray from the restaurant. It seems rather ghastly now, but then I thought it a natural thing to do—the only thing, in fact. Frondeur and I had little or no money. I took the *portemonnaie* from the dead woman's pocket, and paid for the supper. Then they turned us out. We were men. It was proper. Madame was left alone among strangers. In that chapel, or stall, of the temple of art, the disheveled Philistines watched its dead votress till morn, and then, thank God! their work, hegged, for her was done.

ANDREW EDWARD WATROUS.



## THE SPELL OF THE DOLOMITES.

Tyrolean Alpine Views—Cathedral Spires in the Sky—Climbing the Delagoturm—Guides at Twelve Dollars per Hour—Tyrolean Peak with Foot-Room for Three.

One is tempted to indulge in descriptions of picturesque while under spell of the Dolomites, notwithstanding the futility of it. There are some comparisons possible, however, that may assist in accounting for the enthusiasm that all persons carry away with them after a visit among them. The massive Schlern, for instance, is not unlike an elephant in a menagerie standing among a lot of giraffes and antelope deer. A part of the back of the elephantine Schlern is saddled by the largest alp in this part of the world, and this alp is dotted with upward of one hundred chalets and four hundred hay-sheds that may appropriately be likened to the jewels of an Oriental saddle-cloth. Amelia B. Edwards, writing of the then almost unknown Dolomites, only twenty years ago, climbed up to the great Selser Alp of the Schlern from Saint Ulrich in the Groednerthal, and went into ecstasies over the wealth and variety of the wild-flowers growing there. We climbed up from the other side, up the tail of the elephant, as it were, literally hand over hand, from the Tschamintal side, and landed on his rump at an elevation of eighty-seven hundred feet. It is true that the two detached pinnacles at the Petze end of the Schlern, which are the tusks of the elephant, are inverted and stick up when they should hang down, and that the alp saddle-cloth hangs a bit over on one side, but, with slight inconsistencies, the comparison is as good as any "turtle-back" or "old-man-of-the-mountain" simile that I know of.

The view from the Schlern in all weathers, and especially in crystal clear weather, is unique and unexcelled. There is a rim of snow peaks all the year, extending, without interruption, from nearly due south all the way around by west and north to due east, the intervening quadrant to the southeast being broken in the middle of the gap by the superb snow half-dome of Marmolada. Although your point of view is eighty-seven hundred feet above sea level, you look up to the horizon line. As you ascend, the horizon rim rises also, and infinity of space is thus made apparent much more forcibly than in mid-ocean.

On the day we climbed up to the Rotherdespitze, all the moisture had been pumped out of the atmosphere, and we could see far into Switzerland, and, had not some Dolomite peaks intervened, we could have looked down on the Adriatic and on our dear old Venice. The guide who piloted us was himself struck with the clearness of the view, and it was made the subject of conversation at the guides' table on the veranda of Weisslahnbad that evening.

In many mountain ranges there are single cathedral spires and domes and other forms to be made out of the contour lines, but nowhere else is there a whole cathedral simulated by a mountain mass as by the Sella group of the Dolomites of the Fassathal. The semblance hursts upon a climber on the Barrenloch approach to the Schlern when he has nearly reached the sky-line, and just when he is ready to drop with the breathlessness of hard climbing. The complete cathedral effect of the Sella hursts upon him at once as he turns an angle of the stony path, and the breathlessness of surprise restores at once the breathlessness of fatigue. Had we not been students of the subject "Power of Suggestion," we would possibly not have noticed the substitution of one kind of breathlessness for another, but it was a fact that can easily be proved by coming to Weisslahnbad and climbing up the Barrenloch to the point where the Sella cathedral appears over a gap in the Tierser Alp. It is a Romanesque basilica with a circular choir, a perfect-sided roof, and a dome over the organ-loft where towers usually are in Gothic structures. If the simile of form were distorted in any particular our enthusiasm might be put down as highly imaginative, but it is so striking that it is a wonder that it has not been prominently noticed.

The comparative obscurity of the whole Dolomite wonderland at this late date in "tourism" is itself a wonder. The superior height of the Swiss mountains, and their easy accessibility to the older routes of the tourist tide, first attracted attention, while the less easily accessible Dolomites were looked at only from a distance. Dolomeau, the French geologist, who first examined these mountains scientifically, gave them a name—his own—only a few decades ago, and Gilbert and Churchill's work appeared only in the 'seventies. At that time the Matterhorn had not yet been "negotiated," as the Alpinists say, so that vaunting mountain ambition had not yet come to consider such lesser problems as the Delagoturm of the quite unknown Dolomites. Now the Delagoturm is better appreciated. It is one of the fingers of the Vajollet cluster of the Rosengarten, and stands as slender and as sharp as a needle. On the summit only three persons may stand at the same time.

We have with us here in Weis now a German captain of artillery from Metz, who has just made the ascent of the difficult Delagoturm. It is the most hazardous of all the perilous ventures of the Dolomites, and there is glory associated with its accomplishment. Our fellow-guest is only the thirty-fifth to register his name in the Delagoturm record at the Vajollet refuge hut. He is the hero of the moment, and is setting up champagne to any one who will listen to his account of the ascent. First he champagneed his guides at supper after the return, and the joy of the trio during the repast was witnessed by an encircling belt of all the inhabitants and guests of Weisslahnbad. The climbers acted the whole ascent over again in pantomime. The elder guide, a broad-chested, black-headed Tyrolean, wore his hat and smoked his pipe all through the meal, removing the pipe only to introduce soup or wine or meat at intervals. The chief guide was a headless youth of, perhaps, twenty-two, and he is the best guide to the Delagoturm, because of his cat-like agility and the mule-like sureness of his footing on the rocks.

Cloth shoes with rope soles only are worn, and the safety-cord is much used to swing the climbers from point to

point above bottomless cracks in the mountain. A steady head is the chief requirement in making one of these difficult ascents, so that champagne is taken after and not before the attempt. The guides receive one hundred and twenty florins for this ascent. This is equivalent to nearly fifty dollars, and it involves only about four hours of work, two hours ascending from and two hours descending to the Vajollet refuge. It sometimes, however, requires days and perhaps weeks of waiting for the favorable moment when the barometer and all other indications forecast good omens.

It is wonderful how weather-wise these Tyrolean people are. I suppose all mountaineers are equally so, but our attention has been especially called here to the art of it. Mountaineers excel sea-faring people in weather wisdom, possibly for the reason that these people study the conditions of one locality all the time and all their lives, while the vocation of the sailor shifts him about from one sea to another, and from zone to zone.

Down at sea level you are familiar with rain in the form of well-defined drops that leave a sort of tail behind them as they fall. They fall down out of the clouds, and you never stop to think how they originate or how they are formed. Up here we are right in the clouds, when we are not above them, and we see the rain-drops form before they drop.

The summer weather of the Dolomite region is almost as flawless as is that of the California foothills, or around Russian River, where it never rains except when it is wanted. The Italian plains to the south of us send warm currents of air this way, but they do not meet with the icy reception that causes them to weep until they get over the ranges to the north of us, so that we see only the smiles of the weather, as it were.

Californians, more than any other people, will appreciate this part of the world when they get to coming here for their vacations, instead of wasting their strength on such stale places as Paris and London, or such over-crowded and haughty wilds as Switzerland. Here they will enjoy beauties of scenery that will remind them of Yosemite, and weather that will recall the Santa Clara Valley.

VAN FLETCH.  
WEISSLAHNBAD, SUD TYROL, AUSTRIA,  
October, 1901.

## The Voice of England.

Now that the jealous mists have cleared away,  
Out of the sweetness of her mighty heart  
She floods a thousand modes to which to say:  
"Think me not cold! Long leagues are we apart,  
But, by the comoo blood within our veins,  
I hold as mine your pleasure or your pains."

"Behold, I sorrow for your leader dead  
Even as though he were in truth mine ow.  
My streets are dark with mourning. I have wed  
Trust to affection for thee. We have grown  
To perfect amity. No hate can breed  
Where mutual loves a mutual faith concede."

"I read within thy young and spleenid eyes  
All the immortal heights which thou shalt reach.  
Aod art thou not of me? A dear surprise  
It were to Nature if thy very speech  
Thrilled me not deeply, or if all that Fate  
Brings unto thee did not to me relate."

So, in this evil hour, be hers the song  
Of tender friendship which shall rouse our soul  
From bitter brooding over woe and wrong.  
Rouse us to face the day and make us whole.  
For, howe'er great our loss to him now gone,  
Deathless the bright Republic still lives on!

—Clinton Dangerfield in the December Century Magazine.

The franchise for that part of the Geary Street car-line from Kearny west to Central Avenue expires shortly. The city authorities have declared their intention not to renew or to sell the franchise, but to take over the line, and improve it as a municipal road. The board of public works has submitted to the mayor plans for the reconstruction and extension of the road at an estimated expense of about two and one-half million dollars. By virtue of the legal provision enabling any street railway to use ten blocks of another's tracks, the Geary Street line can use the Market Street Company's tracks to the ferry, as well as the Market Street Company's tracks on Second Street to get to the Third and Townsend Street depot. An extension is proposed on Franklin and Lombard to the Presidio; one south on Franklin, thence on Eleventh Street, and out into the Potrero; another from Franklin and Page, out the latter to Scott, to Fell and thence to Stanyan Street and the park. In the residence districts trolley wires may be used; down-town an underground wire or current such as is being used in some cities of the East.

Of Evangelia Paraskevopoulou, who is known in Greece as the "Athenian Sarah Bernhardt," George Horton says in his volume, "Modern Greece":

"She is a remarkable example of the power of genius to lift one up out of the slough of poverty and ignorance. Her origin was very humble, and she had never had the advantages of an education, yet she plays to crowded houses wherever enough Greeks can be got together to make up an audience—to Athens or to other parts of Greece, in Egypt, or Roumania. The only other Athenian tragic actress who has dared to dispute supremacy with her is Alkaterina Vercoe. Strangely enough, neither of these women is beautiful. There has been considerable talk among wealthy Greeks of hiring Paraskevopoulou to America, and of starting her with an English-speaking company. She would speak Greek, as the elder Salvini did Italian, the remainder of the company using English. She would be able to give a good account of herself."

It can not be denied (says the New York Evening Post) that Mr. Gladstone's political fame has suffered something of an eclipse in England. He was out of sympathy with the movement for expansion and empire which has been sweeping everything before it in the last decade. When that cloud passes, Gladstone's sun will shine out again. His bitterest revilers are doing at this moment what his friends could not do to revive his glory. Chamberlain and Salisbury in South Africa are making Gladstone's policy there seem a monument of wisdom.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Admiral Dewey denies the story that he was taken prisoner when the Confederates destroyed his gunboat on the Mississippi. "I managed to pull away in a boat," he said recently, "though one hundred and fifty of our men were taken."

Richard H. Garland, aged seventy, father of Hamlin Garland, the famous novelist, and one of the pioneers of La Crosse County, Wis., and Mrs. Mary F. Bolles, widow of a West Salem merchant, aged sixty-two, were quietly married at West Salem, Wis., on November 16th.

Queen Alexandra, following the example of the late Queen Victoria, who gave tins of chocolate to her soldiers in South Africa last Christmas, is also sending gifts this year to the troops in the Transvaal. She has ordered thousands of briar pipes, each silver mounted and bearing the stamp of the crown and her monogram.

Prince Murat, brigadier-general retired, and commander of the Legion of Honor, died recently at the age of sixty-seven. Prince Joachim-Napoleon Murat was born in the United States at Bordentown, in 1834, and was the eldest son of the late Prince Murat and of Miss Georgina Fraser, and grandson of Joachim Murat, King of Naples.

Mrs. Theresa Wilcox, wife of the delegate to Congress from Hawaii, is proprietor of a newspaper, the first issue of which was recently published in Honolulu. The paper is semi-weekly, and is printed partly in English and partly in Hawaiian. Its announced purpose is to support the Home Rule party and the interests of the native Hawaiians.

The Empress Dowager of China has issued an edict eulogizing Li Hung Chang, and ordering the erection of a memorial arch near his birthplace. The edict also directs that the rank of marquis, conferred upon the eldest son of the late Chinese statesman in his own right, shall descend through twenty-three generations, and confers high rank upon the other sons of Li Hung Chang.

President Roosevelt has informed an applicant for a cadetship at the Naval Academy that the next "at large" appointment will be given to the son of Rear-Admiral Sampson. This was in accordance with a promise made by President McKinley. The President also announces that he will adhere to the practice of giving vacancies at West Point and Annapolis to the sons of army and navy officers and distinguished officers of the old Confederacy.

Gustav Kunst, the rich German merchant of Samoa who bought "Vaillima," the former home of Robert Louis Stevenson, and is now residing in it, has planned a unique gift to the islanders, and partially in association with the memory of Stevenson. He will erect and maintain, on ground adjacent to the home of the late author, a hospital, for the construction of which he has placed an order at Portland, Or. The entire structure is to be built before shipment, and will be taken to Samoa in sections.

M. Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, is undoubtedly the most popular man in Paris to-day. A street is to be named after him, and enterprising tradesmen are selling Santos-Dumont neckties, hats, and other articles of wearing apparel. But a still greater test of his popularity is to be seen daily along the Champs-Élysées. A story exists that President Faure once asked an official: "Am I really popular?" to which he received the reply: "Not yet, sir, your figure in gingerbread is not being sold on the Champs-Élysées." M. Santos-Dumont, however, has attained this dignity. There is quite a run upon the young aeronaut in gingerbread form, and even the tiniest toddlers are heard to stammer "Un Santos, s'il vous plait," to the sellers of cakes under the trees.

Dr. Charles Manning Freeman, whose courtship of Miss Mary E. Wilkins has been described in many columns of the daily papers, has announced his marriage to the novelist. The delay in the wedding, it is said, was due to the desire of Miss Wilkins to finish her latest work, "The Portion of Labor." The courtship has not been a rapid or impetuous one. Dr. Freeman is a steady-going man of methodical, temperate habits. He was graduated from old Jefferson College, Philadelphia, but never practiced his profession. He carries on a large lumber business, which was left to him by his father. He met Miss Wilkins first at the home of Henry M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, in Metuchen, N. J., and subsequently visited her at her home in Randolph. The force and naturalness of her writing appealed to him strongly, and it is said that after reading "Pembroke" he was convinced that Miss Wilkins possessed such a clear understanding of human nature, and a mind cast in such a noble mold, that she became his ideal.

Said Pasha, who has been appointed grand vizier of Turkey, in succession to the late Halil Rifat Pasha, has twice held that important office and been deposed by his erratic master. In 1881 he offended the Sultan by attempting to obtain his consent to a programme of reform, and was summarily dismissed from the premiership in favor of Abdurrahman Pasha. The latter, however, soon asked to be relieved, and the Sultan was compelled to recall Said Pasha, who promptly advised cooperation with the European powers in the matter of the settlement of the Egyptian difficulties in which Turkey was involved. The Sultan, under the influence of his sycophants, failed to take the advice until it was too late to repair the blunder. Soon afterward, rumors of a conspiracy to depose Abdul Hamid caused him to dismiss his ministry, and Achmet Vefyik, whom Said Pasha had dismissed from the governorship of Brous, was appointed as his successor. Two days later, however, Said Pasha was recalled. In December, 1895, he again incurred the Sultan's displeasure, and was compelled to take refuge in the British embassy. An attempt was made to induce Sir Philip Currie, the British ambassador, to give him up, but the diplomat firmly refused to turn his voluntary guest over to his enemies.



## THE KAISER AND HIS PEOPLE.

Personality and Passions of William the Second—How the German Is Governed in Small Affairs—The Policemen—Art of Bowing—Feeling toward Americans.

A keen observer, a shrewd gatherer of interesting information, and a forceful writer is Ray Stannard Baker. In his volume, "Seen in Germany," he avoids the usual descriptions of the conventional sight-seer—the walk "Unter den Linden," and a visit to the galleries, parks, and the breweries of the German metropolis—and, instead, tells the things which the untraveled can not know, and those who travel, as a rule, do not see. We get an insight into the way in which the German is governed in small affairs, and an entertaining account of the hobbies and ambitions of the Kaiser, the private soldier on and off duty, a view of the workingman at home and in the shop, Professor Ernest Haeckel, of Jena—whose great service to science has been in extending and applying the theory of evolution—the Physical and Technical Institute at Charlottenberg, the glass and lens manufactories of Jena, Professor Abbe and his profit-sharing system, the Vulcan ship-yard at Stettin, some new educational ideas in Germany, a glimpse of student life, with a striking description of a corps duel at Wöllnitz, and a concluding chapter on "The New Germany: Her Prosperity and Her Problems."

Mr. Baker says that the American who travels in the Kaiser's realm soon makes the discovery that he has never known what it really means to be governed:

He has always felt a calm assurance in the superiority of his system of public administration, and he has paid with liberality for the privilege of having a President, a governor, a mayor, and a ward boss, yet he has hardly known that he was governed! But there is no such uncertainty here in the fatherland. For every *pfennig* that the German pays in taxes he expects and receives a *pfennig*'s worth of government. He enjoys being looked after, and if he fails to hear the whirring of the wheels of public administration he feels that something has gone wrong. From the moment of landing on German soil the American begins to feel a certain spirit of repression which seems to pervade the land. At first it gives him an uncomfortable impression of being watched; he feels the wild West in him slowly suffocating; he had not realized before that he was especially wild Western. But he soon finds that his attitude of mind is undergoing a change. The brooding spirit of government no longer harasses him, and he finds himself engaged in a humorous quest for *verboten* (things forbidden). He begins to see the philosophy of all this government. It relieves him of a load of responsibility to have his conduct made clear for him by rules and regulations. He feels grateful to the government which informs him in a plainly printed sign that the water in this trough is for horses, not for men. In America he would be compelled to decide for himself, and he might make the mistake of allowing his horse to drink from a man's trough. When he walks in the park it is a comfort to have the seats labeled clearly: "For Children," "For Nurses with Children Only," and "For Adults Only." Thus the stranger goes through Germany learning rules, and after a time it becomes a passion to trace out all the minute ramifications of administrative supervision. One may travel a long time in Germany and go home with the comfortable feeling that there are still undiscovered regulations awaiting another visit.

There is one drawback, however, to the full enjoyment of the quest for *verboten*:

It may be expressed in a simple rule: Always discover the *verboten* before you are discovered. This rule, if observed, will save the traveler much annoyance. An absent-minded friend of mine crossed a bridge at Stettin on the left side, not knowing that this was one of the *verboten*. He was taken with much solemnity before a magistrate and fined fifty *pfennigs* (twelve cents). He felt that the experience was cheap at the price. The best way to discover *verboten* is to ride on a bicycle; they appear, painted large, at every turn, and if you ride far enough you will conclude that all the especially interesting highways are particularly *verboten*, and that *verboten* is a kind of profanity used by German policemen. I never have seen the statute books of Germany, but they must be voluminous beyond comparison, for there is a law regulating almost every conceivable human activity. If a thing is not mentioned in the law books, it is to be presumed that it has no existence.

As a consequence, odd things happen in Germany:

Early in the year 1900 a company of capitalists began operating automobile "buses in Berlin—big, glittering caravans, which tooted up and down the streets like so many steam locomotives, running at a rate of speed double that of the ordinary trams. Theoretically the German dislikes being hurried, but practically and individually he is quite as pleased as the American to save five or ten minutes on the journey to his office in the morning. As a result, the new automobiles did such a flourishing business that the other tram companies, which had long been compelled by stringent laws to limit the speed of their cars, made complaint to the police. There must have followed a great searching of the statute books. Every sort of vehicle, from a wheelbarrow up, was mentioned and regulated, but there was not a word about the automobile "bus. Consequently there was nothing to do but to let it pursue its wild career, until such time as a law could be devised and passed. And this, like everything in connection with the government, was a matter of deliberation, so that, by the time authority was bestowed upon the police to limit the speed of the new vehicle, the automobile company had cut in heavily on its competitors, and had firmly established its position. Exactly the same thing happened when the bicycle was first introduced in Germany. For months, bicycle riders rode when and where they pleased, upped over pedestrians, and generally demoralized the police; now they are regulated out of all countenance. There is a great fortune awaiting the Yankee who will introduce flying-machines in Germany and sell out before the machinery of the law overtakes him.

The police are omnipresent in Germany, and their activities ramify everywhere. Before you have lived in a town a fortnight the policeman calls and takes down your pedigree in a little book. The record of every person in the empire is on file at the police stations:

If you move into a new house you must notify the police. If you move out you must notify the police; if you hire a servant-girl, you must purchase a yellow blank and report the fact, the girl also making a report. When she leaves, you must send in a green blank stating why she is dismissed, where she is going, and so on. If you fail in any one of these multitudinous requirements of the government—and I have mentioned only a few of them—there is a fine to pay, each fine graduated to the enormity of the offense. There are offenses graded as low as two cents. This parental system of watchfulness and supervision by the police has made every German neighborhood a sort of whispering gallery. Within a few days after you move into new apartments you find that nearly every one in the block, from the milkman up, knows who you are, what your business is, and how long you expect to remain, and your place in the social scale is fixed once for all with mathematical precision. And directly you begin to pay taxes, for the police have learned in some mysterious manner just how much money you have in the bank and where it comes from; if you are earning a salary, they also hear about that, and all these facts speedily reach your neighbors. A New England town with two sewing societies is not to be compared for an instant with a German neighborhood for sociability.

But if regulations are minute and numerous, they make life secure, orderly, and comfortable. You get a seat in an omnibus or street-car, you are not crowded at the theatre

ticket-office, the cahman can only charge you the price registered every mile on his "taxometer," you are well served and not cheated at the restaurants, and shop-keepers are civil, obliging, and honest.

In fact, there are not many things in Germany that the government doesn't own or control, or at least influence:

When you travel, you must buy your ticket of the government, for the government owns all the railroad lines; you eat government sandwiches at the station; you send a telegram over government wires. Your letters, of course, go by government post, but so do your express packages, and it may be said for the Germans that their conveniences for sending packages and money cheaply by mail are much more perfect than ours. Packages may also be ordered and sent (collect on delivery) by mail for a small fee, the postman collecting the money from the purchaser and returning it to the seller, a system which greatly facilitates business in the empire by doing away with much letter-writing and the expense of mailing bills and checks. In the same way, the Germans have perfected an unequalled system for the quick delivery of messages in large cities. In Berlin one may purchase what is known as a "rohr-postcard" for twenty-five *pfennigs* (six cents), write a message containing as many words as the card will hold, and it will be speedily delivered almost anywhere in the city within an hour. It is better by far and cheaper than the telephone, for only a comparatively few people have telephones; it is quicker and much less expensive than the telegraph. It may be said in passing, also, that ordinary postal-cards may be sent in German cities for two *pfennigs*—less than half a cent.

In Germany the government owns the greatest opera-houses, and if you would hear the best music you must listen to musicians who are paid from the public treasury:

A government minister preaches in the government-owned church which you attend on Sunday, and if you are a student in a university the professor who lectures to you is a government official. Sometimes you can even trace the government inspector's stamp on the chop served at your restaurant. Then there are the cherries—the big, luscious red cherries—which come when you order a *compôte* with your meat. These, you hear, are called "imperial cherries," and you learn that the government has embarked, with rare frugality, in the business of fruit-raising. Along each side of the government railroad tracks there is a strip of land which is utilized in places by planting rows of cherry-trees. These are cultivated with care, and no improper little German boys ever climb up and steal the fruit. In the fall the empire, or the kingdom, gathers its cherry crop and takes it to market, and later the imperial cherries appear as *compôte* to delight the German palate and suggest the all-sufficiency of the governmental machinery. The profits are credited in the state revenues. I did hear that an account was kept with each separate cherry-tree, but one isn't compelled to believe all he hears, even though it is characteristic.

One of the German traits which impressed Mr. Baker was the fine art of howing:

In Germany you lift your hat to men as well as to women. If you meet General Schmolzer, you raise your hat high and bring it down to your knees with a full sweep of the arm; if you meet Herr Schmitt, who is your social equal, you tip your hat as much as he does his—and no more; whereas if you meet your tailor, you respond to his low how by the merest touch of recognition. To the initiated every man proclaims his social position at every step by his howing. One must remove his hat when he enters a store, though, strangely enough, the same man who stands uncovered while he is purchasing a pair of gloves will wear his hat in the *café* next door. The Englishman, whose neck is proverbially stiff in the matter of howing, always leaves behind him the smoke of offense when he leaves a German shop, for he has invariably forgotten to remove his hat. The German store-keeper is the soul of politeness. He rushes out to open the door for you when you leave, and whether you have bought anything or not he has an appreciative "thank you" ready for you. Indeed, the spirit of thanks is one of the pleasant things which the stranger encounters in Germany. The elevator-boy who takes you up to your room thanks you heartily when you become his guest; the waiter thanks you when he takes your order; the barman thanks you when you sit down in his chair. And I am sure that this is not done merely with a view to ultimate tips for many Germans tip very sparingly; it seems to me that it proceeds rather from a very genuine friendliness which I have seen manifested in so many other pleasant ways in Germany.

The German experiences special difficulty in distinguishing Americans from Englishmen. Several times during the Boer war, when the anti-British feeling was strongest, street boys called after Mr. Baker and his friends: "English, English, poison-throwers," no doubt referring to the throwing of lyddite shells by the British forces in South Africa. But he heard of one German who knew an American every time he saw him:

He was a professor of ethnology—a gentle, absent-minded old man, who wore thick prism glasses that made his eyes stare out blue and big, giving him a look of perpetual astonishment. He had made a study of the craniums of his American students, and it was amusing enough to find that he looked upon Americans, as a class, as incipient red Indians. He had formed the curious theory that all Americans, owing to the nature of their climate and other conditions of environment, were gradually acquiring the characteristics of the Indian aborigines—high cheek-bones, straight, coarse hair, and a bronze-colored complexion. I learned that he sometimes stopped Americans on the streets and requested the privilege of examining their cheek-bones, always with a look of humorous astonishment. I suppose that in time we shall have a voluminous and learned monograph on the subject, done as only a German professor can do it. The ordinary German has a rather hazy idea of America and Americans, although it is perhaps as clear as the ordinary English idea. He knows Milwaukee, for he has a cousin there; he knows Hoboken, for that is where the German ships land; and he has heard of the Niagara Falls and Chicago. The only Americans I ever heard mentioned—not, of course among the educated people, who are tolerably familiar with things American—were Carl Schurz, Dewey, and McKinley. The Spanish-American War did more than anything has ever done to educate Europe on American affairs. Previous to 1898 they heard of our lynchings, train-robberies, political dishonesty, and international marriages, which confirmed them in the view that we are vulgar, energetic, and rich; but now the papers contain a good deal of American news. All Americans, it may be said in passing, are still regarded as rich.

Mr. Baker thus describes the appearance of the Kaiser:

He is a brown-faced man, the brown of wind and weather, of fierce riding on land and of a glaring sun on the sea. His face is thinner than one has pictured, and there is a hint of weariness about the eyes. His hair gives the impression of being thin, and his famous mustache is not so long nor so jauntily fierce as one has imagined. There is many a dry-goods clerk in Berlin who has out-Kaisered the Kaiser in growing a mustache. But, owing to the sin of retouching, there is one thing that few of William's photographs show to advantage, and it is the most impressive characteristic of his face. And that is its singular sternness in repose. Square, iron jaws, thin, firm lips, a certain sharpness and leanness of visage, a penetrating eye, all speak of invincible determination, pride, dignity. Indeed, herein lies the force of personal majesty—for William, however much one may snail at his passion for royal display, has many of those splendid attributes of character which would make a man great in any sphere of life. It would be a large company of Germans, indeed, among whom one would fail to select him instinctively as the leader. A first impression, therefore, may thus be summed up: The Kaiser is less a great king than one has imagined, and more a great man. The longer one remains in Germany, and the more he learns of William and his extraordinary activities, the deeper grows this impression. We Americans have never quite overcome our first prejudices against the Kaiser, bred during the early days of his reign, when the mantle of royalty—and the Hohenzollern mantle at that—was new to his shoulders, and he said and did strange things; but in Europe—where they have grown accustomed to his vagaries, now, indeed, much less pronounced in their manifestations, and have set them down as the expressions of a

strong and original individuality—the Kaiser occupies a place of high and genuine esteem. An American who remains long in Germany feels this change in sentiment strongly, and, when the Kaiser passes, he raises his hat with all the others, not merely because this is royalty, but because it is character and strength of purpose.

As might be expected, the Kaiser is most popular in his capital:

One, hearing a commotion on Unter den Linden, with a flash of white plumes in the distance, and the swift clatter of hoofs, may well crowd up to see. A pair of splendid horses, traveling like the wind, two richly uniformed men on the box, and the Kaiser, the Kaiserin, and another lady in the open carriage behind. You observe that the Kaiser sits with his back to the horses, giving the place of honor to his wife, for William has set the highest ideals in courtesy to women—the Anglo-Saxon ideals, which often form a strong contrast to the rougher Teutonic customs. He wears a glistening silver helmet, which he touches with military precision as the people on the streets shout and lift their hats. No cavalcade of guards accompany the carriage, and there is apparently no effort to guard the lives of its occupants, except in so far as they are protected by the terrific speed at which the horses are always driven. It is one of William's pleasures to show himself and his family frequently to his people, and the royal carriage may be seen at all hours in the streets of Berlin. The Kaiser's departure from the palace is always signaled by the fall of a flag, which serves as a notification to the people to prepare for his appearance among them. Nearly every afternoon he rides out, usually in uniform, with some of his staff-officers, galloping down the Linden and into the Thiergarten, where he often spends an hour in exercise.

The greatest criticism of the Kaiser made by his people is that he talks too much. One hears that everywhere:

I think the Germans rather admire William for thinking as he does, but they blame him for saying aloud all he thinks. This is characteristic of the German; he is born a free-thinker, but his institutions and the watchful eye of the omniscient police forever keep the lid shut down upon his genuine sentiments; he is slow of anger and unrivaled in his reverence for authority. It so happens, therefore, that while the Kaiser may often be expressing the real sentiment of his people, he is expressing it too loudly to suit the cautious German type of diplomacy. Another criticism, which is not heard as frequently, perhaps, as it was a few years ago, condemns what the Germans imagine to be a pro-English attitude on the part of the Kaiser. They can not forget that their sovereign is by birth half an Englishman; and many there are who look with only half-concealed suspicion on the cordial relations that existed for so many years between the Kaiser and his grandmother, the late queen, and suspect his present friendship with his uncle, King Edward the Seventh. It was once said that the Kaiser was more sensitive to this criticism than to almost any other, and the story of his famous reply when injured at a regatta some years ago is still told in Germany. As he saw the blood flowing he said, grimly: "Well, there goes the last drop of my English blood."

The Kaiser is an excellent English student, speaking and reading the language perfectly, and following English models in many of his most important departures. One does not forget that the Kaiser as a boy was especially fond of Captain Marryat's tales of the sea, and that in more recent years he was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of our own Captain Mahan's great book, "The Influence of Sea Power," a book which he has used as one of his strongest arguments for a more powerful German navy.

Among the Kaiser's lesser likings nothing occupies such a place as statuary. He is preeminently a monument-lover:

Not long ago he said to a friend: "There are thirty-four sculptors in Berlin." He knew every one of them personally, and he knew all about their work. Nothing pleases him better than to visit them, and to be photographed among the litter of the studio. Every one knows of his astonishing adornment of the great central drive through the Thiergarten with a magnificent row of statuary, each group representing one of his ancestors and two of that ancestor's foremost counselors. This statuary is all in white marble, magnificently done, and erected at the Kaiser's personal expense. Indeed, the Kaiser has watched and criticized each statue as it grew under the sculptor's hand, and has presided at the unveiling of each. It is characteristic, also, of the Kaiser that he has selected a place for a statue of himself which shall match those of his ancestors.

This work has been done not only because the Kaiser is a lover of statuary, but because he loves his capital city and wishes to see it beautified, and, more than that, he believes that such representations of the great men of the nation have a profound educational influence on the people. They are visible symbols of high patriotic men can do. The Kaiser is ever a profound educator. I shall not soon forget my visit to one of these new statues on a Friday afternoon. From afar I saw a great crowd of children gathered around it, and as I approached I saw that it was a school class, and the master was standing there in front, telling the story of the king and his two counselors, while the mute statues gave his words a reality that must have impressed them indelibly upon their minds. I learned that this method of teaching German history was pursued to a great extent in Berlin; and whatever may be said of the Kaiser's vanity in this setting up a row of his ancestors for worship, one can not but feel that he had another and a profoundly useful purpose in the work.

George Varian, the artist, accompanied Mr. Baker on his travels in Germany, and many of his sketches supplement the text.

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The New York *Evening Post* celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of its existence and progress on November 16th. A fine special number was issued to mark the event, and in its columns were many articles devoted to the history of the paper, the work of its founder, William Coleman, its successive editors, William Cullen Bryant, John Bigelow, Parke Godwin, Carl Schurz, E. L. Godkin, Horace White, and Wendell Phillips Garrison, and to personal reminiscences of old New York. One of the special features of the anniversary was a complimentary luncheon, tendered to the editorial staff, in "Appreciation of the zeal and efforts of the *Evening Post* in the interest of good government and good citizenship, and its maintenance in journalism of high moral and literary ideals," by nearly a hundred of the representative citizens of Manhattan. Among the names signed to the invitation given the editors were those of Abram S. Hewitt, John G. Carlisle, Charles S. Fairchild, Levi P. Morton, Daniel S. Lamont, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, James J. Hill, William B. Hornblower, James W. Alexander, D. O. Mills, Robert C. Ogden, Charles Scribner, John J. McCook, Edmund Clarence Stedman, R. R. Bowker, Parke Godwin, Carl Schurz, Hamilton W. Mahie, George Haven Putnam, James H. Hyde, Gustav H. Schwab, Robert Bridges, Russell Sturgis, Anson Phelps Stokes, and William P. Appleton.

A straw vote being taken on the Chinese exclusion question, under the direction of the Merchants' Association, is developing some interesting opinions, according to reports in the daily press. The questions submitted, with the answers so far received, are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you favor the extension of the present Chinese exclusion act? Ayes, 425; noes, 208.

No. 2.—Do you favor a modified Chinese exclusion act? Ayes, 243; noes, 376.



## JOSEPH H. CHOATE AT THE LOTOS CLUB.

Dinner Given in New York in Honor of the Ambassador to Great Britain—Some After-Dinner Speeches.

Joseph H. Choate was the guest of honor of the Lotos Club on Saturday evening, November 16th, at its first dinner this season. The ambassador to Great Britain was enthusiastically welcomed back, and spoke freely to the assembled members of that which was next his heart—his love of his own country and his admiration for the growth and progress of the metropolis. Mr. Choate was surrounded by a choice gathering of New York after-dinner speakers—Thomas B. Reed, William Henry White, Andrew Carnegie, Samuel Clemens, Chauncey M. Depew, Henry E. Howland, and others. It is said that the Lotos Club has never given a dinner which was so largely attended by the members. The scene of the feast presented a brilliant picture, and besides the decorations of the walls and the tables an added touch of color was furnished by the menus, which were gigantic printed sheets of heavy blue, folded three times, and indorsed on the back, "Joseph H. Choate *versus* the Lotos Club."

In the absence of President Frank R. Lawrence, William Henry White, the vice-president of the club, presided. In concluding his address of welcome, he said that the freedom of the club was Choate's—for the evening—and "the accompanying mortgages you may have to keep—in short, my wives, our families, our sacred honor, are in your hands."

As Mr. Choate rose to reply, the diners stood up and cheered him. Mr. Choate surveyed their enthusiasm with his familiar and contagious smile. When he had his opportunity, he said:

"Since I left these shores, I have seen many distinguished companies, but I never met one like this. Such modesty, such self-shrinking as embodied in the person of your vice-president, such hiding of your united lights under a bushel. You may search the United States and Great Britain over without finding a rival of the Lotos Club. I appreciate the honor you are doing me—and yourselves. I appreciate this overtone of hospitality, and if you will come to London, individually or collectively, I promise to apply to your entertainment all that remains of my salary after I pay my house-rent. If your whole membership comes together, there may not be much to go around, and, if you come a second time, it may be rather a Barnicide feast, but my heart will go with it."

"Seriously, I do feel this to be the greatest compliment I have yet received, for it is evidence to me that the three years of my absence have not cooled the attachment which I spent forty years in acquiring among you. Reticence is impressed upon me as a law of our being—for three years I have been afflicted with political lockjaw. When I shall have recovered from that affliction I will return to the subjects I love to discuss."

Mr. Choate stated that upon landing at the dock in New York reporters in large numbers sought to learn the object of his visit, and that he would now disclose it for the first time:

"I came," said he, "because I was a little, or rather, because I was not a little homesick. I wanted to breathe once more a little American air. I wanted once more to touch foot upon American soil, the real thing, not the fictitious article which Americans in London come to put foot upon in my house as a temporary ambush, but the real mother earth from which we all sprung and to which we shall return. I believe it was Brutus who, when the oracle said that he should rule at Rome who should first kiss his mother, pretended to be stupid and kissed the earth, which is the mother of us all. Now I should like to try that experiment, but not upon the pavements of New York, especially now that I see they have been discharging seven hundred sweepers. But if you give me a chance in my native State of Massachusetts somewhere on the rocky coast of Essex or in the granite hills of Berkshire, I really believe I could drink in a fresh draught of inspiration from kissing the soil of my native land."

Mr. Choate concluded his speech with a pretty tribute to New York's progress during his three years' absence. Then came Thomas B. Reed, who remarked:

"Mr. Choate is the only diplomat in the service of the United States that is required to learn the language of the country to which he is accredited. And it is a most dreadful and laborious task, because the patois which he brought from Scotland would be a delusion and a snare instead of an aid and assistance. He is therefore obliged at the very beginning to learn the language, otherwise he would be roaming round in the railroad stations trying to buy a ticket when he ought to be at the booking office, and otherwise miscellaneously behaving himself, for I understand in that country an annual pass and a statesman are not necessarily companions. He has got to understand that a man in order to be clever has got to be intellectual. He has to invent methods of making the English understand some portion of the fun which underlies the American character."

"A great deal has been said about our relations with England. There has been no country on the face of the earth for which we have felt all our lives the tenderness we feel for England; we have always shown it, if in no other way, by the character of the men we have sent there to represent us. We began by sending a man who was afterward second President of the United States, and we have sent men of such fame and distinction that there is no federal appointment in the United States that can by any possibility compare with it—we have sent poets, orators,

Presidents, men of the highest distinction. It has been one continuous testimonial of our regard and affection for the mother country."

Samuel Clemens, better known as "Mark Twain," who was next introduced, said:

"The greatness of this country rests on two anecdotes. The first is that of George Washington and the little hatchet story he told his father. From that arose the characteristic of true speaking, which is the great characteristic of this nation to-day. The other relates to the prosperity of our country. A firm of lawyers—we'll say Mr. Choate was one of the members of the firm, the other partner being a Hebrew, Mr. Choate's co-respondent—were talking one day over the amount they would charge a client for their services—services is what they call it. The Hebrew drew up a bill for five hundred dollars, and Mr. Choate said: 'You'd better let me attend to that.' And the next day Mr. Choate handed him a check for five thousand dollars, saying: 'That's your share of the loot.' Then this humble Hebrew gentleman, in admiration, said: 'Almost thou persuadest me to become a Christian.' And the world said: 'This is the rising man. We must save him from the law. He should be a diplomat.' The world looked beneath this anecdote, and reasoned that a man who could thus take care of his private interests would look well after the commercial interests of a growing country of seventy millions. Mr. Choate has carried these qualities to England with him. Why, railroad iron is so cheap there now that even the poorest families can have plenty of it. He has, as Mr. Carnegie said, worked like a mole underground. Since he has been there—only three years—American commerce has increased tenfold—or whatever it has increased—and he has depressed the commerce of England in the same ratio. He has applied that fundamental principle of diplomacy, give and take—give one and take ten—and he is still applying it."

Justice Patterson was called upon after Mr. Clemens sat down. He related an anecdote of Mr. Choate and certain justices of the Supreme Court before whom Mr. Choate was trying a case. The justices were heavily interested in certain stock speculations in Wall Street. While Mr. Choate was making his argument the justices were being handed slips of ticker tape on which were the stock quotations. The bears were having things their own way. The justices didn't appear to be following Mr. Choate very closely. This lack of attention apparently irritated the distinguished lawyer no little. He concluded his argument very abruptly with the remark that he knew it was very hard to follow any legal argument with a market going to pieces.

The next speaker, Senator Chauncey M. Depew, told a story on Mr. Choate which caused the assemblage to roar with laughter. The occasion he referred to was a dinner given in New York some years ago to the Earl of Aberdeen, governor-general of Canada, and head of the Clan Gordon. The Earl attended in full regalia, "the wearing of which," said the senator, "consists in leaving off some articles of dress we deem quite essential." He continued:

"At the dinner I sat on the earl's right. Choate was next me. Just after the earl seated himself, Choate whispered to me: 'Chauncey, are Aberdeen's legs really bare?' I raised the table-cloth cautiously, and gave that scratch that all Scotchmen appreciate, and said: 'Yes, Joe, they are.' When Choate got up to speak, he said: 'Gentlemen, my invitation did not convey to me the information that the Earl of Aberdeen was to be here to-night in full regalia. If I had known it I would have left my trousers at home.' Well, you never saw a madder crowd of Scotchmen. They thought it a reflection on the national costume of the earl, who had done the diners honor to appear in it. Well, four years have passed since then, and now the earl regards that as a joke, and tells it at least once a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year."

William B. Hornblower followed. In a brief speech he referred to the election. Apropos of Croker and Devery he related the anecdote of the congressman who failed of election on account of a bill which proved unpopular. To him a friend said: "Didn't you know that bill would prove a boomerang?" "Yes," was the reply, "but I didn't know I was such a d—n good shot." "Croker," said Mr. Hornblower, "might have known Devery was a boomerang, but he could now say that he didn't know before that he (Croker) was such a d—n good shot."

Ex-Judge Henry E. Howland, who followed, regretted that since Mr. Choate's departure his hosts of after-dinner friends had been compelled to listen to the echoing tinkle of British laughter at some thousands of miles' distance, and to read in the morning papers, "the ghosts of last night's chestnuts, staled by the morning air and mouldered by passage under the seas."

Mr. Howland added another to the collection of Choate anecdotes the dinner brought forth. "At a certain drawing-room in London," said he, "a guest approached Mr. Choate, who was in the conventional dress of the English waiter, and said: 'Call me a cab.' 'All right,' said Mr. Choate, 'if you wish it. You're a cab.'"

In response to Chairman White's suggestion that he might, if he wished, say something "in rebuttal," Mr. Choate remarked: "I admire the inventive faculties of many of your speakers. I have forgotten—if they ever happened—many of the anecdotes. But they were happily told, and I shall always remember this reception as the most cordial accorded me upon my return to my native land."

## LITERARY NOTES.

## Recent Volumes of Verse.

There is a fine distinctive quality in the poems of Martha Gilbert Dickinson. They breathe of cool retreats, of a stillness far from the passion of the multitude, yet they are never vague and impressionistic. There is more of grace than music in them, yet none will deny the poet's right as manifested in her volume, "The Cathedral, and Other Poems." There are twenty divisions of the title-poem, devoted in various measures to the spires, the chimes, the portal, the altar, the frescoes, the choir, and other parts of the sacred edifice, and each is a finished piece of work, with a Gothic inspiration through and over all. From this may be chosen, for example:

## THE CLOISTER CLOSE.

Love's square of pious green, where silence broods  
A gentle confidence in all the mystic past!  
Eden of Dean's devotions, Canon's prayers; soft moods  
Of sanctified desire—that vow and rite outlast.  
Beneath these arches meditation hovers low—  
A melancholy, as of ages long at rest,  
And pensive charm of world-forgetting hearts bestow

An ashen benediction on the dying West.  
A serious beauty bathes the clambering rose  
Upon the cloister roof, o'er gray walls cut with names

Once dear to daily brotherhood—whose soft repose  
The transient path of Nature, love and life proclaims.  
Here pace the placid friars; youthful priests; with ear intent unto the lowly voice of conscience' laws,  
As wilder hearts outside the sheltered fold, to hear  
The scarlet bugle-call to conflict's clashing cause!  
Fit only for the passions that to-morrow die—  
Or for the cloister that hath no to-day, is man?  
The Summer bird that trills her duty to the sky  
From these unheeding eaves, rejoiceth for a span!  
Drugged deep in sweet anointing of the spirit balm,  
With happiness secure for errant hopes resigned—  
Do feet that tread these ways of holiness and calm  
The vaunted "peace that passeth understanding"  
find?

From the many other poems, ranging in length from a quatrain to a page, and from a tender thought pursued through several similes to a single passing fancy, this may be quoted:

## AT CLOSE OF DAY.

Earth's harmonies are blest in one,  
At peace with song the drowsy birds;  
Labor has earned and mirth has spent,  
Nor longer graze the pastured herds.

Day dreams at last—the sun has gone,  
Leaving the patient trees to stand  
As sentinels of her regret,  
Upon night's dusky border-land.

One golden gleam awakes the pool,  
That startled flits a blaze abroad—  
To sink, as breaks in ecstasy  
The high note of a closing chord.

O comrade season of the soul,  
What sure repose thy silence hath!  
Lull all the hollows, drown the heights  
In thy deep glooms of aftermath.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Five poems suggested by events in the royal family—the death of Queen Victoria, the Kaiser's visit, the marriage of the Duke of York, in 1893—preface fifty sonnets of widely varying inspiration in the volume, "The Queen, and Other Poems," by Richard Garnett, C. B. These two selections will show the poet's quality and limitations:

## PRESIDENT KRUGER.

My wont it ever was the head to bow  
When foot of fallen Greatness wended near;  
Oft sprang into the eye the sudden tear,  
And the wrung heart bled sympathy—but now?  
Craft, weaving grimy webs in hoary brow,  
Pride's vaunting tongue, Presumption's stubborn ear,  
And Guile and Greed in sanctities austere  
Profanely draped, sweet Pity disallow.  
Unchivalrous! thy penury of worth  
Rivets the head reluctant to thy throat,  
And Victory cheats of exquisite reward;  
To raise, encircled by the arm that smote,  
The enemy low laid on gory earth,  
With balmy salve for gashes of the sword.

## TORCHES OF LOVE AND DEATH.

To him, who symbol of his empire shows  
By the inverted brand's declining flame,  
Love, spent with wayfaring, in twilight came,  
And said, I weary, and would taste repose.  
Do thou, whose vigilant eye must never close,  
Governing thy viewless shafts' incessant aim,  
Guard me, and from thy brother's realm reclaim  
When bathed in orient light my planet throes.  
And so it was, Love slumbered and arose,  
But, parting, bore his comrade's torch away;  
Soon in Death's numbing hand his own expired:  
Now earth is empty of his joys and woes,  
And in her sages' love, and poets' lay,  
Sweet Love is disesteemed and Death desired.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

"John Gildart," by M. E. Henry Rufin, is an heroic poem in blank verse, that tells of a Southern soldier who left his comrades, when permission was refused, to care for his suffering wife and child, and then, months afterward, returned to his duties in the ranks. His arrest, trial for desertion, conviction, and execution followed, and the widowed woman, with her little one, reached the camp just too late to see the husband and father alive. It is a theme

whose simplicity and truth make only more severe the poet's task, yet Mrs. Rufin has measurably succeeded in creating the dramatic scenes, and producing with force the tragic effect at the end. It is a work that could come only from one with poetic feeling. This is from the scene at the first parting:

... And Ruth bowed low

Unto the shadow weighing down her heart,  
And took her part in brave activity.  
O that to-morrow! when he would be gone.  
O those to-morrows! when he came no more.  
They crowded round, like dread and ghostly forms,  
To chill her purpose and her courage slay.  
O trembling hands! that steady seek to grow  
In loving last remembrances. O love!  
So fearful to behold yourself in truth,  
As one might dread the mirror, when disease  
Had blotted recognition out. O light!  
Whose long dark hours, so heavy-briated, crushed  
Out sleep, outweighing rest, yon briar at length,  
The morn'ning, mocking with its listless smile,  
The farewell, falling on the little home,  
The doom of all its joys. . . .

Published by William H. Young & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Not only devotees of the game, but all admirers of Omar's quatrains will find pleasure in "The Golfer's Rubaiyat," by H. W. Boynton. There is philosophy, satire, and wit in the verses, and the imitations in form have a worth of their own. These are stanzas chosen at random from the little book:

Wake! for the sun has driven in equal flight  
The stars before him from the Tee of Night,  
And haled them every one without a Miss,  
Swinging at ease his gold-shod Shaft of Light.

Lately, agape beside the door of Fame,  
Sudden a Touch upon my shoulder came,  
And thro' the Dusk an Angel Shape held out  
The greater Guerdon; and it was—the Game!

A bag of Clubs, a Silver-Town or two,  
A Flask of Scotch, a Pipe of Shag—and Thou  
Beside me caddyding in the Wilderness—  
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

And some we loved, the feeblest with a Club,  
Ordain'd to scuff, too fizzle, and to flub,  
Have turned in Cards a Round or two before,  
And played that final Green without a Rub.

There are many grotesque and humorous illustrations in the margins and as borders, and the make-up of the volume is unique throughout.

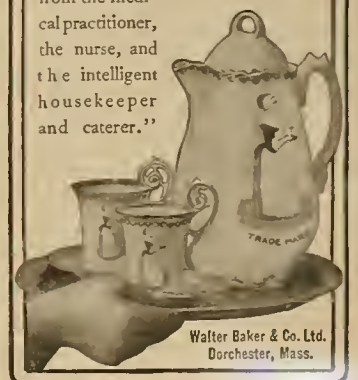
Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

## The December Century.

The Hon. John A. Kasson, who negotiated the reciprocity treaties in which President McKinley took so keen an interest, contributes to the December *Century* his "Impressions of President McKinley." He lays considerable stress on the man's personal kindness, unselfishness, and sense of the dignity of his office, and his appreciation is supplemented with photographs by George Cox, taken at Canton especially for the *Century Magazine*. Another timely article is by "An Old Acquaintance" who writes of "The Personality of President Roosevelt," his sketch being accompanied by a Rockwood photograph, for which Mr. Roosevelt is understood to have expressed a decided preference. Still another interesting article in the holiday number of this magazine is "Thackeray in the United States," by General James Grant Wilson. The writer met the famous novelist on his first visit to this country in 1852, and it is of this visit that he writes, a paper on the second visit being reserved for a later number. General Wilson's reminiscences team with anecdotes, and are illustrated with little known or hitherto unpublished portraits of Thackeray, and humorous sketches in water-color and black and white from the novelist's own facile pen.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## In the Days of Roundhead and Cavalier.

A dashing heroine who defended the Prince of Orange was the leading figure in Ronald Mac Donald's first novel, "The Sword of the King," and in his second book, "God Save the King," a young cavalier who fought bravely for Charles the Second tells the story of his own desperate fortunes. It is a stirring romance, planned and written with art, and it will win the same high esteem as its predecessor. Mr. Mac Donald manages very well the quaint phraseology of the time, and the historical interest of his story is never far from the record. King Charles appears at intervals as an actor in the scenes pictured, and his portrait is none too flattering, though his honor and gratitude are celebrated in the reward that crowns the heroine's efforts at the end.

A woman's love of flattery, and then her undying hate and desire for revenge, furnish the motives for the story, but its course seldom approaches the melodramatic. Lydia Throgmorton, promised to Sir Thomas Ashcroft, takes advantage of her lover's absence to flirt with Gilbert Feckenham, and is found out and discarded. A duel between the men is narrowly averted, and the affair coming to the ears of the king the lady is sent away from the court under royal displeasure. Lionel Ashcroft, a younger brother of Sir Thomas, is a favorite with Lydia, and sympathizes with her, believing his brother has been too hasty. The woman, finding no other way to regain her position in the world, practices to win the younger Ashcroft, and he marries her, against the wishes of his family. From this union springs the youth who writes the sequel of his mother's double-dealing.

It is not long before the loyal Ashcroft and his wife quarrel. She hates the king for his interference, and secretly aids the cause of Cromwell. Christopher Ashcroft, her son, grows up under her displeasure, but is the close companion of his father, who is now a broken and disappointed man. Sir Thomas Ashcroft, never reconciled to his brother's marriage, and has a daughter. Mistress Ashcroft plots to steal the daughter, and nearly succeeds; comes by chance into possession of a priceless jewel, known as the Ashcroft cross, and tries to conceal it; then is favored with an opportunity to betray the young king, now hunted by the Roundheads. All her schemes are frustrated by her own son, who aids Charles at home and follows his fortunes into Flanders and Touraine. When Charles regains the throne, young Christopher is about to receive his reward when his cousin, grown to be a great beauty, is seen and coveted by the king. There are many more complications, another and even more nearly successful plot against the sovereign by the still hating Ashcroft woman, but love and justice triumph.

There is sword-play of the best in the story, for Gilbert Feckenham, the gay young courtier who spoiled the romance of Sir Thomas, is skilled in the use of his favorite weapon, and when he has lost all in fighting for Charles the First, he becomes the tutor of young Christopher and teaches him every secret of the manual. There are many scenes of beauty and dramatic interest, and the descriptions are adequate. The characters are distinctive, and their impulses along suggested lines. It is, altogether, an excellent piece of workmanship.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Professor Ross on Social Control.

One of the most brilliant, thoughtful, logical, and helpful of serious works of this or earlier seasons is "Social Control," by Edward Alsworth Ross, professor of sociology in the University of Nebraska, and formerly of Stanford University. It is impossible to give in this brief notice more than an outline of Professor Ross's "survey of the foundation of order," but it may be said with truth that the book will interest all who think, and will instruct all students of the processes of social evolution. It is clear, frank, and forceful, but it attacks no traditions worthy of respect. It defines conditions and movements without prejudice, but it has no remedies, violent or soothing, for present evils. It is a searching study of causes, seldom analyzed; a calm view of results in the light of history and philosophy.

In his preface, Professor Ross states the scope of his studies—the domination of society over the individual; the domination of the individual over society. He says that he began his investigation with the idea that social influences were responsible for the order of things, but he was convinced, as he advanced, that personality "may arrive at a goodness all its own," and that its social surroundings are no more influential than the personal qualities. His first chapters take up the rôle that sympathy, sociability, the sense of justice, and individual reaction play in forming social order, and in these there are many epigrams and practical illustrations that will impress the most casual reader. The means of control—public opinion, law, belief, and social suggestion—are noted in the next division, and one-half the book is given up to this study of the genesis, selection, and survival of ethical elements. The system of control, its limits, vicissitudes, and criteria, are discussed in conclusion, and the summing up is presented in a brief yet masterly chapter that gives a glance into the future. This is but a part of one paragraph:

"The Strong Man who has come to regard social control as the scheme of the many weak to bind down the few strong may be brought to see it in its true light, as the safe-guarding of a venerable corporation, protector not alone of the labor of living men for themselves, but also of the labors of bygone men for coming generations, guardian not merely of the dearest possessions of innumerable persons, but of the spiritual property of the human race—of the inventions and discoveries, the arts and sciences, the secrets of healing, and the works of delight, which he himself is free to enter into and enjoy."

A list of authorities quoted covers four pages, and the complete index added is of particular value.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Richard Harding Davis's new novel—his most extended piece of fiction—announced for serial publication in *Scribner's Magazine* during the coming year, has for its hero a young West Pointer who left the academy before graduation, and had adventures in South America and elsewhere throughout the world.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has expanded her amusing little story, "The Making of a Marchioness," into a novel which deals partly with the married life of that gentle and attractive lady.

The official biography of Pope Leo, on which F. Marion Crawford has been working for some time past, is completed, save for a few finishing touches which can be given only after the Pope's death.

A special holiday edition of "The Crisis" is being prepared by the Macmillan Company. The frontispiece will consist of a new portrait of the author never before published and reproduced in photogravure.

"Mater Coronata," the poem recited at the recent bi-centennial celebration at Yale by Edmund C. Stedman, will shortly be published in book-form, printed and bound in unique style.

Maurice Hewlett's new novel will deal with the life of Mary Stuart.

Rudyard Kipling is still in England, and has just been re-elected president of the Rottingden Rifle Club. Since his return from South Africa, Mr. Kipling has done his utmost to foster rifle shooting in England, and practices at the butts with unflagging ardor. Edward Bok, by the way, is authority for the statement that Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" has in various ways realized about \$485,000 for the families of British soldiers who have fought in South Africa. If this be true, his poetry brought something more than \$10,000 a line, or approximately \$1,000 a word, which certainly establishes a new record.

Mrs. Alexander's forthcoming novel, entitled "Stronger than Love," is devoted to a struggle between love and gratitude in the mind of the chief character.

Dr. Conan Doyle has published a new edition of his history of "The Great Boer War," bringing the narrative down to October 11th of this year, the second anniversary of the beginning of hostilities.

A new edition of Webster's International Dictionary, with new plates throughout, and twenty-five thousand additional words, phrases, and definitions, has been published by the G. & C. Merriam Company.

The late Helen Hunt Jackson's story, "Ramona," has a constant sale. Its publishers have just printed a new edition of five thousand, bringing up the total number of copies issued to one hundred and fifty-five thousand.

John Luther Long is collaborating with David Belasco on a long play which goes back to the days of Rome for its incidents and setting. Meantime, "Madame Butterfly" is being set to operatic music by an Italian master.

"Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance" is the title of a book by Lucy J. Freeman, M. A., which the Macmillan Company will publish immediately. For travelers and for students an appendix is added containing much concentrated information, also a bibliography and a list of the titles and whereabouts of the more important sculptors.

F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Marietta: A Maid of Venice," has run through four large editions since October 28th, the day of its publication.

Boston has its "Club Español," which is discussing such great Spanish authors as Valera, Palacio Valdes, Galdos, and Pedro Alarcon.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale is writing "Memories of a Hundred Years" for the *Outlook*. Not that the good man can look back upon so many years of personal experience; but he has the rich diaries and letters of his father and grandfather, both men of prowess with the pen. "I live," he says, "in a large, old-fashioned house, which is crowded from cellar to attic with letters and other manuscripts, with pamphlets and newspapers. Here are the diaries and correspondence of my own generation, of my father's and mother's, and of their fathers' and mothers'. Boxes, drawers, cabinets, secretaries, closets, full of 'your uncle's papers,' or 'your grandfather's,' or his."

## Henley's Attack on Stevenson.

The literary sensation in London last week was William E. Henley's onslaught, in the Christmas number of a leading periodical, upon the Stevenson worshippers. In tone it is said to be not dissimilar from that of his attack on indiscriminate eulogists of Burns. As Stevenson's closest friend, he strips Stevenson's personality of the fantastic romance woven about it, and shows him to have been at times a vain, ungrateful, self-righteous, anxious egotist, possessed of abundant but imitative gifts. Even those who attempt to defend the justice of the criticism find that it lays Henley open to charges of disloyalty and had taste. The London *Daily News* is emphatic in its protest. It says:

"We are not surprised that the literary world is scandalized. It is astonishing that any man of ordinary feeling should have written in such terms of a dead friend. One thing is made quite clear by the article. Stevenson has a genuine hold upon the affections of his countrymen, and that affection will last long after Mr. Henley's ill-judged screed is forgotten."

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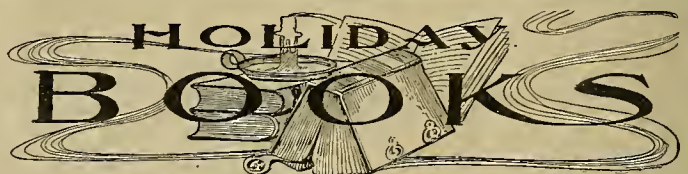
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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Mrs. Catherwood's "Lazarre."

A new contribution to the flood of historical fiction is "Lazarre," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, which tells of a character as yet unused by other writers, the dauphin son of Louis the Sixteenth, supposed to have died in the Temple dungeon in Paris. The author represents him as having been brought to America and hidden among the Indians, who called him Lazarre. The hero tells the story of his adventures himself, how he was discovered by a French nobleman residing in this country and educated by him, how he journeyed to Paris and thence to the court of Louis the Eighteenth in his effort to gain recognition, and how, finally, a woman became dearer to him than a kingdom.

Mrs. Catherwood has introduced several striking historical characters in her romance, for Lazarre, in his wanderings, encounters many whom he describes accurately, and with a friendly touch. Louis the Sixteenth, especially, is shown in a much better light than usual, and Napoleon, Josephine, Jerome Bonaparte, General Jackson, and others come in for more or less complete description. Those that are fictitious characters are types of historic classes, such as French noblemen and ladies of the time of the Revolution. The Indian, Skenedook, exemplifies in himself the highest type of the American Indian, and is a picturesque and fascinating figure.

Besides this variety of characters, the story covers a wide scope of geographical description. Lazarre, in his thrilling experiences, wanders from the wilds of Wisconsin to the steppes of Russia; in Paris he is a prisoner at one time in the crowded dungeons of the Ste. Pelagie, and, on another occasion, he is the guest of a nobleman at a ball which is graced by the august presence of Napoleon himself. All these kaleidoscopic scenes give a varied and continued interest to "Lazarre," and make it by far Mrs. Catherwood's best work, and one of the most readable of late novels.

Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.; price, \$1.50.

## New Publications.

A new and comprehensive text-book on civil government is offered in "Government in State and Nation," by J. A. James and A. H. Sanford. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 1.00.

"Juell Demming," by Albert Lathrop Lawrence, is a story that begins in a country school-house of the Middle West, and follows its hero through adventures in the Spanish-American War and in South Africa. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

The characters in Thomas Cobb's novel, "Severance," talk a good deal, but their conversation usually is entertaining, and the action always holds the interest. The author's originality and lightness of touch are to be praised. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

"England's Story: A History for Grammar and High Schools," by Eva March Tappan, is notable for its illustrations and maps, and brings the record down to the beginning of King Edward the Seventh's reign. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 85 cents.

"The Wouldbegoods," by E. Nesbit, is a story for young people with an English setting. It has dash and humor, and will be appreciated in spite of the peculiar touches that illuminate British character exclusively. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Frank T. Bullen's latest volume, "The Apostles of the Southeast," is less of a sea story than his earlier works, though its characters are principally sea-faring men. It tells of experiences in London, includes a voyage to Calcutta and return, and has a delicious interest throughout. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

True stories of steeple-climbers, deep-sea divers, balloonists, pilots, bridge-builders, firemen, wild-east tamers, dynamite workers, and locomotive engineers, are told with spirit in "Careers of Danger and Daring," by Cleveland Moffett. The book will stir the enthusiasm of all boys, and hold the interest of readers of every class. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.80.

Following studies of French and German life in the European Neighbors Series, comes "Russian Life in Town and Country," by Francis H. E. Almer. It is evidently written from thorough understanding, and is more comprehensive in its scope than most of the books on Russia. Its illustrations, though not numerous or remarkably excellent, are chosen from interesting subjects. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 1.20.

There is little of poetry, philosophy, or fancy in "The Great Deserts and Forests of North America," by Paul Fountain, but the book is written by a close observer, and his notes are seldom lacking in vital interest. The prairies of the Mississippi Valley, the press swamps of the South, the Yosemite Valley, and the waste places of California and Colorado have been seen by the author, and many striking facts

concerning them are given in his volume. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

For general readers the "History of American Art," by Sadakichi Hartmann, will be found an instructive and entertaining work. All the leading painters and sculptors are mentioned, and their characteristic creations described with appreciation. The illustrations are numerous, and the printing and binding is worthy of note. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, two volumes, \$4.00.

An account of philosophical development, covering all the leading topics of a college course, and adapted to class-room work, is offered in "A Student's History of Philosophy," by Arthur Kenyon Rogers. It presents a summary of the thought of the leaders in the various systems, and its excellent plan is ably carried out. A complete index adds to its value. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

A new edition—the fifth—of Albert Bushnell Hart's monumental work, "American History Told by Contemporaries," is brought out in response to continued demands. The four volumes—"Era of Colonization," "Building of the Republic," "National Expansion," and "Welding the Nation"—

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### ABOUT MAGAZINES IN GENERAL

From the Engineering News, Nov. 7, 1901

"THE November Century is a marvel in the artistic quality of its illustrations. The difference in quality between such high-class publications as this and the cheap magazines which have sprung up within the past few years must be apparent to any one with the slightest appreciation of what is really meritorious in art or in literature. Not only is there a contrast in quality, but in quantity as well. . . .

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"Why spend hours and days reading the work of hack writers when ideals wrought out by the masters in art and literature are as accessible to you? It is true, of course, that those who are satisfied with cheap literature can have it nowadays for almost nothing. . . . There must be those who will spend time reading second and third-rate matter rather than pay for a subscription to a high-class magazine, else these cheap magazines would die; but surely no one with mind enough to appreciate the difference between good and bad in literature could be foolish enough to cheat his mind by feeding it cheap food. . . ."





The spirits of the subscribers acquired rather a greenery-yallery hue on Monday night, when people came beaming into the big vestibule of the opera-house with expectancy writ large upon their faces, and faced the chilling announcement of Mme. Eames's inability to sing. There were the diamond tiaras, the bare shoulders, the glittering satins, and all the concomitants of a big night, and the wearers were obliged to sit down in all their bravery of attire and realize that they had wasted it on an off-night.

It has happened several times now, through the unfortunate mischance that has befallen Calvé and Eames, that people have sat through an evening and listened to grand opera minus a grand *prima donna*, in something of the same mood with which one would hear the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. It was observable, however, that the disappointed Monday-night audience settled down with comparative cheerfulness, under the subduing circumstances, and since they could not hear Eames, prepared themselves with comfortable philosophy to enjoy "Faust" as well as they could without her. From which we may draw the conclusion that our wealthy opera-patrons are not of the same stamp as the pampered and unmanageable clan that afflict the Metropolitan Opera House audiences in New York with their cheerfully audible conversations.

It was an evenly good performance that we listened to, but of course the vital essence of enjoyment was lacking. The preëminent drawing attraction was absent, and nothing could make up for that disappointment. Regarded as an understudy, Mme. Seygard is an exceedingly capable one. Regarded as a leading singer, she is much below the standard of the others. Her voice is rather light, and very uncertain in its response to its owner's demands. She was obliged to sing the jewel song in a *demi-voix*, so doubtful was she of its staying power in the runs and trills of that worn-out bit of *floriture*. Then, again, she would surprise us by a voluminous outburst of vocalism that was clear and telling. This was especially noticeable in Marguerite's burst of lyric ecstasy at her window at the close of the garden scene.

Campanari's rich, mellow baritone is well suited to the music of Valentine. His voice, however, has a more agreeable quality than the personality of the actor himself. The Valentine of Goethe's poem always strikes one as an exceedingly disagreeable and self-absorbed egotist, upon whom one wastes but little sympathy, except for his early and wickedly devised death. But Valentine, warbling his pride, his dreams, and his maledictions in the loveliest of *arias*, becomes a figure exposed to undeserved suffering. And he suffers so melodiously and so romantically that we quite overlook the fact that he is considerably sorer for himself than for Marguerite. It was this austere, denunciatory Valentine, rather than a romantically moving one, that Campanari gave us.

Salignac, who is a gracefully superficial actor, with a very pretty tenor voice, gave us about as good a Faust representation as we have a right to expect. The quality of his voice is far from faultless, but he takes his high notes easily and melodiously, and, in spite of a too frequently recurring *vibrato*, infuses a good deal of sincerity into his singing. Unfortunately, his native language (I suppose he is a Frenchman) has engrafted some of its nasals upon his singing voice.

The opera was sung in French—an agreeable novelty to many of us, no doubt, whose experience has hitherto included opera sung only in Italian or English. From the ease with which different members of the company adjust themselves to opera in French, German, or Italian, it is very evident that an up-to-date singer must be a linguist in order to fulfill all requirements.

Bridewell, who is plainly very young, has sung so far in all three languages. She is not as yet able, however, to manage the French nasals without infusing a nasal quality in her otherwise clear and sweet though colorless voice. Miss Bridewell is good to look at, for she is young, pretty, brown-eyed, and round-cheeked. But she has not yet developed any dramatic individuality, and is rather heavy and uninteresting in her small rôles. She was, on the whole, a characterless Siebel.

In Eames's absence, De Reszké's Mephisto became the star part. What a great, handsome, arrogant, high-handed devil he was, and with what a splendid swagger he carried the rich costume! An embroidered golden snake writhed in symbolic wickedness upon the mighty chest which is the fountain head of that tremendous voice, and an ample cloak, of rich design, whose colors seemed to

be borrowed from the shadows and flames of the nether regions, draped him in folds of satanic splendor. I have seen devils with a great deal more dash and spirit than De Reszké, but never one so physically imposing—a quality, by the way, which never leaves him, and which became rather amusing in the character of Marcel, who, in spite of his lowly station, was so lordly a figure in "The Huguenots" that he cast all the nobles around him, save Scotti, into comparative insignificance. In consequence of this unconscious majesty of De Reszké's, no other part in my opinion has suited him so well from a dramatic standpoint as those of Henry the Fowler in "Lohengrin," and Wotan in "Siegfried."

It has been interesting to speculate on the direction public partiality was going to take toward the three stars, for Sibyl Sanderson may now be considered out of the running. Up to the present, Sembrich, as far as can be judged, seems to be the favorite, which happens partly from chance, partly from the superior brilliancy of her vocal gifts, and partly from natural charm. She has remained in voice, she has delighted the lovers of *coloratura*, and has won hearts. Mme. Sembrich gives a delightful performance of Rosina, and incidentally establishes a sympathetic *rapprochement* between herself and her audience by the magic of healthy, genial, and affluent vitality. Comedy, not tragedy, seems to be her forte. She can not throw herself with complete abandon into the agony of a Marguerite, but Rossini's light, brilliant music seems to mirror a natural gaiety of heart. Those of us who heard her on her sole appearance during the disastrous visit to San Francisco last year, marveled at the gallant manner in which she held her vocal ailment at bay, and seemed finally to vanquish it. The truth is, however, that we scarcely realized then how much was missing from the plenitude of her vocal equipment. The clearness, purity, and freshness of her voice were, at the time, partly extinguished. Of its remarkable technical brilliancy, however, and of Sembrich's vivid musical intelligence, we obtained sufficient knowledge at the time to be somewhat prepared for the strong impression she has made during the present engagement.

Calvé, naturally, has been a disappointment, but knowing that her case is Sembrich's over again, those who heard her suspend judgment, and are preparing themselves for a second verdict which shall have nothing tame or disillusionized about it. And the whole opera-going community is offering nightly, on bended knees, selfishly fervent prayers for her complete recovery.

What lives of slavery these splendid, luxurious, high-priced singing-birds must lead! The greater the voice, the more binding the fetters. There must be compensations to the lowlier singers for the comparative obscurity of their lot. Collamarini, our local Carmen, evidently troubles her pretty head uncommonly little about the lurking dangers that lie in wait for the singing voice. I saw her, on the evening of Calvé's appearance, being escorted to her carriage, which the obdurate driver, fearing the slippery hill in the storm, had stationed a block away. Two solicitous compatriots were hovering over her with umbrellas, and she was all sparkling with youth, beauty, white satin, and rain-drops, and uttering little, soft, Italian gurgles of dismay. And there was absolutely nothing between her operatic toes and the streaming sidewalk other than silk stockings and white satin slippers. It certainly seems an odd and irregular proceeding for an operatic singer to sit through an evening's performance with soaking feet. I hear, by the way, that the shop-girl's verdict places her Carmen higher than Calvé's. Well, it is quite true that Collamarini can present a very graphic Carmen of a kind—a pretty, volatile, vain, faithless, fetching, shallow-souled Carmen, who can easily weary the too-sophisticated spectator before the evening is over.

In truth, of the Calvé who first startled Paris in '94 with her Carmen, and who has since dazzled Europe, we as yet know nothing. She is considered to be changeable in her methods, and, like all great artists, is subject to moods. I remember once having seen Edwin Booth walk wearily through the part of Hamlet with scarcely a moment's flight into the fine ether of inspiration. And an artist like Calvé, who gives the precedence to dramatic over vocal art, must of necessity suffer from the tyranny of the artistic temperament, and feel at times a drop into the numbness of discouragement and defeat. The magical charm which she can exert was not vivid and resistless on the night of her appearance. For of the Calvé whose fascinating grace, whose lyric gifts, whose voluptuous beauty, and whose impas-

sioned acting have dazzled two continents, we have but a dulled and dimmed presentment.

Expectation, however, is intensely keen and eager. Every one has hopes, for we all know that her career has made matter for history in the annals of the lyric stage, and that she is the singer of her time. People who have never seen her, or seen her but this once, can scarcely face the direful possibility of her failure to recover in time, or to reveal to us the most famous operatic and dramatic impersonation on the stage to-day.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Close of the Grau Opera Season.

The Grau opera season is rapidly drawing to a close. This (Saturday) afternoon Sembrich will repeat her performance of Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," and to-night it is announced that "Carmen" will positively be sung with Calvé, Scheff, De Marchi, Declery, and Journet in the cast. "Lohengrin" is to be the bill on Sunday night, at popular prices, and an excellent cast is promised, including Galski, Louise Homer, Dippel, Bispham, Muhlmann, and Blass; conductor, Damrosch.

The extra performances to be given next week are as follows:

Monday afternoon—Joint appearance of Mme. Emma Eames and Sembrich in Mozart's opera, "Le Nozze di Figaro," with an unprecedented cast; Eames, Fritz Scheff, Sembrich, Campanari, and Edouard de Reszké. Conductor, Seppilli.

Monday evening—Double bill; "La Bohème"; Suzanne Adams, Scheff, De Marchi, Perello, Glibert, and Scotti. Conductor, Seppilli. To be followed by "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Calvé, Bridewell, Salignac, and Declery. Conductor, Flon.

Tuesday evening—"Tristan and Isolde"; Louise Reuss-Belce, Louise Homer, Van Dyck, Bispham, Muhlmann, Reiss, Bars, and Edouard de Reszké. Conductor, Damrosch.

Wednesday evening—Joint appearance and farewell performance of Mme. Calvé and Mme. Sibyl Sanderson in "Carmen."

Thursday afternoon (farewell matinee)—"Tannhäuser."

Thursday evening (farewell night)—"Le Nozze di Figaro" ("The Marriage of Figaro").

On Friday evening the regular winter season of the Grand Opera House will be inaugurated, with the first appearance here as a star of Minnie Seligman in "The Crust of Society." The cast, which will support the new star, will be one of unusual strength; it is as follows: Mrs. Eastlake Chapel, Minnie Seligman; Mrs. Ernestine Echo, Laura Nelson Hall; Violet Esmond, Caroline Frances Cook; Lady Downe, Mary Banksom; Maid, Maybelle Graham; Oliver St. Aubyn, Herschel Mayall; Captain Randall Northcote, Charles Waldron; Mr. Cavendish Comys, William Bernard; Earl of Colchester, H. D. Byers; Roger, Burr Caruth; and John, Edward Lawrence.

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## DR. MASON'S MUSICAL MEMORIES.

Anecdotes of Liszt, Wagner, and Von Bülow.

A most readable volume is Dr. William Mason's "Memories of a Musical Life," in which he reviews the development of music in Europe and America during the second half of the nineteenth century. Dr. Mason is the dean of the musical profession in America. The son of Lowell Mason, he was born in Boston in 1829, and for nearly fifty years his fame as a pianist and composer has been international. He has counted among his friends a number of musical celebrities, including Meyerbeer, Schumann, Moscheles, Wagner, Liszt (with whom he studied), Rubinstein, Von Bülow, Joachim, Paderewski, Hofmann, Dohnanyi, and others. Of them all, Dr. Mason writes in a kindly yet frank vein, telling many personal anecdotes which are new and characteristic.

Dr. Mason's narrative of his experiences as a pupil of Liszt at Weimar is perhaps the most interesting portion of his volume. Like all the other pupils of the great pianist, Dr. Mason bears witness that Liszt took technique for granted, and gave all his attention to interpretation and expression: "He never taught in the ordinary sense of the word. During the entire time that I was with him, I did not see him give a regular lesson in the pedagogical sense." From Dr. Mason's playing, Liszt's teaching "eradicated much that was mechanical, stilted, and unmusical." Concerning Liszt's own playing, we read that "he was very fond of strong accents in order to mark off periods and phrases, and he talked so much about strong accentuation, that one might have supposed that he would abuse it, but he never did." His "genius flashed through every pianistic phrase; it illuminated a composition to its innermost recesses." Rubinstein said to William Steinway: "Put all the rest of us together, and we would not make one Liszt."

Liszt had the pick of all the young musicians in Europe for his pupils, and Dr. Mason attributes his acceptance of him somewhat to the fact that he came all the way from America, something more of an undertaking in those days than it is now. The writer adds:

He was always neatly dressed, generally appearing in a long frock-coat, until he became the Abbé Liszt, after which he wore the distinctive black gown. His general manner and his face were most expressive of his feelings, and his features lighted up when he spoke. His smile was simply charming. His face was peculiar. One could hardly call it handsome, yet there was in it a subtle something that was most attractive, and his whole manner had a fascination which it is impossible to describe.

Dr. Mason relates two incidents which are in themselves trivial, but which illustrate some character-trait:

One day Liszt was reading a letter in which a musician was referred to as a certain Mr. So-and-So. He read that phrase over two or three times, and then substituted his own name for that of the musician mentioned, and repeated several times: "A certain Mr. Liszt, a certain Mr. Liszt, a certain Mr. Liszt," adding: "I don't know that that would offend me. I don't know that I should object to being called 'a certain Mr. Liszt.'" As he said this, his face had an expression of curiosity, as though he were wondering whether he really would be offended or not. But at the same time there was in his face that look of kindness I saw there so often, and I really believe he would not have felt injured by such a reference to himself. There was nothing petty in his feelings.

On another occasion, Liszt grew very much excited over what he considered an imposition:

One evening he said to us: "Boys, there is a young man coming here to-morrow who says he can play Beethoven's 'Sonata in B-flat, op. 106.' I want you all three to be here." We were there at the appointed hour. The pianist proved to be a Hungarian, whose name I have forgotten. He sat down and began to play in a conveniently slow tempo the bold chords with which the sonata opens. He had not progressed more than half a page when Liszt stopped him, and, seating himself at the piano, played in the correct tempo, which was much faster, to show him how the work should be interpreted. "It's nonsense for you to go through this sonata in that fashion," said Liszt, as he rose from the piano and left the room. The pianist, of course, was very much disconcerted. Finally he said, as if in console himself: "Well, he can't play it through like that, and that's why he stopped after half a page." When the young man left, I went out with him, partly because I felt sorry for him, he had made such a fiasco, and partly because I wished to impress upon him the fact that Liszt could play the whole movement in the tempo in which he began it. As I was walking along with him, he said: "I'm not of money; won't you lend me three louis d'or?"

A day or two later, Dr. Mason told Liszt, by the merest chance, that the hero of the op. 106 fiasco had tried to borrow money of him:

"B-r-r-r! What?" exclaimed Liszt. Then he jumped up, walked across the room, seized a long pipe that hung from a nail on the wall, and brandishing it as if it were a stick, stamped up and down the room in almost childish indignation, exclaiming: "Drei louis d'or! Drei louis d'or!" The point is, however, that Liszt regarded the man as an artistic impostor. He had sent word to Liszt that he could play the great Beethoven sonata, not an inconsiderable feat in those days. He had been received on that basis. He had failed miserably. To this artistic imposition he had added the

effrontery of endeavoring to borrow money from some one whom he had met under Liszt's roof.

Liszt was particular about the appearance of his pupils:

I remember two instances which show how particular he was in little matters. I have been near-sighted all my life, and when I went to Weimar I wore eye-glasses, much preferring them to spectacles. Eye-glasses were not much worn in Germany at that time, and were considered about as affected as the mode of wearing a monocle. The Germans wore spectacles. I had not been in Weimar long when Liszt said to me: "Mason, I don't like to see you wearing those glasses. I shall send my optician to fit your eyes with spectacles."

I hardly thought that he was serious, and so paid no attention to him. But, sure enough, about a week later there was a knock at my door, and the optician presented himself, saying he had come at the command of Dr. Liszt to examine my eyes and fit a pair of spectacles to them. As I was evidently to have no say in the matter, I submitted, and a few days later I received two pairs, one in a green and one in a red case. I thought them extremely unbecoming, but I was very particular to put them on whenever I went to see Liszt.

Not long afterward Liszt went to Paris, and, when we called to see him after his return and he was talking about his experiences there, he said, casually: "By the way, Mason, I find that gentlemen in Paris are wearing eye-glasses now. In fact, they are considered quite *comme il faut*, so I have no objection to you wearing yours." As he did not ask me to send him the spectacles, I kept them, and have them to this day.

Dr. Mason gives an interesting account of his visit to Richard Wagner. When he was leaving, the composer of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" handed him a theme written on a staff made by his own hand, bidding the young pianist if he ever heard anything like that to remember him. It afterward turned out that this theme was the familiar "dragon" motive from the "Ring" dramas, but in the form in which it appears only in the second act of "Siegfried." At the time when the composer gave it to Dr. Mason the drama was yet unknown to the world.

Von Bülow himself told Dr. Mason that he accepted philosophically the trouble between himself and his wife, Cosima Liszt, and her subsequent marriage to Wagner. Says the writer:

Soon after he arrived in New York, in 1876, I called on him, and during our conversation I broached the subject in a tentative way. I was not sure that his feelings toward Wagner were not so hostile that mention of the Bayreuth master would have to be avoided, and I thought it just as well to arrive immediately at a clear understanding of the matter. "Bülow," I said, "you must excuse me if I touch on a rather delicate subject. Of course your friends abroad know just what your present attitude is toward Wagner; but over here we know little or nothing about it. Perhaps you would like to enlighten me. I hope, however, I have not touched on a painful subject." "Not at all," he exclaimed; "what happened was the most natural thing in the world. You know what a wonderful woman Cosima is—such intellect, such energy, such ambition, which she naturally inherits from her father. I was entirely too small a personality for her. She required a colossal genius like Wagner's, and he needed the sympathy and inspiration of an intellectual and artistic woman like Cosima. That they should have come together eventually was inevitable."

The volume is copiously illustrated with portraits of Dr. Mason at various ages, Liszt in middle life, the Altenburg, Liszt's house at Weimar, Theodore Thomas at the age of twenty-four and the Mason-Thomas quartet, and fac-similes of autographs and music written by most of the celebrities with whom he has been close and intimate.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

## The Races.

The most notable event at the Oakland track this (Saturday) afternoon will be a free handicap for two-year-olds eligible to the Produce Exchange Stakes. The distance is seven furlongs, the value of the purse \$600, and the entries number nearly seventy. There will also be two free handicaps for three-year-olds and upward. An interesting programme has been arranged for next week, the high event being the Burlingame Selling Stakes for three-year-olds and upward, which is to be run on Saturday afternoon, December 7th. The course is one mile and a sixteenth, and the value of the purse \$1,500.

—CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "SUNSET MAGAZINE" now out. Artistic pictures of California and the West. Just the thing for Eastern friends. Published by Southern Pacific Passenger Department; for sale by all newsdealers. Contents: The Cross of Golden Gate (Poem), Charles S. Aiken; Christmas in Mexico, the City of Delights, J. Torrey Conner; Legend of the Mission Dolores (Poem), Ella M. Sexton; Luther Burbank—Man, Methods, and Achievements, Professor Edward J. Wickson; Garden of the Willow-Pattern Plate, Irene Connell; The North Wind (Poem), Clarence Urmay; Winter at El Montecito (Poem), Harriet Winthrop Waring; Carnations by the Sea, Edna Robinson; In the Drifts of the Demarsar (Story), Warren Cheney; The Triennial Convention—A Retrospect, H. Robert Braden; Pasadena's Flower Festival.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

"An Enemy to the King."

Robert Neilson Stephens's dramatic drama in four acts, "An Enemy to the King," is to be the offering at the Alcazar Theatre next week. It was presented here by the Frawley Company some years ago at the Baldwin Theatre, with Blanche Bates in the leading rôle. Its scenes are laid in France, and deal with the romantic and exciting adventures of Sieur de la Tournoire, a follower of the King of Navarre. The action of the play follows the events of the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve. A certain M. de Varion has been sentenced to death for alleged conspiracy, and his daughter Julie has gone to the governor of the province to beg for his clemency. The governor, intent on the capture of Tournoire, who is regarded as a dangerous conspirator, promises the pardon of her father if she will use her beauty and ingenuity to ensnare and betray this gentleman. She agrees; and, after a brief search, encounters him at a wayside inn. She does not recognize him—and, as he gains her confidence by his gallant manner, she confides in him the purpose of her errand. Partly in a spirit of humor and partly because he has fallen in love with her, he consents to aid her in the search for Tournoire (himself). She finally discovers his identity, and betrays his whereabouts. She then repents, and goes to the governor to be relieved of her promise. There she meets Tournoire, who, learning of her treachery, has secretly made his way into the castle to ascertain, if possible, her innocence. She confesses to him, and to show her repentance, hides him, where he can hear her plead to the governor. She is offered insult, and Tournoire reveals himself. After a desperate struggle with the governor's young secretary, whom he kills, he and his sweetheart are rescued by followers of Navarre. Miss Marion Convere will assume the rôle of Julie de Varion, and Mr. M. L. Alsop that of the dashing Tournoire.

"The Girl from Maxim's" at the Columbia.

Willie Collier in "On the Quiet" will give way on Monday evening to a farce, entitled "The Girl from Maxim's," which will be presented for but a week. George Feydeau is the author of this new French farce, in three acts. The plot revolves about Dr. Petypont, who, bent on an evening's enjoyment, begins by absorbing rather a large quantity of wine. He goes to Maxim's, a well-known café, and there makes the acquaintance of Praline, a dancer. After a night of frivolity, the doctor wakes next morning to find himself under a sofa in his own home, while Praline, whom he brought with him from Maxim's, is in the adjoining room. She is mistaken by Dr. Petypont's uncle, General Petypont, for his wife. As the doctor is trying to solve the problem of getting her out of the house before his wife discovers her, the general invites, and finally insists, that his nephew and his supposed wife come to his country home. There the girl from Maxim's astonishes the country folk with her Parisian ways, and teaches them high kicking and café slang as the very latest style in Paris. The real wife appears, and then follows a series of complications, which are finally unraveled in the last act.

Lena Merville, who is described as a handsome and shapely brunette with a good singing voice, will be the Praline; W. H. Turner, the Dr. Petypont; Joseph Allen, the General Petypont; and John H. Armstrong, the duke.

Jefferson de Angelis in the comic-opera success, "A Royal Ragné," will follow.

## At the Orpheum.

The Dumbard Parisian Minstrels, a trio of versatile musicians, who scored a great hit here on their last visit, will re-appear at the Orpheum next week. They play on the guitar, mandolin, and violin a number of old, familiar operatic airs, which never fail to capture the house. Werden and Shepherd, illustrated ballad-singers, will make their first appearance on the Pacific Coast. The Onlaw trio of sensational equilibrist, who set the town talking a few weeks ago, will return for one week only, and will repeat their wonderful wire act. La Belle Tortajada, the Spanish beauty, will change her songs and dances, as will also Mme. Taglinne, the dainty, little illusion dancer. Andy Lewis, with his company, will continue to talk about his friend, "The Queen of Bavaria," in "The Cocaine Fiend," Coleman's trained dogs and cats will show some new tricks, the marvelous Kaufmann family of bicyclists will appear for their third and last week, and the higraph will offer a complete change of moving pictures.

Second Week of "The Geisha."

The precocious little Pollards have caught on at the Tivoli again by their presentation of "The Geisha." During the past week, the house has been filled at every performance, and, as the management believe in bowing to popular demand, the Japanese opera will be continued another week. These clever children have again surprised every one by their wonderful versatility, for they show their mastery of this intricate score, and give one of the best performances of the dainty little opera ever seen here. The comedy and dancing, the characteristic Japanese poses, and the catchy music are all brought out in fine style, and with telling effect. Madge Pollard is, perhaps, the star among the little girls, and she has an excellent

part, which she does wonderfully well. Little Daphne makes a captivating midshipman. Next week she will be the Chinaman, in which rôle she should score a hit. Fred Pollard sings Katana in his best manner, and the choruses go with a swing and dash which is refreshing. The Sunday matinees are growing in favor, and the house is crowded on Saturday and Sunday nights.

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## VANITY FAIR.

While visiting at a country house near New York this autumn, at the same time as a golf champion, whose achievements on the links were thrilling the country, Eliot Gregory learned many curious things about athletic dandies and their ways. "The young lady in question," he says, in the November *Century Magazine*, "arrived a week before the tournament that was to decide her supremacy, accompanied by her English trainer, a *maisonne*, and, incidentally, by her mamma, a feeble-minded lady, so completely demoralized by her daughter's celebrity that she could talk of little else, and would confide, with little thrills of pride, to any one she could get to listen to her, how she could not take a ferry-boat or trolley-car without being pointed out as the mother of the 'champion.' After a morning round of the links in company with the coach, the champion was handed over to her woman keeper, to be douched and rubbed and curry-combed till luncheon-time. The afternoon was passed exercising in a gymnasium, fitted up in the billiard-room for her use. After her dinner, which, by the way, consisted principally of meat carefully weighed by mamma to small scales, the girl was again rubbed and exercised before retiring. Hers was no idle life, you see. As the great day drew near, envoys from the press appeared on the scene to sketch and snap-shot the celebrity in every pose. Sporty gents in loud clothes followed the morning play surreptitiously, in order that the betting centres might be kept informed as to her condition, and sent to the papers none too delicate accounts of her 'form' and general appearance—familiarities it was impossible to prevent or resent, as the girl had for the moment become the property of the betting-public, which was putting its money on her, and so expected to be kept informed as to the chances of success."

Mr. Gregory says that the strain of the last twenty-four hours was dreadful on the whole household, and he adds: "We talked of little but the match and 'odds.' It was rather a shock, I confess, to discover that our fair Diana (on the verge of a breakdown) was being kept to her work by frequent libations of strong 'tea,' carried by mamma in a flask for the purpose. All minor ills, however, were forgotten when at noon on the great day our sportswoman was brought home, collapsed, but victorious. We felt that glory had, indeed, been shed upon the house. Mamma, on the thin edge of hysterics, where she had been staggering for a week, sobbed out that her only regret was that 'Tom' had not lived to see the day; and that dear 'Polly' had always been the joy and comfort of her life. As all the papers published photos and biographical sketches of the winner, needlessly I add that her portrait adorned most of the railway stations and hotel lobbies in the country, and that her pet name was on the lips of every stable-boy and bartender in the neighborhood, who may have won or lost their cash through her prowess."

A heated discussion is again being waged in the London papers as to the wearing of the tall silk hat. Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower adds his views to the voluminous correspondence for and against the hat in a long article in the *Tatler*, in which he condemns the fashionable head-wear. "First," he says, "I believe that head-gear to be unhealthy. It is bad both for the outside and the inside of the head. You have only to look down from a gallery on a company of men who habitually wear tall hats to find that, almost to a man, those over fifty are more or less bald. I believe that baldness, which is so universal in what are called the upper classes, in contrast to the hair-covered scalp of the poorer classes, is mainly due to the tall hat. As to bad effects on the brain, we have the high authority of Dr. Forbes Winslow, who has placed on record his belief that the wearing of the tall hat is partly the reason for the amount of insanity, which is on the increase. This statement, coming from so great an authority on matters relating to insanity, is a most serious one. Surely the above is sufficient reason for making one dislike this head covering, which has had its day. The real reason which makes people wear this hat is the fear that they may be thought original, if not eccentric, by wearing a more comfortable and sensible covering for the head. Napoleon called us a nation of shop-keepers. Had he called us a nation of snobs it would have been nearer the truth. Fashion is the sole arbiter in these days, and for this reason it is not surprising that such a number of men injure their health and spoil their pates by donning the most ridiculous head covering that, with ingenuity proverbial to the insane, the maker of hats ever devised." But Lord Ronald does not suggest what might be manufactured or invented to replace the tall silk hat of the present day.

In commenting on the evolution of the opera-hat, by the way, the manager of a fashionable New York hatting establishment said, the other day: "The opera-hat was formerly made almost exclusively of merino. There were a few men who wore opera-hats of ribbed silk, which they had made to order at a cost of twelve dollars each, the cost of the merino hat being seven dollars; and there were also a few, these, mostly older men, who wore opera-hats of black satin, which likewise they had made to order. August Belmont used to wear a satin opera-hat,

The merino hat, however, was long the most generally worn, and so it remained—and practically unchanged except that it had come to be finished with satin on the under side of the brim—until some eight or ten years ago. Then men took to wearing silk hats to the opera, and the distinctive opera-hat fell into disuse. Men took for an opera-hat their oldest silk hat, which was as good as any for this service, for, tucked under a seat or into the corner of a box, it was sure to be subjected to hard usage. This fancy for the silk hat as an opera-hat lasted two or three years, and then, about seven years ago, the opera-hat was again restored to full favor, which it still holds. But while it went out, so to speak, in merino it came back after that brief period of collapse in ribbed silk, of which material, once regarded as a sort of luxury in this use, by far the greater number of the opera-hats worn are now made."

Smoking seems to be growing in favor among the fair sex, especially on the Continent. So apparent has this become of late that the railroad authorities of Belgium (according to a writer in the *Chicago Record-Herald*) have been seriously considering the advisability of introducing cars in which only women shall be allowed to travel. What has particularly served to bring the matter before the officials' notice is an incident that happened a few weeks since, when a young woman entered one of the carriages on the Southern Railroad reserved for ladies, and in a few minutes after the train had started from Brussels lit a cigarette and began to smoke it. Whereupon the other women in the compartment became very indignant, threatening to complain to the guard as soon as the train stopped. "I am in a carriage reserved for ladies," observed the smoker, blandly, "and I am not aware of any law which prohibits ladies from smoking." When the train stopped, the guard was informed of the proceedings, but was loath to interfere, and the result was that when the woman smoker arrived at her destination, she consulted a lawyer, who has now by an action in court raised the interesting question: Should railroad companies be compelled to provide separate smoking-cars for women who wish to smoke while they are traveling? Some of the companies, however, appear to have taken time by the forelock, for it is understood that arrangements have already been made on some of the Belgian railroads to provide smoking compartments exclusively for women addicted to the use of tobacco.

The women in Norway have gained another victory. For many years they have been waging war against the use of the word "obey" in the marriage service of the Norwegian church. Their labors have at length been crowned with partial success. The parliament in Christiania has ruled that the use of the obnoxious word shall henceforth not be obligatory upon the bride, but only optional. The bride is to be free either to say that she will be "faithful or obedient," or simply to say that she will be "faithful," as she prefers.

A bomb has exploded in Rome which has effectually awakened the old-time priests from their dreams. The priests of Sicily want nothing more or less than to be allowed to marry. They have sent an eloquent address on the subject to all the colleges, sacristies, and so on. The pamphlet is said to be most violent in form, and demands the abolition of the obligatory law and vows of chastity for priests, monks, and nuns. The Archbishop of Palermo has been peremptorily ordered to take every measure to suppress the diffusion of the pamphlet, but it is feared it is too late, as its contents have become known.

One of the most remarkable private dinners in the history of Delmonico's was given in New York last week by Mr. George Heye. For the pleasure of entertaining nine guests from fifteen minutes past seven o'clock until half-past ten o'clock, Mr. Heye transformed the Red Room of Delmonico's into a miniature bower in a pine forest, and spread before them a repast which cost him about one hundred dollars for each of the ten covers laid. Hundreds of pine-boughs (says the *New York Herald*) had been brought from the woods, and these were so adjusted upon the walls, ceiling, and floor of the apartment as to completely conceal their original character. Invisible wires were stretched through them and connected with hundreds of small incandescent electric light globes, which peeped out from the green boughs on walls and ceiling. Each globe was shaped like an orchid, and shone with a pale-green light that lent reality to the semblance of the rare, woodland flower. Over the crash that covered the floor had been strewn pine-boughs, tangles of thick woodland moss, and husks of autumn leaves in all their rich tints of scarlet, yellow, and gray. A round table, eight feet in diameter, made of unfinished oak, rose from the litter of moss and leaves, and its stout legs were completely covered with green and gray moss. Ranged around the table were the ten chairs, each of which, especially built for this occasion, was made of black birch-boughs, fashioned in varied rustic designs and with the bark left on the surface. The centre of the table was a mound of maiden-hair fern, moss, and oak-leaves in their autumnal tints. Twenty or thirty electric globes, like those peeping from the walls, were arranged among the ferns and mosses in the centre of the table, and

in front of each cover was a cluster of thirty of the rarest of natural green orchids that the hot-houses of New York could supply. There was no other illumination of the room than that furnished by the green globes of the small electric lights, and the effect was like that of twilight in a pine forest. The name-cards for each guest were painted on oak-leaves, and the menus on squares of white birch-bark about ten by seven inches in size. The wines were all of the rarest and most expensive vintages.

Lady Fermor-Hesketh, daughter of the late Senator Sharon, of Nevada, is receiving congratulations over the appointment of her eldest son to a commission in the Royal Horse Guards of England. The heir to the baronetcy of Fermor-Hesketh is about nineteen, and has a marvelous inventive gift for engineering. Lady Hesketh lives but little in London, and divides her time between Newmarket, where she is conspicuous among the women devoted to racing, and her magnificent country seat, "Easton Neston." This is the ancestral home of the Earl of Pomfret, whom her husband, Sir Thomas, represents through the female line, his mother, Lady Arabella Fermor, having been the eldest daughter and heiress of the last Earl of Pomfret.

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## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the six days ending Tuesday, November 26, 1901, were as follows:

|                                       | BONDS.  |                   | Closed. |         |
|---------------------------------------|---------|-------------------|---------|---------|
|                                       | Shares. |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Bay Co. Power 5% .....                | 26,000  | @ 107 1/2         | 107 1/2 |         |
| Los An. Ry 5% .....                   | 22,000  | @ 118             | 117 1/2 |         |
| Los An. Lighting 5% .....             | 2,000   | @ 103 1/2         | 103     | 103 1/2 |
| N. R. of Cal. 5% .....                | 2,000   | @ 121 1/2         | 121 1/2 |         |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5% .....               | 30,000  | @ 107 1/2         | 107 1/2 |         |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5% .....               | 2,000   | @ 104 1/2         | 104     |         |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5% .....     | 26,000  | @ 123 1/2         | 123 1/2 | 123 1/2 |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905, Series A ..... | 15,000  | @ 108 1/2-108 3/4 | 107 1/2 | 108 1/2 |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905, Series B ..... | 5,000   | @ 109 1/2         | 109     | 109 1/2 |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905, Series A ..... | 5,000   | @ 110 1/2         | 110     | 111 1/2 |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912 .....           | 1,000   | @ 119             | 119     |         |
| S. V. Water 6% .....                  | 3,000   | @ 111 1/2-112     | 112     | 112 1/2 |
| S. V. Water 4% .....                  | 4,000   | @ 103             | 102 1/2 | 103 1/2 |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d. .....              | 6,000   | @ 102 1/2         | 102 1/2 | 103 1/2 |
|                                       | STOCKS. |                   | Closed. |         |
|                                       | Shares. |                   | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Water.                                |         |                   |         |         |
| Spring Valley Water .....             | 117     | @ 87-87 1/2       | 87      | 88      |
| Banks.                                |         |                   |         |         |
| Anglo-Cal. .....                      | 100     | @ 79 1/2-80       | 79      |         |
| Bank of Cal. .....                    | 8       | @ 107-108         | 107 1/2 |         |
| Gas and Electric.                     |         |                   |         |         |
| Equitable Gaslight .....              | 50      | @ 3 1/2           | 3       |         |
| Oakland Gas .....                     | 20      | @ 51 1/2          | 51      |         |
| S. F. Gas & Electric .....            | 990     | @ 42 1/2-43 1/2   | 43      | 43 1/2  |
| S. F. Gaslight Co. .....              | 100     | @ 5 1/2           | 5 1/2   | 5 1/2   |
| Street R. R.                          |         |                   |         |         |
| Market St. .....                      | 134     | @ 84 1/2-87 1/2   | 87 1/2  | 90      |
| Powders.                              |         |                   |         |         |
| Giant Con. .....                      | 315     | @ 84-86           | 85 1/2  | 86      |
| Vigorit .....                         | 100     | @ 4 1/2           | 4 1/2   | 5       |
| Sugars.                               |         |                   |         |         |
| Honolulu S. Co. .....                 | 175     | @ 12-12 1/2       | 12 1/2  | 12 1/2  |
| Hutchinson .....                      | 470     | @ 15 1/2-15 3/4   | 15 1/2  | 15 3/4  |
| Makaweli S. C. .....                  | 85      | @ 26              | 24      | 25 1/2  |
| Paahau S. Co. .....                   | 20      | @ 12 1/2          | 12      | 12 1/2  |
| Miscellaneous.                        |         |                   |         |         |
| Alaska Packers .....                  | 25      | @ 155 1/2-160     | 157 1/2 | 161     |
| Cal. Wine Assn. .....                 | 100     | @ 89 1/2          | 89 1/2  | 90      |

The sugars have been very quiet, and less than 1,000 shares of all kinds changed hands, with fractional declines.

Spring Valley Water sold off three-quarters of a point on small sales.

Alaska Packers was the feature, and advanced four and one-half points to 160 on sales of 25 shares only, this being high mark for this stock.

Market Street gained three points, selling up to 87 1/2, and closing at that price bid.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand, and, on sales of 1,000 shares, rose one point to 43 1/2.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.

SPENCERIAN  
STEEL PENS

Are the Best

Select a Pen for your Writing

from a sample card 12 different numbers, sent post paid on receipt of 6 cts. in stamps.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.  
349 Broadway, NEW YORK

IF  
YOU  
WISH  
TO  
TRY  
THEM

## Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY  
526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; Vice-President, JOHN LLOYD; Second Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MEYER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Röss, N. Ohlhardt, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,873,540  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 226,994  
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. NE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert West, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS..... 150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES.....President  
WILLIAM BABCOCK.....Vice-President  
S. L. ABBOT, Jr.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alford, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, C. D. Baldwin.

## Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000  
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

## OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President  
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President  
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA;  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,851,860.11  
October 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
Baltimore.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Boston.....The National Exchange Bank  
Chicago.....The National Savings Bank  
Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis.....The Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères  
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK.

President, JOHN J. VALENTINE, Manager, HOMER S. KING, Cashier, H. WADSWORTH, Asst. Cashier, F. L. LIPMAN, 2d Asst. Cashier, H. L. MILLER.

BRANCHES—New York, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. Dooly, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

| ASSETS.                          |                 |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Loans.....                       | \$10,642,400.61 |
| Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants..... | 2,191,727.10    |
| Real Estate.....                 | 1,665,030.77    |
| Miscellaneous Assets.....        | 12,415.53       |
| Due from Banks and Bankers.....  | 1,104,308.12    |
| Cash.....                        | 3,973,676.04    |
|                                  | \$19,589,558.17 |
| LIABILITIES.                     |                 |
| Capital, paid up.....            | \$ 500,000.00   |
| Surplus.....                     | 5,750,000.00    |
| Undivided Profits.....           | 3,311,290.28    |
| Deposits, Banks and Bankers..... | 1,124,165.27    |
| Individual.....                  | 8,904,102.62    |
|                                  | \$19,589,558.17 |

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.  
411 California Street.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
Choice Woolens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Calliog ooe day on a Miss Ferguson, aod observiog a fioe honeysuckle in full blossom over the door, Sir Walter Scott coogratulated his friend on its appearoce. She spoke of it as trumpet honeysuckle. "Weel," said Scott, "ye'll oever come out o' your ain door without a flourish o' trumpets!"

A certain judge in a Western State, who was noted for his disioleclination to admit that he was ill, was recently approached by the State librariao, who courteously asked after his health. "William," said the judge, cautiously, "I am not well, but I am better thao I was when I was worse than I now am."

Not loog ago a Western Kansas politician was asked by his wife to lay aside politics loog enough ooe day to dig the potatoes in the gardeo. He coo-seated, aod, after digging for a few minutes, weot into the house aod said he had foud a coin. He washed it off, and it proved to be a silver quarter. He put it in his jeans and went back to work. Presently he went to the house again and said he had foud aoother coin. He washed the dirt off of it, and this time it was a silver half-dollar. He put it in his jeans. "I have worked pretty hard," said he to his wife; "I guess I'll take a short oap." When he awoke, he found that his wife had dug all the rest of the potatoes. But she foud no coos. It then dawned upon her that she had been "worked."

As a young mao, Paul Krüger was regarded as an authority on psalm singiog, and the farmers used to come to him to learn the key-note for starting the psalms at the oext Suodday's service. Krüger, even in those days, was noo heliever in the policy of giviog anything away—not even a note of music—so he had a uoiform charge of a double-haodful of dried peaches for his instruction. Eevo the fact that the work was in the service of religion did not deter him from resorting to strategy, for he made a point of giviog each applicant a different note. The result when the pious Doppers attempted to raise their voices in sacred harmony next Suodday may be imagined. The result was that each mao coocluded he had lost the key, aod had to return for a further lesson. "I nearly hanrupted them of their dried peaches," said the president.

The other day Mrs. Norma Adams and Samuel Gardner, who live on adjoining farms, hegan suit to determine the ownership of a brood of fourteen turkeys. The brood, headed by two old heos, a white and a bronze, had been running the fields of both farms all summer. Mrs. Adams owned the bronze heo aod Mr. Gardoer the white. Each claimed that their respective hen was the mother of the brood. Ooe of the witnesses before the justice testified that he had ooce turned a dog upon the straggling band of turkeys. At the approach of the dog the young birds flew into a tree, the bronze hen ran into the woods, while the white heo stood under the tree aod gave battle to the dog, which she repulsed, theo called the brood to her, and they marched off. After hearing this witnoes, the justice decided that the white hen was the mother of the brood, and gave the turkeys to Gardoer.

Ex-Congressman "Ben" Cable, of Illinois, tells a story of a titled Englishman, who spoke at a dinner-party of a tiger he had killed in India. It measured, he said, twenty-four feet from nose to tail-tip. Everybody gasped a little, but nobody ventured to express lack of faith in the accuracy of the figures. However, there was an old Scotchman present, who capped the Englishman's tiger tale with a fish story. He said he had once caught a fish which was so heavy he could not land it. He had to call on six of his friends to help him bring it to the shore. "It was a skate," he said, "and covered two acres." The Englishman soon found occasion to leave the table, and the host took the Scotchman to task, saying: "That two-acre fish story of yours was a gross reflection on him—an insult. You must apologize." "Weel," said the Scot, "just you go back to the injured gentleman, and tell him that if he will tak' ten feet off that tiger's tail, I'll see what I can do with the feesh."

A Chinese editor decided to break away from the ancient traditions of the country, and introduce some foreign inovations. But when his plans became known, he was harassed and threatened and delayed by the authorities beyond the limit of patience, until finally he gave up the effort with this announcement of intention: "In future ootthing whioh may be described as new will appear in these columns, and thereby prevent people's understandings from being enlightened. None but bigoted members of the conceited *literati* will ever be called to assist upon the editorial staff. We shall confine ourselves to the affairs of the last dynasty, carefully avoiding all reference to the family that now rules China. We shall give our special attention to fortune-telling, witchcraft, and kindred subjects of truth, of which no one has any doubt. A place of supreme importance will be given to geomancy and its revered teachings, and we shall show that a man's good luck or misfortune is controlled by the stars.

We shall respectfully beg his majesty to observe the old customs, and that the maodorins follow their excellent aod time-honored methods of traosacting buisness. We shall resist with all our strength every attempt to introduce reforms, and lest we should be tempted to record any current evoets, we resolve from this time forward to dispense with the services of all reporters as a useless waste of mooney. We hope in this way to earn the good-will and support of all our readers, firmly believing that if we do according to this honest and admirable advice the beoefit will be manifested to all."

John W. Gates, of the United States Steel Corporation, tells this story of ooe of his friends who had his romantic ootions knocked in the head in Switzerland this summer. "My friend begao the asceot to the hospice of St. Bernard," says Mr. Gates. "When about an hour's climb from the pass he was stopped by a dense fog. He waited gleefully, expecting to be rescued by the dogs, and so he able to come back to us with a thrilling story. The dogs did not come, however, and the fog partly lifted, so he resumed his climb, and finally arrived at the hospice, where he was welcomed warmly by the brothers. His first question was: 'Why did you oot send the dogs out io so dangerous a fog?' He oearly dropped from his chair when ooe of the brothers said: 'You did oot telephooe us.' 'Telephooe you?' he ejaculated. 'Yes,' was the answer; 'you see, shelters have beeo built all along the climb, and each shelter has been provided with a telephooe. If a fog comes up all one has to do is to go to the nearest shelter aod telephooe. We immediately send a mao aod dog to that shelter. The dog carries bread, cheese, and wine. As we kooow at just what shelter the climber is oo time is lost io looking for him.'" Mr. Gates adds that his friend was so disgusted that he left Switzerland at ooece.

A Strange Army Pet.

In speakiog of army pets in his "Reminiscences of the Civil War," General Cox tells of an interestiog experioce he had with a beautiful little creature. He says:

"Coming ooe day suddenly into my teot, I surprised a little gold and green lizard on my camp desk. The desk was a small portable ooe, with lid falliog to make the writing-table, set on a trestle, and my appearance scared the little animal into a pigeon-hole, which it took for a way of escape. I sat down ooe my camp-stool io front of the desk, and resumed my writiog, watching, also, to see what my prisoner would do. Its little jewel eyes shooe in the recess of its prison cell, and soon it cautiously came to the front; but the first move of my hand toward it made it dodge back into the darkness. Two or three times that was done, and I got no nearer to it; so I chaoed my tactics.

"I placed my haod agaiost the next pigeon-hole, extending one finger over the occupied one, and, waiting in perfect quiet for a few moments, my beauty came slowly forward over the paper files to the mouth of the pigeon-hole oear my finger. With great caution aod geotleness, I stroked its head, and it remaioed quiet. A few more strokes, and it seemed pleased and rapidly grew tame. It ceased to be afraid of my motions, and did oot try to get away. At intervals, as I sat, the acquaintance was reooewed, and the little thing seemed to become fond of me, runiog about on my papers, climbing my arm to my shoulder, aod ruoioog back to its home if any one entered the tent. In short, I had followed the example of the private soldiers, and had a pet. Wheo we marched, I put it on my hat-rim as I mounted my horse, thinking it would soon leave me; but it did not. It sat on my hat-crown like a most gorgeous sigrette, or took a little tour around the hat-band or down on my shoulders. I forgot it when busy, but it stayed by, and, at the end of a march, when my tent was pitched and my desk in the usual place, it resumed its home there, and thrived on the flies it caught. It was with me for some weeks, and became known at head-quarters as an *attack* of the staff.

"The day we followed Hood westward from Resaca through Snake Creek Gap, I had dismounted, and was talking with General Whitaker, commanding a brigade in the Fourth Corps, whose men with mine were cutting out the timber blockade in the Gap. I had no thought of my lizard, but one of his orderlies caught sight of it on my shoulder. With the common prejudice amoo the soldiers that the harmless thing was a deadly poisonous reptile, he stood a moment stariog and half transfixed, thinking me in deadly peril. Then with a jump, he struck it off my shoulder with his open hand, and stamped it dead with his heavy boot heel, sure he had saved my life. But when one of my attendants exclaimed, reproachfully: 'There, you've killed the general's pet,' the poor fellow slunk away, the picture of shame and remorse. Pets were sacred by the law of the camp, and he felt and looked as if he were a murderer. No doubt he was also stupefied at the idea that such a thioog could be a pet, but in the matter of pets, as in some other thioos, he bowed to the law: 'His not to reason why!'"

Christmas Excursion to City of Mexico, via Southern Pacific and Mexican Central Railways, will leave San Francisco December 18th, stopping at Los Angeles, El Paso, and Zacatecas. The party will be in charge of a gentleman familiar with the customs of and points of interest in the Southern republic, and will reach Mexico in ample time to witness the numerous civic and religious ceremonies attending celebration of the Christmas season. Rate eighty dollars for round trip. Low rates for all interestiog side trips have been arranged. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, 613 Market Street, for particulars.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Query.

If the farmer who tills  
Makes his living by tillage,  
Does the doctor who pills  
Make his liviog by pillage?  
—Philadelphia Record.

In Germany.

A fat man who lived on the Rhioe  
Was asked: "At what hour do you dioe?"  
He aoswered: "Eleven,  
Three, four, five, and seven,  
Six, eight, aod a quarter to nine!"—Life.

Ballad of Sarah Jane.

A pilgrim went to the O-ri-ent  
And his heart was cleft in twaio;  
There was half for Bess and a half for Jess  
(But none for Sarah Jaeo),  
Aod he swore them both with a solemn oath  
They'd ever he heal and true,  
And he softly spake of the gold be'd make,  
With a wedding in constant view.  
(But to Sarah Jaeo he said nootthing at all,  
And she silently sorrowed io hower and hall.)  
The day was late at the distant date  
When the traveler came again,  
And Jess was dead and Bess was wed  
(But there was Sarah Jaeo);  
Aod the pilgrim swore he would rove oo more,  
But—alas, that it so should be!—  
He'd nootthing at all to marry withal,  
Nor pay the parson's fee;  
And he thought with a pang of the wealth he'd speot  
At several shrines io the O-ri-eot.

But Sarah Jane was proud and fain—  
A maiden true was she—  
She spake no blame oor cried, "For shame!"  
But laughed io gladsome glee,  
Said, "Here he rigs and lots of thioos  
Worth thirty thousand pound;  
Eogagements thousa I've broke, and more,  
While you've been traipsiog round;  
Here's thioos from Tim and rigs from Jim,  
And more from Heory Bill:  
They'll keep us well in a big hotel  
Or a house on Primrose Hill!"  
And the angels rejoiced io the faith aod the truth  
Of the beautiful maid aod the resolute youth.  
—Francis Dana io the December Smart Set.

"Why was Eve like Sunday?" "Because she was the first of the weak."—Ex.

A Good Milk

for infant feeding is a mixed cow's milk, from herds of native breeds. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk herds are properly housed, scientifically fed, and are constantly under trained inspection. Avoid unknown brands.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL; BEST results with least cost.

CAIRO TO KHARTOUM

The most interesting and delightful wioter tour in the world. If you wish to know how to do it properly, call or write

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F.

DOMINION LINE

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

NEW MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.  
Boston to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa.  
S. S. Commonwealth (twin-screw, 13,000 tons), January 4th, February 12th.  
S. S. Cambroman..... January 15th, February 26th  
To Alexandria, Egypt.  
S. S. Commonwealth..... Sat., January 12th, February 12th  
This new twin-screw steamer is one of the largest afloat; has splendid accommodations for passengers.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast, 621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.  
Nippon Maru..... Wednesday, December 11  
America Maru..... Saturday, January 4, 1902  
Hongkong Maru..... Thursday, Jan. 30, 1902  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 Tons  
Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons  
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, December 5, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, December 14, 1901, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Australia, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Friday, January 4, 1902.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Dr. Deimel Underwear of Linen Mesh

"A personal test of two years "and the clinical testimony of "scores of tubercular patients "have convinced me that your "underwear is a positive boon "to the tuberculous—and I state "with all sincerity that it is my "belief that if all such patients "could afford the Deimel Linen- "Mesh there would be an end to " 'colds,' which are the bane of "the tuberculous, and the great- "est hindrance to the early ar- "rest of the disease.  
"J. FRANK McCONNELL, M. D.  
"LAS CRUCES, N. M."

Only such stores as carry the best there is in underwear have the Dr. Deimel Underwear for sale. All genuine garments bear a label with our trade-mark, as reproduced herewith.



For sale also at  
The Deimel Linen-Mesh Co.  
111 MONTGOMERY ST.  
San Francisco, Cal.

NEW YORK: 491 Broadway.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.: 728 Fifteenth St., N. W.  
MONTREAL, CANADA: 2202 St. Catherine St.  
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TYPEWRITERS.  
GREAT BARGAINS.  
We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand.  
THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,  
536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, December 3  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Saturday, December 28  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902  
Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Saturday, February 15  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaska ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, December 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, for Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1.30 P. M., Nov. 3, 8, 13, 23, 28, Dec. 3.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles); Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. Steamer Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Caycos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Huenece, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 A. M.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
For further information obtain company's folder.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.  
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg Westbound.  
Philadelphia..... December 4  
St. Louis..... December 18  
St. Paul..... December 11  
Philadelphia..... December 25

RED STAR LINE.  
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
\*Zealand..... December 4  
Southwark..... December 18  
Friesland..... December 11  
\*Vaderland..... December 25  
\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Partridge-Simpson Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Simpson, daughter of Consul and Mrs. John Simpson, and the Right Rev. Sidney Catlin Partridge, Bishop of Kyoto, Japan, took place on Wednesday, November 27th, at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony was performed at high noon by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by the Right Rev. William H. Moreland and the Rev. Burr M. Weeden. Miss Maud Simpson, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Gertrude Palmer, Miss Jeannette Deal, and Miss Bertie Bruce were the bridesmaids. Mr. Frederick Green acted as best man, and Mr. George Hind, Mr. Harold Smith, Mr. Frank Peterson, and Mr. Henry Ohlandt served as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 2520 Vallejo Street.

Later in the day Bishop and Mrs. Partridge left for a short southern trip. They will sail next Tuesday on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric* for their home in Japan.

## The Dunsmuir-Shoobert Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Maude Shoobert, daughter of Mrs. John Shoobert, to Mr. Robin W. Dunsmuir, son of the premier of British Columbia, took place last Saturday afternoon at three o'clock in Christ Church, Sausalito. Rev. Charles Miel, of Sacramento, officiated, assisted by Rev. Andrew Wilson. The bride was attended by Miss Fanny Shoobert, Miss Ethel Shoobert, Miss Lillian Shonbert, and Miss Dunsmuir, who acted as bridesmaids, and Miss Georgia Shepard, Miss Constance Barrowe, Miss Reed Hutchins, Miss Addie Berthier, Miss Olive Hamilton, Miss Mamie Polbemus, Miss Elizabeth Ames, and Miss Frances Jackson. Mr. John Rithet was the best man, and Mr. John Polbemus, Mr. Worthington Ames, Mr. Louis Beedy, and Mr. Frederick Bancroft acted as ushers. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunsmuir have departed for New York on their wedding journey, and upon their return they will go to Victoria, B. C., where they will make their future home.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Edna Donaldson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Donaldson, and Mr. Nelson A. Eckart, son of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Eckart.

The wedding of Miss Norma Preston and Mr. Worthington Ames will take place in Grace Church on Monday afternoon, December 16th. The ceremony will be performed at three o'clock by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. R. C. Foute. The bridesmaids will be Miss Edith Preston and Miss Elizabeth Ames, sister of the groom. Mr. Leonard Cheney will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Willard N. Drown, Mr. William Denman, Mr. Benjamin Lathrop, and Mr. Burbank Somers.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. G. W. McIvor, and Miss Smedberg will give a tea this (Saturday) afternoon in honor of Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Jr., from four to six o'clock.

Miss Anna Foster made her formal *début* at a reception given by her mother, Mrs. A. W. Foster, in Century Hall on Saturday afternoon from four to seven o'clock. Mrs. Foster and Miss Foster were assisted in receiving by Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. A. H. Voorbies, Mrs. Ebenezer Scott, Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mrs. Edward Newball, Mrs. William Taylor, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Jean Nokes, Miss Nadine Nuttall, Miss Cornelia Scott, Miss Crosby, Miss Reed, Miss Morrow, Miss Chesebrough, and Miss Caro Noble.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., and Miss Georgina Hopkins have sent out cards for the first and second Fridays in January at their residence, California and Laguna Streets.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller recently gave a luncheon at the University Club, at which she entertained Mrs.

Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. R. H. Sears, Mrs. Walter E. Deane, Miss Ella Morgan, and Miss Sophia Pierce.

Ensign Cyrus R. Miller, U. S. N., gave an informal tea on the U. S. F. C. S. *Albatross* on Tuesday afternoon, November 26th, at which he entertained Mrs. C. K. McKintosb, Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. Chauncey Thomas, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Florence Dunham, Miss Ruth Dunham, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Dillon, Miss Cosgrave, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Elmore, of Astoria, Miss Ruth McNutt, Mr. A. B. Costigan, Mr. Charles Earle, of New York, Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. J. C. Wilson, Mr. F. L. Owen, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Commodore Thomas, U. S. N., Ensign Hepburn, U. S. N., Paymaster Grey Skipwith, U. S. N., and Mr. H. C. Fassett, United States Fish Commissioner.

Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer gave a luncheon in the Grill Room of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday, at which she entertained Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Mary Jolliffe, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Marie Wells, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Fannie Loughborough, Miss Norma Preston, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Marie Oge, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Celia O'Connor, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Florence Whittell, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Miss Dunsmuir. The luncheon was followed by a theatre-party at the Orpheum.

The first cotillion of La Jeunesse Cotillion Club took place on Friday evening at Native Sons' Hall. The event was a navy and army dance, and proved a brilliant affair. The german was led by Lieutenant Conrad Babcock, U. S. A., and Ensign Cyrus Miller, U. S. N. Dancing began at nine o'clock, and supper was served before twelve. The patronesses are: Mrs. William H. Mills, Mrs. A. H. Voorbies, Mrs. William McKittrick, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. McClung, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle and Mrs. Frederick Moody will be at home Tuesdays in January at 1311 Hyde Street.

Among those who attended the opening of the horse show in New York last week were Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Aileen Ivers Robinson, Mrs. George Crocker, Miss Ruthford, Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, the Misses Mills and Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine P. Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Agar, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. B. H. Baird, Mrs. Barry Baldwin, Miss Maude Howard, Mr. Laurance McCreery, Mr. Peter D. Martin, and Mr. Edward G. Taylor.

The Pacific Union Club entertained its members at luncheon on Thanksgiving Day.

## The International Doll Collection.

The choicest collection of dolls in the United States has arrived in this city from Boston, and will be exhibited in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel at the annual reception of the Protestant-Episcopal Old Ladies' Home next week. Later, they will be taken to Oakland, Stockton, Sacramento, and other large cities of the State. Perhaps the most beautiful dolls are "Christine Nilsson," the doll from Sweden, upon which the United States customs officials levied the sum of fifteen dollars duty, and "Priscilla Alden," the representative of Massachusetts.

The Californian doll, which is to be presented to the collection, is to bear one of the following names: Carmelita, Dolores, Ramona, Juanita, Mariquita, Mercedes, or Ynez. People in every city and town in the State have been asked to vote for the name, and to send the choice of name to Mrs. Daniel McLeod, 2366 Broadway.

Mrs. Sanchez has appointed Mrs. George W. Kline, Mrs. Philip Caduc, and Mrs. John Landers a committee on State exhibits, and the board of

managers will have the assistance of an auxiliary committee, which will include, among others, Mrs. Louis N. Montague, Mrs. M. B. Kellogg, Mrs. B. G. Crane, Mrs. Henry, and Mrs. R. J. Morison.

The other committees are:

Doll tables—Mrs. J. V. D. Middleton, Mrs. John Landers, Mrs. A. M. Prindle, Mrs. George Wellington, Mrs. George W. Kline, Mrs. E. M. Spalding, Mrs. George S. Baker, Mrs. M. A. Ramus, Mrs. Alfred Clarke, Mrs. F. L. Southack, Mrs. J. F. D. Curtis, and Mrs. E. J. Lion.

Christmas dolls (for sale)—Mrs. John I. Sabin and Miss Sabin.

Fancy table—Mrs. C. E. Gibbs and Mrs. M. B. Kellogg.

Grab bag—Mrs. James Newlands and Miss Newlands.

Home delicacies—Miss Irene Lamb and Mrs. Philip Caduc.

Reception committee—Mrs. B. E. Babcock, Mrs. L. C. Sanford, Miss Selby, and Mrs. R. J. Morison.

Entertainment—Mrs. Philip Caduc, Mrs. R. B. Sanchez, Mrs. S. L. Foster, and Mrs. George Sneath.

The old ladies' table will be presided over by a number of the ladies residing at the Protestant-Episcopal Old Ladies' Home, and they will display many pretty and useful articles—their own handiwork. They will also offer for sale a dainty booklet of four poems, by Mrs. Amelia Cary, entitled "The Old Ladies Home," "Our Martyred President," "The Old Mission Bell," and "Mother's Birthday."

Elaborate musical programmes will be rendered under the direction of Messrs. W. I. Sabin, W. H. Holt, W. R. Lucy, and L. H. Eaton. Luncheon will be served from eleven o'clock throughout the afternoon, and ice-cream in the evening.

## The Fruit and Flower Mission.

The *Argonaut* has for many years received through the mail, a few days before Thanksgiving, the sum of fifty dollars, to be forwarded to the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission. It is always accompanied by a few pleasant lines signed only with the initials "M. R.—M. F." Last year the anonymous donor forwarded the money from New York. This year the note is dated this city, and reads:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 23, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: To help out the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission in its Thanksgiving work, the enclosed fifty-dollar donation is sent to you. Kindly forward it, and oblige,

Respectfully, M. R.—M. F.

The money was at once forwarded to the treasurer of the mission, who, in acknowledging its receipt, enclosed a note of thanks to its unknown friend. Inasmuch as we have no idea of the identity or address of "M. R.—M. F.," who never fails to remember this worthy charity each year, we know no better way of delivering the message than by printing it, which we do herewith:

SAN FRANCISCO FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION, 631 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., November 27, 1901.

To "M. R.—M. F.": To the Fruit and Flower Mission, there is no more welcome expression of appreciation of the good work which the association aims to accomplish than that expressed by means of the never-fading and substantial remembrance which reaches us yearly from "M. R.—M. F." It is such loyal support as this that encourages us in our work, and makes our further effort an enhanced pleasure. The association, and the many recipients of your bounty, extend to you their grateful acknowledgment and sincerest thanks.

SAN FRANCISCO FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION, Per HANNAH L. LESZYNSKY, Treasurer.

## The Steindorff Symphony Concerts.

A series of three symphony concerts, under the auspices of the San Francisco Symphony Society, will be given at the Grand Opera House on the afternoons of Friday, December 13, 1901, and January 10th and January 17, 1902.

They will be given under the patronage of Mrs. Pbebe Hearst, Dr. Edward R. Taylor, Professor William Carey Jones, Mr. P. N. Lillenthal, Mrs. Kate S. Goewey, Mrs. J. N. Odell, and Mr. Robert Tolmie. The orchestra will consist of fifty-five musicians under the direction of Mr. Paul Steindorff, of the Tivoli Opera House. The first programme will include the Academic Overture of J. Brahms; Joachim Raff's symphony No. 3, in F-major, "Im Walde"; the German and Spanish portions of Moszkowsky's suite, "Aus aller Herren Lænder"; R. Volkmann's serenade for strings, No. 3, F-major; and Liszt's "Rakoczy March."

The price of reserved seats for the series will be \$3.50, \$2.25, \$1.75, and \$1.25, according to location, the subscription list opening at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday morning, December 2d, and closing on Saturday, December 7th. Single reserved seats for the concerts will range from \$1.50 to 50 cents. The sale of single tickets for the first concert will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Tuesday morning, December 10th.

The home of Lieutenant and Mrs. Ashton Potter (née McNutt) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

—IT IS ALMOST TIME TO SELECT YOUR PRESENTS for the fast approaching holidays. For something odd, artistic, and unique, you might call at the P. Rossi Company, of 229 Sutter Street.

## Pears'

Why is Pears' Soap—the best in the world, the soap with no free alkali in it—sold for 15 cents a cake?

It was made for a hospital soap in the first place, made by request, the doctors wanted a soap that would wash as sharp as any and do no harm to the skin. That means a soap all soap, with no free alkali in it, nothing but soap; there is nothing mysterious in it. Cost depends on quantity; quantity comes of quality.

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## 15 Minutes

sufficient to give you most delicious tea biscuit using Royal Baking Powder as directed. A pure, true leavener.



MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton and Miss Gertrude Dutton sailed for Honolulu on Saturday, November 23d. After a six weeks' stay in the islands, Mr. and Mrs. Dutton will proceed to China.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, who are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morton Grinnell in New York, are expected home about the middle of December. They will be accompanied here by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest La Montagne.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Morgan have returned from the East after a month's absence.

The Misses Alice and Ethyl Hager returned from China on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric* on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny sailed from New York for Genoa on Saturday, November 23d.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, expect to sail for Europe from New York next week.

Miss Ethel Keeney is the guest of Mrs. Tomlinson in New York.

Mrs. J. N. Dolph, who has been the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, leaves for Washington, D. C., a few days.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Susie Blanding have arrived in New York.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs has returned from abroad, and is at her home, 2622 Jackson Street.

Mrs. William Taylor, of Oakland, will be the guest of Mrs. N. G. Kittle during a portion of the winter.

Mr. A. Cheseborough has returned from New York.

Miss Mary Kip will leave next week for Columbus, O., on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Guy L. Kip. Before returning to this city she will visit relatives in New York and Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown and the Misses Annie and Newell Drown, have just returned from their stay of several months abroad.

Miss L. Nora Harnden, who has spent the past year in Paris with her sister, Mrs. James A. Wilder, is returned to New York, where she will pass the winter with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. James Irvine were in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Baldwin (née Kittredge) led for their home in Honolulu on Saturday, November 23d.

Miss Bessie McNear, of Oakland, returned from Honolulu on Monday on the Oceanic steamship *Yarra*.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani, after a short stay in San Francisco at the California Hotel, departed for Salt Lake City last week en route to Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Hall, of Palo Alto, were the California Hotel during the week.

Miss Helen de Young was a visitor at the Hotel fael last week.

Mrs. D. H. Kinney, of Washington, D. C., arrived in the city last week and is registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Paul R. Isenberg, of Honolulu, has joined her mother at the Hotel Pleasanton, where she will remain for the winter.

Mrs. John Barton has returned from the East, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Tyler Smith, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael are Mrs. M. C. Duffey, Miss A. L. Duffey, Miss A. Duffey, and Miss E. M. Duffey, of San Rafael, Captain John Hayden and Miss Hayden, of Little, Mrs. W. E. Davis, of Boston, Miss Mildred, of San José, Mrs. M. Spaulding, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. Goodman, and Mr. T. T. Williams.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Savage, of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Teass, of Shasta, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hudson, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Aiston, and Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Costigan, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Davis, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hart, of Pasadena, Mr. R. E. Allardice, of Stand, Mr. W. A. MacKnider, of St. Helena, Mr. M. Dalley and Mr. A. K. Whitton, of San José, Mr. N. Juillard, of Santa Rosa, and Mr. N. M. Harne, of Redwood City.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamais were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Murdock, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Chery, Mrs. H. T. Holly, and Mr. George S. Wilkins, Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Roche, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Scofield and Mrs. C. O. St. of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mayall, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cline and Mr. J. N. Odhue, of Los Angeles, Miss Laura W. Hall and Mr. Charles D. Waldron, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Bragg, of Roanoke, Mr. E. B. Pope, of Louisville, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Goodhue, Mr. A. G. Kurrell, and Miss Winnie Adams.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are as follows:

Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, U. S. A., and Mrs. Greenleaf arrived from New York on Sunday last, and are registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Major Admiral Albert Kautz, U. S. N., retired, who has been granted a year's leave of absence, sailed from San Francisco for Naples on Wednesday, November 27th, and will be absent about a year.

Major William L. Kneeder, U. S. A., who has been stationed at San Diego, is at West Point.

Lieutenant-Commander Edward J. Dorn, U. S. N., and Mrs. Dorn are the guests of Mrs. Carrie G. Dorn at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Lieutenant-Commander William Braunsreuther, U. S. N., who has been under treatment at the naval

hospital at Yokohama, Japan, and recently arrived in San Francisco en route East, has been granted a three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gaines, U. S. A., retired, is now residing at Pasadena.

Surgeon David O. Lewis, U. S. N., who has been granted a three months' sick leave, is now at 2179 Buchanan Street.

Major T. C. Prince, U. S. N., who has been detached from the naval hospital at Mare Island, has been granted a two months' sick leave.

Paymaster U. G. Ammen, U. S. N., arrived from the Orient on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric* on Tuesday.

Lieutenant George B. Bradshaw, U. S. N., was at the California Hotel during the week.

Captain John P. Hains, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Ninety-Third Coast Company to the Fifteenth Field Battery, with leave of absence of two months.

The San Mateo County Hunt.

Mr. J. J. Moore, the acting master of the San Mateo County Hunt Club, announces the following events for the coming month:

To-day (Saturday) at 2 P. M.—Homestead Common, San Mateo.

Wednesday, December 4th, at 2 P. M.—Poor Farm Gate, Spanishtown Road.

Saturday, December 7th, at 10 A. M.—Moor-meads, Fair Oaks; lunch, by invitation of J. J. Moore, at 1 P. M.

Wednesday, December 11th, at 2:30 P. M.—Laurel Creek, Beresford.

Saturday, December 14th, at 2 P. M.—Uncle Tom's Cabin, San Bruno.

Wednesday, December 18th, at 2 P. M.—Millbrae (the dairy).

Saturday, December 21st, at 2:30 P. M.—S. P. Station, San Carlos.

Wednesday, December 25th, at 2 P. M.—Sixteen-Mile House, San José Road.

Saturday, December 28th, at 2:30 P. M.—Howard Woods, Crystal Spring Road.

The privilege of using the club-house has been extended the hunt by the directors of the Burlingame Country Club.

The quick time of twenty-one days from Sydney and five days and thirteen hours from Honolulu was made by the Oceanic Company's steamer *Sierra*, which reached port Monday afternoon with many passengers and five hundred bags of English mail from the antipodes. The latter were hustled ashore in time to catch the six-o'clock overland train, and it is not the fault of the Oceanic Company that it will not reach London in record time, or less than twenty-nine and a half days. It will reach New York in time to be dispatched on the Cunarder *Campania* sailing Saturday, but connection could have been made if the *Campania* sailed Friday, instead of Saturday.

At a meeting held by the Doctor's Daughters last week, the treasurer's report showed that the gross receipts from the vaudeville and doll sale will amount to at least five thousand dollars. The beautiful doll-house donated by the Misses Spreckels was drawn in the raffle by Mrs. Lefontaine, 1732 Hyde Street, who wishes to sell it. The doll-house is still on exhibition at 1174-122 Post Street.

This is the most delightful time of the year to visit the Tavern of Tamapais. The recent rains have clothed the hills in verdure, and Mill Valley, in its autumn garb, is a delight to the eye. The accommodations at the tavern are excellent, and the panoramic views from the summit of Mt. Tamapais are incomparable.

Mrs. Fred H. Hanson, who was unable to give her monologue recital, has recovered from her recent indisposition, and will give the postponed recital at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 3d. Tickets can be secured in advance at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store.

Miss Edith Huntington, owing to an attack of illness, has been obliged to cancel all engagements. She was to have been in the first set at the Friday Fortnightly Cotillion, November 22d, and also at "La Jeunesse" on Friday evening.

A handsome steam yacht will be built in New York for F. M. Smith, of Oakland, a member of the New York Yacht Club, who will use her for cruising on Long Island Sound and adjacent waters next summer.

One hundred and ten of the ring horses of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show were recently crushed to death in a railroad wreck near Lexington, N. C.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, of San Rafael, has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Art Notes.

William Morris's holiday exhibition is now open. Mr. Morris has just received a very beautiful collection of oil paintings, water-colors, and black-and-whites, by both American and European artists, suitable for holiday gifts. Admission free. Framing a specialty. 248 Sutter Street.

A LADY, PUPIL OF LA JEUNESSE, R. C. M., wishes a limited number of pupils for piano lessons. Stuttgart method, approved and endorsed by Liszt, Stephen Heller, and others. At home from 2 to 4 P. M. 618 Golden Gate Avenue.

Wills and Successions.

The Donohoe-Kelly Banking Company's petition for an order for the sale of the old supreme court building at McAllister and Larkin Streets has been denied by Judge Coffey. The property belongs to Joseph P. Hale's estate, of which the banking company is a creditor to the amount of nearly \$79,000. By Hale's will this property was set aside to insure payments to certain relatives, and Judge Coffey held that it could not be sold while other property remained in the estate. The estate still owns some realty in Santa Clara County, and 59,990 shares of the stock of Flores, Hale & Co. The other 40,000 shares of this corporation belong to Hale's daughter, Mrs. Josephine C. H. Boyle.

William Giselman, executor of William A. Piper's will, has begun proceedings to find out to whom he should pay over the \$9,868.47, which was apportioned to Le Roy Piper, one of the heirs. Le Roy Piper, who lived at St. Mary's, O., disappeared in August, 1900, while visiting Yellowstone Park. He was never heard from afterward, and Charles A. Sheets, who alleged that Piper was dead, secured letters of administration on his estate. Giselman is not satisfied that Piper is dead, and hence is not willing to pay the money to Sheets.

The will of Mrs. Julia M. Coleman was filed for probate on November 18th. The estate is valued at about \$750,000 and consists of 160 acres of land in Mendocino; house and lot in Oakland; Rancho Renosa, consisting of 4,300 acres in Napa County; land in San Mateo County; stocks, bonds, etc. Mrs. Coleman's daughter, Mrs. Jessie C. Knowles, is bequeathed the bulk of the estate.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar T. Sewall has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Mrs. Hanson's Dramatic Recital.

Mrs. Fred H. Hanson's "Dramatic Recital" will be given at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Tuesday evening, December 3d, at 8:30 o'clock promptly. This recital will be a great dramatic treat. Mr. S. Homer Henley, haritone, will assist.

—YOUNG LADY WOULD LIKE SITUATION AS governess in private family. Good references. Address 109 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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WHITE SEAL AND BRUT IMPERIAL  
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SPECIAL—  
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FAMILIES SUPPLIED WITH  
**FINEST TABLE WINES**  
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**LEO METZGER & CO., 118 Battery St., S. F.**  
TEL. MAIN 185. GENERAL AGENTS.

**For Sale or Rent in Santa Barbara**  
House and corner lot, 105 by 225 feet, with fine lawn, palms, shade and fruit-trees, grapes, shrubs, and flowers; also two-room cottage, stable, and chicken-yard. House contains eleven rooms, newly papered and painted, new plumbing, all in perfect order. For particulars inquire of the owner, MISS MATILDA MCGOWAN,  
1434 Garden Street, Santa Barbara, Cal.

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**BYRON MAUZY PIANOS**  
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San Francisco.

**AFTER-THEATRE REFRESHMENTS**  
Each year during the grand-opera season the Palace Grill remains open until midnight to accommodate those who desire refreshments at the close of the performance. This year the provisions for your entertainment include good music, polite *attachés*, and unsurpassed *cuisine*.

**Oriental Rug Sale . . .**  
We offer our entire line of beautiful Oriental Carpets, Rugs and Curtains at  
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Teacher of Singing  
Shakespeare's system of tone-work a specialty.  
1424 Washington Street.  
Oakland on Thursdays

**HUGO MANSFELDT**  
Will return from Europe and resume teaching November 1st. Applications for lessons may be made at once at the residence of  
**MRS. OSCAR MANSFELDT,**  
1801 Buchanan Street, corner of Sutter.  
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## SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Initial trip of Sunset Limited Friday, Dec. 6th, from San Francisco

| SOUTHERN PACIFIC.   |   |         |
|---|---|---------|
| Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.  |   |         |
| (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)   |   |         |
| LEAVE   | From Nov. 4, 1901.  | ARRIVE  |
| 7.00 A  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.....  | 6.55 P  |
| 7.00 A  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....   | 7.55 P  |
| 7.30 A  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....  | 6.25 P  |
| 8.00 A  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....   | 7.55 P  |
| 8.00 A  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....  | 8.25 A  |
| 8.00 A  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....   | 7.25 P  |
| 8.00 A  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....  | 4.55 P  |
| 8.30 A  | Shasta Express—Davis, Winters (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....   | 7.55 P  |
| 8.30 A  | San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....                                     | 4.25 P  |
| 8.30 A  | Oakdale, Chinese Sonoma, Clearlake, Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 11.55 A |
| 9.00 A  | Vallejo.....  | 12.25 P |
| 9.00 A  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....  | 7.25 P  |
| 9.30 A  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 7.55 P  |
| 10.00 A   | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 5.25 P  |
| 12.00 P   | Sacramento River Steamers.....  | 11.00 P |
| 3.30 P  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 7.55 P  |
| 4.00 P  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....  | 10.55 A |
| 4.00 P  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....  | 9.25 A  |
| 4.00 P  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....   | 12.25 P |
| 4.30 P  | Hayward, Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....  | 10.55 A |
| 4.30 P  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....  | 8.55 A  |
| 5.00 P  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....  | 12.25 P |
| 5.30 P  | New Orleans Express—Mandota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....                          | 7.55 A  |
| 6.00 P  | Hayward, Niles, and San Jose.....   | 7.55 A  |
| 6.00 P  | Vallejo.....  | 11.25 A |
| 6.00 P  | Oakland, Elgin, Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 8.25 A  |
| 6.00 P  | Oakland, Elgin, Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 8.25 A  |
| 7.00 P  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....                                | 8.55 A  |
| 8.05 P  | San Jose, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....   | 11.25 A |
| 18.05 P   | Vallejo.....  | 7.55 P  |
| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)   |   |         |
| 8.15 A  | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....   | 5.50 P  |
| 12.15 P   | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....                      | 10.50 A |
| 4.15 P  | Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....  | 18.50 A |
| 4.30 P  | Hunters' Train—San Jose and Way Stations.....   | 17.20 P |
| OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.   |   |         |
| From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—17.15  |   |         |
| From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—16.00 18.00   |   |         |
| 18.05   | 10.00 A. M. 12.00 2.00 4.00 P. M.   |         |
| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)   |   |         |
| 6.10 A  | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 6.30 P  |
| 7.00 A  | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 1.30 P  |
| 7.00 A  | New Almaden.....  | 1.40 P  |
| 9.00 A  | San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Felton, Port Costa, Martinez, Orispa, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.....     | 7.45 P  |
| 10.30 A   | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 4.10 P  |
| 11.30 A   | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 5.30 P  |
| 12.45 P   | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 10.45 A |
| 3.30 P  | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 6.30 A  |
| 14.15 P   | San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....  | 9.45 A  |
| 15.00 P   | San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....  | 19.00 A |
| 5.30 P  | San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....  | 8.30 A  |
| 6.00 P  | Redwood, San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....   | 10.05 A |
| 6.30 P  | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 18.00 A |
| 11.45 P   | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 6.30 P  |
| A for Morning. P for Afternoon.   |   |         |
| Sundays excepted. 1 Sunday only. 2 Tuesdays and Fridays.  |   |         |
| The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information. |   |         |

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In doubt: He—"What if I should propose to you?" She—"You'd never do so again!"—*Ex.*

Bass—"Willis calls his wife Birdie." Fogg—"Making game of her? I see."—*Boston Transcript.*

Bed-time: Mama—"Well, did you tell God how naughty you have been?" Lily—"No, I was ashamed. I thought it had better not get out of the family."—*Harlem Life.*

Never singly: "Ah, old man! I hear you've had an addition to your family." "Yes, two." "Not twins?" "Oh, no; the baby and my wife's mother!"—*Town Topics.*

She—"You don't know what it is to love." He—"I don't, eh? Haven't I been to every play, read every popular novel in the last six months, got into debt hopelessly, had my appendix removed, and all for your sake?"—*Life.*

The main thing: Tess—"Oh, yes, she married a man with a highly honored name." Jess—"What! I never considered 'Scadd's a highly honored name." Tess—"Well, you should see the way it's honored at the bank."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Advertising: Novelist (desperately)—"Unless my hook succeeds at once, I shall starve to death!" Publisher (cordially)—"My dear sir, I commend your resolution. Nothing you could do would better advertise your work, I think."—*Life.*

Advice: E. Z. One—"And now, sir, having paid the fee you require, what is your 'incomparable method that enables any one to save fifty dollars a week'?" A. Beat—"Get a job that pays you fifty dollars a week, and don't spend any of it."—*Chicago Daily News.*

An opportunity for him: Mose Foreace (ardently)—"Tell me, Miss Angie, may I contribute to your future happiness?" Miss Angie—"Well, Mr. Foreace, as I accepted Ahe Gingerhred last ehenin', dere is weddin' presents to be thought oh, to he shuah!"—*Judge.*

Like an employee: When the night-watchman found a strange man stealing funds from the vault of the bank his indignation knew no bounds. "You've got your nerve!" exclaimed the watchman; "anybody'd think you was employed here, actually!"—*Puck.*

A daring dramatist: "Do you mean to say that the scene of your play is laid in the infernal regions?" "Yes," said the persistent young man with the manuscript; "I asked the manager where he thought I ought to go for a plot, and I am following his advice."—*Washington Star.*

A plea for purity: "What we want," said the first patriot, "is honest elections." "I should say so," agreed the second patriot; "why, Heeler promised me fifty dollars for my influence in my ward, and now he says he never agreed to give me more than ten dollars."—*Baltimore Sun.*

Lie with extenuating circumstances: Stranger—"And don't your congregation consider it a sin to tell a lie?" Kentucky parson—"It depends on the lie, stranger. We don't consider it any great harm for a man to make out he has been bitten by a snake in a prohibition district."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Desolation: "Well," remarked Noah, thoughtfully, as he looked out over the waste of water, "it will be pretty lonely when we get ashore." "Yes," answered Japhet; "there won't be enough of the neighbors left to get up a court of inquiry and prove that we didn't know how to run the ship."—*Washington Star.*

Gave him an idea: "Well, of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. Henry Peck; "this paper tells of a man who was declared insane, and his wife got a divorce, and now he gets the courts to declare him sane again! Now, what do you—" But Mr. Peck was out of the room and walking swiftly through the hall, murmuring: "I wonder where they give short-time rates on padded cells."—*Baltimore American.*

Western Kansas editors have a unique way of prodding up delinquent subscribers, as this will indicate: "If you have frequent headaches, dizziness, fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, hunches, chills, epilepsy, and jaundice, it is a sign you are not well, but are liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription a year in advance, and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Mothers and nurses all the world over have given their teething babies and feverish children Steadman's Soothing Powders. Try them.

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| Ar. Stockton.....               | 7.20 a      | 9.00 a        | 8.00 p        | 4.20 p      |
| " Merced.....                   | 10.18 a     | 11.45 a       | 11.10 p       | 7.18 p      |
| " Fresno.....                   | 12.25 p     | 1.17 p        | 1.30 p        | 9.11 p      |
| " Hanford.....                  | 2.05 p      | 2.35 p        | 3.15 a        | 10.50 p     |
| " Visalia.....                  | 3.12 p      | 3.27 p        | 8.05 a        | .....       |
| " Bakersfield.....              | 3.30 p      | 5.00 p        | 5.00 a        | .....       |
| " Kansas City.....              | 6.15 p      | 5.20 p        | 7.45 a        | .....       |
| " Chicago.....                  | .....       | 2.40 a        | 7.30 a        | .....       |
|                                 |             | 2.15 p        | 9.00 p        |             |

a for morning. p for afternoon.  
9 a m train is the California Limited, carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Car runs to Eakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 7.05 a m daily.  
4.20 p m is Stockton and Fresno local. Corresponding train arrives at 12.30 p m daily.  
8.00 p m is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.00 p m daily.  
7.20 a m is Bakersfield Local, stopping at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives at 8.40 a m daily.  
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| 1:45 P. 10:00 A.   |   | 3:00 P. 3:40 P.  |
| 4:15 P. 11:30 A.   |   | 4:25 P. 5:55 P.  |
| 1:15 P.  |   | 5:55 P.          |
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SUNDAYS—8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a m; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6 p m.  
San Rafael to San Francisco.  
WEEK DAYS—6.10, 7.50, 9.20, 11.10 a m; 12.45, 3.15, 5 p m; Saturdays—Extra trips at 1.55 and 6.35 p m.  
SUNDAYS—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 a m; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05, 6 p m.

| Leave San Francisco. |          | In Effect April 28, 1901.                                     |           | Arrive San Francisco. |            |
|----------------------|----------|---|-----------|-----------------------|------------|
| Week Days.           | Sundays. | Destination.  | Sundays.  | Week Days.            | Week Days. |
| 7.30 a m             | 8.00 a m | Novato.   | 10.40 a m | 8.40 a                |            |
| 3.30 p m             | 9.30 p m | Petaluma.   | 6.05 p m  | 10.25 a               |            |
| 5.10 p m             | 5.00 p m | Santa Rosa.   | 7.35 p m  | 6.20 p                |            |
| 7.30 a m             | 5.00 p m | Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale. | 7.35 p m  | 6.20 p                |            |
| 3.30 p m             | 8.00 a m | Hopland and Ukiah.  | 7.35 p m  | 6.20 p                |            |
| 7.30 a m             | 5.00 p m | Guerneville.  | 10.40 a m | 10.25 a               |            |
| 3.30 p m             | 5.00 p m |   | 7.35 p m  | 6.20 p                |            |
| 7.30 a m             | 8.00 a m | Sonoma and Glen Ellen.  | 9.15 a m  | 8.40 a                |            |
| 5.10 p m             | 5.00 p m |   | 6.05 p m  | 6.20 p                |            |
| 7.30 a m             | 8.00 a m | Sebastopol.   | 10.40 a m | 10.25 a               |            |
| 3.30 p m             | 5.00 p m |   | 7.35 p m  | 6.20 p                |            |

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria; Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skag Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carib Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lake, Laurel Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Port Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell Sanhedrin Heights, Huellville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Layville, Cummins, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dy's Scotia, and Eureka.  
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|--|------|
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| Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....                                 | 6.0  |
| Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....                            | 6.7  |
| Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....                              | 6.7  |
| Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....                               | 4.3  |
| Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....         | 4.5  |
| Argonaut and Tribune - a Week New York World (Democratic)..... | 4.2  |
| Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....                | 5.2  |
| Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....                  | 5.9  |
| Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....                 | 4.7  |
| Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....                             | 6.7  |
| Argonaut and Outlook.....                                      | 5.7  |
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| Argonaut and North American Review.....                        | 7.5  |
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| Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....                          | 9.0  |
| Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....                              | 5.5  |
| Argonaut and International Magazine.....                       | 4.8  |
| Argonaut and Pall Mall Magazine.....                           | 10.6 |
| Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....                               | 1.0  |
| Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....                            | 4.3  |
| Argonaut and the Criterion.....                                | 4.3  |
| Argonaut and the Land of Sausbue.....                          | 4.2  |



# The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 9, 1901.

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A large part of the discussion of the reciprocity treaties has proceeded on two lines—one, the reduction of surplus revenue; the other, the benefit to export trade. Neither branch of reasoning has proved sufficient to create any public enthusiasm for reciprocity. The people have discovered that there are ample fields for reduction of the revenues, avoiding complex experiments with the tariff under the guise of reciprocal treaties. They are also aware that any surplus revenue can easily be rendered innocuous by applying it to a reduction of the national debt in the purchase of government bonds. The interminable discussions, whether we could sell more

agricultural implements in France by giving that country a footing in our home textile trade, whether we might not get raw hides cheaper in exchange for a part of our wool-growing interests, or whether a reduced protection to citrus fruits might not enable Eastern manufacturers to do more business abroad, has only disclosed the fact that to obtain these results one set of interests must be sacrificed for the benefit of another. The proposed beneficiaries are willing enough, but no one volunteers to be sacrificed.

There are other reasons why reciprocity agitation will, and should be, checked. It represents dangers to our established and fundamental policy which have not been made fully apparent. Next fall there will be general congressional elections, and two years later a President will be chosen, and both occasions will be eagerly seized upon by the Democratic party as opportunities to accomplish a return to power in the legislative and executive branches of government. Democrats are becoming aware that success for them demands a complete breaking away from the disastrous methods they have employed since 1896. Bryanism and free silver have had their day, and have failed. There must be a change of platforms, a change of candidates, and a change of the dominating issue. When Democrats look back over their party history they find that they have never succeeded in a national election except upon a tariff issue. That fact will incline them again to an attack upon protection. Their only hope will be to combine in one party all free-traders, all exponents of revenue reduction, all friends of tariff reform, and all strivers for increased export trade. The reciprocity movement will be used by the leaders as an opening wedge which, once driven home, they expect will be the beginning of the end of protection. The mask is already partly withdrawn. When the Democratic members of the House of Representatives met a week ago in caucus, to select leaders and determine upon a plan of party action in the present Congress, a set of resolutions was offered which discloses this purpose. It was referred to a committee because it stirred up the ire of a few Bryan men not yet resigned to the relinquishment of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, but its expressions indicate what the platform of Democracy must perforce become, if the party expects to make any respectable showing in 1904. The resolutions call for the "removal of the oppressive, restrictive, and often prohibitory features of the existing tariff." That is a bid for the free-trade vote. They demand that agricultural and manufacturing interests "which practically enjoy no protection should be permitted to avail themselves of foreign markets to the fullest extent, as they can not do under existing restrictions." That is a bid for the exporters' votes. "Fit and thorough relief," they continue, "can be had only by amendment of the present tariff act." That is a bid for the votes of tariff reformers. "But we shall favor," say the resolutions, "such reciprocity treaties as will reduce, even if they do not altogether remove, the unfair and oppressive burden of the present system." That is a sop for reciprocity-mongers generally. To continue the agitation is to prepare to surrender the citadel of protection, to become the ally of the Democratic party, and to invite it again to assume control before the evil effects of its last administration have worn away.

## COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CITY.

The fact that San Francisco is feeling the commercial impetus incident to the development of Oriental trade is generally recognized, but how great the advance is and what proportion of the increased trade is being secured by the other commercial cities of the Coast is not so generally known. This city occupies a position so far in advance of the others that any question of jealousy or fear is impossible; but, apart from this, the prosperity of the other cities is to the advantage of San Francisco. The statistics of the clearing-houses, while an imperfect index of commercial development, are yet accepted as the most accurate index that can be secured. Bradstreet's agency publishes from week to week the figures of bank clearings, and compares them with the figures for the corresponding week of the year before. The table for

the week ending with November 14th shows an increase for all of the Pacific Coast cities as compared with the second week of November for last year. Los Angeles leads the list, with an increase of 50.1 per cent. Portland is second, with 39.3 per cent, and San Francisco with 16.2, Tacoma with 6.6, and Seattle with 3.6 follow. From these figures, it would appear that Los Angeles and Portland are outstripping this city; but it must be remembered that the larger the volume of business upon which the increase is estimated the smaller the percentage becomes. Taking the actual figures, the bank clearings of San Francisco amounted to \$26,852,297; of Los Angeles, \$4,275,806; of Seattle, \$3,779,957; of Portland, \$3,588,503; and of Tacoma, \$1,439,769. Thus San Francisco has more than double the business of all the other four cities combined. The increase of business in this city may be realized from the fact that in 1895 the clearings amounted to \$692,079,240, while this year they will exceed \$1,300,000,000. An increase of nearly one hundred per cent. in six years is a most satisfactory showing.

Secretary Root, in an exhaustive report covering the year ending June 30, 1901, has furnished a multiplicity of facts of general interest. The last report found the army comprising 3,850 officers and 99,300 enlisted men. The military act of last February authorized a minimum of 59,131 and a maximum of 100,000, within the discretion of the President.

Under the act, the army was re-organized, 33,000 men brought back from the Philippines, and recruiting carried on, until now the army strength stands at 77,287, of whom 15,840 are cavalry, 18,862 artillery, and 38,520 infantry. There are still 43,231 officers and men in the Philippines. Recruiting has been easy, and the material obtained of good quality. About one-quarter only of applicants has been accepted. A board of location is convened in Washington to recommend what army posts shall be abandoned or retained and enlarged, and what new posts are needed.

During the year a detailed project of coast defense for Chesapeake Bay has been approved, a plan for the defense of San Juan, Porto Rico—estimated at \$1,800,000—and preliminary plans prepared for the defense of Pearl Harbor and Honolulu. The Ordnance Department has condemned the pneumatic dynamite guns as obsolete. It has also secured an abundant supply of smokeless powder, and increased the facilities for the manufacture of small arms by installing a plant at Rock Island and enlarging the one at Springfield, Mass. Congress is urged to supply the national guards with these.

The large number of officers required since 1898 has so much exceeded the product from West Point that new means of military education must be provided. At present two-thirds of the officers are from the ranks or appointed from civil life. To provide opportunities for instruction, there is by order established an officers' school at each military post, special-service schools at various points, a general service and staff college at Leavenworth, and a war college for advanced instruction at Washington. The special-service schools are open for national guard officers. The active work of the army has been mainly in the Philippines, where it is distributed among five hundred stations combating a system of guerrilla warfare among the insurgent natives. During the year there have been over 1,000 collisions between troops and natives, in which our casualties number 873, the insurgents having over 5,000 killed and wounded, and 6,572 captured. Over 23,000 natives surrendered with 15,693 rifles and 300,000 rounds of ammunition. There are now about 5,000 Filipinos organized as a native army under United States control.

Toward Cuba the report urges the completion of our promise of independence, to be followed by a reciprocal trade convention, which is supported by considerable argument and many figures. Conditions in the Philippines are described in a detailed account of the work of the Taft commission, which has passed about two hundred and sixty statutes now constituting the law of the islands. Military com-



can not be wholly abandoned, but the authority of the civil officers is being rapidly extended. Practically all of the municipalities have been provided with civil government, thirty provincial governments are in full operation, and seven more are said to be sufficiently advanced for organization.

The total cost of the army for the year was \$143,910,333, for which there was appropriated \$140,364,854. The estimates for the ensuing year are placed at \$157,419,836.

The President's message, sent to Congress on Tuesday, is a clearly written document, explicit and strong. It is long, but many interests are referred to, and adequate recommendations could hardly be expressed in less space. Residents of the West will be pleased with the President's sturdy advocacy of Chinese exclusion, a Pacific cable, a national policy of irrigation, and the preservation of our forests.

A feeling tribute to President McKinley is given in the opening paragraphs of the message, and, referring to his assassination, it says there is "no baser deed in all the annals of crime," and that there was no shadow of excuse for the act. It recommends legislation excluding anarchists from the country. It recommends that the federal courts be given jurisdiction over men who kill or attempt to kill the President or any official in the line of succession.

It congratulates the country on the business prosperity now in full tide, and deprecates unwise attacks on great industries, showing that the interests of all the people are joined, and that capitalists and wage-workers go up or down together. In reference to the control of trusts, it advises government examination and publicity, with extreme care that the rights of investors and the public alike be safeguarded. It recommends the creation of a new Cabinet officer, a Secretary of Commerce and Industries.

The reenactment of the Chinese exclusion act is urged, and the amendment of our immigration laws, that only those who come to stay and become law-abiding citizens may enter. It speaks favorably of measures for reciprocity, but insists that no home industries be sacrificed. It favors legislation in assistance of the merchant marine, to equalize differences between American ships and subsidized foreign vessels managed at less expense for wages. It refers briefly to the excess of government revenues over expenditures, but suggests that care should be taken in reducing the income. The work of the Agricultural Department and the preservation of forests under the care of the General Land Office are commended. The reclamation of arid lands by irrigation, the national government assisting States and Territories in the work, is declared to be a wise policy.

In relation to our new possessions and responsibilities, it says that Hawaii should be developed on traditional American lines, and not as a region of vast estates tilled by cheap labor. Porto Rico is said to be thriving as never before, and honestly and efficiently governed. Cuba is expected to have her independent government on a firm footing before the labors of this Congress are completed, and in her behalf substantial reductions in our tariff are recommended. The Philippines present a larger problem, but all our efforts there are to the end that the natives may be fitted for self-government. We can not leave them, the message says, for they would speedily fall into a welter of murderous anarchy. Additional legislation is asked, to assist in developing business enterprise in the islands. The need of a Pacific cable is emphasized.

The new canal treaty with Great Britain is briefly explained and commended, and it is said to make the way clear for the building of the great waterway. The Monroe doctrine is declared to be the cardinal feature of our foreign policy. The need of a greater navy to uphold it is set forth. No increase in the force of the army is asked, but it is advised that its full strength be maintained.

The merit system in the civil service, for years an object of especial solicitude with President Roosevelt, is strongly upheld. The Indian schools are recognized as important. The St. Louis exposition is announced as an effort to mark appropriately one of our great landmarks of progress—the Louisiana purchase. The growth of the system of rural mail delivery is noted with satisfaction. References to new treaties with China, to the Pan-American Congress in Mexico, and our harmonious foreign relations, close the address.

The board of supervisors seem to have been lacking in forethought in preparing for submitting to the voters the question whether certain public utilities are to be secured by the city, and certain improvements made. After consuming much time in taking the preliminary steps, they applied to the city and county attorney to know whether the proceedings in the matter of the acquisition of water-works, street railways, and other improvements were regular and sufficient. Briefly stated, Attorney Lane's opinion is that they were not. He

calls their attention to the fact that in connection with the bill for acquiring water-works, they have not furnished him with the data regarding their proceedings necessary to determine whether or not the proceedings were regular. He further calls their attention to the fact that the bill should recite the fact that the board had solicited and considered the offers of all existing utilities of the class mentioned, and also recite the result of the same. Moreover, it does not appear whether the plans referred to in the bill for furnishing water from the Tuolumne River, which are to be presented to the people, include alternative propositions. He advises that because of these defects no further proceedings be taken under the bill. In the same way the bill for acquiring the Geary Street Railroad does not state which of the six estimates of the city engineer is to be submitted to the people. In regard to the submission of alternative propositions, he withholds his opinion, but is inclined to believe that, not being distinctly warranted by the charter, it is unsafe. The wording of the bill providing for the submission of the question of a bond issue for school-houses, sewers, and a hospital is also found defective, and, consequently, none of the propositions are in a condition to be proceeded with at the present time. On top of this difficulty comes another from the registrar's office. It is apparent that none of the propositions can be voted on before the end of the year. With the beginning of next year the new apportionment comes into effect, and it is problematical whether an election can be held under the present division into districts and precincts. Some hold that under the law of 1899 the municipal authorities can adopt their own precinct boundaries in a municipal election. Others hold that they can not. To arrange the register according to the new precincts will require at least a month, so it is doubtful whether the bond elections can be held before February at the earliest.

Two very important decisions in the insular cases, were given somewhat unexpectedly this week by the United States Supreme Court. A brief summary of the opinions follows:

One of the cases was that known as the "Fourteen Diamond Rings Case," involving the relationship of the United States to the Philippines from a tariff point of view, and the other was what is known as the "Dooley Case No. 2," involving the constitutionality of the collection of duty on goods shipped from New York to Porto Rico. In the former case the court, through Chief Justice Fuller, held that the diamond rings brought in from the Philippines, and over which the case arose, should have been exempt from duty under the Paris treaty of peace, as that treaty made the Philippines American territory. The decision in the Philippine case followed closely that of the first Porto Rican case in the last term. In the Dooley case it was held that the duty collected on goods carried from New York to Porto Rico was permissible, but that it was in reality a tax for the benefit of the Porto Ricans themselves, rather than an export duty, as was claimed by the merchants who antagonized the government. In both cases there were dissenting opinions concurred in by four of the nine justices of the court. Justices Gray, White, Shiras, and McKenna united in dissenting from the court's opinion in the Philippine case, but they filed no written statement beyond a mere note in which they said that they "dissented for the reasons stated in their opinions in the case of *De Lima versus Bidwell*, *Dooley versus The United States*, and *Downs versus Bidwell* in the last term of the court."

The finding in the Philippine case will probably lead to early efforts to secure legislation for the regulation of our commercial relations with those islands. As the Porto Rican opinion sustains the constitutionality of the Foraker act, no such necessity will arise with reference to Porto Rico. A forecast of possible congressional action, made up from general Republican opinions in Washington, says:

"According to the Supreme Court decision, the bars are down between the United States and the archipelago until Congress acts. This may mean too much free trade to suit some ideas, and a member of the old Ways and Means Committee says that Congress will without question have to act as in the case of Porto Rico, but the matter does not stop there. With a tariff bill of any kind introduced, there will be unlimited scope in the Senate for general tariff discussion, and fears are expressed by the Republicans that this may lead to a determined effort by the Democrats to change the general tariff laws. It was the plan to meet sporadic demands for tariff revision and reduction of the surplus by creating a commission to consider all cognate subjects, including reciprocity schemes, with the idea that the commission would do much talking and accomplish nothing. But when the Philippines decision was announced this plan had to be abandoned. The chances seem to favor the opening of the whole subject."

In a newspaper interview, a leading Ohio Republican, Representative C. H. Grosvenor, is quoted as saying:

"The decisions, taken together and added to the decisions of last spring, fully sustain all the points insisted upon by the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, and which became the position of the Republicans in Congress and the administration. The net result of the whole business is that by the treaty of Paris we acquired the islands without terms and with no stipulations controlling this government in its relation to the new possessions. That while the treaty terminated the sovereignty of Spain and made the territory the property of the United States, yet it placed no limitations upon the power of Congress to legislate on the new territory as it might deem wise and for the best interest of the islands. These were our contentions in the Fifty-Sixth Congress, and the series of decisions operates as a clearing-house all along the line. The Supreme Court, after these great contests have ended, placed the court where Webster and Burton and Lincoln and the Republican platform of 1860 placed it."

Senator John C. Spooner, author of the Philippine resolutions, said:

"These decisions certainly establish the proposition that Congress may levy a tariff for the benefit and support of the Philippine government upon articles going from the United States to the Philippines, and coming from the Philippines to the United States. The decisions

surely clear the way for intelligent action by Congress in devising a system of taxation which will provide for the support of the Philippine government, its schools, etc."

On the Democratic side the expressions are less guarded in tone. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, said:

"The decisions mean that the legislation and the treaty made in pursuance of it bring the territory into the United States. But Congress can make the same territory not a part of the United States, despite the fact that it may have the flag of the United States flying over it. Some portion of the Democratic party seems to be a little at a loss about issues for the next campaign, which means that the gentlemen have forgotten the Democratic catechism. A plank in the platform that would go back to old-time Democratic doctrine is that there should be absolute free trade between all parts of the country covered by the sovereignty of the United States, just as there is between the States of the American Union. The people would not fail to respond to this old Democratic principle, and would send any party into the air that would oppose it. The Democratic party never had a better opportunity for success than now. No man should be blind enough not to see on which side the Democrats should be arrayed."

It is evident that the Supreme Court would sustain the right of Congress to pass a special Philippine tariff act. In the meantime, it must be understood that there is absolute free trade between the United States and the Philippines, and through the islands with Spain. The treaty of Paris provides:

"The United States will, for the term of ten years from the date of the signature of the ratification of the present treaty, admit Spanish ships and merchandise to the ports of the Philippine Islands on the same terms as ships and merchandise of the United States."

If there is free trade between the Philippines and the United States, there must be free trade between the Philippines and Spain. The wholesale shipment of goods from Europe to America, via Spain and the Philippines, without duty, can not be prevented. The Philippines alone represent a territory twice as large and five times as populous as Cuba and Porto Rico. This is a serious breach in the tariff wall of the United States.

The Supreme Court decisions make it necessary for the government to refund the duties paid upon exports to the Philippines from the United States, where exporters paid the tax under protest. The amount involved is, approximately, \$1,800,000, most of it being due to Californians.

On the heels of the decision, Senator Lodge at once introduced a bill imposing a tariff on goods coming from the Philippines. This is evidently an administration measure, and the President will try to push it through. But the Democrats will oppose it solidly, and it will divide the Republican majority.

During the evening of Saturday, November 30th, a fog so dense hung over the bay that lights could not be seen at a distance of a few hundred feet. Between 6 and 6:30 P. M., the ferry-boat *San Rafael* moved out from her slip in this city, bound for Sausalito. She is estimated to have carried two hundred and fifty passengers, mainly people who reside along the railways of Marin County, and city people going to the country for a Sunday outing. At the same time the ferry-boat *Sausalito*, of the same line, was coming from Sausalito.

Both boats were on their regular trips. The usual custom has been for the outgoing boat to run north of Alcatraz, and the incoming boat to take a course south of the island. Since dredging has been going on at Arch Rock, the north channel has been used in both directions, and was so used on Saturday night. According to the captains' statements, respectively, the *Sausalito* "was on her course and speed," and the *San Rafael* "was moving slowly, feeling her way" through the fog. Each captain heard and recognized the whistle on the approaching boat. The *Sausalito* turned south to strike a course toward Lombard Street wharf. The *San Rafael* kept straight ahead. In that position they suddenly sighted each other at short range. Both reversed their engines, but it was too late to avoid a collision. The bow of the *Sausalito* crashed through the starboard quarter of the *San Rafael*, at the point where the restaurant is located, which was then well filled with diners. There was an instant panic among both passengers and crew. A part of the *San Rafael* crew saved themselves by jumping to the deck of the *Sausalito*, and a part stood by to lower the boats. The captain of the *Sausalito* had the presence of mind to have the vessels lashed together, and during a brief period many struggling passengers were transferred to the deck of the uninjured steamer. In twenty minutes the *San Rafael* sank out of sight, leaving many floating in the water. Some say four boats had been lowered by the two steamers—some say six. These were at once engaged rescuing people from the water, and at the same time numerous lines were thrown from the *Sausalito*. The latter is an iron vessel, and the *San Rafael*, an old wooden boat, was an easy victim. The loss of life is uncertain at this time. Three persons are known to have been lost. Many survivors think the loss will prove much greater. The *Sausalito* brought the rescued to her slip in San Francisco. About twenty were injured in the collision, five of them seriously.

Public opinion is not inclined to be severe on the captains



of the colliding boats, owing to the thickness of the fog and the few lives lost. Although there are stories of cowardly crews and delays in launching boats, the fact remains that the boats were launched, and that nearly all the passengers' lives were saved out of hundreds imperiled. None the less, the official investigation should bring about regulations minimizing the danger of such disasters. The hulls of all passenger ferry-boats should be bulk-headed into compartments which would make them practically non-sinkable. The California delegation should at once introduce bills in Congress amending the federal maritime statutes in this regard. The crews of passenger ferry-boats should be drilled as regularly in boat, fire, and collision drills as are the crews of the transatlantic liners. Furthermore, the North Pacific Coast Company should run its boats more carefully in thick fogs. That company has a fair-way allotted to it on the bay. Other steamboats keep out of that fair-way, and the company should certainly give its own boats as much of a chance as other steamers give them. Common prudence would impel running the boats through their own fair-way only in one direction during a dense fog.

Much has been said on the subject of the suppression of anarchy and the coordinate questions of free speech and a free press, but the conception in the public mind of what can lawfully be done, and what acts tending to suppression of the evil would be consistent with the American idea of personal liberty, has been left in a somewhat nebulous condition. A clearer idea has been recently enunciated by J. K. Richards, Solicitor-General of the United States, speaking on "A Present Peril" at the "Founders' Day" banquet of the Union League Club of Philadelphia. His address is summarized in these sentences: The President of the United States is entitled to protection by the power of the nation, whose laws he is sworn to execute, and in whose service he is engaged during every day and hour of his term. The authority to protect him is clear. Every right secured by the constitution may be protected by Congress, and there is no higher right than that of executing the great office of President. A murderous assault on him is aimed at the life of the government, and whether successful or not should be punished by death. The right of self-preservation is as vital to the state as to the individual. We can not abridge the right of freedom of speech or of the press, but these rights must be reasonably construed and lawfully exercised. Freedom of speech does not include the right to advocate the destruction by force and violence of the government which protects it, neither does the right to criticize include the privilege of counseling crime. Any man may advocate a common ownership of property, but theft and inciting to theft may be punished without any serious fracture of the freedom of speech and action. No amendment to the constitution will be needed. Acts directed at the life of the government are punishable in the discretion of Congress, even though they do not amount to treason. The right of the United States to exclude or deport anarchists not citizens is conceded. It is a part of the power of self-preservation with which a sovereign nation is endowed. All of the rights of Congress in the matter can be intrusted to the executive for enforcement, and it only remains to inaugurate this plan to rid the country of the pests of anarchy. The time for some action has come. By the concurrent action of civilized nations anarchists ought to be placed under the ban of universal law. Such united action would drive the red flag of anarchy from the land, as the black flag of piracy has been driven from the sea.

A quarter of a century ago the hydraulic mines were producing an output of gold about equal to the entire annual yield of to-day in this State. Then came the injunction issued by Judge Sawyer in the Circuit Court, and all hydraulic mining ceased. Since that time the miners have actively endeavored to secure the adoption of some plan under which the mines might be operated once more, without being open to the objection that they interfered with the navigation of the rivers of the State or injured the farms along the banks of those rivers. Through their efforts a law was passed providing that licenses should be issued to those miners who could and would retain the *débris* upon their own land, and not permit it to fill up the river channels. Not all mines were so situated, however, that the *débris* could be impounded within the boundaries of their land, and it remained for the miners to devise a remedy for those who were not benefited by the law. The system of restraining dams that is being developed under the direction of the *Débris* Commission and a corps of federal engineers is the remedy adopted. A passage in the report of these engineers to the War Department in 1899 has caused some uneasiness, however. This passage is to the effect that the purpose of the dams is to restrain the *détritus* now in the rivers, and not with a view to permitting unlicensed and indiscriminate hydraulic mining at locations

above the impounding works. As the committee on hydraulic mining at the recent miners' convention pointed out, however, there is no cause for uneasiness on this score. It is unlicensed and not licensed mining that is not to be permitted. The law will remain in force after the impounding works have been completed, with the same privileges as at present. Moreover, the report continues to the effect that when the works have been completed and in operation for several years, there will be time and opportunity to determine whether or not the system is capable of sufficient expansion to warrant an attempt at storing therein the tailings of hydraulic mines without compelling each mine to impound any or all of its *détritus*. This is a distinct recognition of the fact that the ultimate purpose of the system is to enable the mines to be operated to the same extent as they were before Judge Sawyer's injunction.

During the sympathetic strike which recently prevailed in San Francisco, the dailies of this city were terrorized. For weeks they did not dare to give even the bare news concerning the outrages of the strikers. To such an extent did this studied suppression of the news go that an enterprising Southern California newspaper, the *Los Angeles Times*, got out a special "strike edition" giving the truth about the strike, together with the outrages which the San Francisco dailies suppressed. The *Times* sent to this city an edition of one hundred thousand copies, circulated free. That San Francisco should have to depend for its news upon gratuitous distribution of any daily from a sister city is not a matter of local pride. But it attracted marked attention to the *Los Angeles Times*. That paper now seems to be claiming superiority to the San Francisco dailies. It claims a large circulation for a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants—over thirty thousand copies daily. But the circulation figures of dailies are more mysterious than voodooism. Their advertising, however, is open for all the world to see. He who runneth may read. Concerning its advertising, the *Los Angeles Times* says:

"The Sunday issues of the *Los Angeles Times* for each Sunday in September contained a greater amount of 'want' advertising than all the San Francisco Sunday morning papers combined. The Sunday issue of the twenty-ninth contained seventy-five columns of 'liners'."

"There are not more than four papers in the United States that print a larger volume of advertising than the *Times*, and none in California that approached the record for September by nearly five hundred columns, or an average of about two and one-half pages for each day."

The claim of the *Times* that its Sunday issues in September contained a greater amount of "want" advertising than all the San Francisco Sunday morning papers combined, is vouched for, and the comparison of its advertising for any day with that of the San Francisco daily papers is amazing.

## THE TRUE BOHEMIANS OF PARIS.

Americans Who Keep Up the Latin Quarter.

Last week I had occasion to remark on the rarity of such a success as that achieved by Sihyl Sanderson in Paris. What makes it noteworthy is that among such an enormous variety and number of students, so few make any mark at all. Girls and women go from this country to Paris every year by the hundred. And from this annual output perhaps two or three struggle up into some sort of notice, and perhaps one in ten years reaches the Temple of Fame.

One of the most interesting features of Parisian life to an American is these students. They come from all over the Union; they come from every class of society, but mostly from the upper class. The majority have very little money. But most astonishing of all is, that so few of them have any real ability. They—or their parents—seem to think that miracles are still performed in Paris. Where at home the voice is known to be mediocre, it is thought that by means of some wizardry practiced on the banks of the Seine it will become phenomenal. They are sent over—generally alone and not speaking French—sing their trial song for some great teacher, who is so used to their kind and its feeble pretensions that she hardly knows whether they are black or white, old or young, sopranos or contraltos, and they are thrown into a class with a bunch of other incompetents. Here they do nothing but contribute to the teacher's maintenance, while she is devoting time, energy, and interest to the few promising pupils who have the big voices and the temperaments that mean success.

Even, however, admitting that half at least of the voices are worthless, it is odd that more of the geese don't turn out swans. Most of the American girls one meets in Paris are said to have phenomenal voices, or have friends who are said to have phenomenal voices. Now and then one of these phenomenal voices is really worth cultivating. People prophesy great things for it. But it is rarely heard of at the end of the period of training. In the last seven or eight years numberless women have told me of friends of theirs studying in Paris who would appear in a year or more, and were destined to be great singers. I have never heard of one of them again. What happened to them? Did the whirl of Paris life absorb them? Did their throats give out under the rigors of vocal training? Did they throw it all up to marry and settle down?

Sifting out the great number with no promise and no ability, you have the few left who have voices, and some-

times temperament and aptitude. Of these one or two "arrive" for the hundreds that sink out of sight, unknown and forgotten. Their lack of success is generally traceable to two causes—their own love of amusement, and the amount of it they can get in Paris for the asking. The seductions of the gayest city in the world undermine their resolutions of work and energy. The laborious days they intended to lead are forgotten in the festive tide that sweeps them along. Paris goes to the head of half the American students who go there every year. It offers so much. It gleams and beckons so brightly to them. Its theatres, its restaurants, the very windows on its great, tree-lined boulevards, tempt them away from their little room in the *pension* with its piano and its eternal exercises. It is all so new, so wonderful, and so cheap. And one day the studies are ended, the money is spent, and the beautiful voice, much impaired by late hours and high living, is found to be inadequate for what was hoped of it. Its owner may elect to stay on in Paris—does this if she has money enough—or may turn her face sadly and reluctantly home, generally to become a second-rate teacher, unless she is fortunate enough to get some kindly disposed man to marry her.

Among the art students, the number of those who "arrive" is just as small, possibly smaller. Here, too, there is the same extraordinarily large number of people without ability. I think that this class is larger among the artists. Any one can enter a studio if he pays his way. Whereas, there is a fable that the prominent singing teachers will refuse pupils without voices. I think, myself, that this is one of those agreeable fabrications we all know to, and none of us believe. Still it is largely circulated in Paris, and people look solemn when they hear it. But in the studios no such talk is encouraged. You, I, or any other incompetent can become a pupil at a *Julian*, or at almost any of the great *ateliers* if we have money enough to pay, and impudence enough to set up our easel and look the model in the face.

With these easy conditions, hundreds of pupils storm the forts of art every year. Some are without a grain of artistic predisposition, and the amazing part of it all is that these people are of the very poor. They live five flights up in Latin quarter *pensions*, in frigid, unfurnished studios, on from twenty-five to fifty dollars a month, which they have either saved themselves or which is being pinched out of the stomachs and off the backs of a long-suffering family somewhere back in the United States. I asked an artist friend of mine if they did not realize their own short-comings when they compared their work with that of the other students in the *atelier*. She answered that they never seemed to; it was the most extraordinary thing about them. They went on complacently painting, perpetrating pitiful daubs, and talking of the time when they should "arrive." Most of them eventually went back to the United States with many canvases and a reputation. I asked her what she thought happened to them when they got there, and she said in small towns they might become teachers; the three or four years' study in Paris gave them a certain prestige.

But among the American art students there is no doubt the life has an irresistible attraction for them. To live in the Latin quarter Bohemia has become a sort of society fad. "Trilby" and other works of that sort gave the life and locality a boost in popular favor.

It is becoming fashionable to be on the wrong side of the river, just as it is becoming fashionable to be an art student. As the poor girl holds up her family for a monthly stipend upon which to exist meagerly in a leaky studio up a dirty *impasse*, so her rich sister from New York or Boston takes her allowance, and rents a little larger studio on a little less dirty *impasse*. Neither have any ability, but that does not matter—they are living the artist life, and writing home about it. Both, as a rule, work hard, both smoke cigarettes, both go about independently at all hours of the day and night. Neither of them would be content to lead such a life in their own homes, but in the Latin quarter it is what is expected of one, and it amuses them to try and live "in char acter."

The fact is, the Americans who go over there are the people who are keeping up the Latin quarter's picturesque reputation. They are forcing the French to try and preserve the atmosphere as near the Henri Murger temperature as the present day and the police regulations will permit. The business-like and crafty French, a little puzzled but always mindful of the accumulating sous, try obligingly to be as Bohemian and disreputable as is consistent with peaceable tendencies and thoroughly respectable predispositions. It would pay an enterprising syndicate to rent the quarter, stock it with *grisettes* and students in haggly trousers, long hair, and low collars, and furnish at intervals students' halls and street fights.

GERALDINE BONNER.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

Political Influence of the Dailies.

STANFORD, November 29, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your recent editorial on the daily press of San Francisco, you showed how far these great dailies are from being leaders of public opinion or exponents of the feelings of voters in election times. Several times I have been dumfounded at the results of elections following the very thorough-going and exhaustive discussion of conditions, issues, and candidates involved in the then coming election. Alas! the obstinate voters had views of their own, and the "monarchs of the dailies" were in the minorities. Why is this result so often the fruits of double-column and triple-column editorials? You have given the facts, but what is the philosophy underlying the facts? The San Francisco dailies are now engaged in a war upon Governor Gage, and, of course, he will never be renominated by the Republicans. But what else can happen if we "judge the future by the past"? Of course Gage will be renominated, according to the judgment of history, but his election will be a different matter.

Don't you think the aforesaid dailies would do well to change their tactics? Why not advocate the men and the measures that they wish defeated, and then they would be almost certain to go in with the majority.

X. Y. Z.

A German authority states that from the mouth to the source of the Rhine, seven hundred and twenty-five castles, formerly the homes of warlike chiefs, are to be found overlooking its waters.



## THE FAN OF FAIR LADY.

How It Fell in the Ring at a Bull-Fight in Mazatlan.

It is quite as certain that Mrs. Fiske had never read Browning, and was not intentionally plagiarizing the act of the lady of the court of King Francis, as it is that she never had the remotest idea of the complications, local and international, that her own act would bring about. It was merely that, worn out with Maverick's love-making, she chose, on the spur of a fraught moment, the first way of being rid of it that came into her head. She was weary of Maverick and all his ways. She had implied as much to him any number of times. But, being a civil little Mexican, it never occurred to her to put it to him in so many words—which would have been the only thing that he was able to understand.

Maverick did not realize that his attentions were not welcome to her. He went on several wrong principles. One was that he was irresistible—which is a species of faith more often founded on the sands of theory than on the rock of experience—and another was that no Mexican woman really wanted to withstand a man of moderate attraction and persistency.

And Mrs. Fiske was entirely a Mexican for all that she had married an American, and preferred being Mrs. to Señora any day. Her own name—part of it—was Josefina, otherwise Pepita, and it suited her much better than the one she had acquired. She was as pretty as she could be, and she had a style of her own, both uncommon enough in her class—which was the best in a republic which is run only politically on democratic principles. She had been taken from a guardianship worthy the Middle Ages and had been married to Fiske, to whom she had never spoken ten words in privacy; and Fiske forthwith—disapproving entirely of all such methods of handling women folk—gave her all the freedom and latitude of an American wife; and rather more, if anything, by way of making the past up to her. It is not a wonder that she made mistakes. The only wonder is that they were not fatal to herself and Fiske, instead of only to Maverick. Had she not been in love with Fiske, the chances are that they would have been. But she was as much in love with him as he with her. Only she believed herself rather more so, because it was bred in her bone that the way for a husband to show his devotion was to keep his wife under lock and key exactly as he would any other valuable.

Pepita had not entirely adjusted herself to the new point of view. It was quite inconceivable to her that Fiske should bring Maverick to the house day after day, night after night, and leave him alone with her for hours at a time. It was even more inconceivable to her family. An American man may—one time in a good many thousand—get along with a Mexican wife. But never with a Mexican family-in-law. Her family began to put ideas into Pepita's little head. It saw that her husband was tired of her already, after but half a year, and that he was trying to compromise her with his gringo friend that he might secure a divorce, and marry another girl—as was the pleasing custom of his race. It seemed—being thus shown to her—so nearly that way to Pepita herself, that the only opposition she could offer was that the Señor Maverick was English and not American. And that did not appear to be either here or there. You could unquestionably be compromised by the attentions of an Englishman. Urged on thus by her large and indignant family, Pepita undertook to explain things to her husband. She began by trying a gentle hint. It was *muy mal visto* in Mazatlan for a young wife to be seen often in the company of a strange man. Fiske's views about what Mazatlan thought or did not think were expressed in the one word "rats." He expressed them and patted her on the cheek, and went out. Meeting Maverick on the wharf ten minutes later, he further showed his opinion of the conventions of Mazatlan by sending him to "play with Pepita till dinner time."

When Pepita saw her family the next day it drew from her, very much against her will, that her husband had replied to her remonstrances with the word "rats"—which plainly had no bearing on the subject at all. The family was indignant. It showed her that Carlos must be brought to see the error of his ways if she did not want to be divorced before all the world, and put forever outside the pale. So Pepita tried it again—and this time with tears.

Then Fiske saw that she was taking it seriously, and he began to take it so himself. He explained a few American ideas on the subject to her. She was impressed. They were very fine and moral, and abstractly admirable, but not especially practical. The virtue was, obviously, the greater, the easier made the sin—but heaven and society had never intended women to be subjected to such tests. They were for the angels, not frail humanity. Observe how it worked with the men, she argued, thinking of her own brothers and of tales she had heard from other girls in the days when she and they were supposed to be models of ignorance. The men had freedom, the sort of freedom that her husband was trying to give her. Surely no one would hold that it accomplished much for their morality.

"Depends entirely upon your man," said Fiske, unwilling to get even with her family—which he suspected at the bottom of all this—by going into that issue further.

"Aye! you," said Pepita. "Yes. But, then, you are better than any other man."

Here again he said "Rats," and tried to pat her cheek and run; but she was not going to be so put off another time. She began to cry. And she sobbed out the whole mischief into his ear.

Fiske was angry. He said some very severe things about her family, and threatened to take her up to the States, where he couldn't get at her to poison her mind, if she listened to any more such talk. "I've promised to be faithful to you, and you've promised to be faithful to me. I expect to keep my part of the bargain exactly as you expect to keep yours.

What all Mexico, or Mazatlan, or your family may say about us doesn't make the least difference to me. I'm not going to have to be bothered watching my wife, and I'm going to have my friends at the house as often and as long as I choose. As for Maverick—he hasn't any earthly notion of flirting with you."

Pepita thought otherwise about this last; but, as she had nothing in particular to oppose, she let it go. She believed that these theories of her husband's, while good in themselves, might, like any other good thing, be carried to an extreme. But it was manifestly her duty to do as he should wish.

Fiske should have taken it into consideration that he was setting her to fight a dangerous bout, quite unprovided with the weapons which the women of his experiences knew how to use. He argued that her affection for him and her virtue were the only weapons she required. Wherein he was wrong, as the results went to show.

Maverick continued to go constantly to the house and to be left alone with Pepita a full half of the time. On several occasions Fiske, having something else to do himself, sent them to walk on the shore or in the plaza together. Pepita went, but she knew that it was the finish of her reputation—and it was. Mazatlan talked about her. So did Guadalajara, and Trapatto, and Guaymas, and the city itself; for her family and her beauty had fame in all the land. She knew well enough what was being said, but Fiske did not. So long as the Mexican society of the place—for which he had small use—continued to receive her, he naturally supposed it was all right, not realizing that it does not follow in the least that because a Mexican will tear you to pieces as to reputation behind your back, he will not be all honey and blandness to your face.

It had begun with the opinion that the family had given out—that Fiske was seeking the pretext for a divorce. It ended with the opinion that Pepita herself was not without blame. She had, it was said, the look of guilt. But the rule of physics holds good in other than material things sometimes. The light goes from the eye to the object, and is refracted back again. Pepita did not look guilty. She looked harassed. It was trying her every nerve to hold up her head, to hold her tongue, to hold Maverick at arm's length, and to hold herself to her husband's peculiar standard of a wife. Any one ought to have seen a finish. But hardly the one that came.

There was a Sunday afternoon when Maverick invited Pepita—and, incidentally, Fiske—to sit in his box at the bull-fight. Fiske did not relish bull-fights very much. Still, he was more adaptable in this matter than he was in that of the treatment of wives, and, as Pepita liked the shows unfeignedly, he frequently took her to them. He consented to do so on this particular afternoon. Then, at the last moment, a steamer anchored out beyond the bar, and there were more important things than *corridos* for him to concern himself about—inducing *cargadores* and *bargueros* to leave that same *corrida* and attend to the handling of cargo, being one of them.

"You go to the show with Maverick," he said to Pepita, "and I'll come in afterward if I get the chance."

Pepita had faced a good many ordeals with shut teeth, but to face this one and the whole array of the occupants of the other boxes was too much for her. She turned white even under the chalk with which she would plaster her pretty face. She had a headache, and she did not want to go to the bull-fight any way. But Maverick was waiting, and the coach was at the door. Fiske said that it was the first he had heard about headaches. His lips set a little, and he did not look pleased. "I want you to go," he said; "I will join you if I can." And he went on his way, deciding that he would get his wife out of this unhealthy atmosphere before she was made either a trickster or the cringing creature she was beginning to be.

As for Pepita, she went on her way with one tremendous effort to keep back the tears. Maverick made love to her in the coach. He likewise made love to her in the Plaza de Toros. His view of the thing was that her husband was neglecting her, and that he had a right to make up the deficiency. They had the box to themselves. Pepita sat with her two feet side by side, her hands folded in her lap, bolt upright. It was the attitude of a rigid respectability. But every one in the place was making remarks at her expense, and she was perfectly well aware of it.

It was a more than usually poor bull-fight—even for a small place like Mazatlan. The trumpet in the *alcáide's* box rang out again and again, and worthless bulls were sent, dripping blood, from the ring. It was not only the bulls that were poor, it was the *toreros* as well. The *matador* was worse than no good at all, even when he got the chance for his fumbled thrust. He put three swords in one animal before he dispatched it finally. This went on until the fourth bull had been killed. Then came the fifth. He did not act like a bull at all. He was like a badly frightened cow. The *peones* in the sun howled and hissed. The bull tried, wild-eyed, piteously terrified, to climb over the fence, to get away, anywhere, and die of its torn wounds. The gentlemen on the shady side of the ring took up the yells with all the gusto of any *peon*.

But Maverick, being an Englishman, those gory sports did not appeal to him. He preferred the torturing of a little Mexican girl as wild-eyed and terrified as the bull itself. And he was giving himself up to it more completely and openly than he ever had before. He was putting into clear words what he had only hinted at. They were not the words of the average English devotion, but ones having quite a Latin fervency. Like the man in the ballad, Maverick believed that he did that sort of thing "particularly neatly." "Such is my love for you, Pepita, *mía*," he said, bending close to her, "that I would die for your smile. Try me—I ask only that."

They heard a half-giggle behind them. It was two of her countrymen who had come into the next box, unobserved. For all the uproar of hoots and howls, they had overheard. Pepita saw by their faces that they had. And her lips

stretched over her teeth with sheer, horrible fright. She was ruined. Then suddenly it flashed upon her that perhaps, instead, she was saved.

"Weel, I try you, *señor*?" she said, quite aloud. "Zen—get zat fan," and she leaned far forward over the edge of the box and flung the fan out—away, full into the arena below.

Maverick was on his feet, but he hesitated. Then he caught the sardonic eyes and smiles of the two youths in the adjoining box. All the boxes, for that matter, were watching him. It was against all rules. It was dangerous. It was—and that struck him hardest—ridiculous to the last degree. But his reputation and his nation's was at stake.

"You go?" said Pepita with the start of a sneering laugh.

"I go," said Maverick.

The boxes had been interested in the episode, but the *peones* in the sun had not. They had not so much as seen the little fan slip, half open upon the sand. They were thinking of other things than a silly flirtation among the upper classes. They were thinking of their good thirty *centavos* of entrance fee that was spent for naught—what with these *vacos* of bulls and these *toreros* not worth the tinsel on their clothes. They saw some one jump from the inner wall down into the ring. They did not stop to see who it was, whether it were *gringo* in search of a lady's fan, or Mexican in search of such heart as was in the worthless *matador*. They thought it was the latter, and they followed him. The ring filled with them, a brilliant swarming mob, pouring over the barrier, and through the gates. The bull saw its chance, and, with a low bellow of pain, made for the gate that opened upon the street, knocked down a *peon* or two, and was free. The bull was gone, but the *toreros* remained. The *peones* were not particular. They could kill a man as well as a bull—and they proceeded to try.

It was a splendid fight. The troop of soldiers detailed to the ring failed entirely to stop it. Other troops were brought from the *cuartel*. There were knives and pistols and rifles all going at once. It lasted for half an hour, and was neither more nor less than a riot, in which most of Mazatlan was involved. When it was finally put down, there were four bull-fighters, ten Mexicans, and an Englishman dead. The Englishman was Maverick. GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1901.

## BUT WE DID.

When the fathers of our history declared that men are free,  
And flung their buckskin gauntlet at the power across the sea,  
There were fearful faltering ones  
Who declared by all the suns  
Of the boary-headed centuries that it could never be,  
We could never, never do it—  
But we did.  
Tho' the narrow ones were nervous,  
There were sturdy souls of service,  
And we did.

When they welded all our feeble States to one united chain,  
And proclaimed an open market to the wide world's hrawn and  
hrawn,  
Kings and tyrants of all lands  
Rolled their heads and raised their hands  
As they clamored at the notion of a nation gone insane;  
And they said: "You'll never do it!"  
But we did.  
Spite of friction and of faction,  
There was singleness of action,  
And we did.

When they placed the power of government in reach of rich and  
poor,  
With a halloo held in every hand to make its meaning sure,  
Every fossilized foggy  
Conjured up a special boggy,  
With a "What! the serving and the served, the gentle and the boor?  
Oh, you must not, dare not do it."  
But we did.  
For we knew man, horn of woman,  
If he's nothing else, he's human,  
So we did.

When contention in the council of the commonwealths was rife,  
And the long-fanned, smoldering embers leaped to furious flames of  
strife,  
At the sounding of the drum  
Half the world cried "It has come!  
Neither God, nor man, nor devil can preserve the Union's life;  
You can never, never do it."  
But we did.  
Though it tore our every vital,  
There was this much in requital—  
That we did.

When the weary war was over, and the blackness of a skin  
Ceased to be the sign and symbol of a nation's blacker sin,  
Still the cry was "All your slaughter  
Only leaves you oil and water.  
Stirring in a common measure, but no unity within.  
You can never reconcile them."  
But we did.  
And our compass shows no section  
Harboring discord and defection,  
For we did.

Now, again we face a problem, with its settlement in doubt,  
And in trouble and in travail we must work the answer out,  
Do it with our own brains solely,  
Do it with our own hands wholly,  
Hampered by no foreign nation, hampered by no party shout.  
You and I must face and do it,  
And we will.  
There's a shifting way and wrong way,  
There's a lasting way and strong way;  
But we will.

Far across the western blueness is the glint of crimson bars;  
If we're right, the colors stay there, spite of all the might of Mars;  
If we're wrong, we will withdraw them.  
Better mankind never saw them  
Than to flaunt them over empires with a stain upon the stars.  
Time and Truth can solve the question,  
And they will.  
Maybe your way, maybe my way,  
But, O Flag of Freedom, thy way,  
That they will!

—Edmund Vance Cooke in the Independent.

The complaint of the office-seekers and office-brokers at Washington is that "President Roosevelt talks so loud that there is no having any privacy with him."



## THE PATTI FUROR.

The Diva's First Appearance Here—Rush for Tickets—Gerster's Jealousy—Profits of the "Scalpers"—Mapleson's Arrest—His Disastrous Second Visit.

The recent death of Colonel J. H. Mapleson in London recalls many striking incidents of his first opera season in San Francisco in 1884, when the heated rivalry of his two great *prima donnas*, Patti and Gerster, kept the city in a ferment of excitement. One of the most extraordinary spectacles ever witnessed in San Francisco was Patti's first appearance at the Grand Opera House in "La Traviata," when the receipts amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars. On the day of the performance it took the whole of the police force to protect the theatre from the overwhelming crowds pressing for tickets, although it had been announced that no more were to be had. Says Colonel Mapleson in his "Memoirs":

Long before daylight the would-be purchasers of Patti tickets had collected and formed into line, reaching the length of some three or four streets; and from this time until the close of the engagement, some four weeks afterward, that line was never broken at any period of the day or night. A brisk trade was done in the hiring of camp-stools, for which the modest sum of four dollars was charged. A similar amount was levied for a cup of coffee or a slice of bread and butter. As the line got hungry, dinners were served, also suppers. High prices were paid to obtain a place in line, as the head of it approached the box-office; resulting only in disappointment to the intending buyer, who was, of course, unable to procure a ticket. Large squads of police were on duty the whole time, and they were busily employed in keeping the line in its place, and in defeating outsiders in their attempts to make a gap in it. Later on, it was announced that a limited number of gallery tickets would be sold, when a rush was made, carrying away the whole of the windows, glass, statuary, plants, etc. Ticket-speculators were offering seats at from twenty to fifty dollars each, places in the fifth row of the dress-circle fetching as much as twenty dollars, being four hundred per cent. above the box-office price. They found buyers at rates which would have shamed Shylock. Later in the day fulminations were launched upon my head, and I was accused of taking part in the plunder. I therefore determined, as far as possible, to set this right.

At length evening approached, and hundreds of tickets had been sold for standing room only:

Meanwhile Chief Crowley and Captain Short of the police, on seeing the aisles leading to the orchestra stalls and dress-circle blocked by the vast crowd, many of whom were seated on camp-stools which they had secretly brought with them, procured a warrant for my arrest the following morning. Several hot disputes occurred about this time in the main vestibule, in consequence of numbers of duplicate tickets having been issued, and several seat-holders were unable to reach their places. One gentleman challenged another to come and fight it out on the sidewalk with revolvers. . . . In the top gallery people were literally on the heads of one another, and on sending up to ascertain the cause, as the numbers were still increasing, the inspector ascertained that boards had been placed from the top of an adjoining house on to the roof of the opera-house, from which the slates had been taken off, and numbers were dropping one by one through the ceiling on to the heads of those who were seated in the gallery. Patti, of course, was smothered with bouquets, and the Italian residents of the city sent a huge globe of violets, supported on two ladders, with the Italian and American flags hanging over each side. At the end of each act huge stands and firms of flowers were sent up over the foot-lights and placed on the stage.

On going through the tickets in the treasury, Mapleson and his assistants discovered upward of two hundred bogus ones taken at the door:

These counterfeits were so good, even to the shade of color, that it was almost impossible to detect the difference from the real ones; the public having smashed into the opera as if shot from howitzers. Several ladies declared that their feet had never before touched the ground from the time they got out of their carriages; and it was with difficulty that the tickets were snatched from them as they passed. Many who had paid for standing room brought little camp-stools concealed under their clothes, and afterward opened them out, placing them in the main passage-ways. Had a panic occurred, or an alarm of fire, many lives must have been sacrificed. Of course the blame of all this was put upon me. The next day there were low mutterings of discontent all over the city against my management, while the newspapers were unanimous in attacking me, some of their articles being headed "The Opera Swindle."

The following day Mapleson was arrested for violating the fire ordinance, and allowing the passage-ways to be blocked up by the use of camp-stools and overcrowding. He was represented by General W. H. L. Barnes, and, although he was found guilty, he was let off with a fine of seventy-five dollars, "which the judge," he says, "evidently a lover of music, consented to take out in opera tickets."

Mapleson was greatly annoyed by the people who had purchased the bogus checks, which could only be recognized after being soaked in water, when it appeared that the real ones consisted of three plies of cardboard, and the bogus ones only of two. He explained this to the unfortunate purchasers, but, so disappointed and indignant were they, that they insisted, not only upon their money being returned, of which he had never received a penny, but also on their traveling and hotel expenses being repaid them. Many had come hundreds of miles in order to visit the opera.

Gerster drew large houses, but it was Patti whom the people wanted most to see. So Mapleson announced a second performance by Patti, for the following Tuesday, in "Il Trovatore," stating that the box-office would open for the sale of any surplus tickets on the following Monday at ten. Here is a pen-picture of the scene on the morning of the sale, March 15th, as given in one of the dailies:

"To one who has staid on Mission Street, opposite the Grand Opera House, yesterday forenoon, and viewed the battle from afar, as it might be said, it seemed that a large number of people had run completely mad over the desire to hear Patti sing. Such a excited, turbulent, and, in fact, desperate crowd ever massed in front of a theatre for the purpose of purchasing tickets. It absolutely fought for tickets, and it is questionable whether, if it had been an actual riot for a fierce and determined mob, the scene could have been more exciting or the wreck of the entrance of the theatre more complete. After the throng had melted away, the approaches to the box-office looked as if they had been visited by a first-class Kansas cyclone in one of its worst moods. The fact that tickets were on sale for several performances had much to do with it. It was a sort of a clean-up for last evening and to-day's matinee, but above all for the Patti night on Tuesday. A line began to form as early as five o'clock in the morning, and it grew and multiplied until at ten o'clock it had turned the corner on Third Street, while the main entrance was packed solid with a whirling and twisting mass of humanity, which pressed close to the glass doors which form the first barrier, and which were guarded by a lone policeman. He did his best to reduce the pressure upon himself and upon the doors, but as the time passed and the box-office did not open, the crowd became more ooisy and unmanageable, and finally an irresistible rush was made for the doors. They did not resist an instant, and gave way as though they had been made of paper. In the fierce tumult which

followed the glass was broken out of them, a boy being hurled bodily through one of the panes, with a most painful result to him, for he fell out and bruised inside. There was not an inch of available space between the street and the main entrance that was not occupied by men, women, or children, indiscriminately huddled in together. The potted plants were overturned and annihilated under the feet of the throng, the glass in the large pictures which adorned the walls was broken, and the pictures themselves dragged to the floor. The box office was besieged by a solidly packed and howling mob, the regular line entirely overwhelmed, and a grand struggle ensued to get as near the box-office—which had not been opened—as possible. The crowd itself essayed to get into some sort of order."

The more powerful forced themselves to the front and started a new line, without any regard for those who had been first in position before the barriers were overthrown:

"It twisted itself about the lobby, forming curves and angles that would have made the typical snake retire into obscurity for very covey. This line was pressed upon from all sides by unfortunes who had been left out of the original formation of it. The air was thick and sultry, the crowd perspired and blasphemed, and the storming of the box-office became imminent. Just at this juncture, Captain Short arrived with a large squad of police, and under the influence of a copious display of suggestive-looking clubs the crowd suddenly fell back and formed a somewhat orderly line. A line of season-ticket holders was also formed to purchase tickets for the next Patti night, and these were admitted through the inner door and served from the manager's office. In addition, the crowd was notified that no Patti tickets would be sold from the box-office, but that all must go inside. This produced a yell of anger, and turned bedlam loose again, as it broke up the line. But the police made a grand charge and forced hundreds outside, against the indignant protests of many who claimed that they had been in the regular line all the forenoon, only to be deprived of their rights by the police. The sale which followed seems to have given more satisfaction than that for the first Patti night."

Prior to the opening of the sale, Mapleson discovered that some thirty speculators had somehow got to the inside barrier close to the office before the bona-fide public, who had been waiting outside so long:

I found that they had hmeo a widow on the stage; afterward clambering up and passing through the lobby of the theatre to the inner barrier, before the outer doors had been opened. I then saw that they intended to secure the whole of the tickets offered for sale. I therefore, in passing a second time, quietly nudged one of them, winked suggestively, and pointed to the upper circle ticket office; leading the willing dupes who followed me through a door to the main wall to an inner office. No sooner had the last one gone through than I had the door locked. I thus "corralled" between twenty-five and thirty of these speculative gentry, and kept them for over two hours, during which time the tickets were disposed of. This cleared my character with the general body of the public, who at once saw that I was in no league whatever with the speculators, or they would have turned king's evidence after my treatment of them. While I was performing this manoeuvre, the rush and jam in the main vestibule became so great that the police were obliged to draw their clubs to maintain order.

A concert at the pavilion was next arranged with Patti as the star, and the seats were auctioned off at enormous prices:

When the great concert took place the vast building was nearly full. Nine thousand persons had paid from one to five dollars each. The rain meanwhile was coming down in sheets, and several speculators, who had obtained large numbers of tickets, were now left out in the cold—and in the rain—with their purchases. Inside, at the back of the gallery, a brisk business was done in telescopes, for such was here the distance from Patti that, though her voice could be clearly heard, her features could not be seen.

While the rivalry between Patti and Gerster was at its height, it was made known that General Crittenden, governor of Missouri, had given Patti a kiss. Thereupon Mme. Patti was interviewed, when she spoke as follows:

"I had just finished singing 'Home, Sweet Home' last Thursday evening, when a nice-looking old gentleman, who introduced himself as Governor Crittenden, began congratulating me. All of a sudden he leaned down, put his arms around me, drew me up to him, and kissed me. He said: 'Mme. Patti, I may never see you again, but I can't help it; and before I know it he was kissing me. When a gentleman, and such a nice old gentleman, too, and a governor of a great State, kisses one so quick that one has not time to see and on time to object, what can one do?'"

The following dialogue on the subject between Mme. Gerster and a reporter, who had interviewed her, was afterward published:

MODEST REPORTER—I suppose, Mme. Gerster, you have heard about that kissing affair between Governor Crittenden and Patti?

MME. GERSTER—I have heard that Governor Crittenden kissed Patti before she had time to resist; but I don't see anything in that to create so much fuss.

MODEST REPORTER [interrogatively]—You don't?

MME. GERSTER—Certainly not! There is nothing wrong in a man kissing a woman old enough to be his mother.

The receipts for the seventeen performances were two hundred thousand dollars. Says Mapleson:

On the morning of our departure from San Francisco four young men were arrested, charged with the wholesale forgery of opera tickets. They had issued sixty bogus tickets for the opening night alone, and this caused all the confusion and wrangling. They were proved to have made a purchase of printer's ink, and to have bought one Patti ticket as a model, from which they had copied the remainder. They were duly convicted.

Mapleson's second and last season here, in 1885, was a great contrast to that of the preceding year. He had no Patti or Gerster to dazzle the public, and his company was almost disorganized. The first offering, "Carmen," was given in a very careless manner, for Minnie Hauk and the tenor, Signor Ravelli, who had the rôles of Carmen and Don José, respectively, were not on speaking terms, and neither did themselves justice. The engagement was a failure from the start, and poor Mapleson was pounced upon from all sides:

First Ravelli sued me for salary which was not owing him. Then the baritone, De Anne, refused to sing, and Mlle. Fohström was in bed with a bad cold. News, moreover, arrived from Minneapolis that Mme. Nordica's mother, who had been left there, was at the point of death. Nordica insisted on rushing off at a moment's notice to make the journey of five days in the hope of reaching her while she was yet alive; and the rest of the company were in open rebellion. Among other extraordinary claims made upon me was one for four hundred gallons of eau-de-Cologne. Some such quality had, it was alleged, been ordered for fountains that were to play in front of the opera-house; but the dealers, in lieu of eau-de-Cologne, had furnished me chiefly with water of the country. They swore, however, that I really owed them the money they demanded, and an attachment was duly granted.

On the eve of the company's departure from San Francisco, Ravelli attached the music, and this caused another delay. In fact, Mapleson was practically stranded, having to pawn his jewelry to send on his leading singers:

We had evacuated the city, and now found ourselves blocked and isolated at the railway station. The railways would not have us at any price but their own. The hotel-keepers were by no means anxious for our return, and some of the members of the company had a healthy

horror of running up hotel bills they were unable to pay. . . . A deputa-tion of the chorus waited upon me, saying that as their artistic career seemed to be at an end, it would be as well for them to take in the sale of bananas and ice-creams in the streets; while others proposed to start restaurants, or to blacken their faces and form themselves into companies of Italian niggers. Some of the female choristers wished to take engagements as cooks, and one ancient dame, who, in her early youth had sold flowers on the banks of the Arno, thought it would be pretty and profitable to resume in "Frisco the occupation which she had pursued some thirty or forty years previously at Florence."

All these chorus singers seemed to have a trade of some kind to depend upon. In Italy they had been choristers by night, and in the day-time had followed the various callings to which now in their difficult position they desired to return. All I was asked for by my choristers was permission to consider themselves free, and in a few cases a little money with which to buy wheelbarrows. I adjured them, however, to remain faithful to me, and soon persuaded them that if they stuck in the colors all would yet be right.

For forty-eight hours they remained encamped outside the theatre:

Fortunately they were in a climate as beautiful as that of their native land; and, with a little macaroni, which they cooked in the open air, a little California wine, which costs next to nothing, and a little tobacco, they managed to get on. What annoyed them was that they were not allowed to go to their trunks, an embargo having been laid not only on my music, but on the whole of the company's baggage. One of them, Mme. Isia, wished to get something out of her box, but she was warned off by the sheriff, who at once drew his revolver. The Oakland steamer was ready to carry us across the bay to the railway station as soon as we should be free to depart. But there were formalities still to go through, and positive obstacles to overcome. At last my anxious choristers, looking everywhere for some sign, saw me driving toward them in a buggy with the sheriff's officer. I bore in my hand a significant hit of blue paper which I waved like a flag as I approached them. They responded with a ringing cheer. They understood me, and knew that they were saved.

Ravelli's conduct cost Mapleson something like ten thousand dollars, for he was unable to keep the dates he had arranged after leaving San Francisco, and at one city, where the manager had given him another date, he seized the whole of the receipts, claiming that it was due him as damages for the injury done to him by not performing on the evening originally appointed.

A writer in *Ainslie's Magazine* illumines the subject of our great crops by telling us that our largest gathering of wheat (1898) would have made, if piled on the plain of Gizeh, nine pyramids of Cheops; that Texas alone grows more cotton than any foreign country, and that cotton is grown in sixteen of our States and Territories besides; that all the farms of France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and the British Isles combined do not equal the acreage of our American farms; that from these farms more than half the value of our total yearly exports is sent abroad; that our cotton crop is now worth almost as much as our wheat crop, which averages \$350,000,000 a year, and that, while two-thirds of its ten million bales is sold abroad, the third that stays at home is now divided between the mills of the Southern and New England States in the proportion of two pounds to the former and three pounds to the latter—with the Southern mills steadily gaining.

The Baltimore syndicate that recently purchased the Market Street Railway system proposes to construct a large gymnasium, properly equipped with every form of modern apparatus, for the use of its employees. The men may exercise and will have the exclusive use of the enjoyments afforded at any time. A library, a spacious billiard hall, and a large reading and lounging room are projected. The syndicate has controlled the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway for the last few months. Recently it established a gymnasium and library in its office at Sunnyside. The building is also equipped with bath-rooms and a large billiard-room.

San Francisco teachers will be interested in this item from a larger city:

"The much-discussed teachers' pension fund in Chicago has received another blow, from which it is not likely to recover. A sixty-per-cent. reduction in the annuities paid has been decreed, made necessary by the withdrawal of teachers from the association and the depletion of the fund. Originally, the best-paid teachers who became annuitants received a pension of \$600 a year. It was reduced to \$450 a year ago. Now it has been reduced to forty per cent. of the original amount, or \$225. Teachers who were receiving salaries of less than \$1,200 a year when they retired will get less than \$240. Naturally many more of the teachers will now withdraw, necessitating another reduction of annuities."

An issue of \$500,000 in bonds has been made by the Lake Tahoe Railway and Transportation Company through the Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco. The company is the owner of a hotel at Tahoe City, on Lake Tahoe, a line of steamers crossing the lake, and a railway in process of construction. Of the amount issued, \$100,000 will be applied to taking up some old bonds of the company, \$150,000 will cover the cost of the newly erected hotel, and the remainder of the money derived from the issue will be used in general betterments about the summer resort.

Many of the candidates in the recent municipal campaign failed to file statements of their election expenses. Failure to file sworn statements of money expended for campaign purposes is a violation of the purity of elections law, and is a misdemeanor. It is notorious that the majority of the statements filed do not give a true account of money expended, nor of the purposes for which it was paid out. Many people regard the law as vicious and as inviting perjury, and there is much talk of having it repealed.

A new company about to be formed to harness the power of the Kern River is another big concern to be launched in Southern California. The name of the new company is to be the Kern Power Company; capital stock, five millions of dollars, all of which has been subscribed. Los Angeles is to be the principal place of business of the corporation, and, when the company completes its plans, it will be able to supply electric power over a good portion of Central and Southern California.



## EUROPE'S SWELL HOTELS.

The Carlton in London—The Ritz in Paris—A Play for Players  
Only, with Tickets at Five Thousand Dollars  
and Upward Each.

MY DEAR R—: When we speak of a play and players, we usually mean actor folks, as the Puritans called stage people. If I should tell you that I had attended a play for players only, with admittance placed at five thousand dollars and upward, without further explanation, you would probably think that I had been on a visit to the venerable Jules Verne, and had been taking a lesson in story-telling from him. Professional actors are not usually inclined to attend shows of any kind, except on business, and they are always "dead-headed," unless there happen to be a charity affair of some sort, where their sympathies are touched. There are very few in the "profession," indeed, who could afford to pay five thousand dollars for anything.

But there are many kinds of plays and players not regularly employed in the "profession" who are none the less upon the world-stage all the time, and consciously playing parts—parts for which they are not paid, and for which the privilege of acting costs a great deal of money. The Carlton and the Ritz hotels (owned and managed by Herr Ritz), the former in Pall Mall in London, and the latter in the Place Vendôme in Paris, are the stages of the society drama of which I am writing you. When I mention the price of admission at five thousand dollars for each person, I speak the honest truth, for while you may open the door and walk in as freely as you may enter an "automat" restaurant, you are, unless you have on your Doucet suit and all your jewels, immediately bounced by the sternest of bouncers, Mr. Propriety. You may even be a millionaire in money possessions or lands or oil stock, and be quite prepared and willing to pay well for your entrance and entertainment, yet, if you are not robed in the garb of fashion, with some distinguishing feature of costume that calls for the admiration of the others on the stage, you are conspicuously out of place, and Propriety leads you out of the place by the first available exit.

The costume of a well-dressed man need not cost five thousand dollars, and jewels of any kind on a man are vulgar beyond some simple article of use made artistic as well as useful. But a man, alone, is out of place at the Carlton or at the Ritz. Four men in evening-dress to occupy a table together might pass without notice, but a man alone would be so evidently a looker-on at the play, that Propriety, acting through the conscience of the lone man, would quickly shame him out.

Imagine a modest student of biology, with the problem of human economy and human efficiency as the lesson of his immediate study, being ushered on to such a stage as the Carlton, note-book in hand, and not even in "evening-dress." Fortunately there was a place in one of the wings where the student could see without being seen, and observe without being observed. Even then he felt that he must go to his room and put on his dress-suit, or Propriety would make him uncomfortable; this he did, and felt the better for it.

To enter into the spirit of the scene and sit among the players, it is necessary to be accompanied by a woman companion, either wife or daughter or otherwise, and respectability is, of course, a most necessary part of the play. I mean respectability of the Socio-Plutocratic sort and standard. As I have remarked already, there is no door-keeper and no tickets of admission are required, but the invisible but potent sentinel, Propriety, places a barrier and draws a line as distinctly as if there were a turnstile with a uniformed policeman on guard.

Strangely enough, and for similar reasons, the garden café scene on the Carlton stage very much resembles one of the famous public dance establishments in Paris where respectability is almost a bar to admission. There is a raised portion at one end with a division rail, where the more fortunate early comers may look down on the assembled actors. The two places are the antipodes of each other as expressions of the social world, and yet they are staged so similarly that you might mistake one for the other without close scrutiny of the costumes and faces of the players and the composition of the groups. At the Carlton the music is furnished by a very good Tzigane band of Hungarians, who perform their weird passion-music with excellent skill and spirit, nothing to be heard in Buda-Pesth being better in the way of gypsy music. Little tables are placed indiscriminately, with chairs which can be moved about to suit the formations of the various pictures—tableaux—of the play, and all of the accessories in use are real things. The glasses are cut and monogrammed, and the wine is generally champagne. There can not be any doubt about the people in the scene being actors. There is not an unconscious spectator among them all, except here and there a man who seems as bored as a "supe" upon the stage of a regular theatre. To an outside spectator of the play, the efforts of one particular bored one to keep himself from yawning, and the watery-eyed evidence of pain and sleepiness, was more comical than anything one can see at a variety performance. I just sat back and enjoyed the old man, for he was old and very gray. I don't think the woman near him, who occasionally touched him familiarly with her fan, could have been his daughter. She wasn't quite respectful enough for a daughter, and I don't think a father would suffer so much for a mere daughter; and yet, I don't see how she could have been his wife. She was some attachment of his of undoubted respectability, and entirely legal. Unconscious though he was, my plutocratic comedian gave me a half-hour of intense enjoyment and interested speculation.

We happened to come to the Carlton by reason of wanting to find some superconvenient place, like the Waldorf-Astoria of New York. We had not been in London for more than three years, and we had heard great stories of how Dear Smoky Old London had been modernized and made comfortable after the American manner. My inform-

ants told me that the Carlton was on the order of the Waldorf-Astoria, and hence we came here. I fail to see any resemblance. It certainly does remind one of the Waldorf-Astoria, but by the difference instead of the similarity. Conveniences! There is a lift, to be sure—two of them that I have already discovered, but to get one requires patience. In justice, I must say that the rooms are neatly and tastefully furnished, and the beds are of the best. The furniture is solid, and rolls about at a touch. In fact, the rooms, though very small, as might be expected in such a location, are very superior, but the public conveniences, for which we came, that make the Waldorf-Astoria a most convenient club for strangers, are conspicuous only by their absence.

London and Paris have been living on their reputations for a long time, and are getting seedy. Paris is worse than London, but still London is in danger. I have a feeling of disgust every time I return from anywhere to these two arrogant burghs, that are still trading on their old reputations. London is interesting, and always will be so, even as a ruin, and Paris can't help being lovely, because she is situated in the garden of France; but they are cutting coupons from their reputations long after the coupons have expired by limitation, and there is nothing to cut but the documents themselves.

VAN FLETCH.

LONDON, November 11, 1901.

## HASSAN NAZAR.

(DAMASCUS)

By the gateway gray and grim  
All day sits Hassan Nazar,  
Till the golden west grows dim.  
And above the peaks afar  
Burns eve's amethystine star.

Under overhanging brows  
Darkling eyes inscrutable,  
Watchful, though they seem to drowse;  
And a smile whose quiet spell  
Holds you,—why you can not tell.

Then a voice as varied as  
Barada's, that singing stream,  
In whose flow as in a glass  
You may follow every theme,  
Interwoven dream on dream:

"Truth, Howadji! Verity!"  
You who list must fain believe;  
For that manner, frank and free,  
Velvet voice and eyes like eve—  
Soothly, they could not deceive!

How the djinns and genii still—  
Errant spirits of the air—  
Work their good or evil will;  
Where they dwell and delve, and where  
Up and down the earth they fare.

Miracles Mohammed wrought;  
How the wondrous Kaaba cures;  
Sapient subtleties of thought,  
Why the soul of man endures,  
Hate repels and love allures.

This will be relate, and more,  
For a few plasters' hire;  
Flood you from his ample store,  
With your hearkening heart's desire:  
"Truth!"—you likeable old liar!

Nay, imagination's brew!  
Fancies fettered to a star!  
What, then, if they be not true?  
Marvelous we know they are.  
Here's your health, Hassan Nazar!

Here's your health, O, cunning one,  
Smooth of lip, and deep of eye!  
May your deft web long be spun!  
And, albeit you love a lie,  
May the Dark One pass you by!  
—Clinton Scollard in the Criticon.

English capitalists are becoming reconciled to the invasion of American money and enterprise, and join in the projects of the most daring innovators, as a recent dispatch shows:

The action of an Anglo-American syndicate, including Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada; the Earl of Kintore, ex-governor of South Australia; Earl Grey, director of the British South Africa Company; Frederick B. Esler, of New York; and Lieutenant George Cornwallis West, in applying to the London county council for a nine hundred and ninety-nine years' lease of a site on the north side of the Strand for the erection of an office building, on American lines, to cost ten millions of dollars, has caused much comment, and is discussed from various points of view. Many persons share William Waldorf Astor's views, as expressed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, throwing cold water on the proposed "addition to that conglomeration of architectural chaos which is modern London." The paper fears the great building will deform the new thoroughfare. A majority of the business community, however, apparently share the views of the London *Times*, which says: "It will be an object-lesson of which we stand much in need. Therefore, the project deserves the best wishes of Londoners. There is a needless alarm over the American invasion. They are really doing very well just now, setting up a magnificent electrical factory in the north, pushing the electrification of the underground roads, and interesting themselves in the 'tubes,' while American ideas and methods are largely recognized in the new telephone service. This country's domestic affairs need a great deal of shaking up, and it is a brotherly thing for the Americans to give them the requisite filip." This Strand site is only one of several that the American syndicate is figuring on. Another is on either side of Waterloo Place and Pall Mall, and still another is opposite the Bank of England.

A recent Los Angeles dispatch speaks encouragingly of the prospects of that city in connection with the proposed Pacific cable:

"John W. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph Company and of the recently organized Pacific Cable Company is here, and will look at available cable landings and listen to any proposition that may be advanced for bringing the Pacific cable ashore here. The cable company has succeeded in getting land grants and the necessary concessions in Hawaii, Guam, and Luzon for the cable, and the landing place on the Pacific Coast is all that remains to be fixed. The line of survey from San Francisco to Honolulu, and that from Los Angeles form two sides of a triangle, with the long side on the line of the northern survey. The saving in expense by running the cable from Los Angeles would be nearly sixty thousand dollars."

Petrified tropical fruits have been found in coal from Spitzbergen, the island group in the Arctic Ocean, midway between Greenland and Nova Zembla.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Luigi Carreno, a journalist of Rome, in order to get up a story on the Pope's daily life, recently secured employment in the Vatican as a gardener.

Edward Beaupré, of the Province of Assiniboine, Canada, claims to be the tallest man in the world. His exact height is seven feet, ten and three-fourths inches, and he is still growing, and expects to reach the eight-foot mark. He is twenty years old, wears a number twenty-one shoe, and a number twenty-one collar.

Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, carried off the honors at the Horse Show in New York last week. All told, his stable was awarded thirty-three ribbons, and not one of his entries got the gate. Mr. Lawson received thirteen blue, nine red, nine yellow, and two white ribbons—a record which has never before been equaled in the history of horse shows.

The *Independence Belge* states that the well-known author, Maurice Jókai, recently published in a Buda-Pesth journal a violent denunciation of some one who had mutilated a wreath which he had placed on the grave of his first wife. He also put the matter into the hands of the police. It now appears that the despoiler was the poet's own daughter, who is married to M. Arpad Festey, and who declares that she committed the act as an expression of disgust at the remarriage of her father (a septuagenarian) with an actress of twenty-five years.

Jules Verne, who at first was reported to have become totally blind, says his trouble is cataract, on which his doctors hope to operate successfully soon. In the meantime, the veteran novelist of seventy-three is just finishing his ninety-ninth novel, working steadily from eight to twelve every morning. "I still hope to write my hundredth before I leave off working," he said, the other day; "I usually write two books a year. I take notes of everything which I think may be useful, and when I have composed my central plot, I select points from my notes suitable for the story. Then I never leave my book until I have finished it."

The translation of the Bible from ancient to modern Greek, against which students in the Grecian capital have been rioting, and coming into fatal conflicts with troops, was ordered by Queen Olga, because she found so many Greeks could not read the language of their classic ancestors. The students oppose the translation on the ground that it would be desecration to put the Bible into Greek as it is now spoken. Premier Theotoki has defended the course of the queen, and referred to her as a woman whose piety, Christian sentiments, and nobility of character was the admiration of the world. During the Græco-Turkish War, he said, she was everywhere told by wounded soldiers that they could not read the gospels because they did not understand the text.

The photographers who found President McKinley easy-going and approachable are having a very different experience with President Roosevelt. Mr. McKinley never had any objection to being photographed, and he was constantly being "taken." Several pictures of him and his Cabinet are well known. Mr. Roosevelt, on the contrary, has no use for photographers. Efforts have been made to get his consent to a photograph of himself and the Cabinet, but he has positively refused every time. He has also made it known that he objects to having snap-shots of him taken on the street. Some of the picture men have tried to make up for his refusals by making composite pictures, taking the old photograph of the McKinley Cabinet and substituting Mr. Roosevelt for Mr. McKinley at the head of the table.

The question of prize money which the fleets of Admiral Dewey and Rear-Admiral Sampson are to receive is still pending in the courts of the District of Columbia. Early last summer the arguments of counsel and the report of the Department of Justice were heard by Justice Bradley, in Equity Court No. 2, as to the various kinds of property upon which prize money should be allowed. The decision of Justice Bradley was too liberal to suit the Department of Justice, so an appeal was taken to the court of appeals of the district, and the case is now pending in that court, with no prospect of being called up at an early date. Under the decision of Judge Bradley, the fleet of Admiral Dewey was entitled to about \$400,000, of which one-twentieth, or \$20,000, goes to the admiral himself. Sampson's fleet is entitled to about \$250,000, of which his share is \$12,500, and Schley's probably less than \$2,000, as he gets but one-fifth of the total amount falling to the division of the North Atlantic fleet which he commanded.

The capture of Giuseppe Musolino, the notorious Calabrian brigand, who is little more than twenty-five years of age, closes a remarkable criminal career. In November, 1897, he was arrested on what he called an unfounded charge of firing, with intent to murder, at a man with whom he had quarreled some days previously. On circumstantial evidence, he was condemned to twenty years' penal servitude; but, before leaving the dock, swore vengeance against the judge, jury, policemen, and witnesses who had contributed to his conviction. He managed, with the help of some fellow-convicts, in January, 1899, to displace the masonry of his cell, and to escape, and for two years he has been hunted by a force of five hundred men. Aided by the peasants, from whom he obtained arms and food, he discovered the whereabouts of those who brought about his conviction, and proceeded to murder or severely wound them, one by one. Though he was never able to kill his chief "enemy"—the man at whom he was accused of having fired—he burned his house and strawstacks, hamstringed all his stock, and shot his brother dead. Musolino is very religious, and, while searching for his victim, he would repeat long petitions for success, and, when he had committed the crime, he would give as fervent thanks, while usually, through the help of friends, he had candles burning before the Madonna in some church or other, so that she, at least, would not oppose him.



## RIDER HAGGARD IN THE HOLY LAND.

## A Winter Pilgrimage.

In his latest volume, "A Winter Pilgrimage in Palestine, Italy, and Cyprus," Rider Haggard confesses that one of the principal reasons for writing this book is his desire to be named among the goodly company who set on paper their impressions of the Holy Land. "The list is long," he says. "There are St. Sylvia and the holy Paula, Arculfus and St. Willibrod, Mukadasi and Bernard the Wise, Saewulf and the Abbot Daniel, Phocas the Cretan and Theodorice, Felix Fabri, Sir John Mandeville de la Brocquire, and Maundrell—and so on down to Châteaubriand and our own times. But one thing they had in common—they were driven on by the same desire. Obedient to a voice that calls in the heart of so many, they traveled by land and sea to look upon the place where Jesus Christ was born, where the Master of Mankind hung upon His cross at Calvary."

Despite the fact that all these pilgrims have written of the Holy Land, Mr. Haggard considered the subject by no means exhausted, and therefore determined to describe a few of the things he saw last winter, and to chronicle their meanings as he caught and understood them.

His observations are extremely interesting. First we get a glimpse of the Milan Cathedral, then, after a pause at a Tuscan wine-farm, we visit Florence, Pompeii, and Naples, and at last land at Cyprus, the Cinderella of Great Britain's colonies which, with a little more care and capital, Mr. Haggard thinks might again become the Garden of the Mediterranean and a mine of wealth. A chapter is devoted to "A Cypriote Wedding," and another to the celebrated siege of Famagusta by the Turks in the latter half of the fifteenth century, the perfidy of their commander, and the terrible martyrdom of Mercantonio Bragadino and his noble companions.

The Holy Land, he agrees, is a place "for weeping, not for laughing; for prayer, not for shouting; for kneeling, not for struggling; for repentance, not for wantonness." And he adds:

As a result, there the traveler sees little that is bright or joyous. I hardly remember noting a young and charming face, or even a pretty dress. Youth flees that land; it shrinks from wandering where there are no daily common pleasures, nothing but solemn sights and painful memories, which call up meditations oppressive to the spring of life. Palestine, above all other countries, seems the place of pilgrimage of folk on the wrong side of middle age, whose interests and ambitions have ceased to be solely, or even in the main, occupied with the anticipation of what good fortunes may befall them during the unspent days of their earthly sojourning. Be this as it may, the only sweet and cheerful things in the Holy Land, where even the native children for the most part appear so grave, are the lovely flowers which for a time smile upon its face, soon to be burned up and vanish.

In describing Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Bethlehem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, the River Jordan, and the sights of Jerusalem, Mr. Haggard has cast aside all superstition, and accepted or rejected such legends as the circumstances might warrant. For example, of his visit to the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha at Bethany, he says:

From the remnants of carved marbles and the fine quality of the stone used in its walls, I imagine that this dwelling must have belonged to some one of wealth and importance. Whether Martha or Mary ever crossed its threshold is a different matter; probably it was built in an after generation.

Then, again, when he was shown through the Chapel of the Ascension on the Mount of Olives, a Moslem custodian showed him the footprint of Christ, said to have been impressed upon the rock as He rose heavenward:

By the footprint is a small, round hole, and, as our guide seemed thoroughly conversant with all the circumstances surrounding the Ascension, I asked him what it was and how it came there. Not in the least abashed, he replied that when the "Hadji" went up to heaven, He had His walking-stick in His hand, with which He struck the rock as He sprang from it, leaving a mark we see to-day.

Many of the sacred edifices which belong to the Christians are in sad need of repair, but Latins, Greeks, or Armenians refuse to beautify or preserve them for fear of benefiting the property of their fellow worshippers of another shade of faith. Mr. Haggard writes:

A gentleman in Jerusalem told me that not long ago he found a Turkish soldier on guard in the Church of St. Mary at Bethlehem, where it was not usual for a sentry to be, and inquired of him why he was there. He pointed to a nail in the wall, and replied: "It is my duty to watch that nail." Asked why, he explained that the Latins, or the Greeks, I forget which, had driven in the nail with a view of hanging a picture; that the rival sect had furiously objected, saying that it was an interference with their property, and wanted to pull out the nail. That thereupon the Turkish Government had intervened, and set him to watch the nail and see that no picture was hung upon it and that it was not pulled out. To allow the picture to be hung would have been to admit the claims of those who drove in the nail; to allow it to be pulled out would have been to admit the claims of those who objected to the driving in of the nail. Therefore, the nail must be preserved, and the picture must not be hung, and, to see that this was so, an armed sentry must watch day and night.

For aught I know, he may be watching still. At any rate the story is as instructive as it is true.

While visiting the Church of the Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, the writer was shown many strange spots of interest:

Thus we have the centre of the world accurately, if unscientifically determined, and the place of the burial of the skull of Adam, who was constructed of clay taken from this locality. Then we see the Mount of Calvary—the reader will remember, by the way, as I have pointed out, that nowhere in the Bible is it said that Calvary was on a mount—beneath which Adam was interred, until the blood, flowing from the cross, brought him to life again. Melchisedec, too, was hurried here, and the socket made for the cross, in the rock, has been carefully preserved, and is now lined with silver. Also, the pilgrim is shown—and, if he is a Russian, kisses the place—where stood the crosses of the two thieves. Next there is an underground chapel called that of St. Helena, where the cross was found. Near the altar, too, is a seat in which the Empress Helena sat while the cross was unearthed. Unfortunately for the genuineness of this relic, as the cold-blooded Baedeker points out, an Armenian patriarch of the seventeenth century complained in his day that he had frequently been obliged to renew this seat because the piety of pilgrims led them to bear it away piecemeal.

Many other so-called sacred spots were pointed out to Mr. Haggard, but he does not dwell in detail upon them and their traditions, because, to be plain, he has no faith in them. He adds:

Even if it be admitted that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre does cover the place of the Crucifixion and its attendant events, which I believe to be most improbable, it is beyond credence that all these localities should be known with such exactitude. Moreover, many of them have been changed during the passage of the centuries. Their details, architectural and other, can be studied in any book of reference. As for the general effect produced upon a visitor by so much ornamentation, so many candles, and such a diversity of occurrences, miraculous and spiritual, said to be concentrated beneath these roofs, it is, I confess, bewildering.

The dirt of Jerusalem is truly wonderful, and Mr. Haggard considers it strange that human beings should live there in health through the scorching months of an Eastern summer. Here is his description of the famous "Place of Wailing of the Jews":

Facing the wall, which measures between fifty and sixty feet in height, about a score of Jews—men and women of all ages—were engaged in "wailing." The women really wept, with intervals for repose; but the men, as strange a collection of human beings as ever I saw, did not give way to their feelings to that extent. They rubbed their faces against the huge blocks, which occasionally they kissed, or read from the Scriptures, or muttered prayers. One tall, pale man, attracted my particular attention. He was clad in what looked like a dirty night-garment, surmounted by a very greasy fur cap. Thrusting his nose literally into a crack in the wall, he rocked his body backward and forward, pecking at the cavity like a nut-hatch at the bark of a tree, while he repeated prayers with the utmost fervor. When we arrived he was thus employed, nor had he ceased from his devotions as we departed. Nothing disturbed him. Even when a visitor walked up, held a camera to his head as though it were a pistol, touched the button and returned, remarking "Got him!" he showed neither surprise nor anger. This scene is often described as touching. Personally, I found it grotesque, even to sadness. In looking at these Jews, many of whom, I am told, live upon charity, there arose in my practical Western mind the words of the old saying: "God helps those who help themselves."

The volume is illustrated with thirty-one excellent half-tone photographs, and is published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$4.00.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## Tales of Vice and Misery.

One window looks out on a stretch of green, sunlit meadow bordered by a well-beaten road; below the road a strip of beach, with the waves rolling in and breaking just beyond; happy children play at the water's edge, and near them, on the clean white sand, rest joyous, anxious parents. The scene is peaceful and bright, and there are human interests there, but nature has not been defiled. The other window looks out upon a pest-house and its squalid surroundings; not far removed there are saloons and brothels and dingy, tumble-down hovels; among them crawl vile caricatures of men and women, sensual, passion-torn; the only semblance of order and respectability is in the form of the blue-coated guardian of the peace, who has become inured to his surroundings, and looks on unmoved.

Who would hesitate in choosing his view from these windows? It would seem that only one degenerate in inclination and habit could find most pleasure in regarding the homes of sordid vice and misery. Yet there are views in the fields of literature that offer no suggestion not found in the darker scene. Many such are shown in "Orloff and His Wife," the volume of short stories by Máxim Gorky, translated and collected by Isabel Hapgood. The first novel of this young Russian writer given to the American public was "Foma Gordyeff," reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago. That story had some features that are not to be found in this collection of sketches. It was brutal, pessimistic, but it had connected interests and a cumulative power that

are wanting in these specimens of the author's art. All are leaves from sordid, hopeless lives. In one a drunken shoemaker beats his wife till her entire system is disarranged, and then he reviles her because she hears him no children. At length this taunt fires her, and she casts him off. She becomes a teacher in a trade-school, wonderfully patient and kind to the pupils. He becomes a tramp. There is grim satire in some of the sketches, but no humor; many days of dark clouds, little sunshine. They are well done, after their fashion, but they are not worth doing.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

## An Interesting Volume for Theatre-Goers.

While it is difficult to imagine how Lewis C. Strang's volume entitled "Famous Actors of the Day" can enjoy much of a sale in the East, where most of the actors and plays he discusses have already been seen, it ought to appeal to Pacific Coast theatre-goers, for it gives them an opportunity to read well-written accounts of the successes of last year, instead of patiently waiting until some inferior road companies present them here long after they have ceased to draw in the East. Mr. Strang's sketches are critical and descriptive rather than anecdotic, but make interesting reading nevertheless.

The scope of the volume may be inferred from the following chapter-headings: "The New E. H. Sothern," "John Drew in Comedy and Romance," "N. C. Goodwin, the Comedian," "John B. Mason in Modern Comedy," "Fritz Williams," "William Gillette and 'Sherlock Holmes,'" "Edwin Arden," "Richard Mansfield's 'Henry the Fifth,'" "William Faversham in 'Oliver Goldsmith,'" "The Melodramatic James O'Neill," "James A. Herne's 'Sag Harbor,'" "Macy's Arhuckle," "John Hare," "William H. Crane," "Henry Miller in Melodrama," "John Blair and the Independent Theatre," "Henry Jewett," "Edward S. Willard," "Louis Mann," and "Charles J. Richman." Some twenty-five well-chosen portraits of the actors, many in costume, supplement the text.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Notable New Editions.

"Barchester Towers," the brightest of Anthony Trollope's novels, has been brought out in a new, neat, and handy edition by John Lane, New York; price, 50 cents.

A dainty edition of that tender story, Charles Dickens's "A Christmas Carol," with a biographical note and critical preface, bound in limp crimson leather, gold stamped, has been brought out by the H. M. Caldwell Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

"Her First Appearance," one of the best of the Van Bibber stories, by Richard Harding Davis, has been brought out in a handsome holiday edition on deckled-edged paper, with borders in tint, and illustrations by C. D. Gibson and E. M. Ashe. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

In the Century Classics Series—volumes beautifully printed and neatly bound in stamped olive cloth, with titles and tops in gold—the latest issues are Kingsley's "Hypatia," in two volumes, and Ruskin's "Sesame" and "The Crown of Wild Olive," in one volume. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25 each.

From the pages of a popular magazine, "The Story of a Young Man," by Clifford Howard, has been reprinted in book-form, with several notable illustrations. It is a life of Christ, devoted to his human progress, and is reverent and impressive. The volume is elaborately finished and ornamented. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50.

John Lotbrop Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" was first published in London and New York in 1856. Though its author's name was unknown in England, the success of the work there was immediate, and it took a high rank among histories from the first on both sides of the Atlantic. New editions have found continued favor, and the latest has special claims to lasting regard. It is in two volumes, profusely illustrated with portraits, drawings, and photographic reproductions of historic paintings, and an elaborate and accurate map. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$4.00.

Among the many classical and standard works that are being brought out in new dress, first place may be given unhesitatingly to the Temple Edition of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine," in forty volumes, edited by George Saintsbury. Several translators have aided in the work, Ellen Marriage, Clara Bell, and James Waring being among them. The etched frontispieces are from various artists, the fine portrait of Balzac, embellishing the first volume of the series, being by H. Crickmore. Of the author of this great work of fiction, who as yet is known to American readers generally through three or four of his books, little need be said. Mr. Saintsbury, in his preface to the edition, given in "The Wild Ass's Skin," aptly remarks: "His vastness of bulk is not more remarkable than his peculiarity of quality; and when these two things coincide in lit-

erature or elsewhere, then that in which they coincide may be called, and must be called, Great, without hesitation and without reserve." The books in this ideal set are thin duodecimos, printed closely but in type of readable size, on light, tough paper, and neatly bound. They are volumes for easy reading anywhere, and will fit the pocket should one risk a loss by making them their traveling companions. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; sold only in sets, price, \$30.00.

## New Publications.

"Dupes," by Ethel Watts Mumford, is a readable volume of cosmopolitan interests. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Modern Bridge," by "Slam," describes the game in detail, gives its laws, and adds some instructive illustrations. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, 90 cents.

The romance of a young woman born in the West Indies and transplanted to a Kentish village is pleasantly told in "Tangled Trinities," by Daniel Woodroffe. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Around the 'Pan' with Uncle Hank," by Thomas Fleming, is a burlesque account of a tour of the Buffalo exposition, with numerous grotesque illustrations. Published by the Nut Shell Publishing Company, New York.

Two attractive stories for young readers are offered in "The Prize Watch," by Emily Guillon Fuller, and "Three Young Ranchmen," by Captain Ralph Bonehill. Published by the Saalfeld Publishing Company, Akron, O.; price, \$1.00 each.

"As a man may be wise without learning, so he may be polite without etiquette." This is a suggestive sentence from the preface to "Etiquette for All Occasions," by Mrs. Burton Kingsland. It is a well-informed and useful manual. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Manual of the Flora of the Northern States and Canada," by Nathaniel Lord Britton, is a comprehensive, complete, and scientific work of eleven hundred pages. It has a glossary, an index of Latin names, and an index of English names. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$2.25.

"The Conquest of the Old Northwest," by James Baldwin, is a successful attempt to present to young readers an interesting account of the settlement of that vast region bounded by the Great Lakes and the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

"Neighbors of Field, Wood, and Stream," by Morton Grinnell, is a book of gossip among birds and animals, showing intimate knowledge of their appearance and customs. Forty-five photo-engravings from life are attractive illustrations of the letter-press. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.30.

"The Love-Letters of Bismarck" is a volume of more than ordinary worth as a biographical and historical study. The letters are authorized by Prince Herbert von Bismarck, and have been translated under the supervision of Charlton T. Lewis. Numerous portraits illustrate the book. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00.

## Some Interesting Japanese Water-Colors.

An exhibition of Japanese water-color, which no true art-lover should miss, will be opened this (Saturday) afternoon at William Morris's art-rooms on Sutter Street. The seventy studies are the work of Fukawa J. Baske, who arrived from Tokio only a few days ago en route to New York. They are not, as one would naturally suppose, the dainty decorative designs one looks for in the work of Japanese artists, but of, rather, street scenes, landscapes, marines, flowers, and studies of natives as they appear to Western eyes. Mr. Baske shows rural Japan in the various seasons of the year, and depicts in a graphic manner the natives pursuing their various occupations—such as the florist, the wood-gatherer, the candy-seller, the street-confectioner, clam-diggers, and farm-girls grinding rice.

But the gems of the collection are undoubtedly the impressive religious shrines and temples enlivened with gaily dressed worshippers. There are glimpses of the Nikko temple; the "Yoshimon," or gateway to the grave of the third Shogun at Nikko; temple gateways at Kiyoto, Shiba, Chusenji, and Niyauna, on the Inland Sea—all treated from a different standpoint yet with equal success.

—CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "SUNSET MAGAZINE" now out. Artistic pictures of California and the West. Just the thing for Eastern friends. Published by Southern Pacific Passenger Department; for sale by all newsdealers. Contents: The Cross of Golden Gate (Poem), Charles S. Aiken; Christmas in Mexico, the City of Delights, J. Torrey Conner; Legend of the Mission Dolores (Poem), Ella M. Sexton; Luther Burbank—Man, Methods, and Achievements, Professor Edward J. Wickson; Garden of the Willow-Pattern Field, Irene Connell; The North Wind (Poem), Clarence Umay; Winter at El Montecito (Poem), Harriet Winthrop Waring; Carnations by the Sea, Ednah Robinson; In the Drifts of the Demshar (Story), Warren Cheney; The Triennial Convention—A Retrospect, H. Marten Braden; Pasadena's Flower Festival.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Henry Van Dyke's Short Stories.

In the preface to "The Ruling Passion," a volume of short stories by Henry Van Dyke, the author supports the theory that in every life worth writing about, there is a ruling passion. In many lives, for a time at least, it is romantic love. With others it may be fame, music, money, what you will; but whatever it may be, "the ruling passion weaves the stuff of human nature into patterns, wherein the soul is imaged and revealed."

In the first, "A Lover of Music," the story is told of Jacques Tremblay, a French Canadian lumberman. Tremblay has a passionate love for music that finds expression through his beloved violin. It fills his life, consoles him for the loss of the woman he loves, dulls the pangs of remorse for a crime of which he mistakenly deems himself guilty, and wins him friends in the quiet village to which he has fled from his early home. His violin is wife, child, and friend to him, and the picture of a peaceful and happy life that would be bare and empty without the ruling passion is well drawn.

In the "Reward of Virtue," another of the series, is told the story of Patrick Mullarkey, a guide and fisherman, who, with an Irish name derived from some progenitor, a wanderer from the Old World to the shores of Canada, is a Frenchman "from the turned-up toes of his *bottes sauvages* to the ends of his black mustache." He is childless, and, with the healthy natural craving for children characteristic of the Canadian peasantry, he plans the adoption of a child. With this end in view he saves money for a trip to Quebec, where he and his wife, Angélique, will select an orphan from one of the asylums to fill the place of the child they have lost. He discourses with simple eloquence on the joys of paternity. "It makes a man more gentle and more strong. And a woman—her heart is like an empty nest if she has not a child."

The stories are all good, all well told with a delightful freshness of style. The outdoor life, the endearing simplicity of the humble fisher folk, and their fascinating, broken Canadian-English, are described with a clearness and skill that shows the perfect familiarity of the author with his subject. In "A Writer's Request of His Master," preceding the preface—which, by the way, may be commended for study to the writers of some of the obscure, morbid, unhealthy fiction of to-day—he says: "Show me that as in a river, so in a writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed." The author has been true to his ideal in this volume of delightful stories.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Lafcadio Hearn's Japanese Echoes.

"A Japanese Miscellany," by Lafcadio Hearn, is, as its name indicates, a book written without a direct purpose, consisting of cullings from here and there of Japanese phases of life and thought. There are short stories scattered through the volume, brief, unsatisfying in flavor, half childish, tasting of a rudimentary stage of literature, curious and interesting merely to glance at; there are gleanings of folk-lore, only to be obtained by one who lives among the Japanese as one of themselves; and many pages are devoted to the unwritten literature of Japanese song and tradition.

The interest of the book depends on the impressions it gives of the inner life of the Japanese, such as can be gained from no other writer—their religious emotions, their poetical appreciations, their literary standards. But there is nothing new here; already the ground has been gone over in "Unfamiliar Japan," in "In Ghostly Japan," and in other volumes on his adopted country.

In truth, Lafcadio Hearn has said his say concerning Japan, and, except for the student, these researches into the metaphysics of Japanese religion, the endless scraps of Japanese verse, and his glossary of Buddhist names of plants and animals, are caviare to the general. They become fatiguing.

There is a store of old Japanese tales never told before for him to draw on, and in these some of his old charm of style refreshes the reader. Here and there the gleam of imagery or of vivid word-painting reveals the poet's soul. But the charm does not hold out. There is nothing to these tales; they do not belong to our literature. In each one, before a conclusion is reached, we experience a sense of shock, of disappointment, or of disillusionment. They must be read from the standpoint of folk-lore explorings, not from a healthy interest in a well-told tale, for the Oriental standard of ethics and of morals is so different from ours that it clashes at every step.

Delving into Japanese literature seems heavy work for such a mind as Lafcadio Hearn's. It is work that would repay a student, and there are those who would worthily fill such a destiny. But with such a brilliant promise as "Chita," at the beginning of his career, a tale of exquisite perfection, whose pages glowed with beauty and feeling, who can but repine that literature has been robbed of more of such writings?

The "Miscellany of Japan" is the work of a writer capable of better things. He has drifted into strange ports, and has been too sensitively alive to the charm of Oriental surroundings. In burying

himself in an alien country, and striving to transform himself into an Oriental, his true development has stopped short, and he has become like one of those queer little twisted trees, centuries old, that the Japanese raise in pots.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.60.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new volume of verse and prose by Richard Watson Gilder is on the press of the Century Company. It will consist chiefly of poems written since the publication of "Five Books of Song" and "In Palestine," and will bear the title of "Poems and Inscriptions."

F. Peter Dunne, former managing editor of the Chicago Journal, and creator of the inimitable "Mr. Dooley," arrived in San Francisco early in the week. He expects to spend some little time this winter in California in quiet recreation, and from here will probably go to Southern California.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish a work of interest entitled "The Great Persian War and Its Preliminaries: A Study of the Evidence, Literary and Topographical." The author, G. B. Grundy, M. A., has prepared the volume from personal survey of the fields of Thermopylae and Plataea, finding much evidence which made it necessary to correct many points heretofore generally accepted as facts.

It is stated in the supplement to the "Dictionary of National Biography," that, while in prison, the late Oscar Wilde wrote a kind of apology for his life, a manuscript amounting to about forty-five thousand words, now in the hands of his literary executor.

Boutet de Monvel, perhaps the most famous of living illustrators of child life, has made a number of pictures, large and small, for an article on "Christmas in France," which "Th. Bentzon" (Mme. Blanc) contributes to the Christmas number of the Century.

George W. Cable has completed a new novel entitled "Bylow Hill." Its scene is laid in New England, a part of the country not associated with Mr. Cable in fiction. The time is the present day.

Bernard Shaw confesses to a narrow escape from premature extinction, on the first appearance of "Cashel Byron's Profession." "I never think of this book," says Mr. Shaw, "without a shudder at the narrowness of my escape from becoming a successful novelist at the age of twenty-six. At that moment an adventurous publisher might have ruined me. Fortunately there were no adventurous publishers at that time, and I was forced to fight my way, instead of being ingloriously bought off at the first brush."

Gabriele d'Annunzio, who is not greatly troubled with self-depreciation, says that his new drama, "Francesca di Rimini," is "not unworthy of Dante's memory." He has started a new drama which he calls "Re Numa."

The Teton Indian reservation is the scene of Hamlin Garland's new novel of Western life, which he calls "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop." It will appear first as a serial.

"Frédérique," translated from the French of Marcel Prévost by Ellen Marriage, will shortly make its American appearance.

Dean Hole calls his new book "Then and Now," and deals in it with the changes he has seen in the course of a long life.

"The Crisis" is now in its tenth edition—that is to say, its three hundred and thirtieth thousand. It seems to be still the most popular book on all the library and trade lists.

Because a beautiful young white woman, the heroine in Sir Walter Besant's serial story, "No Other Way," is forced to marry a negro criminal, the *Sunny South*, one of the leading literary weeklies of the South, has announced the discontinuance of the publication of the story. The *Sunny South* declares the story passes the dead-line of Southern sentiment. It appears that the novel was selected after a synopsis had been submitted, and not until the fourth installment was the objectionable features discovered. The editors declare the plot of the story to be "an obsession, the result of mental indigestion, from which we shall endeavor to save our readers."

"Felix" is to be the title of the novel which Robert Hichens is writing in Tangiers.

Lucas Malet's novel, "Sir Richard Calmady," which has excited considerable comment in this country, has appeared in England in an edition which has been expurgated in deference to the advice of many of the author's family and most of her critics.

"The Intrusions of Peggy," Anthony Hope's new story, is to appear as a serial previous to its publication in book-form.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* was recently imposed upon by a plagiarist, who contributed an article on "The Most Wonderful Romance in the Life of Any American Woman," in which was narrated the ex-

traordinary career of Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, who married Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of the Emperor Napoleon. It has been shown that most of the material of this article was copied, word for word, sentence for sentence, and paragraph after paragraph, from "The Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte," written by Eugene L. Didier.

It is announced that Mrs. Langtry, the actress, will re-open her London theatre, the Imperial, with a strong society play, which she is writing herself.

## Impressions Calendar 1902.

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One of the daintiest of holiday books is of local workmanship. It is "Jingles from Japan," with many quaint Japanese illustrations in color by Helen Hyde and with verses by Mabel Hyde. The book is printed on Japan paper in Jap style, and Miss Hyde has caught very closely the Jap trick of eccentric pictures. She has kept much nearer to reality than the Oriental artist does, and, therefore, her pictures are within the limits of comprehension. Some of them are full of humor, and all are quaint and interesting. The use of red and black is very effective. The jingles of Mabel Hyde are also amusing, and serve to add to the charm of the dainty little volume.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

"Jingles from Japan" is the title of an odd little book of verse by Mabel Hyde. It is illustrated in Japanese style by Helen Hyde. The text and pictures are printed on Japanese paper, with the folded leaves that are common in Japan book-making. The jingles, "as set forth by the Ghinks," are bright and far above the average in cleverness. The author shows a delicate wit, and some of her little poems are exceptionally good. The volume will be a most acceptable holiday souvenir, for its unique style and attractive drawings will appeal to the public. The pictures, printed in flat blacks and reds, are strikingly artistic.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Romance of an Illinois Politician.

The evolution of an American boy from his narrow life on an Illinois farm to the gubernatorial chair, is graphically told by Walter Barr, in "Shacklett." The author is evidently well acquainted with the section of country of which he writes. The local politics, the primitive style of courtship that prevailed among the young country people in Egypt—Southern Illinois is known—the baptism by immersion—which was one of the attractions and occasions for meeting of the country people—are all vividly described in the first three or four chapters. The hero, Noel Clarkson Shacklett, the son of a man who said of himself that he was "bad as all hell," and that his wife was "good as a preacher—better'n some preachers"—is a strange contradiction. He enters the field of politics when scarcely more than a boy, and proves at once that he has too much strength of character to be used as a tool by the astute lawyer who is one of the political bosses of the country.

From the time that he enters the political arena to the day that he declines renomination for senator, there are continual illustrations of the warring forces in his nature. Summoned to serve on the jury in a murder case, he hangs the jury for two days, because the lawyer for defense has bribed him with the promise of the position of county clerk. At the last moment he votes with the others, because his conscience suddenly awakes. Dubbed king of the lobby, he carries things with a high hand in the "Third House" at Springfield, but just as he is about to crown his career by earning twenty thousand dollars, by bribing a senator to secure the passage of an infamous bill, he weakens and throws up the whole thing. The author gives us a pretty thorough insight into the "machine" of the Illinois legislature.

The girl who wins Shacklett's love is a calm, serious, intellectual young person, who discusses his own character with him, and his impulses for good and bad. She wonders what effect her environment will have, in conjunction with the heredity he gets from his good mother. He has a clear knowledge of his own character, and, while determined to win Mary Stoddard, who has lofty ideals, he is determined that she shall know him thoroughly. Years later, when she realizes the change that life in Washington had made in her, she asks him to give up political life and take her back home, as she fears that she is deteriorating. He promptly consents, and they return to Illinois. The last chapter gives an account of a strike, during which Shacklett, as governor, meets with a violent death. The interest is sustained throughout, although there are no touches of humor to lighten it.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Striking Polish Novel.

Jeremiah Curtin, well known as the translator of many of the novels of Sienkiewicz, introduces another popular writer of the Slav people in an English version of "The Argonauts," by Eliza Orzeszko. Already credited with forty volumes, the author of "The Argonauts" has proved herself the possessor of a fine imaginative quality and undoubted power of expression. Her story is a forceful presentation of the effects of two overpowering desires—the love of money-getting and the thirst for pleasure and extravagance. At the end, the millionaire in the midst of his success commits suicide; the votary of perishing delights is dragged back from the verge of disaster by a strong hand. It is a sombre tale, yet full of interest, especially to those who appreciate the study of ethical considerations in fiction. Without the dramatic splendors or the swift-moving panorama of events shown in some of the novels of Austro-Hungarian writers, it is still an important contribution to the literature of a people not so well known in the West as they should be.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Richly Illustrated and Handsomely Bound.

Art-lovers will find in "Hubert von Herkomer, R. A.: A Study and a Biography," by A. L. Baldry, one of the most notable volumes of the season, so far as the work of the engraver, printer, and binder are concerned. Mr. Baldry has written of the artist's life and the creations of his brush with knowledge and appreciation, as was to be expected after his earlier biography of Sir J. E. Millais. The engravings, all of which are of a high standard of execution, show no less than thirty of the artist's portraits, among them those of Richard Wagner, Lord Kelvin, Max Müller, John Ruskin, the German emperor, and Archibald Forbes. Many of Professor von Herkomer's paintings in oil and water-colors, with specimens of his work in enamels, etching, lithographs, and wood drawing, are illustrated, and some of the larger pictures are shown in detail, with the studies from which they were evolved. The volume, which is an imperial octavo, on heavy paper with wide margins, is in a special binding, designed by Professor von Herkomer. The edition is limited. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$15.00.

Sixth in the series of volumes containing the published drawings of Charles Dana Gibson comes "A Widow and Her Friends." It is fully equal to

"Americans" and "The Education of Mr. Pipp," and similar in style, tracing the gradual evolution of its principal figure from a state of despair to one of bliss. There is no little humor and satire in the pictures, as usual, but it is in Mr. Gibson's best vein. The volume will not willingly be missed by those who have any of its predecessors, and undoubtedly will make many new friends for all of them. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$5.00.

Four comedies, ranging from the classical and heroic to the modern, and all clever and effective, make up "Masques of Cupid," by Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. There is enough of interest in the plays, as printed, to carry the reader along to the climax, and this is something of a triumph in these days, for most plays do not read well. They should be successful on the stage, for they are planned with knowledge of stage-craft, and there is dramatic power in them as well as wit. The numerous illustrations, from drawings by Edwin Howland Blashfield, are illuminating and of value for themselves. Printer and binder have combined in making the volume outwardly attractive. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$3.50.

In three dainty volumes, under the title "Colonial Prose and Poetry," edited by William P. Trent and Benjamin W. Wells, the early literary progress in America is traced through the stages of transplanting, beginning, and growth. The first volume covers the period from 1607 to 1650, and names sixteen authors, from Captain John Smith to Anne Bradstreet, giving brief biographies of all and selections from their works. The second volume includes, among the eighteen authors treated, the two Mathers, and brings the record to 1710. In the third volume, Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards are the great names, and the quotations begin to take on variety and real worth. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, three volumes, \$2.25.

W. D. Howells has written entertainingly and philosophically of many prominent creations of the novelists in his latest work, "Heroines of Fiction." His fancy and wit were never employed in a more delightful field, and the result is a collection of portraits, quotations, and criticisms that are worthy of its fine dress. The illustrations by H. C. Christy, A. I. Keller, and others, are pretty in most instances but seldom satisfying—few pictures of heroines are. The work is issued in two handsome volumes. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.75.

Quite the most elaborate, comprehensive, and artistic of the works on Alaska is the result of the Harriman expedition in 1899. Mr. Edward H. Harriman, of New York, at his own expense, made up a party of scientists and explorers, chartered the steamer *George W. Elder*, and visited the western coast of British America, the southern and western coasts of Alaska, the Seal Islands, and touched the eastern coast of Siberia. The party, including Mr. Harriman's family, his guests, and the crew of the steamer, numbered one hundred and twenty-six. Two sumptuous volumes, under the general title, "Alaska," present the results attained, under the editorship of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of Washington. The first volume is devoted to the narrative of the expedition, the glaciers, and the natives, and it is written by John Burroughs, John Muir, and George Bird Grinnell. A sonnet, "Alaska," by Charles Keeler, of the California Academy of Sciences, who was a member of the party, prefaces the work. The second volume, devoted to the history, geography, and resources of Alaska, is by William H. Dall, Charles Keeler, Henry Gannett, William H. Brewer, C. Hart Merriam, George Bird Grinnell, and M. L. Washburn. The work is beautifully and profusely illustrated with numerous colored plates, fine photographs, and hundreds of wood engravings from pen drawings. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$15.00.

"Rugs, Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern," by Rosa Belle Holt, is a hand-book for Ready Reference, and a great deal more, for it is a large and handsome volume, profusely illustrated, and several of the plates are printed in colors, reproducing the tints and texture of the rugs described. For one who knows nothing of Oriental carpets, the work is a mine of information, and its purpose—to enable a novice to appreciate the beauty and interest attaching to rugs, and to assist a prospective purchaser in judging of the merits of any particular rug he may desire to possess—is well carried out. It is simply written, and untechnical, and its historical notes and descriptions of the makers and their difficulties are made attractive. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$5.00.

"French Furniture and Decoration of the XVIIIth Century," by Lady Dilke, is a work rich in historical allusion, and in knowledge of the artistic attractions of great houses. Its story is a fascinating one, for many names of prominence are mentioned, and the homes of many titled families are described with critical appreciation. The numerous illustrations are full-page photographs or half-tone reproductions of photographs, and the work is printed and bound with all regard for the beauties of its subject. In her earlier books, "French Painters" and "French Architects and Sculptors," Lady Dilke gave evidence of her critical ability and power to en-

ertain. The present work is equally admirable. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$10.00.

Three hundred and twenty miles west of the western coast of Africa lie the Madeira Islands, and in a recent work, "The Land of the Vine," by A. J. Drexel Biddle, they are described with a particularity and interest that can be found in no other volume on the subject. The islands, their history, people, natural attractions, and resources, are pictured with knowledge and art, and the descriptions are accompanied by many photographic reproductions of scenes in that sea-girt vineyard. The arrangement of the work, with its terse paragraphs, all marked plainly with heavy-faced type, and its copious index, makes it especially valuable for ready reference. Mr. Biddle's labors, long-continued and earnest, as shown in these books, qualify him as one of the greatest authorities on Madeira, even if he does not head the list. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; two volumes, price, \$7.50.

A gift-book of novel attractiveness and worth is offered in "Tobacco in Song and Story," by John Bain, Jr. It quotes from many authors, grave and gay, gives a portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh as a frontispiece, is well printed, bound in gold-stamped, snuff-brown, soft-finish leather, and encased in a perfect imitation of a cigar-box. Published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, New York.

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This has been a very unique and interesting opera season, regarding it entirely aside from the quality of the performances. Europe, the East, San Francisco itself, and the mighty Grau who holds us in the hollow of his hand, are all observing the trend of events and reaching conclusions. In the first place, it is very evident that we are more distinctively Italian than German in our operatic tastes, although, as a community, we have a mighty and unquenchable thirst for novelty. This being the case, it would not have been safe to rely for the third time even on Melba, the recognized leading soprano of the world, as a sure drawing attraction. It was absolutely imperative that singers new to us should be in the company to guarantee an attendance in sufficient numbers to insure a financial success. This necessity probably arises from our remoteness from the centres of dramatic and operatic enterprises. We occupy the peculiarly exasperating position of being at the furthestmost edge of a great, hustling, growing, progressive nation, whose wealthy pleasure-seekers are continually drawing to our shores operatic and dramatic celebrities of the Old World. Out here we read and hear of these great personages for years before we see them, and our curiosity becomes boundless and insatiable. But once satisfied, it requires new objects—at seven dollars a seat.

Last year, the operas of the "Ring," never having been previously presented in their entirety in San Francisco, were in themselves a great card. This year, "Die Walküre," "Die Meistersinger," and "Tristan und Isolde," without the great stars in the cast, have drawn comparatively light houses. The management, however, has shown an unerring shrewdness in steering the operatic bark through many an unexpected squall into a safe haven. For instance, seats for Sibyl Sanderson's second performance were placed on sale before she had made her first appearance. Thus a sufficient number were sold before the drop in the interest caused by her performance of "Manon" had caused a proportionate fall in the receipts. "Tristan und Isolde" and "Die Meistersinger," being new to us, were, it is deemed, themselves sufficient to attract good, if not great, houses, without relying on the celebrities for drawing cards. In presenting the more familiar Italian operas, however, it was palpably necessary to have the names of the famous singers in the cast. And so, with careful planning and shrewd forethought, the season has drawn to a financially prosperous close.

On last Tuesday night, San Franciscans made their first real acquaintance with Emma Calvé's widely heralded dramatic power. The audience was not relatively large—there were from two-thirds to three-fourths of a house—nor particularly fashionable, but it was a splendidly responsive one. Calvé's appearance was preceded by the presentation of "La Bohème," with Adams, Scheff, Scotti, and DeMarchi filling the four principal rôles. The presentation did not at all suffer from the absence of the great names in the cast, and, indeed, was one of the most interesting performances that have been yet given. "La Bohème" is an opera that does not call for any one predominating personality or voice. Perhaps, on the whole, it gains by even excellence in the singers. Melba, from whom too much was expected when she sang the part, was proportionately disappointing. With her, the performance was a tame, humdrum affair. The other night it was full of freshness. Bohemian gaiety, Parisian sentiment, youthful *elan*. Adams revealed unsuspected possibilities in the winning sweetness with which she sang and acted the part of Mimi, and Scheff was a coquettish and spirited Musetta. Scotti, who is always a graceful and expressive actor, was a capital Marcel, and De Marchi, although his stupendous voice is a little too overwhelming for Adams's light and slightly hollow soprano, brought out to its fullest extent the lyric beauty of Rudolph's music.

"Cavalleria Rusticana," with Calvé as Santuzza, followed. The house was tense with interest, and some apprehension. Rumors were rife that Calvé was sore and resentful over the numerous uncharitable assumptions of the quidnuncs of the city, and that she would mark her displeasure by walking through her part. But her first appearance was immediately re-assuring—Calvé, the indignant woman, could no longer hold Calvé, the artist, in abeyance. She had flung herself into the part of Santuzza with artistic abandon, and Santuzza she remained until the end of the chapter. In the short opera, which, in its gathering passion, its raging climax, and its sudden lull, is like a brief, sultry thunder-storm, Calvé appears like the lightning-bolt of the tempest. Her strangely expressive face, which in its sombre

beauty recalled that of the tragic muse, was vivid with concentrated fury and despair. She carried us with her in the hollow of her hand through every phase of Santuzza's agony, and we sat hushed and spell-bound, all eyes and ears, while the brief tragedy unfolded itself before us.

One hardly separates Calvé and her voice in analyzing her strange and passionate charm. So intensely dramatic is she by instinct that she seems to regard it merely as an instrument to express the emotions of the character she is assuming, rather than a separate and distinct means of display. One recalls afterward, when released from the spell, that it is of most beautiful quality, with the unusual blending of a clear and flute-like tone, and yet with a tragic darkening of color and passion.

The house, which was seething with repressed emotions, rose to her when the great scene was over. At first Calvé received our demonstrations with haughty coldness, and did not permit her features to relax from their chill immobility. But the audience, nothing daunted, continued applauding. Every pair of hands was madly clapping, every face was glowing with enthusiasm, every heart was sending its unspoken homage across the footlights, and hundreds of voices broke out in a wild, inarticulate, exciting chorus of bravos. And Calvé finally forgave us for breathing the same air as the quidnuncs. Her face lighted with smiles. She ran backward and forward from the wings like a happy child. She extended her arms and embraced us in a large, comprehensive gesture. She told us in dumb show that she was our friend and forgave us. And we responded with as much eloquence as hands, heels, and halloos could convey that we admired her, that we adored her, and that we prostrated ourselves in spirit at the feet of genius. And thus it was that Calvé came into her own again.

To honestly, earnestly, and entirely enjoy "Die Meistersinger," one must be either genuinely musical, a zealous Wagnerian, or very intense. By "very intense" I mean being so utterly given over to a frenzied voracity in the pursuit of knowledge as to be able to swallow whole anything that has a flavor of brains. This is a peculiarly national tendency of the active-minded American woman of leisure, and one which frequently puts her more frivolous sister to the blush. I think, however, that the lovers of fluent melody would be first astonished, then puzzled, and finally bored while listening to much of the homely music-dialogue of "Die Meistersinger," with its odd accompanying orchestration, which so curiously follows the inflections, the swellings, and sinkings, as well as the emphatic and exclamatory variations of the speaking voice.

"Die Meistersinger" constitutes Wagner's sole excursion into the realms of humor. It is the kind of humor, however, that an audience takes with intense seriousness, save for an occasional smile for the grotesque Beekmesser. The thought of Wagner in lightsome mood has a tendency in advance to banish all thought of levity, and the satire of the subject has no point to the general audience.

The libretto of the opera is a remarkable literary achievement. Wagner has placed before us a picture rich with local color, of the social life of Nuremberg in the Middle Ages. Musically, the opera is a mine of riches, and the connoisseurs give it first rank among his works. Its motive, however, is too distinctively national to allow of the opera gaining general popularity, even in a cosmopolitan community like ours. The rôles were sung by the vocalists, who are most characteristically German in style, and it was possible to recognize the value and solid merit of the performance, and yet feel uncomfortably remote in spirit. The followers of the Wagner cult were out, however, in full force, and in a state of sincere and enviable enjoyment.

They have been having a number of good things at the Orpheum lately, and among others a unique exhibition of facial clay-modeling by Bicknell, a man who, by merely combing his fingers lightly through the soft clay, leaves behind them the likeness of a head, a group of expressive wrinkles, or a head of flowing hair. It is exceedingly interesting to watch the swift, and apparently careless dexterity with which the modeler builds up the features. A dab of clay, and we see a coil of hair above the brow; a rapid lift to the chin, and the character of the entire face is altered; a rough slap at the side leaves a gaunt and hollowed cheek; a vicious dig in the dull clay eyes, and they take on expression and seem to see.

Miss Lillian Burkhart is always a popular presence at the Orpheum, although she is rather overloaded with praise by the enthusiasts who hail her as a second Rosina Vokes. She is nothing of the kind, but is an attractive, unaffected, unremarkable little actress, who has a taste for comedietas a peg or two above the distressingly clownish or tediously ineane productions which hard custom has injured us to at the Orpheum. Nevertheless, her play, "A Passing Fancy," slaps the probabilities smartly in the face, for the heroine quite unnecessarily, and altogether too self-sacrificingly, resolves, like Peg Woffington, to disenchant a favored suitor in order to drive him into the longing arms of her dearest friend, who is suffering from an unrequited attachment. The heroine, following out her intention, scatters her apartment with rouge-pots, playing-cards, cigarettes, and cocktails. Miss Burkhart smokes, constructs a cocktail with artful awkwardness, reclines on pillows with heels higher than her head (and very neatly, too), has whisky hysterics, and says "d—n" with reckless abandon. The alarmed young man leaves by the front door as love flies out of the window, and the curtain falls upon a weeping woman filled with true feminine dismay at the success of her ruse.

Taglione, with some variations in detail, repeats the beautiful color dances with which Loie Fuller and Papinta have already familiarized us. A dancer of quite another kind is billed on the programme as "La Belle Tortajada." This lady purports to hail from Grenada, and looks like a child of sunny Castile. She is a vivid, startling, Carmenesque sort of creature; a flashing brunette, with a splendid, lithe body, which she whirls around in the dance with a kind of tigerish energy. Her voice is not at all musical, but is full of a ringing, exultant challenge, which she dashes out against all the humdrum, stupid thiogs which a fiery-eyed, pleasure-loving Latin of her type detests. One feels convinced that Tortajada wades knee-deep in lovers (no doubt all smelling of garlic), when she surveys the house with the long, conquering, invincible gaze of the man-tamer, and selects here and there a target—presumably masculine—toward which to waft a handful of tropical kisses.

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The old Von Schröder mansion, corner of Rincon Place and Harrison Street, has been sold to F. Korbel. The price paid was thirteen thousand dollars. The property fronts fifty feet on Harrison Street, with a depth of one hundred and thirty-five feet on Rincon Place. The house was built in the early 'fifties, and was famous as the first residence in San Francisco to be frescoed.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

Jefferson de Angelis in "The Royal Rogue."

After an absence of nearly twenty years, Jefferson de Angelis will re-appear in this city at the Columbia Theatre in an operatic novelty, "A Royal Rogue." Mr. de Angelis is a native of this city, and made his theatrical debut at the famous old Maguire's Opera House. Since then he has become one of the most ooted comic-opera comedians on our stage. His opera is said to be of the Offenbach type, the music being by William Francis, and the libretto by Charles Klein, who is best known by his work in "El Capitán." De Angelis is supported by an excellent company, which includes, among others, Henry Norman (formerly a great favorite here with the Henderson extravaganzas), Charles Dungan, John Dudley, Frank M. Kelly, Edmund Lawrence, Frederick K. Logan, Heleo Byron, Gertrude Mackenzie, Adioe Bouvier, and Alice Maude Poole.

Mary Manoeirig, in a dramatization of Paul Leicester Ford's "Jocice Meredith," will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre during the holidays.

## The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The leading feature of the Orpheum's programme next week will be a skit entitled "A Lawless Lawyer," in which J. Sherrie Mathews and Norma Whalley, who were last seen here in a series of Hoyt revivals, will appear, supported by Sam Marion, the clever dancer, and W. H. McCart, the comedian. One of the specialties which they introduce is a burlesque of the powerful cross-examination scene in "Mrs. Dane's Defense." Flo Irwin, a comedienne of the same type as her much-admired sister, and an imitable singer of coo songs, will appear with Walter Hawley, in his humorous coo-cet, "Cangit With the Goods." Fred Niblo, the American moonologist, will return with a new budget of stories; and the Fraser troupe of international dancers will re-appear for a single week.

Dumond's Parisian Minstrels will change their songs and instrumental selections; Werden and Shepherd will offer new illustrated ballads; and La Belle Tortajada, the Spanish singer and dancer, will wear some new costumes during her third and last week. Among the interesting biograph pictures will be one showing the fifty-thousand-dollar Futurity race at Sheepshead Bay, including the parade at the post and finish, with Yankee in the lead, ridden by Winoie O'Connor.

## Last Week of the Pollard Company.

On Monday evening the Pollard Juvenile Company enters on the final week of its engagement at the Tivoli Opera House, where "In Town," one of the London Gaiety successes which is new to San Francisco, will be presented. The plot concerns the escapades of the Duke and Duchess of Duffshire and their family when they visit London, and the scene shifts from the Caravanerie Hotel to the greenroom of the Ambiguity Theatre.

Willie Pollard has one of his best parts as the wily Captain Coddington; the duke is played by Fred Pollard; his son, Lord Claudius, who cuts a dash with the actresses, is impersonated by Ivy Pollard; and Little Daphne has a droll bit as the call-boy of the theatre; Madge Pollard will be the duchess; Minnie Topping, the prima donna; and May Topping, the principal dancer, who captivates the duke. All the other clever little Australians have some interesting work in the gay piece, appearing as hotel attachés, dancing-girls, burlesque actors, actresses, and guests.

The regular Tivoli comic company will open on Monday evening, December 16th, in a burlesque spectacle, "Little Red Riding Hood," in which all the old favorites will appear.

## "Christopher Jr." at the Alcazar.

Next week "Christopher Jr.," Madeleine Lucette Ryley's clever comedy in four acts, which was so successfully presented at the Alcazar last season, will be revived. The scenes of the play are laid in England and India, and its story revolves around the strange doings of Christopher Sr. and Jr., particularly the latter. He is an excellent type of the average young man of to-day, fond of the enjoyments to be found in any great metropolis, and whose good qualities are foolishly brought to the surface. Mr. Alsop will be seen in the title rôle, which John Drew created, and the balance of the Alcazar favorites have been assigned suitable parts.

"The Gay Mr. Lightfoot" is announced to follow.

## "A Wife's Peril" at the Grand.

At the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, Miss Seligman will be seen in "A Wife's Peril," a drama written by Sardou and made famous by Lily Laogtry. The action of the play takes place at the country seat of Sir George Ormonde, who is married to a beautiful woman many years his junior. Among the guests at his country home is Maurice Bradford, a young man to whom Sir George is devotedly attached. The wife and young friend are thrown together, and, as a result, carry on a flirtation. The interest culminates in the third act, after the husband has been called away to London over night, and Maurice is left alone with Lady Ormonde. The husband returns unexpectedly, and his wife is warned of her peril by Dr. Thornoo, the family physician, who cooivies to keep peace in

the Ormonde-household. The comedy element is supplied by the friends who come on a visit to Sir George. They find fault with everything, order things changed, and as they are all of different type, several of the situations are most laughable.

## Mrs. Hanson's Recital.

It is to be regretted that the inclement weather on Tuesday evening should have conspired to keep away so many who had purchased tickets for Mrs. Fred H. Haoson's first moonologue recital in this city, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall. However, the audience made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers, and accorded the talented Boston reader an appreciative reception. Mrs. Hanson has a fine stage presence, and showed her versatility by rendering with equal skill selections ranging in character from the sleep-walking scene of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" to humorous and pathetic dialect verses by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Eugene Field, and James Whitcomb Riley. She was assisted by Mr. S. Homer Henley, who was in excellent voice. The programme was as follows:

Song, (a) prologue from "I Pagliacci," Leoncavallo, (b) "If all the Dreams We Dream, Dear," Frank Lynnes, (c) "A Memory," Edna Rosalind Park, (d) "Bedouin Love Song," G. W. Chadwick, S. Homer Henley; monologue, "The Christmas Possum," Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Mrs. Hanson; "David Copperfield and His Child-Wife," Dickens, adapted by Mrs. Hanson; song, (a) "Dear Lady Mine," A. L., (b) "Merry Mary Land," William H. Spear, (c) "To May-Time," Oley Speaks, S. Homer Henley; moonologue, "His Work of Hoor," Jean Du Rebrac (translated from the French by G. H. Woodhouse, arranged by Mrs. Hanson); Mrs. Hanson; poems of child life, by James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field, Mrs. Hanson; the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth," Shakespeare (act five, scene one), Mrs. Hanson; "Little Brown Baby," Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Mrs. Hanson.

Mrs. Hanson has arranged to read before the Sorosis Club within a short time, and expects to give several further entertainments during the winter.

## The Second Pasmore Concert.

The soloists of the second Pasmore concert, in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening, December 10th, will be Miss Adelaide Birchler, contralto, Miss Dorothy Pasmore, cello, and Miss Mary Pasmore, violino. The first part of the programme is as follows:

Petite suite in B flat, allegro (at work), andante (sorrow and hope), allegro vivace (at play). H. B. Pasmore, Mary, Susan, and Dorothy Pasmore; (a) song, "The Lorelei," Liszt, (b) aria, "Liet Signor," from "The Hugueuots," Meyerbeer, Miss Adelaide Birchler; cello solo, songs without words, Mendelssohn, Dorothy Pasmore; violin solo, adagio and canzonetta from Concerto Romantique, B. Godard, Mary Pasmore; songs, (a) "Am Abend," (b) "Mondnacht," Arthur Fickenschner, Miss Birchler (Arthur Fickenschner, accompanist); Hungarian Dances (arranged by H. B. Pasmore), Brahms, Mary, Susan, and Dorothy Pasmore.

The second part of the programme will consist of Liza Lehman's "To a Persian Garden," which will be rendered by Mrs. Florence Wynne Gardoe, Mrs. Edith Scott Basford, A. E. Nowlao, and H. B. Pasmore, with Fred Maurer, Jr., as accompanist.

## Chogse in Time.

There will be several important new departures in Southern Pacific trains, December 6th. Local for Oroville and Sacramento leaves at 3 P. M., instead of 4 P. M. The Owl, for Los Angeles via Fresno, at 4:30 P. M., instead of 5 P. M. Stockton train at 5 P. M., instead of 4:30 P. M. There will be 5:30 P. M. train via Bakersfield. On the Coast Division, Los Angeles day train for leading stations leaves at 8 A. M. Sunset Express for New Orleans and East at 7 P. M. Local for San Luis Obispo and way stations at 9 A. M. Sunset Limited at 4:30 P. M., Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, for New Orleans and New York.

## The Races.

The Burlingame Selling Stakes for three-year olds and upward will be the big event at the Oakland track this (Saturday) afternoon. The course is one mile and a sixteenth and the value of the purse \$1,500. The special features for next week will be free handicaps for three-year-olds and upward on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday; the Sacramento Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, on Thursday; and the Berkeley Handicap and Trux. Beale Handicap on Saturday, November 13th. The latter is for a purse of \$1,500, the distance being one mile.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst intends to erect a mansion in Berkeley, and make that city her future winter home. With this end in view she has bought a piece of property on Ridge Road comprising sixteen lots, which she will soon have graded and prepared for the construction of the house. It is to be of stone.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is an excellent destination point for those wishing to enjoy a pleasant day's outing. The panoramic view of the bay, ocean, and surrounding country is a sight which beggars description and can never be forgotten.

— DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. SPECIALTY, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

## OLD FAVORITES.

COLFAX, CAL., November 20, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I should like to see again among "The Old Favorites" that poem of Tom Paine's commencing: "In the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise, my castle of fancy was built," etc.

Respectfully, W. G. HUBLEY.

## The Castle in the Air.

[ADDRESS TO A LADY WHO DATED HER LETTERS FROM "THE LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD."]

In the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise, My castle of fancy was built. The turrets reflected the blue of the skies, And the windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state Enamelled the mansion around; And the figures that fancy in clouds can create Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottoes and fountains and orange-tree groves; I had all that enchantment has told; I had sweet shady walks for the gods and their loves; I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not had risen and rolled, While wrapped in a slumber I lay; And when I awoke in the morning, behold, My castle was carried away!

It passed over rivers and valleys and groves; The world, it was all in my view; I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves, And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene, Which Nature to silence had made; The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene, And chequered with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I loved, with painful good-will, And grew tired of my seat in the air, When all of a sudden my castle stood still As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark in the sky it came fluttering down, And placed me exactly in view, When, whom should I meet in this charming retreat, This corner of calmness, but you?

Delighted to find you in honor and ease, I felt no more sorrow or pain, But, the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze, And went back to my castle again.

— Thomas Paine.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The New York *Tribune* declares that while the Horse Show this year was undoubtedly the finest exhibition of the kind ever held in this country, and was a great popular and financial success, the attendance having broken all records, as a social function its importance is on the wane. The list of fashionable people who failed to appear was a long and notable one. Others came there only once or twice at the most, while it was the minority, rather than the majority of the boxes, that were occupied this year by the smart set. The toilets of the women were as beautiful as ever, but mostly in sombre hues. The dressing among the men was never more conservative. There were very few horsey get-ups noticeable, and in the daytime the men wore very severe afternoon-dress. The frock-coats were long this year, and have a waist line, but they are not so marked as they were last season. The top hats have a little more bell to them. Otherwise there is no change in the afternoon costume from last season. The majority of the men wore dark ascots with small pins. The afternoon John Drew visited the show he had a coat of some mixed material with pocket flaps, which was described as somewhat quaint in cut. Stanley Mortimer was the only man who wore a long paddock-coat in the afternoon. A few had white duck waistcoats with their afternoon dress. Frederick Gebhard was seen in a lounge suit and a bright scarlet four-in-hand tie, with a pearl pin. In the evening all the men wore evening-dress, and the predominance of white duck evening waistcoats was very striking. Nearly every man had one. The evening ties are a bit broader, with a smaller knot. All the gloves were white, with self-stitching.

In eccentric or freak costumes the show was singularly free this year. One individual attracted much attention in the afternoon by wearing a loud white and gray checked suit, with a short peajacket of the same, braided in black and cut square, a low black hat, and a turned-down collar, with flowing tie. The trousers of the suit were extremely wide, and were turned up about three inches around the bottom. This personage had glittering gold handles on his wrists, and he walked around talking to no one. The waistcoat brigade was out in full force. One man sported one with a heliotrope background punctured with red spots and silver-dollar buttons. Another aspirant for notoriety had on a creation of pea-green silk, with red trimming and steel buttons. A vest of scarlet with blue spots and brass buttons also attracted much attention. Another man showed a gorgeous waistcoat of pink silk with such loud decorations that he was soon forced to keep his coat buttoned up to the chin because of the caustic comments of his friends.

Sarah Bernhardt says that the secret of her good health is ceaseless hard work. "I never allow myself to get rusty," she adds. "I avoid the open air as much as possible. I shut myself up either at home or in the theatre, and keep myself in constant mental and physical training. I go to bed at three o'clock in the morning, and rise at nine. I eat very little—usually fish and eggs. I am very fond of oysters, fried soles, grilled mullet, and brook trout. I eat a great many gills—sometimes as many as ten a day. I drink nothing but champagne. I always drive to the theatre in a carriage—usually in my brougham, with closed windows. I often remain in the theatre eleven or twelve hours at a stretch, without seeing daylight, and almost without fresh air. I usually dine in the theatre. It is true that in the summer season I make up for this by my open-air life at Belle-Isle, but that is my holiday—that is to say, its exception. At Belle-Isle I always have the windows wide open to let in the sea breeze, and I find that this sudden change from the close air of the theatre to the open air of the ocean does me an immense amount of good, much to the astonishment of the doctors, who tell me that such sudden changes are dangerous. I hate taking medicines of any description, and avoid sanitary precautions and thinking of my health. Hard, hard work during ten months of the year gives me no time to be ill. Work! work!—that is my hygiene." This paragraph reads more like an advertising hoax than a bit of real advice. Foul air, ten eggs a day, six hours' sleep, and ceaseless work in a theatre can hardly be accepted as the secret of the divine Sarah's excellent health. If she really made any such claim, she must have been talking through her bonnet.

In a plea in the *Contemporary Review* for the development of an art distinctively American, Ada Cone urges that we disregard the nude, which the French resort to in order to "keep a semblance of life in the fine-art cadaver." "In order to speak to the senses, it has resorted to sensuality, which is a sign that it is in great straits," she declares, and adds: "These nude women, with dissolute faces and more dissolute poses, seem to have been seen in pot-houses between asinthes. This characteristic is not confined to the medicine among French artists. I invoke the work of the sculptor most in vogue to-day—Rodin. This artist had a pavilion to himself at the World's Fair. A large number of the pieces he showed there were of nude women, rolled and bent and twisted into ignoble postures, which could not be described, or

even imagined, by people of sensibility, and of nude men and women amorously interlaced in poses which would certainly have surprised the Greeks, and which were, perhaps, never before exposed to the public. I know it is shocking to speak of them, though such is the aberration that it is perfectly proper for young American and English girls to go and see them, and to hang over them with the eyes of pretended connoisseurs. If the air of this exhibition was surcharged with sensuality—one may ask what sort of Saturnalia can reign in studios where such scenes are reproduced from life, and then one may realize to what depth this art has fallen since Fra Angelico's time. . . . The nude is absurd in an English community. I know this opinion is likely to be jeered at, just as would have been in Poussin's day a protestation against picturing Frenchmen in the togas of the ancient Greeks. The toga was a ground dogma, and so to-day is nudity. Both fashions have the same psychological origin, a desire to substitute for the work of creating beauty a beauty ready made, with, in the last case, a preoccupation the more. If our artists undertake the subject they go by a false route, and the sentiment of the community is betrayed in their work; I want for illustration of it no more than the nude women painted over the door of the United States pavilion at the Paris Exposition, who had the air of modest Americans undressed to be shown to the world. We have not the habit of nudity. Has anybody except equatorial savages and a clique of French painters, who live among the Phrynes of Montmartre?"

The smart set of London have taken up a new fad, that of being photographed as moving pictures. Some of the greatest ladies in London have set the fashion. For children, the process is more appropriate. One of the most interesting pictures is that of the children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, taken in the gardens of Marlborough House; playing soldiers, with flags, swords, and other implements of war.

In a busy age letters of introduction may be much abused. Some time ago a leading English-language journal in Buenos Ayres remarked that that city had grown to be a rushing metropolis active with business, and that English-speaking residents had some other work to do than to act as the guides, philosophers, and friends of every traveler. In the old days, when intercourse with the outside world was infrequent, said the Buenos Ayres paper, the occasional traveler was welcome to many attentions, but since steamers from Europe poured them in by hundreds every week such attentions were impracticable. No body wants to be churlish, but there is such a thing as demanding too much of busy men, and the custom of giving letters of introduction asking for special attentions is overdone. Frequently letters are given by people who, lacking intimate acquaintance with the person to whom their letters are addressed, have no possible claim on his time and purse. "A gentleman in the City of Mexico," says the *Mexican Herald*, "not long ago was handed a letter introducing a person who was not even known to the writer of the letter. The introducer had met the 'introducee' at an Arizona railway station, and, learning that he was on his way to Mexico, said: 'I know a gentleman in Mexico City who may be of use to you,' and sat him down then and there to scrawl off a note of introduction! Cheekiness could no farther go! The proper treatment of a person who can accept a letter given under such circumstances is to introduce him to the cold storage rooms. He needs slow, cool ripening."

Anxiety over the depopulation of France resulted in an interesting debate in the French senate a fortnight ago, when M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the premier, accepted in the name of the government a proposal for the nomination of an extra parliamentary commission to seek means of increasing the birth rate and diminishing mortality. The proposal was countersigned by 133 senators. Senator Bernard, in proposing the inquiry, compared the peopling of France with that of other nations throughout the nineteenth century. At the beginning of that century France had 26,000,000 inhabitants, Germany 15,000,000 inhabitants, and England 12,000,000 inhabitants. Now France has 38,000,000 inhabitants, Germany 56,000,000 inhabitants, and England 41,000,000 inhabitants. He combated the theory that in population quality is better than quantity. His remedies were the adoption of fiscal measures in favor of large families and, above all, of legislation to check the terrible mortality among infants. Another speaker declared that it was well known that the baby-farming system in France resulted in the death of about 80 per cent. of the infants so reared.

The sale of American shoes continues to increase in Great Britain, the English manufacturers apparently confining their attempts to stem this commercial invasion by writing pathetic letters to the papers, in which they declare there will be empty chairs by the fireside if the English persist in buying American shoes. According to some of these letters, the article imported from the United States constitutes danger to life and health, being said to be made of the cheapest possible leather, which is quite inadequate to keep dry the feet of the nation which does not wear rubbers. This sort of thing appear-

ing frequently in the London dailies, has elicited an answer in the *Daily Chronicle*, from an American manufacturer, who categorically denies the use of poor leather, and points out that the importation of American rubbers far exceeds the importation of shoes, obviously proving that even English-made shoes require over-shoes to help them keep out the wet.

Spanish pelota is soon to be established here. A few days ago a special Pullman car, hearing about twenty professional players, left the City of Mexico for San Francisco. A large fronton has been erected in this city at a cost of about twenty thousand dollars, and, as there are a great many Mexicans and Spanish-Americans in San Francisco, it is expected that the enterprise will be a success from the start. The visiting players are under the direction of Ramon Prida, with F. Ibarren as the manager. The party is composed of seventeen Spanish players, with the managers and the families of a number of the players.

Christmas Excursion to City of Mexico, via Southern Pacific and Mexican Central Railways, will leave San Francisco December 18th, stopping at Los Angeles, El Paso, and Zacatecas. The party will be in charge of a gentleman familiar with the customs of and points of interest in the Southern republic, and will reach Mexico in ample time to witness the numerous civic and religious ceremonies attending celebration of the Christmas season. Rate eighty dollars for round trip. Low rates for all interesting side trips have been arranged. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, 613 Market Street, for particulars.

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## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 4, 1901, were as follows:

|                                   | Shares. | Bonds.              | Closed. |         |
|-----------------------------------|---------|---------------------|---------|---------|
|                                   |         |                     | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| U. S. Coup. 3% . . . . .          | 1,000   | @ 108 1/2           | 108 1/2 |         |
| Bay Co. Power 5% . . . . .        | 15,000  | @ 107 1/2           | 107 1/2 |         |
| F. & C. H. Ry. 5% . . . . .       | 10,000  | @ 121               | 120 1/2 |         |
| Market St. Ry. 5% . . . . .       | 7,000   | @ 122 1/2           | 122 1/2 |         |
| Nevada Co. N. G. . . . .          |         |                     |         |         |
| R. 7% . . . . .                   | 5,000   | @ 95                |         |         |
| N. R. of Cal. 5% . . . . .        | 6,000   | @ 121 1/2           | 122     |         |
| N. Pac. C. Ry. 5% . . . . .       | 15,000  | @ 107 1/2           | 107 1/2 |         |
| Oakland Transit 6% . . . . .      | 3,000   | @ 125               | 125 1/2 |         |
| Oakland Water 5% . . . . .        | 15,000  | @ 104 1/2           | 104 1/2 |         |
| Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5% . . . . . | 15,000  | @ 95 1/2 - 95 1/2   | 95 1/2  | 96      |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley . . . . .    | 1,000   | @ 123 1/2           | 123 1/2 |         |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909 . . . . .  | 6,000   | @ 113 1/2           | 113 1/2 | 114     |
| S. P. of Cal. 6% . . . . .        | 3,000   | @ 110               | 109 3/4 |         |
| S. P. Branch 6% . . . . .         | 5,000   | @ 136 1/2           | 135 1/2 | 137     |
| S. V. Water 6% . . . . .          | 4,000   | @ 112               | 111 1/2 |         |
| S. V. Water 4% . . . . .          | 10,000  | @ 102 1/2 - 103     | 102 1/2 |         |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d. . . . .        | 12,000  | @ 101 1/2 - 101 1/2 | 100 1/2 | 101     |
|                                   |         | STOCKS.             |         | Closed. |
|                                   |         | Shares.             | Bid.    |         |
| Contra Costa Water. . . . .       | 75      | @ 76 - 76 1/2       | 76      | 76 1/2  |
| Spring Valley Water. . . . .      | 35 1/2  | @ 86 1/2 - 87       | 86 1/2  | 87 1/2  |
|                                   |         | BANKS.              |         | Closed. |
|                                   |         | Shares.             | Bid.    |         |
| Bank of Cal. . . . .              | 20      | @ 410               | 410 1/2 |         |
| Cal. S. D. & T. Co. . . . .       | 150     | @ 109 1/2           | 109 1/2 | 110 1/2 |
| German S. & L. . . . .            | 3       | @ 192 1/2           | 192 1/2 |         |
| S. F. National. . . . .           | 70      | @ 318 1/2           | 320     | 327 1/2 |
|                                   |         | STREET R. R.        |         | Closed. |
|                                   |         | Shares.             | Bid.    |         |
| Market St. . . . .                | 45      | @ 88 1/2            | 86      | 89      |
|                                   |         | Gas and Electric.   |         | Closed. |
|                                   |         | Shares.             | Bid.    |         |
| Equitable Gaslight . . . . .      | 200     | @ 3 1/2             | 3       | 3 1/2   |
| Pacific Gas. . . . .              | 40      | @ 41                | 40 1/2  | 41      |
| S. F. Gas & Electric. . . . .     | 505     | @ 43 - 44 1/2       | 44      | 44 1/2  |
|                                   |         | POWERS.             |         | Closed. |
|                                   |         | Shares.             | Bid.    |         |
| Giant Corp. . . . .               | 75      | @ 85 - 85 1/2       | 84 1/2  | 85 1/2  |
| Vigorit. . . . .                  | 400     | @ 4 1/2             | 4 1/2   | 4 1/2   |
|                                   |         | SUGARS.             |         | Closed. |
|                                   |         | Shares.             | Bid.    |         |
| Hawaiian C. & S. . . . .          | 200     | @ 35                | 35      | 40      |
| Honokaa S. Co. . . . .            | 430     | @ 10 1/2 - 11 1/2   | 10 1/2  | 11      |
| Hutchinson . . . . .              | 120     | @ 15                | 14 1/2  | 15 1/2  |
| Makaweli S. Co. . . . .           | 115     | @ 24                | 23      | 24 1/2  |
| Onomaha S. Co. . . . .            | 125     | @ 23 - 23 1/2       | 23      | 24      |
| Panama S. Co. . . . .             | 160     | @ 11 - 12           | 10 1/2  | 11 1/2  |
|                                   |         | MISCELLANEOUS.      |         | Closed. |
|                                   |         | Shares.             | Bid.    |         |
| Alaska Packers. . . . .           | 175     | @ 155 1/2 - 160 1/2 | 157     | 158     |
| Cal. Wine Assn. . . . .           | 5       | @ 89 1/2            | 89      | 90      |
| Oceanic S. Co. . . . .            | 185     | @ 47 - 47 1/2       | 47      | 49      |

The business for the week has been very light, aggregating only about 3,000 shares of all kinds. We note sales of Bank of California at 410, an advance of two points; of First National Bank, at 318 1/2; of California Safe Deposit and Trust Company at 109 1/2; and German Savings and Loan at 192 1/2.

The sugars, on light trading, shaded off from one-half to one point.

Alaska Packers sold off four and one-half points to 157 1/2, but recovered to 157 1/2 at the close.

California Street Railway Company's stock advanced five points to 140 bid, with no stock offering.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand, and, on sales of 500 shares, advanced one point to 44 1/2, closing at 44 bid and 44 1/2 asked.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.



## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus . . . . . \$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash . . . . . 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901 . . . . . 29,886,288.11

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; Vice-President, JOHN LLOYD; Second Vice-President, DANIEL MAYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—H. Horstmann, Igu. Steinhardt, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohland, and L. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901 . . . . . \$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital . . . . . 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund . . . . . 226,994  
Contingent Fund . . . . . 445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. de FREMERV, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL . . . . . \$300,000

RESERVE AND SURPLUS . . . . . 150,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES . . . . . President  
WILLIAM BABCOCK . . . . . Vice-President  
S. L. ABBOT, JR. . . . . Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. I. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL . . . . . \$2,000,000.00

SURPLUS . . . . . 1,000,000.00

UNDIVIDED PROFITS . . . . . 2,851,860.11

October 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD . . . . . President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP . . . . . Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN . . . . . Cashier  
IRVING F. MOUTON . . . . . Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS . . . . . Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY . . . . . Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York . . . . . Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
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Chicago . . . . . The National Bank  
Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
Philadelphia . . . . . The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis . . . . . Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev. . . . . Agency of the Bank of California  
London . . . . . Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris . . . . . Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
Berlin . . . . . Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
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Australia and New Zealand . . . . . The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

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## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK.

President, JOHN J. VALENTINE. Manager, HOMER S. KING. Cashier, H. WATSWORTH. Asst. Cashier, F. L. LIPMAN. 2d Asst. Cashier, H. L. MILLER.

BRANCHES—NEW YORK, H. B. PARSONS, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. DOOLY, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

ASSETS.  
Loans . . . . . \$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants . . . . . 2,191,737.10  
Real Estate . . . . . 1,685,080.77  
Miscellaneous Assets . . . . . 12,415.53  
Due from Banks and Bankers . . . . . 1,104,308.12  
Cash . . . . . 3,973,676.04

\$19,589,558.17

## LIABILITIES.

Capital, paid up . . . . . \$ 500,000.00  
Surplus . . . . . 5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits . . . . . 3,311,290.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers . . . . . 1,124,105.27  
Individual . . . . . 8,904,102.62

\$19,589,558.17

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco.

411 California Street.

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The leading Family Daily of the Coast.  
The latest and most reliable news.  
The best and most complete reports on all current events.

The SUNDAY CALL (32 pages) replete with literary and art features in addition to the regular news departments.

The WEEKLY CALL (16 pages) the largest and best \$1.00 Weekly in America.  
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Address all communications to  
W. S. LEAKE, MANAGER,  
San Francisco, Cal.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Peter Cuoniogham was telling one eveing where he had been diniog and what he got. "We had a thiog I never saw before—a soup made of calves' tails." "Extremes meet," was the remark of Douglas Jernld, at that time the prince of wits in England.

When the present Archbishop of Canterbury was Bishop of Loodoo, he was one day examinieg theological students on the matter of parish calls, and offered himself as an object-lesson for such a call. He went into the next room and lay down on a sofa, with his face to the wall, and a young Irishman, whose lot it was, entering directly after, walked up to him, laid his hand on Dr. Temple's shoulder, and said: "Ah, Frederick, Frederick!—the drink again!"

As an instance of the acuteness of "Al" Daggett, the former Republican leader of Kings County, who is to manufacture postal-cards for the United States Government, the fact is recalled that when Seth Low was elected mayor of Brooklyn some years ago, he wrote to Mr. Daggett, offering to appoint, as commissioners of elections, one of any three men he might name. "Al" wrote three lines to the mayor as follows: "Charles Henry Cnttoo, C. H. Cotton, C. Henry Cntton." Needless to say, Mr. Cntton was appointed.

The following curious marriage notice appeared the other day in the London Times: "On Tuesday, the fifteenth inst., at Bottesfield, Lincolnshire, John Kirk, an occasional preacher in the Methodist Connexion, in Susanna Seaton, of Burringham, mantua-maker. The patient bride had kept company near two years with a blacksmith of the same place, and was actually published with him in the church the very Sunday preceding her marriage, but for the reasons best known to herself eloped next day with the preacher; so true is it that we know not what a day may bring forth."

General Ballington Booth, of the Volunteers of America, tells a story of a prayer-meeting held in New York on the East Side during the recent mayor-alty campaign. In the midst of a prayer, he relates, one pious brother said: "Oh, Lord, we pray Thee that the Democratic party may hang together in the coming election." "Amen, answer prayer, Lord," pnt in a Republican who was near. "But I do not mean it as the Republican brother means it, Lord. I pray that we may hang together in concord and accord," continued the Democrat. "Amen, Lord," again said the Republican; "any cord, so long as they hang."

Once, during a dry season in China, the late Li Hing Chang called on Minister Cnnger, and spoke of the weather. "Ves," said Mr. Conger, "it seems to be dry everywhere. It is dry in America, too. I read in one of our papers the other day that in many places in the West the people were praying for rain." "What!" said the earl, "do you people pray to their God for rain?" "Oh, yes," said the minister, "they often pray for rain." "And does their God send it when they pray for it?" asked the earl. "Ves, sometimes their prayers are answered, and sometimes they are not." "All the same like Chinese juss, hey?" said the earl, with a grin and a chuckle.

An actnr named Wright, who was once impersonating the First Grave-digger in "Hamlet," prepared to take the house by storm by incasing his person within a dozen or more waistcoats of all sorts of shapes and patterns. When about to commence the operation of digging the grave for the "fair Ophelia," Wright began to unwind by taking off waistcoat after waistcoat, which caused uproarious laughter among the audience. But as fast as he relieved himself of one waistcoat, Paul Bedford, who was playing the Second Grave-digger, incased himself in the cast-off vests, which increased the salvos of laughter, for as Wright was getting thioner Paul grew fatter and fatter. Wright, it is said, seeing himself outdone, kept on the remainder of the waistcoats, and went on with his part quite crestfallen.

A certain congressman who had instructed his butler to say to all undesirable callers that he was in the bath and could not be seen, was recently visited by a constituent with a grievance in exploit. He called every day at the house, but no matter at what hour he presented himself he was invariably informed that the congressman was bathiog. "I must see him," he finally said one day to the servant; "my business is most important; I'll wait until he is through with his bath." "Da's no use," replied the negro butler; "gen'lman dunn waited for hours de udder day; he wa'n't through den." Whereupon the disappointed constituent is said to have written this upon his card: "Vnu may succeed, if you persevere, in getting your body clean one of these days; but if you should spend the rest of your life in a bath-tub it would not purify your conscience nor your political record."

William M. Evarts, who was a mere skeleton of a man, and Senator David Davis, who weighed upward of three hundred pounds, used to take great

delight in perpetually twitting each other about their physical make-up. One night at dnoer Mr. Davis said: "If you will let me choose the course, I will guarantee that with three yards' start I can beat you to a race of one hundred feet." Every one at the table laughed and said: "Take him up, Mr. Evarts." The challenge was accepted, and Mr. Davis was asked when he would race, in which he replied that he was ready at once. The whole party then adjourned to the course chosen by Senator Davis. This proved to be an alley between two houses just three feet in width and one hundred feet deep. He stepped into the mouth three yards, said "Go!" and walked through quite leisurely. Mr. Evarts could get neither past him nor under him, and he called Mr. Davis back in the street and acknowledged that the joke was on him.

Isador Rayoer, who acted as counsel for Rear Admiral Schley in the recent investigation at Washington, D. C., is said to be the terror of witnesses. Here is a sample of his withering scorn in discussing the testimony of Lieutenant Bristol: "The court will hardly be seriously impressed with his testimony. Lieutenant Bristol, with great respect for his unbounded wisdom, is the most precocious witness I ever encountered. Every other witness, including admirals and captains, went down beneath his ponderous blows. His vision was a divine inspiration. Sextants and stadimeters, compass bearings, government measurements, and hydrographic plans, were all dim and obscure in comparison with the miraculous power of his unaided visio, which lit up and illumined the entire harbors of Ciofuegos and Santiago with the uooring precision of the morning sunbeam. Government experts, with mathematical accuracy, had measured the height of Morro Castle and Socapa battery, but down they went a hundred feet when they encountered Bristol's miraculous eye. Not only this, but when he measured a range of three thousand yards between an American and Spanish ship with his naked eye, and the actual range which the Spanish ship was struck was only fourteen hundred yards, his own range never varied nor yielded an inch, but stood there as demonstrative evidence that with a range of fourteen hundred yards you can actually strike a ship that is three thousand yards away."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Reign of the Roosevelt Boys.

No more do correspondents wise  
In Washington, D. C.,  
Write column after column on  
The Congress that will be.  
No more they pen impressive words  
About the Senate's poise;  
Instead, they give us yards about  
The little Roosevelt boys.

Instead of reading China's woes  
Because she has to pay,  
We thrill because the youngest lad  
"Rnde his new wheel to-day."  
No gossip of postmasterships  
Our daily oews allays,  
But there is wondrous stuff about  
The little Roosevelt boys.

"They took a walk;" "they stayed at home;"  
"They rode out in a hunch;"  
"They played base-ball;" "they went to school;"  
"They had mince-pie for lunch;"  
It must be gay in Washington;  
There must be lots of noise,  
If all the items are correct  
About the Roosevelt boys.

—Baltimore American.

## A Large Edition.

"May I print a kiss on your cheek?" I said;  
She nodded her sweet permission,  
So we went to press, and I rather guess  
I printed a large edition.—Puck.

## Ye Gallery God.

Ye Critick may write with satirical Penne,  
And pick quote to Pieces ye Playe;  
He may say ite he Rotten again and again,  
Vt he knows ite will live but a Daye;  
He may say ye Construction is nttably weak,  
Vt ye Lines are ye veriest Rotte,  
Its Faults with ye keenest of Eyes he may seek,  
An declare ite is Lacking in Plitte,  
And yt though ye Playe ye Critick much fears,  
When he makes ite ye People his Nodde,  
He knows ye play "goes" as soon as he hears  
Ye voice of ye Gallery God.

Ye Critic may say yt ye Playe is a Birde.  
Vt ye Parties are most strikingly drawn.  
Vt ye Lines are ye Brightest he ever has heard,  
Vt ye drama is grandly putte on.  
He may fire Bouquets at ye Author full nft  
And say yt ye Players are great,  
Vt ye Player looks up to ye Gallerye Loft  
And listens to hear of his Fate.  
Fnr he knows yt ye Play is a failure fnrsnooth,  
Before he ten minutes has trod  
On ye Stage if he hear not a Sound from ye Youth  
Whn is known as ye Gallery God.

—Portland Oregonian.

## A Mither's Milk

may not fit the requirements of her own offspring. A failing milk is usually a poor milk. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has been the standard for more than forty years. Send for "Baby's Diary," 71 Hudson Street, N. Y.

## Chimmie Fadden at the Horse Show.

To his new series of Chimmie Faddoe sketches, which are running in *Harper's Weekly*, Edward W. Townsend is duplicating the success which he achieved several years ago, when the picturesque slang of his Bowery philosopher was on the lips of every one. Chimmie's latest exploits are as amusing as before, and we meet again his clever wife, the Duchess, Mr. Paul, Miss Faogy, and His Whiskers. Here is an extract from Chimmie's account of his visit to the New York Horse Show:

Was we to de Horse Show? I wonder! You couldn't lose us. Say, Duchess doo't know a New Jersey steer from a Keotucky torrowbird, but you couldn't keep her from de Horse Show with hay-nets.

"Let us go," she says to me, "and see is New York gettng more civilized."

"On your way!" I says. "It is de most civilized village dis side de Harlem, I says. "Io de driving class for trotters, in de hackney class, io four-ing tandems, in all de signs of civilization and refinement," I says, pinchig some of Mr. Paul's woids, "New York is a strawberry for fair," I says, "Truly," says Duchess, "de entry-list is lovely," she says. "I was hearing Miss Fanoie tell," she says, "of one entry of amethyst-colored clot" and lustrous panoe velvet, with Persian hroideries."

"Dat must be a monkey," I says. "It's oo horse."

"Anodder entry," said Duchess, nnt listening to me woids of wisdom, "is a house bodice, slightly gaddered on de shoulders, and at de belt, bote front and back. Let me hasteo," she says, "to de Horse Show."

"Sure," I says. "Let us get a move on. De hunter class is shootig round de riog, and de high-jumper class is near outer sight."

"It opens in a V-shape, wit all its edges boood wit Persian lamh," said Duchess.

"On your way!" I says. "To de woods wit you! Do you tink it is a country fair? Dere is nn lambs at de Horse Show," I says, "barring de hunch dat opens wioe in de wine-room."

Well, little Miss Fannie fell off her hike and humped her conk one day, so of course Miss Fannie, Mr. Burton, and Whiskers wanted nn Horse Show dat night, and Duchess gnt de tickets for de box. I wored nne of Mr. Burton's dress-suits, and it fitted me so duede I had a yard of pants to roll up at de bottoms. But Duchess was in it fur style up to de limit. She had a dress Miss Fannie give her, and, honest, a strawberry was a turnip alongside her!

When we finats in de box Duchess hists a larnet to her peeper, and takes a peep at folks around us wit such side nn her I felt like giving away hmwstone frnts nn de avennn. I was watching Mr. Paul in de ring, driving his four-in-hand like he does everything else—as if it was so easy it made him tired—and when he swung around by us he takes a peep at our box, lookig fur Whiskers, I spose. He seen me, tips me a solemn wink, and when he wins de finst prize he strolls over to us, wit his hands in his pockets. He leans over de box, and says: "Hor-tense"—"what is Duchess' name?" ynu is lookig like a hunch of *fleurs-de-lis* de evening."

"Merci, m'sieu," says Duchess, passing him nut a bow dat paralyzed de mugs rubberig to see whn Mr. Paul was talkig in. "Tell me, M'sieu Paul," she says, "why all de big space in de centre is turned into a stable? If de loidies was let to prom'nade dere, day could shnw dere gnwns twice as well. Is dere nnt stalls enugh in New York for de horses," she says, "wit nut wastig good space nn 'em here?" "Madam Fadden," says Mr. Paul—I always dies when I hears Duchess called Mrs. Fadden—"you has wisdom as well as wit. Having a pull here," he says, "I shall arrange next year to put de horses in de boxes and de loidies in de riog."

## DOMINION LINE

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

NEW MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.  
Boston to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa.  
S. S. Commonwealth (twin-screw, 13,000 tons), January 14th, February 18th.  
S. S. Cambroman..... January 15th, February 26th  
To Alexandria, Egypt.  
S. S. Commonwealth.... Sat., January 14th, February 18th  
This new twin-screw steamer is one of the largest afloat; has splendid accommodations for passengers.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast,  
631 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1901.  
Nippon Maru..... Wednesday, December 11  
America Maru..... Saturday, January 4, 1902  
Hnngkong Maru..... Thursday, Jan. 30, 1902  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, December 14, 1901, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Sonoma for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, December 26, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
S. S. Australia, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Saturday, January 4, 1902.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 377 Market St., San Francisco.

## The Dr. Deimel Underwear of Linen-Mesh

There are thousands of people who can not wear wool next to the skin because it irritates them.

Their number is legion who would not wear wool if they knew the harm woolen underwear is doing them.

The Dr. Deimel Underwear of cleanly linen is a source of genuine comfort to all its wearers.

They find it the best safeguard against colds, catarrh, and rheumatism.

Only such stores as carry the best there is in underwear have the Dr. Deimel Underwear for sale. All genuine garments bear a label with our trade-mark, as reproduced herewith.



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## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 28  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902  
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, February 15  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, March 13  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.,  
For Alaska ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, January 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, for Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., Dec. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Jan. 2.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles); Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 A. M., Steamer Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport.  
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 A. M.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., Seventh of each month.  
For further information obtain company's folder.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket Office: New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).  
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## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg Westbound.  
St. Paul..... December 11  
Philadelphia..... December 25  
St. Louis..... December 28

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Friesland..... December 11  
Vaterland..... December 25  
Southark..... December 18  
\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Close of the Opera Season.

Although the close of the opera was a supplemental season, and "society" was supposed to have stopped going, there were some crowded and brilliant nights—the last one in particular. The bill was "The Marriage of Figaro," with two stars in the cast—Semblich and Eames. The house was packed with people, and at eight o'clock a double line extended from the theatre down Mission Street to Third waiting for general admission.

The audience was the most enthusiastic of the season. From beginning to end the performance was a series of enthusiastic ovations and frenzied recalls.

Several of the stage-boxes were filled with people who have been lately entertaining Emma Eames. On the left were Mrs. Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Dr. Harry Tevis, and Mr. Orrin Peck in one box, and some parties of University Club men in others. On the right were Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman, Miss Ella Gondall, Mr. Harry Holbrook, Mrs. Collier and her daughters, and other opera enthusiasts.

When Eames sang "Dore Sono," the boxes fairly rose at her. Clusters of magnificent roses were hurled upon the stage until it was covered, and it was a literal shower of flowers. The *diva* was forced to call some convenient suppers from the wings to help her clear the stage.

The general audience grew slightly piqued at Eames's superabundance of floral tokens, as contrasted with Semblich's, and therefore determined if Eames got more flowers to give Semblich more applause. As a result, she was applauded madly every time she made her entrance, and recalled five or six times every time she made her exit. Little Fritz Scheff also came in for much applause with "Voi che sapete."

When the opera came to an end, the scene was indeed inspiring. All of the principals were recalled again and again. Seven times the curtain was lifted, and even then the audience seemed reluctant to leave their favorites. For five minutes the vast assemblage remained shouting farewells, and the spectacle of the waving fans, hats, and handkerchiefs, from pit to dome, was indeed peculiar. And so finished the brilliant opera season of 1901.

## The Holbrook Dinner.

Mr. Harry M. Holbrook gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening, in honor of Mme. Emma Eames-Story. The guests were seated at five beautifully decorated tables, and an orchestra played during the repast. The menu-cards were red, and in the form of a folder, lettered in gold, and bearing the Bohemian Club's monogram.

Those invited to meet Mme. Story were:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Faylor, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Kathryn Clement, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Petridge, Miss Flora Low, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Mary Dunham, Miss Myra Nickerson, Mr. Orrin Peck, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Frank Lee Owen, Mr. J. Hubert Mee, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Frank P. Deering, Mr. Hall McAllister, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Allen St. John Bowie, Mr. C. T. Hamilton, Mr. Augustus

B. Costigan, Mr. George Almer Newhall, and Mr. J. W. Byrne.

## The Greenway Supper.

Mr. E. M. Greenway gave a supper party on Monday evening in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club in honor of Miss Fritz Scheff, of the Grau Opera Company. His guests were seated at four tables, each one decorated in a different color. A string orchestra discoursed music.

Among those at table were:

Mrs. and Mrs. Laurence I. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Norma Preston, Miss Bessie Ames, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. J. J. Howell, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Hall McAllister, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. J. C. Wilson, Mr. Worthington Ames, Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. W. N. Drown, Mr. Fred Greenwood, Mr. Earl, Ensign Cyrus Miller, Mr. Edgar Piexotto, and Mr. R. McKee Duperu.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Maude Mullins and Dr. John R. Clark will take place on Wednesday, February 5, 1902. Miss Leontine Blakeman is to be the maid of honor and Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Mary Polhemus, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Ella O'Connor, and Miss Alida Ghirardelli will be the bridesmaids.

The wedding of Mrs. Aleecy Van Bergen—daughter of the late Mrs. Margaret Uhlhorn, and a half-sister of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton—and Mr. Ashton Stevens, the dramatic critic of the *Examiner*, took place on Wednesday, December 4th.

Mrs. Crockett and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott will receive on the first four Fridays in January at their home, 2029 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham have sent out invitations for a dance to be given at their home, 2202 Broadway, on Friday, December 13th, in honor of the *début* of their youngest daughter, Miss Alice Brigham.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden will receive on Saturday, December 14th, from four until seven o'clock, at their home, 1101 California Street.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury has sent out cards for a reception to be given this (Saturday) afternoon, from four until seven o'clock, at her residence, 2000 Broadway. She will receive on the second and third Wednesdays in January.

Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Wilfred Chapman, and Mrs. William R. Sherwood will receive on Tuesdays in January at their home, 1123 California Street.

Mrs. Richard H. Warfield was hostess at a tea in her rooms at the California Hotel on Saturday afternoon, November 30th. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mrs. William H. Mills, Mrs. George Powers, Mrs. A. Fechteler, Mrs. W. C. Bush, Miss Eleanor Morrow, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Alice Wilkins, Miss Ruth Dunham, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Anna Foster, and Miss Louise Redington.

Mrs. Mark Regua and Mrs. Josiah W. Stanford gave a large reception at the Regua home in Oakland on Friday, November 29th, at which they were assisted in receiving by the Misses Herrick, Mrs. Stanford, Sr., Miss Gertrude Stanford, Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. Richard Derby, Mrs. Wingate, Mrs. George McNear, Jr., Miss Livermore, Miss Ethel Moore, Mrs. William A. Magee, Mrs. Fred Magee, Mrs. Warren Olney, Jr., Mrs. Norman Lang, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. Charles R. Brown, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Miss Georgie Speaker gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Mabel Cluff, on Wednesday, at which she entertained Mrs. Charles Perkins, Miss Ruby Sessions, Miss Alice Dray, of Sacramento, Miss Stella Fortmann, Miss Eleanor Eckhart, Miss Clara Underhill, and Miss Rowena Burns.

At the request of many members of the Friday Night Cotillion Club, the management has decided to give two assembly balls. The dates have not been decided upon as yet, but they will doubtless be given early in January and February.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg has issued invitations for a breakfast to be given to the members of the Philomath Club, at the Palace Hotel, on December 17th, to which the representatives of other clubs have been invited.

The fifth annual exhibition of paintings by the art members of the Bohemian Club was opened in the Jinks Room on Friday night for members only and lady guests. The attendance was very large, and it was a very fashionable affair. The club has extended invitations to the ladies to view the exhibition on Thursday evening, December 12th, from 8 P. M. to 11 P. M., on Saturday evening, December 14th, from 2 P. M. to 5 P. M., and on Thursday evening, December 19th, from 8 P. M. until 11 P. M.

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— YOUNG LADY WOULD LIKE SITUATION AS governess in private family. Good references. Address 109 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

## The Twenty-Minute Workers' Sale.

The Twenty-Minute Workers of St. Luke's Church have decided to hold a sale of articles appropriate for Christmas gifts on Tuesday afternoon and evening, and Wednesday afternoon, December 10th and 11th. The money so derived will be added to the fund already on hand for the beautifying of the church, and every one who is devoted to St. Luke's Church is requested to aid in making this sale a success.

Most of the season's *débutantes* are to assist at the various tables, which are to be presided over by the prominent members of St. Luke's Church. Mrs. Louis F. Montague will have charge of the fancy table; Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, the notion table; Mrs. George H. Kellings, the art table; Mrs. William C. Morrow, the useful-article table; Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and Mrs. Cyrus Walker, the doll table; Mrs. Frederick Beaver, the candy table; Miss Kate Gunn, the table of home delicacies; Mrs. George H. Buckingham, the refreshment table; Mrs. Arthur W. Moore, the book table; Mrs. Randall Hunt, the children's table; and Mrs. J. S. Gray, the lemonade table. The museum of wonders will be under the management of Mrs. James H. Mallett, while the chairman for entertainment is Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton.

The officers of the Twenty-Minute Workers are: President, Mrs. Philip Caduc; vice-presidents, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. A. N. Drown, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. Lewis Parrott, and Mrs. J. G. Clark; treasurer, Mrs. George W. Kline; recording secretary, Miss Eleanor Davenport; and corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. A. Belcher.

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. H. E. Huntington and the Misses Huntington and Miss Ethel Melone arrived in New York from Liverpool on Thursday, after an absence abroad of twelve months. They expect to return to San Francisco for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, who have been in New York during the past fortnight, are expected home next week.

Miss Flora Elmore, who has been the guest of Miss Olive Holbrook for several months, has returned to her home in Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee are at the Palace Hotel for a few days prior to moving into their new residence at 2570 Pacific Avenue.

Bishop and Mrs. Sidney C. Partridge (*nee Simpson*) sailed for Yokohama on Tuesday on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric*.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker were in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tuhbs have returned from a short visit to Colonel Hager, at Colusa.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dimond are in Washington, D. C., where they will pass the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Milan Soule will sail for the Orient on the Japanese steamship *Nippon Maru* on Wednesday, December 11th.

Mr. Charles H. Holbrook was in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Spear, Jr., departed for Boston on Monday. They expect to visit other Eastern cities and will be absent a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Lyman were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. Shafter Howard, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Thomas R. Hunter, at Newport, is expected home in a few days.

Mr. Horace Platt was in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Beardslee, of Honolulu, were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett sailed on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric* on Tuesday for Yokohama, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Staples, of San José, will spend the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. J. J. Kinyoun, formerly quarantine officer at this port, returned from a trip to China on the Japanese steamship *Nippon Maru* on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Rothchild leave on Monday for New York, where they will remain for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Balch, of Los Angeles, arrived here last week and are registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Mabel Cluff leaves this week for Cincinnati, where she will be the guest of Miss Elizabeth Rawn.

Mr. H. C. Nash, the librarian of Stanford University, who has acted in that capacity ever since the university was founded, has been granted a leave of absence for a year, which he will spend in Europe studying the managements of modern libraries.

Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond have returned from their trip East.

Miss Mary Genevieve Moroney left for New York last Saturday with Mrs. M. H. de Young and party.

Mrs. David Starr Jordan and the Misses Stillman, of Stanford, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Lawrence, of San Mateo, were at the California Hotel a few days ago.

The Misses Rosenfeld, of Boston, have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. T. H. Williams, of Oakland, Mr. W. H. Harper, Mr. L. A. Brown, and Mr. C. B. Drake, of New York, Mr. D. L. Whitford, of Seattle, Mr. R. A. Carr and Mr. W. W. Lawson, of Portland, Mr. M. C. Hurley, of Salt Lake City, Mr. M. M. Ward, of Butte, Mr. and Mrs. Cederburg, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Connlin, and Miss Farwell.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baker and Mr. N. Franko, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Swauzy, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Broughton, of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leary, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mason, of St. Louis, Mrs. H. Chavarre and Mr. Benjamin Chavarre, of Mexico, Mr. George Wilkins and Mr. S. Thomas, of Chicago, Miss Hayes, Mr. D. E. Hayes, and Mr. J. W. Esmond.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bedford, of Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Morgan, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. McGrath, and Captain and Mrs. Le Ballister, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Forgeus, of Santa Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. H. Rickards and Mr. M. Marcus, of Sydney, Australia, Mr. L. R. Willard, Mr. A. L. Rheinstrom, and Mr. A. G. Walsh, of New York, Mr. R. J. Fabj, Mr. H. W. Harris, and Mr. B. Rosenstein, of Portland, Mr. L. J. Russell, of Indianapolis, Mr. R. E. Allardice, of Stanford, Mr. C. C. Royce, of Chico, and Mr. W. D. Tupper, of Fresno.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., expects soon to return from the Philippines on leave of absence, when he will be the guest of his wife's parents in East Oakland.

Colonel B. Frank Cheatham, quartermaster department, U. S. A., whose marriage to Miss May Denman is to take place to-day (Saturday), arrived from Manila on the transport *Hancock* on Wednesday.

The United States naval court at Tutuila, Samoa, has honorably acquitted Captain Benjamin F. Tilley, U. S. N., the governor of Tutuila, of all the charges

against him. No evidence to sustain these charges was presented to the court. Commander Uriel Sebree, U. S. N., has succeeded Captain Tilley as governor of Tutuila.

Brigadier-General William A. Kohbe, U. S. A., formerly stationed at Fort Mason, is now quartered at the Army and Navy Club, Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Commander Walter S. Hughes, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hughes came down from Mare Island last week, and were at the Hotel Pleasanton for a short stay.

Captain William J. Pardee, U. S. A., was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

The French cruiser *Prolet* arrived in port on Wednesday afternoon from San Diego, and will go up to Mare Island within a day or two to be cleaned, after which she will return to the stream, and remain until the latter part of January. The *Prolet* was here last year, and has just returned from a long cruise in the South Seas and to South American ports.

## The Season of Symphony Concerts.

The officers and members of the San Francisco Symphony Society are greatly pleased at the result of the season sale for the three concerts, which will close at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s this (Saturday) afternoon at five o'clock. The subscription list has been gratifyingly large, and an excellent attendance at the Grand Opera House on the afternoons of Friday, December 13th, Friday, January 10th, and Friday, January 17th, is already assured. Director Paul Steindorff has been diligently rehearsing his orchestra of fifty-five musicians, with Giulio Minetti as concertmeister, and he expresses unbounded satisfaction at the result of his work. His programmes have been carefully chosen. The first to be given on next Friday afternoon, is as follows:

"Academic overture," J. Brahms; "Im Walde," ("In the Forest"), symphony No. 3, F-major, Joachim Raff; allegro, "Am Tage Eindruicke und Empfindungen"; allegro, "In der Daemmerung"; (a) largo, "Traumeri"; (b) allegro assai, "Tanz der Dryaden"; allegro, "Nachts," "Stilles Weben der Nacht im Walde," "Einzug und Auszug der wilden Jagd mit frau Holle und Wotan," "Aubach des Tages"; (a) German, (b) Spanish, from "Aus aller Herron Lander," suite, M. Moszkowsky; serenade for strings, No. 2, F-major, R. Volkmann; "Rakoczy March," F. Liszt.

The sale of single seats will begin at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Tuesday morning, the prices being \$1.50, \$1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents, according to location. The concert will begin promptly at quarter-past three o'clock, and no one will be seated during the performance of a number.

## Art Notes.

William Morris's holiday exhibition is now open. Mr. Morris has just received a very beautiful collection of oil paintings, water-colors, and black-and-whites, by both American and European artists, suitable for holiday gifts. Admission free. Framing a specialty. 248 Sutter Street.

— A LADY, PUPIL OF LA JEUNESSE, R. C. M., wishes a limited number of pupils for piano lessons. Stuttgart method, approved and indorsed by Liszt, Stephen Heller, and others. At home from 2 to 4 P. M. 613 Golden Gate Avenue.

## AFTER-THEATRE REFRESHMENTS

Each year during the grand-opera season the Palace Grill remains open until midnight to accommodate those who desire refreshments at the close of the performance. This year the provisions for your entertainment include good music, polite *attachés*, and unsurpassed cuisine.

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## SOUTHERN PACIFIC

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC.**  
Trains leave and are due to arrive at  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE    | From Nov. 4, 1901.  | ARRIVE   |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7.00 A.  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.  | 6.55 P.  |
| 7.00 A.  | Vacaville, Windsor, Eureka, and Suisun.   | 7.55 P.  |
| 7.30 A.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.  | 6.25 P.  |
| 8.00 A.  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.   | 7.55 P.  |
| 8.00 A.  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.  | 8.25 A.  |
| 8.00 A.  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.   | 7.25 P.  |
| 8.00 A.  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.  | 4.55 P.  |
| 8.30 A.  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.                    | 7.55 P.  |
| 8.30 A.  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.             | 4.25 P.  |
| 8.30 A.  | Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carthers.   | 4.25 P.  |
| 9.00 A.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.   | 11.55 A. |
| 9.00 A.  | Vallejo.  | 12.25 P. |
| 9.00 A.  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.                | 7.25 P.  |
| 9.30 A.  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.  | 7.55 P.  |
| 10.00 A. | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.   | 5.25 P.  |
| 11.00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers.  | 11.00 P. |
| 3.30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.   | 7.55 P.  |
| 4.00 P.  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.                          | 10.55 A. |
| 4.00 P.  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.  | 9.25 A.  |
| 4.00 P.  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.   | 12.25 P. |
| 4.30 P.  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore.  | 11.55 A. |
| 4.30 P.  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.   | 10.25 A. |
| 5.00 P.  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.                    | 8.55 A.  |
| 5.00 P.  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.  | 12.25 P. |
| 5.30 P.  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 7.55 A.  |
| 6.00 P.  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.   | 7.55 A.  |
| 6.00 P.  | Vallejo.  | 11.25 A. |
| 6.00 P.  | Oregon Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.  | 8.25 A.  |
| 6.00 P.  | Oregon Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.  | 4.25 P.  |
| 7.00 P.  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.        | 8.55 A.  |
| 8.05 P.  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.  | 11.25 A. |
| 18.05 P. | Vallejo.  | 7.55 P.  |

**COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).**  
(Foot of Market Street.)

|          |  |          |
|----------|--|----------|
| 8.15 A.  | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.                        | 5.50 P.  |
| 12.15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations. | 10.50 A. |
| 4.15 P.  | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.   | 11.50 A. |
| 4.30 P.  | Hunters' Train—San José and Way Stations.  | 17.20 P. |

**OAKLAND HARBOUR FERRY.**  
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—  
17.15 9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 3.00 5.15 P. M.  
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  
18.05 10.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 4.00 P. M.

**COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).**  
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

|          |   |          |
|----------|---|----------|
| 6.10 A.  | San José and Way Stations.  | 6.30 P.  |
| 7.00 A.  | San José and Way Stations.  | 6.30 A.  |
| 7.00 A.  | New Almaden.  | 4.10 P.  |
| 9.00 A.  | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal intermediate Stations.  | 7.45 P.  |
| 10.30 A. | San José and Way Stations.  | 4.10 P.  |
| 11.30 A. | San José and Way Stations.  | 5.30 P.  |
| 12.45 P. | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove. | 11.45 A. |
| 3.30 P.  | San José and Way Stations.  | 6.30 A.  |
| 4.15 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.  | 9.45 A.  |
| 5.00 P.  | Way Stations.   | 11.00 A. |
| 5.30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.  | 8.30 A.  |
| 6.00 P.  | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.   | 10.05 A. |
| 6.30 P.  | San José and Principal Way Stations.  | 11.00 A. |
| 12.45 P. | San José and Way Stations.  | 6.30 P.  |

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Our baby seems to have a natural taste for the piano." "Indeed!" "Yes; he's gnawed half the polish off one leg."—*Motherhood.*

Old aunt (despondently)—"Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer." Nephew (reassuringly)—"Don't talk like that, aunt. You know you will!"—*Punch.*

Hiding himself: Friend—"But why do you publish your poems under the name of Smith?" Poet—"Just think how many good people will fall under suspicion."—*New York Times.*

Sea captain—"Waiter, what do you call this?" Waiter—"Bouillon, sir." Sea captain—"Well, well, I must have sailed on bouillon all my life and did not know it."—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

"Do you know Miller, the manufacturer of explosives?" "Yes; I'm in the balloon service, and we passed each other when his factory blew up—just a passing acquaintance."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"But I am worth a million in my own right!" faltered she, sadly, for she had read that many men abhor the thought of marrying rich women. "I love you for all that!" he cried, generously.—*Town Topics.*

"There's Mrs. Merrygirl's husband over there. Somehow he doesn't look like a very bright chap to me. Does he know anything?" "Know anything, my dear! He doesn't even suspect anything."—*Town Topics.*

"Are you willing to arbitrate?" asked the employer. "Certainly," replied the walking delegate, "provided I am given a reasonable assurance that the decision will be in accordance with our way of thinking."—*Chicago Post.*

The provincial barber remarked the sparsity of his customer's hair. "Have you ever tried our special hair wash?" he said, expectantly. "Oh, no, it wasn't that that did it," was the customer's crushing reply.—*Tit-Bits.*

Papa—"See that spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?" Johnny—"What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect, try as he may, no spider could spin this top?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Observant Johnny: McBoozle (a guest putting down his cup)—"You seem to be much interested in me, Johnny, judging from the way you watch me." Johnny—"Father says you drink like a fish, but I don't see as you drink any diff rent from other folks."—*Boston Transcript.*

On the ark: "Let her turn as she likes," observed Noah, as he leaned against the starboard rail of the ark and watched her manoeuvre; "let her turn as she likes. When we get through with this trip, nobody is going to rise and ask about her tactical diameter."—*Baltimore American.*

Mother—"That young man has been calling on you pretty regularly, Mabel." Mabel—"Yes, mother." Mother—"Well, I'd like to know what his intentions are. Do you know?" Mabel (blushing)—"Well, er—mamma, we are both very much in the dark."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Going to extremes: Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"I see in the paper that a woman in looking after another woman, to see what she had on, fell out of the window." Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Well, that only goes to show that some women in trying to follow the styles can go too far."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty, while feeling the pulse of a lady patient—"I suppose you consider me an old humbug?" "Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."—*Chicago News.*

His little game: Lazy Louie—"Hello, Wuzit! You're lookin' like t'ree square meals a day. What's yer lay?" Willie Wuzit—"I'm workin' de 'misery-loves-company' graft. I tells de jays dat I wuz reduced to me present circumstances t'roo buyin' gold-bricks. It's good fer chickin' an' pie at enny farm-house."—*Judge.*

On the anxious seat: Returned trooper—"Clara, you were engaged to me, and yet I hear that while I was at the front you went out often with that old admirer of yours, Bob Cudelsby." Clara—"Oh, George, he was so thoughtful, and I was so anxious, that he took me every night to the—er—war office—to see—er—if you were killed!"—*London Answers.*

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| 7.30 p. m.           | Petaluma.   | 6.05 p. m.            |
| 5.10 p. m.           | Santa Rosa.   | 7.35 p. m.            |
| 7.30 a. m.           | Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale. | 10.40 a. m.           |
| 3.30 p. m.           | Hopland and Ukiah.  | 7.35 p. m.            |
| 7.30 a. m.           | Guerneville.  | 10.40 a. m.           |
| 3.30 p. m.           |   | 7.35 p. m.            |
| 7.30 a. m.           | Sonoma and Glen Ellen.  | 9.15 a. m.            |
| 5.10 p. m.           |   | 6.05 p. m.            |
| 7.30 a. m.           | Sebastopol.   | 10.40 a. m.           |
| 3.30 p. m.           |   | 7.35 p. m.            |

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| " Merced.                       | 12.25 P.    | 1.17 P.       | 1.30 P.       | 9.11 P.     |
| " Fresno.                       | 2.05 P.     | 2.35 P.       | 3.15 A.       | 10.50 P.    |
| " Hanford.                      | 3.12 P.     | 3.27 P.       | 4.00 A.       |             |
| " Visalia.                      | 3.39 P.     | 3.59 P.       | 4.30 A.       |             |
| " Bakersfield.                  | 6.15 P.     | 5.20 P.       | 7.45 A.       |             |
| " Kansas City.                  | 2.40 A.     | 7.30 A.       |               |             |
| " Chicago.                      | 2.15 P.     | 9.00 P.       |               |             |

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The Supreme Court decision, to the effect that goods from the Philippine Islands may enter this country free of duty until Congress provides to the contrary by enactment, is causing much discussion. It is silent as to whether import duties may be collected in the islands on goods from this country. Congress delegated to the President power to provide a civil government for the Philippines; under that power, the Philippine commission has enacted a tariff law; the War Department, assuming that it is unaffected by the Supreme

Court's decision, is collecting duties under it. The Lodge bill indorses the tariff law of the Philippine commission on all imports into the islands, converts the money so received into the Philippine treasury, and imposes duties upon goods imported from other countries. But it is not yet a law. Until Congress acts, therefore, it seems to be settled that goods from the islands shall be entered here free of duty, and goods from here to the islands, shall pay duty. As to the repayment of duties that have been paid on such goods, there is also much uncertainty. Duties paid under protest will be refunded; those paid without protest are not legally required to be refunded, but the government may decide to do so, on the ground that the exaction of the tax was illegal from the outset. This will not amount to much, however, since the imports from the islands have been small—not exceeding twenty-six thousand dollars in this port—the bulk of the business having consisted of exports to the islands.

It is not alone the tariff laws that are affected by the decision. The islands are held by the decision to be domestic territory. This brings them under the operation of the immigration laws, the navigation laws, the internal revenue laws, and other laws of a general character. Whether Chinese are to be refused entry into the islands under the exclusion law, and whether those already there may come into this country, are questions still to be decided. The Chinese are now going to the islands in great numbers under a law adopted by the Philippine commission, and it is not yet known whether they may continue to do so or not. In instructing Collector Stratton to release goods from the islands without payment of duty, the Secretary of the Treasury instructed him to detain cigars and cigarettes until the internal revenue stamp had been affixed, but this is not the only question that arises under the internal revenue laws. It has been the custom, when goods manufactured in this country were exported, for the exporter either to pay the internal revenue tax, and then receive the money back upon furnished proof that the goods had been delivered in a foreign country, or to give an export bond which was released upon the furnishing of similar proof. Under this arrangement goods have been sent to Hong Kong when the tax was refunded, and there re-shipped to the Philippines. Under the ruling of the commissioner of internal revenue, this can be done no longer. Goods must now be sent to the Philippines under the same conditions as those which obtain in inter-state trade.

Under the navigation laws a question has arisen concerning the carrying of goods in the Philippine trade. There being no direct steamship line, goods have been shipped from the islands to Hong Kong and thence to this country by the Toyo Kisen Kaisha or the Occidental and Oriental lines. A shipment that came here on the *Nippon Maru* of the Japanese line was seized by Collector Stratton, but was released under orders from the Treasury Department, on the ground that the shipment had been made before the decision of the Supreme Court had been handed down, and therefore in ignorance of the true status of the islands. The Lodge bill exempts the islands from the operation of general laws except such as are adopted by the commission. But the Lodge bill, being a revenue measure, has no business in the Senate, and has already aroused the resentment of the House.

President Roosevelt's methods and ideas are just now the subject of wide comment. Practically all of this, concerning his expressed intention of appointing only fit persons to public office, is decidedly favorable to the manner in which he has so far followed his promise by his acts. The appointments so far made have been well received, both by partisans and by the general public. It may be that he has not exhibited a great amount of tact in any case, but he has shown a directness and clear-headedness which seem to have answered equally well and pleased the people better. In a political appointment his plan includes a proper recognition of the organization on which his policies must lean for support, but not to the extent of indorsing an appointment known to be detri-

mental to the public service. Neither does he hesitate between factions in any State—they must agree through their representatives, or stand out of the way while he makes a selection. A situation in New York, which paralyzed Garfield politically, has just been handled by Roosevelt in a single stroke which has left no evil results in sight. The New York senators demanded the retention of Bidwell as collector of the port of New York. Governor Odell headed a faction insisting on his removal. The President, seeing no chance of harmony, took the matter in his own hand, and selected a man to whom neither side can find an objection. His appointment of Judge Jones, a Democrat, in Alabama was another evidence of seeking the best man. It was followed by the selection of H. C. McDowell, a Republican, as federal judge in Virginia. The State organization did not agree on him, but were obliged to accept him gracefully because his selection was made on the highest grounds—that of fitness. He has appointed both a collector and a postmaster at Wilmington, Del., on their merits, and, as it happens, both anti-Addicks men. The appointment of J. A. Croft collector at Louisville was a compromise the President forced from the Bradley-Dehoe factions. Neither would agree to the nominee of the other, so they were obliged to select a first-class man outside of both factions or see the whole matter taken out of their control. The Quay and anti-Quay factions received similar treatment in the appointment of a postmaster for Philadelphia. They were compelled to agree upon Clayton MacMichael. The same spirit of reform is indicated by the President's order restoring to the civil service in the War Department fifteen hundred places which had been taken out of it by McKinley's order of May, 1899. It is also evident, from the stand he has taken, that appointments to the army and navy will not be made for political or social reasons. The worst appointments made in these branches have always been traced to these influences, and it is to be hoped that the present example will have the result of reforming it wholly. It has not been possible for his severest critics to charge the President with playing politics or building up a personal machine. He exploded both theories while governor of New York. His appointments are consistent with ideas he enunciated long before the Presidency had risen on his vision.

While the indications are that the reciprocity treaties which have already been negotiated and are awaiting the action or inaction of the Senate will not be taken up at all this winter, it is just as clear that the Cuban question, which turns upon the commercial relations between that island and the United States, is liable to bring the subject of reciprocity to the front in short order. It is now well known that the President, as outlined in his message, is favorable to reciprocal arrangements with Cuba. It has assumed the form of an administration policy, and is now being urged upon the members of the Senate with the backing of Secretary Root's report, and the pleas of General Wood and a delegation of Cubans who have come to Washington with him to lay before Congress the necessities of Cuba. The arguments of the administration are wholly confined to the sentimental side of the subject. The attitude assumed is that of a guardian not only of the peace and tranquillity of the island, but also a sponsor for its prosperity. The great productions on which the material welfare of Cuba depends are the crops of sugar and tobacco, and these are just now reported to be in a dismal condition from which they can only be rescued by granting them admission into the markets of this country on such terms as will stimulate their production. The only reason why greater freedom of trade should be granted seems to be that, without it, the important interests of Cuba will fall into stagnation, and stagnation will produce discontent, discontent rebellion and revolutions, and the latter will destroy that stability of government which we have undertaken to establish as a foundation of an independent Cuban republic. All of the argument is not, however, on one side. The tobacco and sugar interests of



country are deeply agitated, and are unwilling to give up the advantages they enjoy in the home trade for the sole purpose of helping the production of the same goods in a foreign country, even though that country should be Cuba. For these, the argument is made that if Cuba is to be assisted, let it be from the treasury of the nation, to which all Americans contribute, and not from the pockets of particular interests, which are private funds. The interests which take this stand are the beet-sugar growers of the West, the cane-sugar growers of Louisiana, and the producers of Hawaii and Porto Rico. They represent about one million tons of the sugar consumption of this country, which for the present year is estimated at 2,350,585 tons. They are, moreover, flourishing industries, which in time will supply all demands, and which, it is claimed, can not survive competition with Cuban sugar produced by cheap Cuban labor.

One feature may preclude any action this winter. It is improbable that anything can be accomplished until the Cuban election is held, the government organized and recognized by this country. This will take time, and may throw the question over until next year. The election is set for December 31st, and the electors are to meet February 24th. No Cuban congress can assemble until April, so that by the time the preliminaries are disposed of our own Congress will be about ready to adjourn.

Congress has received two documents which promise to make the subject of an isthmian canal a prominent one during this session. One is the report of the canal commission and the other is the draft of the new Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The commission has considered both routes, and considers both feasible—the Panama route as a sea-level canal, and the Nicaragua route as a lock-system canal. The preference, however, is given to the latter—one member dissenting—for reasons of cost, rapidity of construction, and sanitary conditions. The Nicaragua is stated to be 183.66 miles in length, and it is now estimated that it can be completed in eight years at an expense of \$189,864,062. The estimate for the Panama route is \$144,233,358, to which must be added \$109,141,000 demanded for the concession. The work done on the latter route is said to be worth \$40,000,000. The time to complete it is placed at ten years. The Nicaragua route is recommended as most advantageous for all commerce except that originating on the west coast of South America, and is generally favored for sailing-vessels on account of the prevailing winds. The time of passage for deep-draught vessels is thirty-three hours. The commission suggests that control should be acquired of a strip of land ten miles wide from sea to sea, and states that concessions from both Nicaragua and Costa Rica can easily be secured.

The Nicaragua foreign minister has signed a protocol for a treaty leasing a strip six miles wide to the United States in perpetuity. The minority report urges that the estimate of cost is too small in the case of the Nicaragua route, that the cost of operating a Panama canal would be less, and the chances of international complications more remote. A rumor is afloat that the republics interested in the Nicaragua route are likely to cause a delay by requiring this country to secure guaranties of neutrality from other powers as well as Great Britain—a feature which, if true, might involve the question of the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine.

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, when submitted, proved to be very nearly what advance reports of it had outlined. It consists of six sections, the first of which abrogates the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It agrees to the construction of the canal at the cost of the United States, and to its operation under the sole regulation and management of this country. There is no mention of fortifications, but it concedes control of waters a league from either end, as well as police and sanitary supervision. Neutrality is to be observed, however, and the soldiers and sailors of other nations allowed to pass through. Congressman Hephurn and Senator Morgan have both re-introduced their former bills in their respective branches, and the treaty has been favorably reported in the Senate; the latter not without considerable criticism, which may cause much debate and delay ratification.

There has been much discussion of Chinese exclusion recently in the East. The activity of the Chinese minister, the different view-point in the East and South to that in the West, and the industrious circulation of the statement that even the Pacific Coast was becoming favorable to Chinese admission, made the outlook for a time decidedly gloomy. A change was at once apparent when the President's message came out with a strong indorsement of exclusion and a recommendation of its prompt renewal. Congress has been polled by the question, and a safe majority is in sight for an anti-Chinese measure. The only question remaining is the form of action by which exclusion shall be accomplished. Senator

Lodge has introduced a bill which, though brief, covers the exigent question—the question of continued exclusion. It is the best proposition made, and should be passed at once. Detailed changes in the law can be made later and at leisure. Mr. Lodge's bill is simply a repeal of that portion of the act of 1892 which limits exclusion to ten years. The effect would be to make the term of exclusion continuous and indefinite.

Senator Mitchell's bill provides for the exclusion of Chinese, Japanese, and Filipinos and their descendants. There are other bills in the Senate, proposed by Senators Stewart, Fairbanks, Quay, and Penrose.

The officials of the Immigration Bureau, aided by the Chinese inspector and congressmen from this Coast, have prepared a bill which Representative Kahn has introduced in the House, and which Senator Perkins is expected to look after in the Senate. This bill is an exhaustive measure, intended to take the place of the present act, and supply deficiencies in its successful operation. Its most striking new features are the sections which define Chinese students, teachers, and merchants in such a manner that it will be more difficult to evade the law. It also requires a list of officials from the Chinese Government, so that admission under the exception of officials may be no longer abused. There are, too, stricter regulations under which a *bona-fide* Chinese traveler for pleasure may tour the country, but the spurious ones can be kept out. These changes are desirable, but the best action to take at once is expressed by the Lodge bill, which contains the vital point, and should not be obscured by a multitude of other measures at this time.

The supreme court has decided that the lunacy law of this State is unconstitutional, and therefore of no force. That law, enacted in 1897, provided that any relative or friend of a person suspected of being insane, or any qualified official, may apply for the commitment of such person to an asylum for the insane. The application must be accompanied by a certificate of lunacy, signed by two physicians who are authorized medical examiners. The application is then considered by a judge of the superior court, and if he is satisfied, the commitment is made out. There is no limit to the number of physicians who may be tried before two are found willing to sign the certificate. Their testimony is not given under oath, and the witnesses whom they examine are not sworn. There is no requirement that the accused person shall be heard in his own defense. Under this law, one W. H. Lambert was adjudged insane, and committed to the Napa hospital for the insane. A friend had applied for the commitment, two physicians had certified to his insanity, and Judge Buckles, of Solano County, committed him. A writ of *habeas corpus* was sued out in his behalf before the supreme court, on the ground that he had been given no opportunity to present his defense, and therefore had been deprived of his liberty without due process of law. The supreme court holds that this point is well taken. The constitutional guaranty that a man shall not be deprived of his liberty without due process of law, is violated whenever any such adjudgment is had without giving him an opportunity to be heard in defense of the charge.

Revolutions in the Spanish-American states are of such frequent occurrence that the people of this country seldom consider them except as the vehicle of a joke. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Colombian revolution should have continued for two years and cost fifty thousand lives without having attracted any attention. A situation has now been reached, however, where attention is demanded. Under its treaty with the Colombian Government, this country has a right to unimpeded transit across the Isthmus of Panama. When the Colombian Government can not insure this right this country may step in and enforce it. This was done during the revolution of 1885, when American marines were landed and occupied Panama. It has been done again.

The same treaty that guarantees unobstructed transit binds this country to protect Colombia against foreign invasion, but this is not a foreign invasion, it is a family quarrel. International complications have been discussed, because of the attitude of President Castro, of Venezuela. His sympathy with the insurgents is pronounced, but he has not been guilty of any overt act, and is not likely to be. The active assistance the rebels have received has been from Venezuelan sympathizers, and not from the government. As has been said, the revolution began two years ago. In Colombia, as in most Spanish-American countries, the people are divided into two parties—the Clericals, or Conservatives, who desire a strong government, similar to that of Spain, and a close connection between the church and state, and the Liberals, who favor a democratic government. The Liberals are the revolutionists in Colombia to-day. The Clericals have been in power since 1886, when President

Núñez overthrew the Liberal government, and established himself as dictator. He abolished the constitution, and increased the taxes to such an extent that the people are poverty-stricken and business at a standstill. In Venezuela, President Castro is a Liberal, and naturally sympathizes with the insurgents. In Ecuador the Clericals are in power, but there have been boundary and other disputes to crush out any friendly feeling. The sympathies of the people of Costa Rica, Honduras, and Nicaragua are with the revolutionists. Nevertheless, these sympathies are not likely to result in anything beyond the furnishing of supplies and munitions of war, because of the dangers that a foreign war might stir up at home.

The *Argonaut* has already printed some letters from Eastern physicians concerning our attitude of disbelief as to the alleged existence of bubonic plague in San Francisco. Annexed are two letters on the same subject:

ALBANY, N. Y., December 4, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I found my copy of the *Argonaut* of November 25, 1901, awaiting me on my return from my Thanksgiving vacation. I appreciate very fully the fair-mindedness which you displayed in publishing my letter, and the friendly spirit in which you comment on it. I can not refrain, however, from making one or two remarks regarding your comments.

Your final sentence, in which you state that you naturally base your opinion that plague does not or did not exist in San Francisco on the majority verdict of the medical men, sums up, I take it, your attitude. If you were dealing with typhoid fever or measles, or any disease which is wide-spread throughout this continent, the basing of your opinion on the majority verdict would be eminently just and proper. In the case of plague, you must bear in mind that the overwhelming majority of American physicians have never seen a case. The commission appointed by the United States Government, consisting of Drs. Barker, Flexner, and Novy, had made a special study of the disease and its causal agent by actual observations of plague cases in Manila and India, and a careful study of the plague bacillus. The question resolves itself, therefore, into this: Are you to accept the opinion of the majority of physicians merely because they are the majority, and notwithstanding the fact that their knowledge of plague is purely academic, or are you to accept the opinion of three experts, who have specially studied the disease by actual observation of cases?

You lay a great deal of stress on the fact that the supporters of the contention that plague did not and does not exist in San Francisco were on the ground; the government plague commission was also on the ground. It is true that they were only on the ground for observation of cases for eight days, but during that time they discovered six cases of plague, their reports being so complete and accurate that no unbiased physician could call them into question for a moment. [Then why does the Federal Government question them? It does not quarantine San Francisco.—ENS.]

You say that most of those who have been on the ground believe that the cases supposed to be plague were cases of glandular trouble, due to syphilis. Unfortunately for this theory, the cases died. I take it that you gleaned this view of possible syphilis from some physician. Ask him if he has ever seen a case of syphilis die of that disease during the stage of glandular involvement. Ask him to show you statements in medical text-books or magazines showing that death from syphilis in the adult occurs during this stage. Some of the text-books do not even mention the possibility of death under such conditions. [We did not say nor believe that the cases died from these symptoms; practically all of the syphilitic Chinese have other diseases.—ENS.]

In conclusion, I wish to express the hope that even though you can not bring yourselves to the belief that plague is present in San Francisco, you can believe that Chinatown needs a thorough disinfection, and that you will earnestly advocate the same. [We have done so.—ENS.] Yours very truly, GEORGE BLUMER.

SIERRA MADRE, CAL., November 24, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Permit me to point out that you do not meet the points raised in the letter of Dr. George Blumer, as to the existence of plague in San Francisco, with the usual acuteness displayed by the *Argonaut*.

It is not sufficient to reply that out of a hundred physicians who have investigated the matter ninety do not believe there has been any plague, therefore you base your opinion on the ninety.

This is surely not worthy of the *Argonaut*. Who were the ninety? How many of them are qualified to express an opinion at all? How many of them were trained pathologists and bacteriologists? How many of them were local physicians biased by a desire not to find the plague?

Your numerical argument seems weak when one remembers that the experts appointed by Secretary Gage are evidently among the ten with whom you disagree. As you well know, numbers are not everything. If I read a statement in ninety-eight ordinary journals and found that it was criticised, or contradicted, in the *Argonaut* or the *New York Evening Post*, I should not attach much importance to the dictum of the ninety-eight ordinary journals.

If the skilled pathologists are in a minority out of a hundred physicians, I should expect the *Argonaut* to be on the side of the experts. Yours truly, J. G. BLUMER.

The *Argonaut* tries to be honest and tries to be fair. When the medical fight over the rumors of plague in San Francisco first broke out, the editor of this journal was in Europe. At that range even San Francisco's acrimonious rows are somewhat dulled by distance. A faint tinkle and hum comes across continents and oceans, like that caused by the wand of the enchanter in Irving's Moorish Legend when he touched the toy cities and puppet knights and brought them to factitious life. When the plague rumors reached Europe from San Francisco, there followed similar rumors affecting the fair fame of other cities—Bombay, Calcutta, Yokohama, Glasgow, Hamburg, Lisbon, Alexandria, and Constantinople. The busy hustling world paid as much attention to the San Francisco rumors as to the others—which was no attention at all.

On our return to San Francisco, we found the medical wrangle somewhat abated, and had hoped that it was over. But these letters have convinced us that we were ignorant in the matter, and therefore perhaps reprehensible. So we sat down and read over the records of the whole miserable



business. We have examined the mass of letters and telegrams between Governor Gage and Secretary Gage, between Federal officers and State officers. We have carefully weighed the wrangling reports from Federal, State, and city experts. Yet from all these data we find it impossible to derive any conclusion. We have read report after report of autopsies, at which the Federal experts claimed that the body showed "hipolar stained bacilli," while the State experts claimed that the same corpse gave no such results. Case after case shows these diametrically opposed conclusions of the doctors.

We can not enter into a discussion with Dr. George Blumer as to the identity or non-identity of certain glandular symptoms with bubonic plague. When doctors disagree so radically, laymen had better hold their tongues. We will content ourselves with saying that, when the State experts were present at the autopsies, the Federal experts invariably failed to prove their case. And we rise from the reading of these reports with a lessened respect for a learned profession which we have hitherto held in high regard.

Under these circumstances, therefore, we can but repeat what we have said: The *Argonaut* sincerely and honestly believes that the doctors who have maintained that bubonic plague existed in San Francisco have failed to prove their case.

As our courteous medical correspondents apparently seem to think that this matter is "up to" the *Argonaut*, we must decline to assume that burden. It rests elsewhere. The President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Surgeon-General of the United States have investigated this matter through their bacteriological experts and other officials. They have the health of eighty millions of people in their charge. The health of the nation is certainly of more importance than the trade of San Francisco. They have investigated the sanitary situation here thoroughly, and if matters were one-tenth as bad as the plague doctors maintain they are, the President and his subordinates would be forced, in justice to the rest of the country, to cut off San Francisco by a strict quarantine. The President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Surgeon-General have not done so. They did not back up Federal Agent Kinyoun in his quarantine. They, therefore, either believe that San Francisco is not plague-stricken, or they believe she is. If they believe she is, and suppress the fact for political or commercial considerations, they are hypocrites, cowards, and liars. If they believe what the plague doctors say, they are false to their oath of office. This we can not believe. We must believe, on the contrary, that the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Surgeon-General have been unable to find sufficient grounds to declare San Francisco plague-stricken. We prefer to believe this rather than to believe that the President of the United States could be a hypocrite, a coward, and a liar.

The concluding steps in the transfer of the Stanford estate to the ownership of the university at Palo Alto were completed this week. Mrs. Stanford turned over to the trustees property valued at \$30,000,000, retaining to herself only a life interest in the residence on California Street. This consummation of the life-dream of Mrs. Stanford had been made possible by the adoption of the constitutional amendment authorizing universities to receive such gifts. Stanford now has an endowment twice as large as that of Cornell or the University of Chicago, four times as large as that of the University of California, and five times as large as Harvard.

A bill has been introduced in both Houses of Congress providing for an appropriation not exceeding \$3,000,000, to erect a new building for the customs service in this city. It provides that the new building shall occupy the site of the present custom-house and post-office, unless a commission shall be appointed to select a new location, and that a local architect shall be associated with the government architect in preparing the plans. It is impossible to see how any just opposition can be raised to this measure. It needs but a glance at the tumble-down relic that now houses the government offices in this city to prove the immediate necessity for a new building. Representative Mercer, of Nebraska, the chairman of the House Public Buildings Committee, when here on a visit recently, urged the California representatives to introduce the bill, so there is little danger of an unfavorable report from that direction. Other congressmen who have seen the building have spoken to the same effect. In fact the only criticism that can be made is that the introduction of the bill has been postponed so long. A change has been urgently needed for a quarter of a century, and now, with the growing importance of Oriental and Pacific Ocean trade, it can not longer be delayed.

While everything is to be said in favor of the bill, and nothing against it, its enactment can be secured only by hard,

energetic work on the part of the entire California delegation. Congress is always overwhelmed by a mass of business pressing upon it for attention. Every congressman has his pet measure involving an appropriation for his district. Every representative and every senator from this State should therefore use his best endeavor that San Francisco may have a custom-house commensurate with the commercial importance of the port.

The examination conducted by the United States inspectors of steam vessels into the causes of the recent collision on the bay, has not been completed at the present time, so the conclusions of the examiners are not yet known. One thing has been brought out, however, that is important, wherever the blame for the disaster may be lodged. The captains of the two vessels were forced to admit that they had not obeyed the established regulations for the control of pilots, and, further, that if they had the collision would probably not have occurred. The regulations provide that in a fog, vessels shall go at a moderate speed. Between Sausalito and Alcatraz the *Sausalito* did not go at a moderate speed. The regulations provide that in a fog, when vessels can not be seen, passing signals shall not be sounded. Passing signals were sounded by both vessels. There are evidences that discipline on these boats was not so well maintained as it should have been.

## HENLEY'S ATTACK ON STEVENSON.

Protests against Making a Marvel and Martyr of His Friend.

The remarkable criticism of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, which W. E. Henley, the poet, has contributed to the Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, has caused a great sensation in the literary world, and stirred up a heated controversy in the English metropolis. Mr. Henley protests against the "figure of a man" which Graham Balfour has presented in his recent life of Stevenson, and resents the mawkish hero-worship which has done so much to make his friend ridiculous. Mr. Henley admits that Mr. Balfour has "done his best, and his best should rank decently among official biographies, and that "he has done his best for the Stevenson of legend and his best for the Stevenson of life." But Mr. Henley is not satisfied with this picture of his friend. He says:

"'Tis a fact that, recalling what I can recall, I can only take Mr. Balfour's book as a solemn and serious essay in that kind of make-believe in which the biographer (if one may use so flippant a neologism in so august a connection) did all his life rejoice, and was exceedingly glad. I read; and as I read I am oppressed by the thought that here is Louis Stevenson very much as he may well have wanted to be, but that here is not Louis Stevenson at all. At any rate, here is not the Louis Stevenson I knew."

For Mr. Henley there were two Stevensons—the Stevenson who went to America in '87, and the Stevenson who never came back:

"The first I knew, and loved; the other I lost touch with, and though I admired him, did not greatly esteem. My relation to him was that of a man with a grievance; and for that reason, perhaps—that reason and others—I am by no means disposed to take all Mr. Balfour says for gospel, nor willing to forget, on the showing of what is after all an official statement, the knowledge gained in an absolute intimacy of give-and-take which lasted for thirteen years, and includes so many of the circumstances of those thirteen years that, as I believe, none living now can pretend to speak of them with any such authority as mine. This, however, is not to say that Mr. Balfour's view of his famous cousin is not warranted to the letter, so far as he saw and knew. I mean no more than that the Stevenson he knew was not the Stevenson who came to me (that good angel, Mr. Leslie Stephen, aiding) in the old Edinburgh infirmary; nor the Stevenson I nursed in secret, hard by the old Bristol Port, till he could make shift to paddle the *Arcturion*; nor the Stevenson who stayed with me at Acton after selling *Modestine*; nor even the Stevenson who booked a steerage berth to New York, and thence trained it 'across the plains,' and ended for the time being as a married man and a Silverado squatter; though I confess that in this last avatar the Stevenson of Mr. Balfour's dream had begun, however faintly and vaguely, to adumbrate himself, and might have been looked for as a certainty by persons less affectionate and uninquiring than those by whom he was then approached."

Referring to his sonnet on Stevenson, which Mr. Balfour quotes in his biography, the poet says:

"I may as well own that 'the Shorter Catechist' of the last verse was an afterthought. In those days he was in abeyance, to say the least; and if, even then, it *allait pointer à l'horizon* (as the composition, in secret and as if ashamed, of 'Lay Morals' persuades me to believe he did), I, at any rate, was too short-sighted to suspect his whereabouts. When I realized it, I completed my sonnet; but this was not till years had come and gone, and the Shorter Catechist, already detested by more than one, was fully revealed to me. I will say at once that I do not love the Shorter Catechist, in anybody, and that I loved him less in Stevenson than anywhere that I have ever found him. He is too selfish and too self-righteous a beast for me. He makes ideals for himself with a resolute regard for his own salvation; but he is all too apt to damn the rest of the world for declining to live up to them, and he is all too ready to make a lapse of his own the occasion for a rule of conduct for himself and the lasting pretext for a highly moral deliverance to such backsliding Erasmians as, having memories and a certain concern for facts, would like him to wear his rue with a difference."

At bottom Stevenson was an excellent fellow. But he was of his essence what the French call "personnel":

"He was, that is, incessantly and passionately interested in Stevenson. He could not be in the same room with a mirror, but he must invite its confidences every time he passed it; to him there was nothing obvious in time and eternity, and the smallest of his discoveries, his most trivial apprehensions, were all by way of being revelations, and, as revelations, must be thrust upon the world; he was never so much to earnest, never so well pleased (this were he happy or wretched), never so irresistible, as when he wrote about himself. Withal, if he wanted a thing, he went after it with an entire contempt for consequences. For these, indeed, the Shorter Catechist was ever prepared to answer; so that, whether he did well or ill, he was safe to come out unashamed and cheerful. He detested Mr. Gladstone, I am pleased to say; but his gift of self-persuasion was scarce second to that statesman's own."

Mr. Henley declares that where Stevenson was grossly interested, he could see but one side of the debate:

"There are people yet liviog (I am not one of them) who, knowing him intimately, have not hesitated to describe him in a word of three letters, the suspicion of which might well make him turn in his grave.

And yet, I do not know. He ever took himself so seriously—or rather he ever played at life with such a solemn grace—that perhaps, after all, he would scarce stir where he lies for the dread vocable. For he was a humorist and a thinker, and could he hear it, he would certainly smile, fall (like the Faquir of story) to considering himself unbecomingly, and, finding in the end that he had fairly earned it, go back to sleep, with a glow of satisfaction for that this part also had been well played. No better historian ever lived. But in the South Seas the mask got set, the 'lines' became a little stereotyped. Plainly the Shorter Catechist was what was wanted. And here we are: with Stevenson's later letters and Mr. Graham Balfour's estimate.

"'Tis as that of an angel clean from heaven, and I, for my part, flatly refuse to recognize it. Not, if I can help it, shall this faultless, or very faultless, mooster go down to after years as the Louis I knew, and loved, and labored with and for, with all my heart and strength and understanding. In days to come, I may write as much as can be told of him. Till those days come, this protest must suffice. If it convey the impression that I take a view of Stevenson which is my own, and which declines to be concerned with this Seraph in Chocolate, this barley sugar effigy of a real man; that the best and the most interesting part of Stevenson's life will never get written—even by me; and that the Shorter Catechist of Vaillima, however brilliant and distinguished as a writer of stories, however authorized and acceptable as an artist in morals, is not my old, riotous, intrepid, scornful Stevenson at all—soothe it will."

Treating of the movement of Stevenson's mind, his friend indicates that it was not always consummately swift. When one jolly creature greeted him with the words, "Here comes the Gifted Boy," he was at a loss to retort. Pursuing this point, Mr. Henley says:

"Was he what the world calls 'a wit'? I do not think he was. After all, a wit is a man of phrases; consciously, sometimes, he waits, he thinks, he condenses his thought, and out comes his witicism; or he waits not, nor thinks, nor condenses, but says something, and by no sort of effort he retorts in the only possible way. Mr. Thackeray has noted the difference between old Mr. Congreve, inventing his epigrams in a corner, and young Mr. Harry Fielding, who pours out everything he has in his heart, and is, in effect, as brilliant, as engaging, and as arresting a talker as Colonel Esmond has known. In print Stevenson was now and then witty enough for seven; but in talk his way was, not Congreve's, but Harry Fielding's. No; he was certainly not a wit, in the sense that Congreve was a wit."

Mr. Henley admits that Stevenson's style was rare, but declares that "Stevenson's work in letters does not now take me much, and I decline to enter on the question of its immortality; since that, despite what any can say, will get itself settled, soon or late, for all time." He adds:

"No, when I care to think of Stevenson, it is not of 'R. L. S.'—R. L. S., 'the renowned, the accomplished, executing his difficult solo'; but of the 'Louis' that I knew, and loved, and wrought for, and worked for so long. The successful man of letters does not greatly interest me; I read his careful prayers, and pass on, with the certainty that, well as they read, they were not written for print; I learn of his nameless prodigalities—and recall some instances of conduct in another vein. I remember, rather, the unmarried and irresponsible Louis—the friend, the comrade, the *chameur*. Truly, that last word, French as it is, is the only one that is worthy of him. I shall ever remember him as that. The impression of his writings disappears; the impression of himself and his talk is ever a possession.

In concluding Mr. Henley writes:

"I have everywhere read that we must praise him now and always for that, being a stricken man, he would live out his life. Are we not all stricken men, and do we not all do that? And why, because he wrote better than any one, should he have praise and fame for doing that which many a poor, consumptive seamstress does: cheerfully, faithfully, with no eloquent appeals to God, nor so much as a paragraph in the evening papers? That a man writes well at death's door is sure no reason for making him a hero; for, after all, there is as much virtue in making a shirt, or finishing a gross of match-boxes, in the very act of mortality, as there is in polishing a verse, or completing a chapter in a novel. As much, I say; but is there not an immense deal more? In the one case, the sufferer does the thing he loves best in life. In the other, well—who that has not made shirts, or finished match-boxes, shall speak? Stevenson, for all his vocalizations, was a brave man, with a fine, buoyant spirit; and he took the mystery of life and time and death as seemed best to him. But we are mortals all; and, so far as I have seen, there are few of us but strive to keep a decent face for the Arch-Discomforter. There is no doubt that Stevenson wrote his best in the shadow of the Shade; for writing his best was very life to him. Why, then, all this crawling astonishment—this voluble admiration? If it meant anything, it would mean that we have forgotten how to live, and that none of us is prepared to die; and that there was an outrage on the innumerable unstored martyrdoms of humanity." Let this be said of him, once for all: 'He was a good man, good at many things, and now this also he has attained to, to be at rest.' This covers Sophocles and Shakespeare, Marlborough and Bonaparte. Let it serve for Stevenson; and, for ourselves, let us live and die uninsulated, as we lived and died before his books began to sell, and his personality was a marketable thing."

It is interesting to note how the press in England and America has received Mr. Henley's protest. The London *St. James's Gazette* thinks the article was written because Mr. Henley did not receive the recognition which he thought "should have been bestowed upon him for his work of past years in bringing Stevenson's writing first to the knowledge of the public," and expresses the difficulty it has "to read without a sense of shame, his attack on the memory of the man who was once his friend." The Glasgow *Evening News* considers the article as "ineffably contemptuous and unpardonable." The Sheffield *Independent* observes that "Mr. Henley seems to have written in a moment of pique," and the result is "a totally one-sided portrait." The *Illustrated London News* says: "They are delightful, these memoranda of one masterful temperament by another, half resentful, half affectionate, most uproariously human." The London *Outlook* regards the article as "somewhat crabbed, if generously intended," while the *Globe* remarks that it is "as rough as you please, but it says things that needed to be said and were not easy to say; and it is at least an angry bull's rush in the direction of freedom and common sense."

The New York *Evening Post* points out that "what the reader of the article should not fail to see is that Mr. Henley has never been more consistent than in this instance. His hatred of shams has ever made him intolerant of the pieties which glozes the grosser qualities of literary heroes." The New York *Sun* says: "That a close friend of the dead man, a collaborator, and old admirer, should turn and rend him now is one of those ignoble things that strike one as being all the more inexplicable because they are so unnecessary." The New York *Tribune*, on the other hand, agrees with Mr. Henley in his protest against "the silly sentimentality which would make a marvel and a martyr out of the man," and against the "uncritical enthusiasm which would give preposterously high rank to his work," and adds that "evidently the trouble among Stevenson's friends is that, counting Mr. Henley among themselves, his candor strikes them as a betrayal."

In reply to those who have scored him severely, Mr. Henley says: "The criticisms are really not worth the trouble of retort. These gentlemen have not apparently taken the trouble to read my article carefully or in the right spirit, or it would be impossible for them to take such a view of my motives. Some day I may deal with the subject in my own way; until then I can afford to remain, and remain, absolutely silent."



## ANGÈLE'S RUDE AWAKENING.

Why She Married One Man and Loved Another.

There were two of them in her life—one, her lover, was a man of her own class, the son of a neighboring farmer; the other was an English gentleman. One toiled from the pale gray and pink dawn to the dull leaden darkness trying to extract a living for himself and his bride from the barren hillside farm; the other employed some twenty laborers to beautify the grounds about his summer home on the crest of the ridge. One had given his heart and soul into Angèle Delamater's hands, and accounted himself blessed when she had placidly accepted his gifts; the other had noted her carelessly, thought her a pretty girl, told her so more or less directly, and, quite unwittingly he it said, awakened the love that had never been aroused by Jim Thorne's appeals.

And the wedding day was creeping nearer and nearer, while the glamour of the rich Englishman was enshrouding her in its filmy mist. Only eight or ten times had she seen him. The first time—perhaps the second—even the third had made little impress on her mind. He was as far removed from her as the hilltop pines were distant from the scrub oaks and chaparral of her future home. Then came the day when he drew rein at her father's gate, to speak to the old man about a boundary fence. Angèle, pommeling her head by the open window, listened to the well-modulated voice—so different from Jim's—that was the first thought that occurred to her. In answer to her father's call, she took them the outline map of the farm, and Seymour sprang from his horse, coming half-way up the walk to take the papers from her—for the sun was hot, so he said. She wore no hat, and the blistering rays would burn her face—her hair—What was it that he did say or suggest? His own head was uncovered while he spoke to her, and he looked like some glorious blonde giant—like the golden-haired knight of her childhood dreams. Who had ever thought of saving her a step—of sheltering her from the ordinary sunlight of her hills? Not her father, not her brothers, not Jim.

The next time she met him she was carrying some brilliant scarlet snipe-blossoms, and what wonder was it that he compared the livid blossoms with the living scarlet lips above them? Then it was, too, that he told her that the night before, as he lay in his hammock watching the moon slip out from the entangling arms of the pines, he had remembered that her hair matched the marvelous blue-black of the night sky. He had thought of her up there in his wonderful home! He had remembered her! Remembered how she looked! Could her imagination do otherwise than run mad riot?

The next meetings, quite accidental on his part, carefully planned on hers, were in the redwood circle through which the trail ran, from which it dropped down the sandy slope to Ben Lomond. There were few words spoken, but these the girl's heart translated into its own language, and in so doing enveloped them in wondrous beauty. Her mind, hearing only through her heart, was quite unconscious of the matter-of-fact, commonplace phrases. It heard only love.

When the wedding morning dawned the Delamater farm was enveloped in a sea of fog. The sun stretched himself lazily over the hills, and slowly the mist withdrew into the cañons, valiantly held a hillside for a moment, and then skurried back in undignified retreat. But vanquished it would not be, and all around its masses stood in close array. The farm itself, encircled with roses that gave place in ever-widening rings to blossom-laden orchards, seemed an oasis in the gnarled and rugged hill-sides on which it lay.

Angèle, a dull, only partially comprehended misery in her heart, was dressing for the ceremony. She had asked to be left quite alone in her little white room on this last morning at home, and now she stood by the window looking out blankly at the white, misty wall that shut out the view of the vineyard home to which she was so soon to go, and the columned verandas of Seymour's house. She was listening, too, half-heartedly to the sounds below, to the mother and sisters busying themselves about the preparations for the wedding feast. She heard her father talking to Jim—to Jim who had driven over early hoping to see her, hoping that he could find words in which to tell her all that he wanted to say; to tell her all that he longed for in life was to make her happy; that even now he would give her up if she did not feel that she could be content with him. For the honest, stupid, plodding boy had seen the shadow on his sweetheart's face, and although he could not know its substance, he was unwilling to stand between his beloved and the sun of her life. But Angèle had refused to see him; there would be time enough for all that afterward, she told herself; and that, too, was the message she sent to him.

She leaned forward to caress a rose that blossomed just beyond the green shutter, and then she saw him—Seymour—riding slowly down the trail. A sudden rush of blood from her heart to her head deprived it of all sense, of all reason. He had come! He would save her! That was the message that flashed along the crimson stream. He was on his way to the trust under the great cathedral trees. She must meet him there. With feverish fingers she dressed, rejoicing in the pretty details of her traveling-gown. Were they not all for him? Had she not known all the time in reality that they were for him? Poor Jim! But he would get over it. They always did, and—She stopped suddenly, and looked in the glass at the scarlet lips, brilliant like Japan's quince-blossoms, at the blue-black hair so like the summer night. A quick rush of tears dimmed all the vision. Poor little mother! Would she get over it? The girl tore a scrap of paper from the box that had held the wedding hat and wrote a hurried note to her mother. Then once more she went to the window. The fog was again shutting down and enveloping like a bridal veil the green trees under which even now Seymour must be waiting for her. Hurry! She must hurry to him.

And then she saw that Seymour himself was standing by

the gate, and that her father was walking down the path, his long, white hair gleaming like silver. Courteously enough, the Englishman greeted him, adding: "About that boundary line, Mr. Delamater. Couldn't you come with me now to look over the land? We may as well come to terms about it to-day."

"But not to-day." The old French peasant's voice had lost its cringing tone in his broadening American life, but he understood that the rich land-owner knew nothing, cared nothing, about the personal affairs of the poor. Still he explained: "It is Angèle's—it is my daughter's wedding day, and—"

"Oh, Miss Angy's wedding day. Surely, I had forgotten." Seymour's tone held a note that might almost have been an apology, so kindly were his feelings toward these, his poor neighbors. "Of course business has no place to-day. Give my best wishes to the bride. Thorne is a fine fellow, I think, and I am sure that Miss Delamater and you are both to be congratulated."

He rode away into the fog, never glancing at the shutters behind which the white face was hidden, never dreaming that in the bride's heart or mind there was place or thought for him.

The Lares and Penates in the little white room watched her through her half-hour of agony, through her hour of conquest, and then saw her pass out from among them forever, ready to face her little world, ready to take up the honest burden of life.

The ceremony was over, the toasts were all drunk, and the bride had driven away. Such a fine wedding! Such a pretty bride! These were the comments of the simple country folk, and only the mother eyes had seen the pain and, seeing it, had known that her uneasy fears had been realities, that Angèle had married the one, loving the other with her whole heart. Through a rain of tears she watched the dust-cloud move slowly down the mountain until it mingled with the fog-cloud, and then she turned into her own room, and on her knees, by her bed, prayed for help for her child. To her, there, Angèle's note, written in fierce, impossible joy, forgotten in intolerable anguish, was brought:

OH MOTHER, LITTLE MOTHER: I am going away with the man I love. The other was all a mistake. Nothing but misery could have come out of it, nothing but joy will come from this. You will know that I am right in time.

The mother eyes read and the mother's heart was comforted.

KATHRYN JARBOE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1901.

## LATE VERSE.

TO R. L. S.

BURIED ON THE CREST OF VAEA MOUNTAIN, SAMOA, DECEMBER 4, 1894.

Where the mist-spirits float their pennons gray  
On Vaea's gusty mountain crest, is he  
Keeping the bivouac of eternity  
Pavilioned like a god. Day after day  
He listens to the epic winds that stray  
Vagrant around the world; and birds that flee  
Across the vasty reaches of the sea  
Sing him the saga of their weary way.

Teller of tales, dear, venturesome, yearning heart,  
Magician, rest upon your peak, apart  
From beaten paths and smoke and cities' towers,  
And dream new dreams, unbroken save only when  
The child-like, reverent, dark-skinned island men  
Pant up the steep cliff, laden with tropic flowers.

—Charles W. Collins in the December Book Buyer.

## Parnassus.

I lift mine eyes and let my vision climb  
The triple peaks whereon the old gods' spell  
Outlives the idol-breakers. Then I tell  
Legends of old, and quote from many a rhyme  
Wherein is breathed the spirit of old time.  
Bacchus was worshipped there, and there, as well,  
Sounded the Oracle of Delphi's knell,  
And there was seen Apollo's face sublime.

How it subdues a modern's mind and will  
To dream beneath the same blue, Grecian skies  
That arched the Muses! How one seems to see  
Their hands bestowing genius, talent, skill!  
And how one yearns with wide, despairing eyes,  
And cries, forgotten, "Have ye naught for me?"

—S. Decatur Smith, Jr., in the Era.

## The Poet and Fate.

FATE— Singers who charmed the earth are dead:  
Why singest thou to-day?

THE POET—Because the laughing rose is red  
And white the scented may,  
And new-born golden light is shed  
On silver stream and hay.

FATE— Thou dwellest mid a heedless race;  
Thou worship naught-but gold.

THE POET—Yet will I lift a tearless face  
Towards Beauty, as of old.  
Her hoons of love, her gifts of grace,  
Are won but by the hold.

FATE— Shelley is dead, and Keats is gone,  
And who will lift the lute?

THE POET—Though these be dead, the same strong sun  
Still changes flower to fruit;  
The birds' hearts waken, one by one;  
So why should I be mute?

—George Barlow in "To the Women of England and Other Poems."

The Salvation Army, in the furtherance of its plan for providing homes for the worthy poor, is arranging to float an issue of \$150,000 thirty-year five-per-cent. gold bonds. The North American Trust Company, of New York, is financing the deal. The bonds are secured by a mortgage upon the colonization lands of the Salvation Army, a corporation in the States of Ohio, Colorado, and California. The lands have an estimated value of \$250,000. Of the issue so far offered, \$120,000 has been subscribed by Washington E. Connor, Senator Marcus A. Hanna, Myron T. Herrick, George B. Hopkins, John E. Mulholland, Benjamin F. Tracy, and others.

## FOGGY LONDON.

The Vile Climate of the Chief Cities of England and France—  
"Van Fletch" Firmly Believes in the Passing  
of London and Paris.

Can it be possible that the generation of 1920 will put up with hiving as does the generation that now inhabits London and Paris? The fog has been thicker and blacker during the past week than it ever has been before within the memory of man. London was blacker but not thicker than Paris, a difference of about four shades as reckoned in Diamond Dye standards from dark black to visible black. This incident simply recalls the threat that too large cities become unhealthy, first, and uninhabitable, sometimes. This statement is hardly borne out by verdict of the reported death rate of London, which places it at the head of the list, for the moment, of all the large cities of the world. This says nothing for the habitableness of the place. It merely shows that people who can abide London at all are pretty tough. Statistics show that coal-miners are a particularly healthy lot, but they are carefully selected in infancy to do without daylight. London and a coal mine are much the same thing.

It is thought that the enormous development of fuel oil from the wells in Texas and Louisiana will bring relief to London in some measure. Fogs are quite as prevalent in Paris as in London, and the records show as many cloudy days in the French city as in the English, but French people burn little coal in stoves and grates and do most of their cooking over charcoal, so that there is little smoke to mix with the prevailing fog and make the article called "mud gruel" which inflicts London periodically.

What is going to happen is this. Twentieth-century people are going to become more fastidious and select more suitable localities out in the sunlight, and as soon as they begin to move in that direction there will be a rush, increasing toward the last. It may be argued that there will be improvements in the way of smoke-burners, and that the use of fuel oil will do away with the smoke so that the sun may shine. London can never be better, in these regards, than Paris, for in the latter place smoke cuts very little figure, and yet the place is growing uninhabitable when judged from the latest sanitary standards. Of one thing you may rest assured—the wave of change in the matter of world-habitation is sweeping south-east in Europe.

No one who has noticed the changes that have taken place in Italy since the Unification, and, at the same time, has kept track of the growths that have developed south-east of Vienna since Turkey was driven back the last time, will be at all surprised at my prophecy. If he happens to be observant of the spring-time growth down in the region that surrounds Venice in all directions, and then comes at once to France and England, and touches the pulse and feels the tongue of these two countries, he will think something is going to happen some time. London and Paris are both pulse and tongue to England and France. If you remain a while in either place, and get accustomed to the noise of their clumsy commerce, you will think that each of them is the pivotal centre of the world. Such judgment is of little value. There will be people to stick to forlorn hopes under all conditions of discouragement. Great commercial centres act as magnets and draw everything to them from the furthestmost ends of the earth; but unless they are rightly and continually polarized, they gradually weaken at first, and lose their strength very rapidly as they progress in their decline.

At the time that Venice was at the apogee of her commercial supremacy, it seemed as if no force on earth or out of heaven could take from her the first place in the world's commercial affairs; but the decline was so rapid when the rush to depart elsewhere began, that the people didn't have time to tear down the houses behind them and realize on the material salvaged. But this was Venice's good fortune in the end. The houses were built to last, and they have lasted until now Venice has use for them again. In the past two decades property in some parts of Venice has advanced fifteen hundred per cent.—that is, it has increased fifteen times in value.

How has it been in London? Speculation has kept prices more or less firm, and cheapening money has been a factor in face values, but the only growth in keeping with population has been the price of corner lots for saloon purposes. It is a well-known fact in the hotel business that would-be suicides never haggle over the price of room or board. Living in London is akin to suicide, not that it kills quickly and kindly, but because of the hypnotic desperation that prevents the final act of release.

I have no thought that the English and French people will expatriate themselves. They are the last peoples to do that. They have the national tenacity of those who have suffered together. Speaking of France, I mean Paris, and of England, I mean London. Each country is suited to use for season resorts, and will always be valued as such when the centre of European gravity has neared Venice again. France is an immense market-garden, and always will be so as long as market-gardens are needed, and England is an ideal place for golf and hunting.

The very increase in the size of both Paris and London is an indication of decline. It is the "misery-loves-company" bond that makes the increase, and there seems to be no other attraction. Of course, there is the sentiment that attaches to the "Tight Little Isle" idea, but it requires a good deal of sentiment to make the fogs endurable. When the final rush comes, Englishmen, in order to maintain their balance, will run right across the equator and weight down the antipodean colonies with their citizenship.

VAN FLETCH.

LONDON, November 21, 1901.

Since the war with the United States, the navy has been exceedingly unpopular in Spain, and has been subject to all kinds of attacks in the press and in Parliament.



## THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

How They Were Welcomed in the Early 'Fifties—Resolutions Adopted by the First Anti-Chinese Meeting—Movements to Prevent Further Immigration.

On May 15, 1852, the *Daily Alta California* of San Francisco printed the resolutions adopted by the first anti-Chinese meeting ever held in America. These resolutions are exceedingly interesting, both from their historical value and on account of their naive language and ferocious intensity of expression. They have never been reprinted. I give them here in full:

"At an adjourned mass meeting held at Columbia, May 8th, J. A. Palmer was chosen chairman, and Thaddeus Hildreth secretary.

"The following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

"WHEREAS, Notwithstanding the failure of the infamous 'Coolie Bill' to receive the sanction of the Senate of the commonwealth, a disposition still exists among certain ship-owners, capitalists, and merchants to flood the State with degraded Asiatics, and fasten without the sanction of law the system of peonage upon our social organization; and whereas, it is useless to expect at present any efficient legislation either on the part of Congress or of the legislature of California, therefore,

"Resolved, That it is the duty of the miners to take the matter into their own hands, and apply such remedies as the exigencies of the case may seem to demand; to erect such barriers as shall be sufficient to check the Asiatic inundation that threatens to roll over the State, and turn back its waves on those who have set it in motion.

"Resolved, That the capitalists, ship-owners, merchants, and others, who are encouraging or engaged in the importation of these hordes of humanity, would crowd their ships with the long-tailed, horned, and cloven-footed inhabitants of the infernal regions, and contend for their introduction into the mines on an equality with American laborers if they could add one farthing to their rates of freight, or dispose of one pound more of pork, or a few shillings' worth of rice by the operation.

"Resolved, That such men have no regard for California or her true interests.

"They love her rocks and hills,  
Her woods and temples filled."

Only in proportion to the amount of gold they can filch from the one, and the lumber they can obtain from the other.

"Resolved, That no Asiatic or South Sea Islander shall be permitted to mine in this district, either for himself or for others, and that this resolution shall be part and parcel of our mining laws.

"Resolved, That a committee of vigilance consisting of twenty be appointed, whose business it shall be to see that the above resolution is carried out, and to correspond with the miners in different districts of the southern mines, and endeavor to secure a thorough and efficient organization of the miners for the purpose of protecting themselves from the influx of the degraded inhabitants of China and the islands of the Pacific.

"Resolved, That we recommend the raising of a like committee in every mining district, and the appointment by them of county committees who shall be empowered to take such steps as they may deem necessary to secure unity and efficiency of action.

"Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *Sonora Herald*, *Stockton Journal*, the *Alta*, and *Pacific* of San Francisco.

"J. A. PALMER, President,

"THADDEUS HILDRETH, Secretary.

As a matter of fact, here is the beginning of the Chinese question in America. Though they did not put it into words, the tenor of the resolution is that "the Chinese must go." This has been the cry of the laborer on the Pacific Coast from that time to the present—fifty years—nor is the question yet settled.

The causes that led up to the meeting at Columbia are very clear. From the landing of the first Chinese in California in 1848 to the date of the outbreak in the mines, they are successively welcomed, tolerated, disliked, hated, and expelled. I give here a brief sketch of events, compiled from contemporary sources only.

On the second of February, 1848, the brig *Eagle* arrived at San Francisco with three Chinese immigrants—two men and one woman. These were the first.

In 1849, 323 came; in 1850, 447; and in 1851 the number leaped to 2,716. These figures, however, are insignificant compared with the thousands of other nationalities who had arrived during the same period. The attitude of the people toward the Chinese was that of a curious observer. "John Chinaman" in pigtail and blue blouse was extremely diverting.

In November, 1849, I find notice of a meeting attended by 300 Chinese, at which a petition was formulated asking Selim E. Woodworth to act as arbitrator and advisor for them. Throughout 1850 and 1851 the daily press contains sundry favorable notices as to the Chinese and Chinese immigration. Even during the early part of 1852 there is but little change in the general attitude of the public. For instance, on the occasion of the departure of a number of Chinese to China I find the comment: "They have generally been a peaceable and orderly class of the community." On March 14, 1852, in noticing the arrival of 173 immigrants from China, the *Daily Alta California* says: "If they make as good citizens as their brethren that are here, they are heartily welcome."

It is a moot question whether there have ever been any coolies or contract laborers among Chinese immigrants to this country. It is pretty well settled that there have been no coolies here for many years. At the same time, it seems exceedingly doubtful that so strong a belief that the "coolie system" prevailed could have existed without some foundation in fact. In the absence of any better authority, I quote an editorial contained in the *Daily Alta California* for March 8, 1852, where it is stated with respect to "all the early immigration of the Chinese to this country . . . they had either contracted with wealthy Chinese at home to labor on shares, or had agreed on certain rates per month with the foreigners who brought them." I quote further: "The ease with which all labor contracts could be set aside, the temptation of the mines, and the impossibility of coercion, caused all the contracts to be broken, in many instances with severe loss to the holders."

This is a definite statement from the leading paper in San Francisco at that date. Furthermore, on March 6, 1852, a bill had been introduced in the lower house of the legislature of the State for the express purpose of making labor contracts between Chinese and whites legal and binding. This bill passed the assembly March 18th, but was killed in the senate, April 13th. This is the bill referred to in the Columbia resolutions as "the infamous Coolie Bill."

Up to the date of the introduction of the "Coolie Bill" on March 6th, only three immigrant ships had arrived from China since January 1st, and no apprehension as to the immigration seems to have been felt. But during March five ships arrived, loaded with Chinese; during April there were nine; for May, seven; June, twenty-two; July, sixteen; and up to the sixth of August, eight. The immigration of Chinese from January 1st to August 6th, 1852, was 18,040, and during the entire year a larger number arrived than during any subsequent year for two decades. On April 17, 1852, a law was enacted imposing a tax of three dollars per month on all foreign miners. This law was never enforced, nor apparently intended to be enforced with respect to Europeans, being especially meant to apply to "Chinamen, South Sea Islanders, etc." Furthermore, it was not framed for the purpose of checking immigration so much as to swell the revenues of the much embarrassed new State.

On the twenty-third of April, 1852, alarmed at the increasing immigration of Chinese, and aroused by reports of scores of ships on the way, or soon to sail, Governor Bigler sent a voluminous special message to the legislature. This message was subsequently very much discussed by the press of the country, and is of considerable interest. In it he affirms his belief "that in order to enhance the prosperity, and preserve the tranquillity of the State, measures must be adopted to check this tide of Asiatic immigration." His recommendations to the legislature are either "such an exercise of the taxing power by the State as will check the present system of indiscriminate and unlimited Asiatic immigration," or "a demand by the State of California for the prompt interposition of Congress, by the passage of an act prohibiting coolies shipped to California under contracts, from laboring in the mines of this State."

Contemporary comments on the message were in the main unfavorable, and the legislature took no action on its receipt. Nevertheless, Governor Bigler's hint that the tranquillity of the State would be endangered if something were not done was abundantly justified by the subsequent violent measures taken by the miners at Columbia, Georgetown, and other places.

During March, April, and May, 1852, there was an entire reversal of public opinion as to the Chinese. This is well shown by an editorial in the *Daily Alta California* under the date of May 4, 1852. Here are some pertinent passages:

"Since the death of the bill for legalizing and regulating contracts to labor in the Senate, the increased influx of Chinese has . . . awakened a lively interest among our citizens on the subject of Asiatic immigration. . . . The feeling is strong against permitting the thousands flocking to our shores to share the wealth of our mines untaxed; . . . men who looked favorably upon the plan of introducing laborers from China a few weeks since now take alarm at the indications of an excessive immigration of this people to our shores, and suggest that legislative action be taken to prevent the increase. Thus singularly by a revulsion of public feeling there is an evident strong desire that the Chinese laborers shall not be allowed to come to this country."

It must by no means be supposed that these more conservative papers in the State lent their support to the violent measures proposed by the miners. In fact, quite the contrary is true. I quote from the *Daily Alta California*, May 14th:

"Whatever may be said of the habits and intents of the Chinese who have come among us—of their clannish propensities, their selfish disposition, and niggardly policy, which they have invariably adopted in taking upon themselves the rights of citizens of our State—it will be difficult to prejudice the public mind against them on the score of misconduct and disorderly or criminal behavior. It is perfectly well known that they are the most peaceable, unmolested, and inoffensive class of adventurers that come among us, and that they are not easily provoked to angry deeds, preferring to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong. . . . The lawless and intemperate speech and action which aims at their expulsion from our mines on a pretext that they are vicious and bad citizens will fail."

The *Shasta Courier* of about the same date says: "The Chinese in California, numbering about 12,000, have ever been characterized for industry and honesty. None have been charged with any grave offense."

Notwithstanding the violence of the resolution given at the beginning of this article, I find but few notices of actual assaults upon Chinese miners. It is very possible that a vigorous notice to leave was sufficient. There was plenty of other work to be had, and it is probable that large numbers of Chinese miners became fishermen, or opened laundries or restaurants.

It is interesting to note that a granite building still standing in one of the best locations in San Francisco (corner of California and Montgomery Streets) was erected by Chinese workmen. All the materials were brought from China. On its completion it was referred to by the daily press "as the most magnificent structure in California."

Toward the end of 1852 immigration almost ceased. The news had reached Canton—from which city and immediately adjacent country all the Chinese immigrants had come—of the hostile feeling of the Californians to the Chinese. Governor Bigler's special message was reprinted in the *China Mail*, and placards were posted on the walls in and about Canton warning the Chinese not to come to America. These reports were exaggerated and extensively believed.

As before stated, the immigration for 1852 was something like 20,000. In 1853 4,316 arrived and 4,405 returned to China, an excess of departures over arrivals of 89. Chinese immigration, for the moment, ceased to be a burning question, and the first chapter of the history of the Chinese in America ended.

During the decade and a half, beginning with 1853, there was a small but comparatively steady influx of Chinese. The average yearly immigration was 5,000; the average emigration, 3,000. Nevertheless, popular dislike of the Chinese increased and intensified. Each succeeding governor pledged himself to do all that lay in his power to restrict immigration. Scarcely a legislature failed to pass some measure which it hoped would be effective. But nothing was really accomplished, the supreme court declaring most of the restrictive laws unconstitutional.

Toward the close of this period (1865-7), Chinese laborers materially hastened the construction of the Central Pacific, according to the testimony of Charles Crocker and others—a

fact that pro-Chinese polemics never have failed to mention.

The decade beginning with 1868 shows a marked increase in immigration. The average number of arrivals for that period was 13,680, the departures, 5,288, or four times as large an annual immigration as during the preceding fifteen years. Part of this increase was doubtless due to the very favorable terms of the Burlingame treaty of 1868.

In 1877 occurred the "sand-lot" disturbances—the result of depressed financial conditions. The discontent among the laboring classes, however, found vent in various acts of violence directed against the Chinese. How overwhelmingly unanimous the feeling was about this time is shown by the test vote taken September 3, 1879, when 154,638 anti-Chinese votes were polled, against 883 for admission.

The same year a bill finally passed both houses of Congress, limiting the number of Chinese who could be brought to the United States on any one vessel to fifteen. President Hayes vetoed the bill on the ground of repugnance to the Burlingame treaty, but immediately appointed a special commission headed by James B. Angell to proceed to China for the purpose of negotiating amendatory articles. This they accomplished in 1880, and Congress ratified the treaty in 1881. This compact provides that the United States shall have the power to "limit, suspend, or regulate, but not to prohibit, the coming or residence of Chinese laborers."

Meantime, immigration had been rapidly increasing, and during the first few months of 1882 it exceeded 1,000 per week. Feeling on the Coast was at fever heat. Part of this anti-Chinese sentiment communicated itself to the East, both through the report of the Senate investigating committee and through the press, and in May Congress passed an act prohibiting the immigration of Chinese laborers for a period of ten years. This bill was signed by President Arthur, and became effective July, 1882.

HENRY ANDERSON LAFLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1901.

Apropos of recent discoveries at Pompeii, the noted archaeologist, Rodolfo Lanciani, writes to the *London Athenaeum*:

"In July, 1899, certain desultory excavations were undertaken on the farm of Signor Matrone, between the River Sarno and the Stabian gate of Pompeii, near the Molino Fienzo, not for any archaeological or scientific purpose, but in quest of valuable and marketable objects. The remains brought to light include a set of shops, built in the reticulated style, opening on a porch or veranda which runs parallel with the high road. One of the shops, filled with earthen amphorae, belonged to a wine-seller, a second to a carpenter, a third to a dealer in fishing implements. A large court opens behind the shops, with an oven in the centre; the place, in short, shows the characteristics of a country inn located on the Via Stabiana near the mouth of the Sarno, on the main line of retreat of the panic-stricken Pompeians. Seventy or eighty fugitives have been found, apparently smothered while seeking shelter under the roof of the inn, almost in view of the fleet which had sailed from Miseno to their rescue. The greatest number fell at the east end of the porch toward the river, where Pliny's *Liburna* was probably anchored—a poor and wretched lot of fugitives, carrying away in their flight only a few coppers. Six or seven skeletons were found lying in the court near the oven, also with no objects of value; but a party of twenty men, women, and children, of much higher rank, were overtaken by death in the middle section of the veranda. Their gold necklaces were still fastened round their necks; bracelets still encircled their wrists; precious rings still fitted their fingers. Among this group of well-to-do fugitives one seemed to occupy the place of honor, a person whose skull betrays a superior intelligence, and of a noble demeanor. He wore a chain of fifty-four gold rings wound thrice round the neck, two armlets on the right arm, a heavy signet-ring, and a dagger on the left side. The dagger has a blade of steel, a handle carved in ivory, and a scabbard ornamented with gilded shells. This person was suffocated by the deadly fumes of the volcano while sitting against the wall, probably on a sedan-chair or a *lectica*, the brass ornaments of which have been found *in situ*."

The historic Battle Abbey and the estate of six thousand acres surrounding it were sold at public auction last month for one million dollars. A real-estate agent was the successful bidder, but he resolutely refused to give his client's name. The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Rosebery have been mentioned as possible purchasers of the property, which Captain Forester, grandson of the late Duke of Cleveland, recently inherited, but declined to keep. Battle Abbey is situated near Battle, Sussex. The town received its present name from being the spot on which the Saxons, under Harold, were defeated by William, Duke of Normandy, in 1066. After the battle, William the Conqueror founded a magnificent abbey to commemorate his victory. The property just sold belonged to the Duchess of Cleveland, widow of the fourth and last Duke of Cleveland. She died on May 18th of the present year.

"In my opinion, President Roosevelt will not be nominated to succeed himself, because he is so peculiarly independent of the party machine. The party organization is in the hands of the friends of Senator Hanna, and the President has thus far ignored the organization in the making of appointments, and the machine and party leaders will probably resent this policy by declining to permit his nomination." The words above were recently spoken by Colonel James Hamilton Lewis, former congressman, upon his return to Seattle from Washington.

Agitation for Porto Rican statehood "is perfectly reasonable," says the *Chicago Record-Herald*. "The island, which has an area of only 3,600 square miles, considerably less than that of Connecticut, has a population of 953,243, which is greater than that of Connecticut, greater than that of many other States which have a much larger area. Of this population, the majority is pure white, and that majority has a leadership that is as intelligent as our own."

Dr. Robinovitch says, in the *Journal of Mental Pathology*, that "alcoholism of the parents is the major cause responsible for the birth of idiot and imbecile children," and that "children of alcoholic parents, if not idiot or imbeciles, are apt to be invalid in many other ways, and are prone to die in infancy of meningitis." These statements are the result of clinic observation and experiment on a number of cases.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Successful Collaboration.

It is seldom that two authors, working together on one book, are successful, but Grace MacGowan Cooke and Annie Booth McKinney, in "Mistress Joy," have produced a well-balanced and interesting novel. They have been wise in the selection of a plot which is admirably adapted to collaboration. One part deals with the most orthodox of Methodist lives in a remote wilderness; another has to do with the most aristocratic society of New Orleans in 1798. Joyce Valentine is the only child of a pioneer Methodist minister, and expects herself to become a preacher of the Word. But, from the outside world, there comes into her life a stranger, a penniless scion of one of England's highest families. Over him she gains an uplifting influence, and, at the same time, his presence and his sketches of society reveal to her a love of beauty and gaiety of which she had not imagined herself possessed. She visits an aristocratic aunt in New Orleans, and is the belle of a ball given in honor of the Duc d'Orléans. After this glimpse of the gay world, she goes back to her wilderness home better prepared to choose between her two lovers—Jessop, the Englishman, dear to her through his desperate struggles to overcome his weaknesses, and a neighboring land-owner, whose sterling qualities attract her. Her attempts to decide between them form the most absorbing situation in the book. So well has the character of each been drawn that the success or failure of either one deeply interests the reader.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Captain Mahan's New Book.

At a time when, as perhaps never before, the people of our country have a keen and eager interest in the welfare and development of the navy, a book like Captain Alfred T. Mahan's "Types of Naval Officers" is particularly timely, for it supplements his previous invaluable works with narrative anecdotal memoirs of six British admirals—men whose characters and achievements are worthy of the closest study, not only by naval men, but by all who have the welfare of our navy at heart. If there is a criticism to be made of the officers of both our army and navy, it is that they are too apt to rely solely upon their own unaided ability and judgment, and are strongly adverse to anything approaching a comprehensive study of what has been done in the past. To this tendency Captain Mahan's books—and more than the present—offer a fine corrective.

The six British admirals whom Captain Mahan has chosen for this study are Lord Hawke, Lord Rodney, Earl Howe, Earl St. Vincent, Lord de Saumarez, and Lord Exmouth, all of whom, it should be noted, were actors in the prolonged conflict that began in 1739 concerning the right of the ships of Great Britain and her colonies to use the seas bounding the American dominions of Spain, and thus were intimately connected with our early history.

Lord Nelson is conspicuously absent, and Captain Mahan answers the natural query in his preface. He says:

"Among general officers, land and sea, the group to which Nelson belongs defies exposition by a type, both because it is so small to aggregate numbers, and because the peculiar eminence of the several members—the eminence of genius—so differentiates each from his fellows that no one among them can be said to represent the others. Each, in the supremacy of his achievement, stands alone—alone, not only regarded as towering above a brilliant surrounding of distinguished followers, but alone even as contrasted with the other great ones who in their own day had a like supremacy. Such do not, in fact, form a class, because, though a certain community of ideas and principles may be traced in their actions, their personalities and methods bear each the stamp of originality in performance; and where originality is found, classification ceases to apply. There is a company, if may be, but not a class."

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50.

## Books for Boys and Girls.

"Breeda's Summer at Rockley," by Heleo Leah Reed, is a sequel to "Brenda, Her School and Her Club." Boston Back Bay girls are the principal characters, although the scenes are laid at the best-known points of the famous North Shore of the Massachusetts coast. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.20 net.

"Traveler Tales of China," by Hezekiah Butterworth, is the second in the new series of the "Traveler Tales," published by Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. It is written after the manner of the popular "Zigzag Stories," which has made the name of Mr. Butterworth a household word wherever there are boys and girls who love to read. Price, \$1.50.

Among the children's Christmas books which Dana Estes & Co., of Boston, has brought out are: "With Taylor on the Rio Grande," by Captain Ralph Bonehill, a story of the Mexican War (\$1.25); "Our Jim; or the Power of Example," by Edward

S. Ellis (\$1.25); "Fernley House," by Laura E. Richards (\$1.25); "The Double Prince; or a Fall Through the Moon," by Frank M. Bicknell (50 cents); "The Grasshoppers' Hop," by Zitella Cocke (50 cents); "Madame Angora," by Harriet A. Cheever (50 cents); "What Came to Winifred," by Elizabeth Westly Timlow (50 cents); and "When We Destroyed the Gaspee," by James Otis (75 cents).

## Booklets and Handy Volumes.

Three more little volumes belonging to the Lovers' Library are just out. They are the "Love Poems" of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, of Buros, and of Laodora. Published by John Laue, New York; price, 50 cents (cloth), 75 cents (leather).

Among the useful books recently brought out by the American Book Company, New York, are Edwio F. Bacon's "Une Semaine à Paris," a series of helpful conversations which will make the visitor through Paris acquainted with the physical features of the city, as well as with the information and phrases necessary to get about independently (50 cents); "The Art of Teaching," by Emerson E. White, which presents the fundamental and guiding principles in a clear and helpful manner (\$1.00); and Eugene L. Duh's "New Practical Arithmetic" (60 cents).

"Ecclesiastes and Omar Khayyam," by John F. Geoung; "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection," by Thomas Chalmers; "God's Sunlight," by Professor Lewis W. Smith; "The Greatness of Patience," by Arthur T. Hadley; "How? When? Where?" by J. R. Miller; "The Meaning and Value of Poetry," by William H. Hudson; "Practical or Ideal," by James M. Taylor; "Religion in Common Life," by John Caird; "Standeth God Within the Shadow," by David Starr Jordan; "Summer Gathering," by J. R. Miller; "War and Civilization," by William P. Treut; "Wherefore Didst Thou Doubt?" by Cleland B. McAfee; and "Conditions of Success in Public Life," by Hon. George F. Hoar, are the titles and authors of some of the little books belonging to the What is Worth While Series. As the titles indicate, the essays are by prominent statesmen, clergymen, and educators. Very earnest essays they are, and well "worth while." There is one essay in each book, all of which are daintily bound in white leatherette, with decorations of green, blue, and gold. They are especially intended as gift books. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 35 cents each.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Julia Morgan, a daughter of C. B. Morgan, of Oakland, has won the distinction of being the first American woman to graduate from the architectural section of the Ecole des Beaux Arts of Paris.

David Nation, of Medicine Lodge, Kan., has procured a divorce from his wife, Carrie Nation, on the ground that she called him a "hell-bound hypocrite." Mrs. Nation resisted the decree on the ground that she wanted his peesoo when he died.

An interesting sequel is promised to the government's deportation from South Africa of Miss Hobbhouse, who was the first person to agitate regarding the condition of the British concentration camps. The woman's uncle, Lord Hobbhouse, has begun suit in this country against Lord Kitchener, Lord Milner, and others on the charge of false imprisonment and assault, thereby raising the constitutional question of how far a British subject can be deprived of liberty by martial law.

It is said that Mme. Nordica has placed with ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed and another prominent attorney a claim for between three and four millions of dollars, which she says is due her as a direct descendant of Ichabon Norton. Norton was a wealthy New England ship-owner during the Revolutionary War, and had several ships and their cargoes confiscated by French vessels. The government is said to have secured indemnity for the loss, but Nordica claims the amount was never paid to Norton or his heirs. She says she is the direct descendant and heir to Norton.

Speaker David B. Henderson is no longer a member of the fashionable Metropolitan Club of Washington, D. C. A few days ago he brought an Iowa friend into the club for dinner. He registered his companion on the club books, and the two were ushered into the *café*, where, after several courses had been served, one of the officials of the club noticed the Speaker's guest, whom he recognized as a resident of Washington. This was against the rules of the club, for it is not permissible to bring to dinner a guest who lives within a prescribed territorial limit. The official mentioned this fact to a green *attaché*, who approached the Speaker, tapped him rudely on the arm, informed him of the rule, and presented the alternative of the Speaker bidding adieu to his guest at the table or accompanying him outside. Naturally the host chose the latter course.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Meaning of Dreams.

In an essay in *Longman's Magazine* on dreams, Horace G. Hutchinson invited people to send him accounts of their own experiences and ideas, and as a result he was deluged with thousands of letters relating to dreams. These he studied carefully, and in a volume entitled "Dreams and Their Meanings," now presents his conclusions, and quotes the most striking contributions to illustrate the particular class of dream which he is discussing. The scope of the volume may be inferred from the chapter-headings, which include "What Science has to Say About Them," "Their Association with the Idea of Immortality," "Classification of the More Frequent Dreams," "Interpretations," "Telepathic and Dual Personality," and "Premonitory Dreams." The book also includes two or three dream codes, one of which interprets the dreams by contraries, and is tabulated like a dictionary.

An interesting class of dreams is that in which the sleeper finds himself in a certain house or room that is familiar to him in dreams, but quite unknown to his waking hours. Here is an instance which Mr. Hutchinson relates:

"A certain lady dreamed frequently of a certain house until it had become exceedingly familiar to her; she knew all its rooms, its furniture; it was as well known to her as that in which she lived her waking life, and, like a good wife that has no secrets from her husband, she often talked over all the details with him, a very pleasant fancy. One day they (husband and wife) went into the country to see a house that they thought of taking for the summer months. They had not seen it, but the account in the house-agent's list had attracted them. When they arrived before it, they gave a simultaneous exclamation of surprise. 'Why,' said the husband, 'it is your dream-house!' It was. The coincidence attracted them. They took the house.

"In the course of their occupancy, they learned that the house had the reputation of being haunted; that several people before them had taken it for short terms, but had seen—or fancied they had seen—something, and had left before their term of tenancy expired. Had these new tenants not brought their own old servants with them, it is likely they would have had some difficulty in whipping up a domestic staff, so uncanny was the reputation of their apparently quite reputable house. The new tenants dwelt in the house with all satisfaction and peace through the summer months, until their term of tenancy came to an end. On leaving, husband and wife expressed their satisfaction to the local agent. 'The only thing,' said the wife, 'that we were disappointed in about the house is that we never saw the ghost.'

"'Oh, no,' said the ghost agent. 'We knew you would not see the ghost.'

"'What do you mean?' asked the wife, rather nettled.

"'Oh,' the agent repeated, 'we knew you would not see the ghost. You are the ghost that people have always seen here.'

Another remarkable experience is related by a Mr. Sidgwick. The person to whom it happened was a lady who lived at Kensington and had an office at Knightsbridge, two miles distant. She was worried about her business at the time, and her mind dwelt on the office. Her narrative was as follows:

"On the night of —, I dreamed very distinctly that I saw a crowd and heard a voice saying: 'She is quite dead; I've cut her throat, I've cut her throat.' I was very frightened, as it impressed me with being so real. I awoke and noted the time—4 A. M. The next morning at breakfast I told my family, including my cousin, Miss M. D.—. When I arrived at my place of business I saw a crowd outside the next-door house, and found on inquiry that a man had murdered his wife by cutting her throat about 4 A. M. in this house. The relation of the dream at breakfast was attested by Miss M. D.—."

Another and still more curious case of a similar character is that of Mr. W. H. Wack, who dreamed that he was traveling in a certain train a hundred miles from home. He knew the locality well. He was suddenly startled by a shriek, followed by moaning and gasping. The train was brought to a standstill, and a search was made, in which he joined. Blood splashes were found under all the carriages, and some scattered brains, but no body, only a "pulp of mangled remains." In the morning he told the dream to his family, and in the evening the newspapers contained an account of a tramp having been run over by that train at the precise spot and with all the peculiar details.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

## In Quest of the North Pole.

In his romance, entitled "Thyra," Robert Ames Bennet introduces the reader to four explorers, all giants in stature and strength, who start out to search of the North Pole. After months of weary wandering they become disheartened, and start homeward, when they accidentally succeed in capturing a runaway balloon, and with its aid again face the Pole. With lightning rapidity the strong air-current sweeps them onward. A few more hours and the Pole would be reached, but so far as we are told, this height of their ambition is never attained.

Instead, they find a walled city, peopled by descendants of an Arctic explorer, who, in ancient times, had come from the southland. The frigid cold of the outside world is unknown in this strange city,

the people are highly civilized, and fabulous wealth is in evidence on every hand. Everything is drawn on an enlarged scale. Giants are common among the people, but the "skyfarers" can match them in strength. The sides of the cavern are covered by great forests, in which roam fierce and powerful animals of the prehistoric type. Many bloody combats between man and beast are recounted, so many, in fact, that the reader at length wears of them. A thread of love romance, however, tends to make the story enjoyable for those who care for these fanciful tales of adventure.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Hints for Holiday Gift-Books.

## Works on Art.

There is an unusually large number of handsome works on art and artists coming from the publishing houses this year, many of which will be eagerly sought by the book-lover for holiday gifts.

From the press of the Macmillan Company, a handsome and costly work is "Hubert von Herkomer: A Study and a Biography," by A. L. Baldry; price, \$15.00.

An interesting and practical work is "The Study and Criticism of Italian Art," by Bernhard Berenson. It contains many photogravure and half-tone illustrations, and is well indexed. Considerable space is given to the consideration of Vasari in the light of modern criticism, and Correggio, Giorgione, and the group of Venetian painters are dwelt upon at length. Price, \$3.50.

In the Great Masters of Painting and Sculpture Series, the two most recent volumes are "Francia," by Leander Scott, and "Brunelleschi," by George C. Williamson, the editor of the series. Seventeen of the volumes are already out, ten are in preparation, and still others are to follow. While these are not distinctly gift-books, they are neat and attractive in every particular, and contain excellent illustrations. The price per volume is \$1.75.

A second edition of "The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters" is published in the British Artists' Series, copiously illustrated, and in handsome dress; price, \$3.00.

Another new and attractive edition of an old work is "The Life of Christ as Represented in Art," by Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S.; price, \$3.50. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, have brought out "A History of American Art" (in two volumes), by Sadakichi Hartman. The books are richly bound in white and gold, and handsomely illustrated in photogravure and half-tone. Deckle edge and gilt top; price, \$4.00.

R. H. Russell, New York, has brought out a "New Life of Dante Alighieri," translation and illustrations by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with an introduction by FitzRoy Carrington and a prefatory note by W. M. Rossetti. The volume is elaborately bound in white, gold, and gray; price, \$3.75.

Lemcke & Buehner, New York, have brought out the sixth of their series, "Monographs on Artists," by H. Knackfuss, translated by Campbell Dodgson. The six volumes include Raphael, Holbein, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Dürer, and Botticelli. Flexible covers, in white and crimson; price of each volume, \$1.50.

Of Elder & Shepard's sumptuous volume, "Wayfarers in Italy," there is but a limited edition on sale. The price is \$7.50, on hand-made paper.

## House and Home Decoration.

"French Furniture and Decoration of the XVIII. Century," by Lady Dilke. Published by the Macmillan Company; price, \$10.00.

"The Decoration of Houses," by Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; price, \$2.50.

"The Making of a Country Home," by J. P. Mowbray. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Standard Fiction.

The Macmillan Company are publishers of the Temple Edition of Balzac's "Comedie Humaine," edited by George Saintsbury, in forty volumes; price, \$30.00.

"Anna Karenina," by Lyof N. Tolstoy, translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole, in three volumes. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; price, \$3.00.

"The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," translated from the Arabic by E. W. Lane, with one hundred illustrations in photogravure by Stanley Wood, in six volumes. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$9.00.

The most recent numbers of the Century Classics, published by the Century Company, are "Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley, with an introduction by Edmund Gosse (in two volumes), and "Sesame and Lilies and The Crown of Wild Olive," by John Ruskin. Price of each volume, \$1.25 net.

## New Editions.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have brought out a new holiday library edition, from new plates, of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," by John Lothrop Motley (in two volumes). Many of the illustrations are from rare portraits and famous paintings. Price, per set, \$4.00.

"The Complete Works of John Keats," edited by Buxton Forman, in five volumes, 16mo., with photogravure frontispieces. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$3.75.

## Stories, Verse, and Pictures for Children.

Walter Crane's series of picture-books for children has for its latest numbers "Goody Two Shoes," "Aladdin," and "The Yellow Dwarf." They are handsomely printed in colors, and the story is told in large print. Published by John Lane, New York; price, singly, in paper covers, 25 cents; the three stories bound in cloth in one volume, \$1.25.

In the "Memoirs of Simple Simon," verses by D. B. Keeler and pictures by C. S. Vaodevort, the work of the artist is decidedly clever, but the poet's efforts are not equal in merit. However, young readers will overlook halting rhymes and diluted fun for the brightly colored drawings. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.50.

"More Animals," by Oliver Herford, is the second volume in a series illustrating and describing animate nature briefly, rhythmically, humorously, and artistically. Children are fascinated by the drawings, and older people enjoy the verses. The volume may be commended. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

One of the daintiest offerings for young readers is "Clean Peter and the Children of Grubbylea," by Otilia Adelborg, translated by Ada Wallas. The pleasing story of Peter is told in verse, and the artistic drawings illustrating his campaign are printed in pale tints that are a delight to the eye. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A novel idea in children's books is "Guess," by L. J. Bridgman, a volume of illustrated riddles in verse, the pictures printed in colors, and the answer to each puzzle appearing on the reverse of the leaf as a full-page illustration. The riddles are clever, and the pictures are well drawn and brilliantly illuminated. Published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Nearly every vocation in life, from sailing the sea to mending broken water-pipes, is described in verse and illustrated with a full-page picture in bright colors in "Jingleman Jack." James O'Dea is the author of the rhymes, and Harry Kennedy the artist. Their work will entertain and amuse all young readers. Published by the Saalfeld Publishing Company, Akron, O.; price, \$1.25.

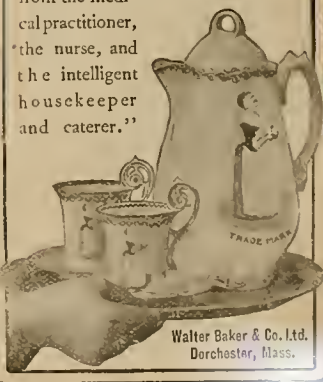
The Nine to Twelve Series of Thomas G. Crowell & Co., New York, consists of eight little books neatly bound in blue cloth, with a frontispiece. In each book is an entirely new story designed to interest children, and purporting to combine happily both instruction and entertainment. Some of the titles and authors are: "The Little Cave-Dwellers," by Ella Farman Pratt; "How Dexter Paid His Way," by Kate Upson Clark; "In the Poverty Year: A Story of 1816," by Marian Douglas; "Little Dick's Son," by Kate Garnett Wells; and "Little Sky-High," by Ezekiel Butterworth. Price, 35 cents each.

## Thomas Hardy's First Novel.

"The first novel which Thomas Hardy wrote has never been published," says Edmund Gosse. "It was 'The Poor Man and the Lady,' and it was full of the revolutionary and anti-social extravagances which are native to the unripeness of a youth of genius. It happened by a strange and interesting coincidence that the 'reader' for the publisher to whom this manuscript was submitted happened to be no less a person than Mr. Meredith. He saw the rough power in the book, and he recommended it for publication. But he sent for Hardy, and urged him to consider whether it would not be wise to adopt on his first introduction to the public a gentler guise. The result was that Mr. Hardy asked leave to suppress 'The Poor Man and the Lady,' and retired to write 'Desperate Remedies.'"

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Crawford's Latest Novel.

In his latest book, "Marietta, a Maid of Venice," F. Marion Crawford has given us another of his picturesque stories of mediæval Italy. While the story is based on history, the characters are taken from an old legend of the latter part of the fifteenth century.

Marietta Boroviero, the daughter of one of the famous glass-blowers of Murano, whose masterpieces are still treasured in museums as specimens of a lost art, is the heroine of a charming idyl, told as only Crawford knows how to tell a love-story. Her character, her father's, the glass-blower, whose art was a sort of patent of nobility, and that of the young Dalmatian waif, working in his shop, although, as a foreigner, he was forbidden by the laws of Venice to learn the art—all stand out firmly, giving a graphic picture of domestic life of that period.

Crawford's early life in Rome, in the studio of his father, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, gave him that insight into the artistic temperament which he describes so infallibly. While the book has the charm of his other stories of Italian life, there is no repetition. There is the same strength, the same knowledge of human nature, and with it all the romance that holds the reader enthralled throughout the story.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Charles Majors's Story for Boys

To the boy of fourteen thirsting for excitement and hair-breadth escapes, "The Bears of Blue River," by Charles Majors, may prove interesting. But with the "Jungle Books" and Seton-Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known" and "Lives of the Haunted" in mind, the story seems to lack both sympathy with wild life and the power to delineate a boy's character. The tale deals with a boy who lived on the banks of Blue River, Ind., during the early 'twenties, and his numerous sanguinary encounters with bears and wolves. At the tender age of twelve the hero shoots a wildcat, and continues to bag big game at the rate of at least one victim per chapter. Mr. Majors keeps his hero in the straight and narrow path of grammatical rectitude, and his utterances would not have discredited a *protégé* of Lindley Murray. The book is well printed and is profusely illustrated by Mrs. Mary Baker-Baker and A. B. Frost. The latter's drawings are the best things in the book. "When Knighthood was in Flower" is a captivating story, and we trust that Mr. Majors has not altogether forsaken the field of his first success.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

## Writings of Benjamin Harrison.

Mary Lord Harrison has compiled a volume containing the addresses and writings of Benjamin Harrison subsequent to the close of his administration, entitled "Views of an ex-President." There are two-score papers in the book, which deal with widely diversified topics—education, religion, coinage, and expansion. It also contains the series of six lectures on the Constitution of the United States, its history and development, which were delivered at Stanford University in 1894.

Perhaps the happiest half-humorous speech in the book is the last, delivered at the Columbia Club banquet, Indianapolis, December, 1900. It contains his often-quoted suggestion, in answer to the question "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" that "the decapitation of the ex-President, when the oath of office has been administered to his successor, would greatly vivify a somewhat tiresome ceremonial." The book is well printed and edited, and collects in available form a most valuable series of papers on vital questions.

Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; price, \$3.00.

## Love and Politics.

"The Washingtonians," by Pauline Bradford Mackie, is a very readable story. Under a thin disguise, it deals with real men and women who were prominent in the political life of Washington during the early 'sixties. The character-drawing is good, and the well-known people introduced are vital to the story, and are not dragged in by the heels as in too many historical novels. The appreciation of President Lincoln is particularly sympathetic, and brings home again to us the marvelous kindness and patience of the man. A pretty love-story runs through the book, which really hinges, however, on the attempt of Secretary West to secure the nomination for the Presidency, and the disaster which attends his daughter's intrigues in his behalf.

Altogether the book is one that will be read with pleasure by those interested in the political history of the time, or the social life in Washington during the war.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Life Everlasting.

From time immemorial every person endowed with a degree of intelligence has reflected upon the mystery embodied in man's existence beyond the grave. But since his mind is unable to trav-

erse realms foreign to sensuous imagery, his thought is forbidden to follow him into the unknown world. Thus points out the late John Fiske in his lecture on "Life Everlasting," delivered at the request of Harvard University, in Cambridge, on December 19, 1900. This treatise, though in its very nature abstruse, is handled in a clear and logical manner. Since real experience is lacking, he makes no attempt at explaining future life, but in a measure at least seeks to clear away the materialistic *débris* that has clogged the wheels of human thought for so many centuries.

The bent of this discussion being evolutionary, Mr. Fiske views primitive man in his belief regarding future life, then follows him up through the long corridors of intellectual research and development to his present high state of mental culture. Now and again, in seeking for proof or illustration, he dips into the lower animal kingdom, or into the higher realms of modern scientific discovery. Finally, through conclusions deduced from the correlation of forces, the reader is led to see that the next logical step beyond man's present attainment is life everlasting.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

## New Publications.

"The Tale of the Argonauts," by Apollonius of Rhodes, translated by Arthur S. Way, and edited by Israel Gollanz, has been issued in the Temple Classic Series by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Gustave Flaubert's "Salammbô," translated by J. W. Matthews, has been attractively brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, in the Nineteenth-Century Series of French Novels edited by A. R. Waller, in conjunction with Arthur Symonds. Flaubert's portrait serves as frontispiece. Price, \$1.50.

Lilian Whiting's "World Beautiful in Books," similar in treatment to the three volumes of "The World Beautiful," is an attractive volume, in which the author seeks to bring within easy grasp much of that which is highest in thought and perfect in beauty in literature. Two different editions have been prepared by Little, Brown & Co., New York, the first (16mo, cloth), \$1.00 net; the other (decorated cloth), \$1.15 net.

In "The Control of Trusts," John Bates Clark, of Columbia University, presents and advocates a "policy that relies wholly on competition as the regulator of prices and wages, and as the general protector of the interests of the public." The book does not attempt to trace the history and development of monopolies, but confines itself to advocating a certain definite policy for their control. All serious students of the subject should find it valuable. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

Two companion volumes of artistic merit are "Among the Great Masters of Painting" and "Among the Great Masters of Oratory," written and arranged by Walter Rowlands. The work on famous artists is biographical, and that on orators gives, in addition to the personal notes, some selections from addresses of moment. Thirty-two half-tone reproductions of noted paintings embellish each volume, and the bindings are in keeping with the quality of the contents. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50 each.

A book for clergymen and thoughtful laymen is "Via Christi," by Louise Manning Hodgkins, M. A. It is the first of a series of studies on the Christian missions of the world, initiated at the Ecumenical Conference of 1900. Beginning with Paul, the book briefly sketches the great missionary movements up to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. There is an adequate index and a bibliography of the literature of the subject, which renders possible unlimited supplementary reading and study. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Junk: A Book to Stagger Sorrow," makes a too-rashly confident claim, for a reading of the doggerel which composes the printed matter is conducive to a gentle melancholy. The author, Leon Lempert, Jr., who calls himself "the instigator," has no literary qualities to recommend him beyond high spirits, and, if we may trust the sub-title, a too-ample faith in the efficacy of his own wit. It would be quite safe, however, to recommend the book to people who have a taste for the comic illustrations on the humorous page of a Sunday paper, for both the jingles and the numerous illustrations bear every sign of having first burst into being in that spot sacred to humorous mediocrity. Published by C. M. Clark, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"While Charley Was Away," by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, is a cleverly written story of a London society woman, whose husband is a naval officer stationed on the West Coast of Africa. It is told in a series of letters between the wife, Mary March, and her cousin, Lord Darraway, who is living on his estate in Ireland. Mary March, who is "hungry for love," tries to console herself for her husband's absence and indifference by flirting desperately with different men of the "smart set" in which she moves. She seems to be frivolous, but not bad, de-

claring that no one has ever kissed her but her husband and "Cousin Bill" once long ago; but she is very fond of going about London in "two-wheelers" from dinners and theatres, and we are not surprised when she decides to elope with her latest flame. Fortunately for her, this is prevented by her husband's timely death, and she and her devoted cousin later marry, and it is presumed settle down to middle-aged happiness. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

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"Jingles from Japan" is the title of an odd little book of verse by Mabel Hyde. It is illustrated in Japanese style by Helen Hyde. The text and pictures are printed on Japanese paper, with the folded leaves that are common in Japan book-making. The jingles, "as set forth by the Ghinks," are bright and far above the average in cleverness. The author shows a delicate wit, and some of her little poems are exceptionally good. The volume will be a most acceptable holiday souvenir, for its unique style and attractive drawings will appeal to the public. The pictures, printed in flat blacks and reds, are strikingly artistic.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Merwin Webster's Tale of South Chicago.

"Calumet 'K,'" by Merwin Webster, is a tale of hustling American business life, as full of vim and go as an egg is full of meat. Everything gets into fiction nowadays, and in this case it is the building on short time of a huge two-million-bushel grain elevator in South Chicago that forms the pivot of the tale. The technical details necessary to an intelligent comprehension of the plan of the work are handled so skillfully as to interfere not at all with the rapid flow of the story, which moves on without a pause in interest until the machinery of the house is in motion, the red wheat of the North is streaming into its bins, and the speculators are baffled in their schemes of getting a corner on wheat.

The *dramatis personæ* are of the plain people. The American workman is glanced at, and there is a glimpse of the walking-delegate and his methods, but the chief personage is the constructor of the work. His character is capably sketched, and he and a red-haired girl stenographer in the business office furnish the romantic interest.

Books like these give reason to hope that the vogue of the novels of adventure, all cut after one pattern, is nearing an end. It is an agreeable sensation to finish a book with a feeling of having lived through some real experiences, and with an added knowledge of the rapid rush of modern life in the great business centres.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Cosmopolitan Group of Women.

A handful of short stories by Maarten Maartens, gathered together under the happily chosen title, "Some Women I Have Known," gives an hour or two of very pleasant reading. Each one is a mere episode, as a short story should be, and each one, when the curtain falls, giving but a fragment of a woman's life for the mind to linger upon, leaves a craving for a little more—as a short story should. It is a very cosmopolitan group of women that are brought before us. There are Englishwomen, Austrians, Frenchwomen, and Dutchwomen, all well born, all graceful and distinguished, not all beautiful, perhaps, but none without that distinctive charm that this Dutch writer knows how to give the women that enter his pages. These charming heroines are all married, and, in most cases, the episode is furnished by a third person, who forms a disturbing element between husband and wife.

They belong to the French school of writing, light and graceful in style, yet condensed, and telling much in little. But there are qualities in them that are not French in any way—a sweet and wholesome outlook upon life, a pretty touch of gay humor, and a deeper knowledge of the better side of human nature than most French writers possess.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Lionel Joseph's "Turquoise and Iron."

The young Californian poet, Lionel Joseph, has issued another volume of poems, "Turquoise and Iron," which again show unmistakably the author's possession of the true poetic instinct, allied to a faculty for free and musical expression. His faults are the faults of youth—frequent obscurities, with a preference for occasional *bizarries* of phrase. Of his longer poems, the most meritorious is "The Statue," from which an extract is appended:

"That lily limbed embodiment of balms,  
How it arose of rock, so slow in making,  
I implored with fury, solemnized with psalms,  
And yet so fast in breaking!

"Once more I malleted the stone to form  
Without a flaw;  
But smaller now, within a whitened storm  
Of chips, that image took the chisel's law."

His shorter poems, with a simpler and clearer style, are more commonplace in phrase. Mr. Joseph, while as yet showing no evidences of unmistakable genius, seems to be the possessor of that rare and sadly unmarketable gift—the power of poetic expression.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.20.

## In the Days of Charles First.

"In Spite of All," by Edna Lyall, is a story of the troublous times of Charles First, when king and Parliament were struggling for supremacy. There is a love-tale woven in with an historical thread, and the account of the tribulations of a lover and a maid—separated by their allegiance to the Roundhead and Cavalier sides, respectively—make a story of interest for the lover of romance.

We have glimpses of various interesting historical personages in the course of the narrative. The king, always patient and hopeful in adversity, but his natural arrogance, obstinacy, and insincerity coming uppermost in prosperity; the brave and impetuous Prince Rupert, with an influence over his royal uncle ill warranted by his rash judgments; Falkland, the secretary of state, brave, high-minded, and just, whose efforts for peace were so misjudged by his royal master—all these give an added interest for the readers who like a modicum of history with their fiction. A gallant rescue of a maiden in distress by Gabriel Harford, the hero, is described; stories are told of the hardships in prison and on

battle-field suffered by Puritan and Cavalier for the principles so dear to them; and sketches are given of the notable battles and of some of the leaders, showing that there were, as history tells us, noble men and true on both sides. The obstinate Royalist maiden finally yields her heart to her Roundhead lover; the hero, after many thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, is finally rescued in the nick of time from an ignominious death at the hands of the villain; and all ends well in this rather interesting story of the seventeenth century.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

After spending half a year abroad, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson is at his Cambridge home busily at work writing "A Life of Longfellow." It is expected that this work will give a more intimate view of Longfellow, the inner man, than his hitherto published. Mrs. Higginson, the colonel's wife, is a niece of the first Mrs. Longfellow.

"A book of all that's sweet that summer brings" is what Alice Morse Earle calls her "Old Time Gardens," which has just been brought out in two editions by the Macmillan Company.

With a view to developing the talent of young draftsmen in a humorous direction, the *Century Magazine* announces a competition, with a prize of one hundred dollars, for the best original humorous drawing appropriate to that magazine, and smaller prizes for the second and third best. The competition is to remain open until the first of March, 1902.

Rudyard Kipling has apparently discovered that serial publication injures the after-sales in book form of a novel or collection of stories. This, at any rate, is the explanation given of the rumor that he has refused to sell in England the serial rights of his "Just So Stories."

"Dragons of the Air," by H. G. Seeley, which describes that extraordinary mixture of bird, beast, and reptile known as the pterodactyl, is called by the *London Academy* "the last and completest work on the flying dragons." D. Appleton & Co. will bring out an American edition of the volume immediately.

A Tagalog grammar for Americans and a complete English-Tagalog and Tagalog-English dictionary have been prepared by Dr. J. H. T. Stempel, who is said to have lived as a tutor in Manila, when under Spanish rule. The language is described by him as not at all difficult to acquire.

The editors of the *Century Magazine* consider "The Rescue," the new serial story by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, which begins in the December number of that magazine, one of the best serials the *Century* has ever printed.

The literary partnership between Professor Pasquale Villari and his English wife is one of the most admirable instances of such happy conjunction known to the modern world. The brilliant Italian writes his books in his native tongue, and his wife translates them into English.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will soon publish Slason Thompson's "Eugene Field: A Study in Hereditary and Contradictions." Its contents will be pictorial as well as biographical.

Luke Vincent Lockwood's "Colonial Furniture in America" is to be published soon. Its publishers confidently expect its immediate recognition as the authority in its department.

In the forthcoming Beacon biography of Edwin Booth, by C. T. Copeland, much use has been made of T. B. Aldrich's unpublished correspondence with the actor. The volume is to present a portrait of Booth, now published for the first time, and bearing to Mr. Aldrich the greeting: "To my friend Tom from his friend Ned."

The long-delayed correspondence of Prince Bismarck has been published in Berlin. The work is in two volumes, the first being made up of the letters between Emperor William the First and Bismarck, many of which are extremely interesting, while the second volume is composed of miscellaneous letters exchanged between Bismarck and various notable personages.

The fair "Elizabeth" has won a great success with her story, "The Benefactress." Four large editions have already been called for.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have nearly ready "The Great Persian War and Its Preliminaries: A Study of the Evidence, Literary and Topographical," by G. B. Grundy, M. A., a lecturer at Brasenose College.

Victor Hugo's "Postscriptum de ma Vie," containing various fragments setting forth his opinions on love, history, and morality, has just appeared in Paris.

In the February *Century Magazine* will begin a series of short stories by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose novel, "Circumstance," issued in October, is now in its thirtieth thousand.

Signora Matilde Serao, whose novel of Naples, "The Ballet Dancer," has just been published in

English, is about forty-five years old. She is of Italian and Greek parentage, and began her literary work as a journalist in Naples.

A Western journal, the *Independent*, of Kansas City, has been trying to establish the thesis that in writing "The Crisis," Winston Churchill borrowed very largely from a novel called "The Rebel's Daughters," by the late J. G. Woerner, of St. Louis, and published in 1899, after its author's death. The claim is made that the "plot, subject, dates, characters, and description" in both books are the same, which seems to be a pretty sweeping assertion.

Nobody could devise a better epithet for the verses of the present poet laureate than that applied by Robert Browning. "Strum-strum" was what the author of "Sordello" called them.

Of Edwin Markham's verse Dr. Max Nordau says: "I place him higher than Walt Whitman, as his form is more artistic and beautiful. There is sometimes a Miltonic ring in his verses and Swinburnian richness in his rhymes and rhythms. And as to his philosophy and emotion, they are of the noblest kind. It honors Americans that Mr. Markham's poetry should have been able to create at once a sensation among them."

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Superior to any work of Rider Haggard. . . . The atmosphere of Norse and Icelandic, of legend and poetry, that flashes through the book makes an excellent background for the drama which ensues."—*Public Opinion*.

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MISS SUELVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal,  
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*Opera bouffe*, or operatic comedy, as "A Royal Rogue" is classified on the programme, remains perennially popular with a very large proportion of play-goers. All the listener has to do is stop thinking and keep on laughing. This is an easy procedure, if they provide a funny man or so, while the agreeable prospect of lovely woman in large quantities, appareled in ruffled chiffon and lace flounces, dancing endless dances and singing endless songs about nothing in particular, is still further conducive to an agreeable mental vacuity.

"A Royal Rogue," with Jefferson de Angelis as the leading man, is quite the usual thing, except that they are rather economical with pretty girls, and entirely lacking in plump ones, while solo-singers are a missing quantity. Considering these deficiencies, they manage to give an evening full of tolerably entertaining nonsense. De Angelis himself is the bright particular star, and during his brief absences from the stage things are rather dull. He is the kind of comedian who is not born, but made. He is not like Willie Collier, spontaneously and irrepressibly funny; but funny he contrives to be by means of deft and constant manipulation of all the acquired stage tricks by which the practiced *bouffe* player wins the ready laugh. He is in reality more indebted to the extreme nimbleness of his nether limbs than to native humor for the success of his humorous impersonation. He is, in fact, a comic dancer of great skill and immense agility, and very quick witted in utilizing his cleverly grotesque contortions at the auspicious moment.

Helen Byron, a good-looking little girl who assumes the leading feminine rôle, is, while a voiceless singer, so strenuously earnest and emphatic in dialogue, and puts such floods of volcanic energy into her speech, that one almost listens to hear the chandelier clatter.

Mr. de Angelis, when he was called out to make a speech, must have agreed with John G. Saxé that "It's such a very serious thing To be a funny man."

He evidently was animated with a pleasant glow of warmth of feeling in response to the friendly welcoming attitude of the house, and was inclined to put some sentiment into his speech. The audience, however, laughed so perseveringly, immoderately, expectantly, and encouragingly at everything he said, that he was obliged to give it up and introduce one or two mild jokes, with longing looks at the side. It can not but be a truly fearful moment for an actor when he faces the public out of his part, and, evading the safe, sure support of his lines, is obliged to improvise something witty, pointed, graceful, and grateful. On the whole, Mr. de Angelis, while not wonderfully distinguishing himself, as De Wolf Hopper would have done, said one or two neat things and escaped with his credit unimpaired.

Minnie Seligman, while still a fine woman, is no longer a beautiful one. She has the beautiful, abundant hair, the strong, white teeth, and the large, full, long-lashed eyes of the women of her race, but her features have thickened with the passing years, and, in spite of a well-corseted torso, she is rather too massive to please an exacting eye. There is no glossing over the fact that she belongs to the ranks of middle-aged beauties, although she still determinedly plays youthful parts, wears elaborately ornate and startlingly *décolleté* gowns, and is familiarly referred to in the play as a raving beauty, who can start men's hearts to beating at racing pace by a summoning wave of her white hand.

Minnie Seligman, in many respects, is well equipped for the kind of rôle she plays. She is accustomed to admiration, used to holding the centre of the stage, which she does with an easy air, and is an actress of no mean ability. Her effects are not made by delicate *finesse*, but are gained by broad, free strokes. Indeed, there is an entire absence of stage conventionality in her style, and she frequently avails herself of daring effects that startle and satisfy her audience in a breath.

Her opening play, "The Crust of Society," belongs to the strictly modern school, and is of that order which is zealously and unpatriotically engaged to convincing an attentive and deeply interested public of the intrinsic rottenness of the English aristocracy. There are lords and ladies in evidence, and even an earl who has given Mrs. Eastlake Chapel—the character assumed by Minnie Seligman—no insignificant but dazzling eminence as a reward for that lady's unscrupulous acceptance of his attentions. Mrs. Eastlake Chapel looks back with a shudder to the depths from which she has climbed, and turns

dizzy at the thought of the possible heights from which she may fall. Her earl has turned respectable and tired of her, and the enterprising Mrs. Chapel weighs the gold of her numerous admirers in the balance, and does not find it wanting. She decides to marry. An enthusiastic response from the favored one is, however, lacking, when the lady, in direct, unimpaired style, solicits the honor of his hand, and the protection of his name and position. An amiable and prosperous fool now opportunely turns up, and the rejected beauty woos and is wooed with ardor.

The disinterested efforts of Oliver St. Aubyn to save his friend, the fool, from the threatened catastrophe of a marriage with the siren, gives rise to a number of exciting battles, in which ready wit, strategy, and cunning resource are the weapons used. Besides these, Mrs. Eastlake Chapel brings a whole battery of blandishments to bear upon the fool—she crushes him to her ample bosom, she winds herself massively around him, she clings cheek to cheek, and gives vent to youthful, foolish ebullitions of laughter, and does it with such triumphant naturalism that, in spite of these girlish cajoleries being a trifle out of date, the actress never skirts the borders of the ridiculous. No doubt, to a certain proportion, the lady's affluence of physical endowment, and her frankly material type lends the needed spice to these scenes. But while they compel attention, and are telling in effect, they are, like the entire play, interesting but not pretty. The play is well written and neatly put together, save in the last act, which contains so many exits and entrances as to be faintly amusing. The dialogue is extremely well expressed, and gives opportunity to the actors for many a neat point, of which fact Mr. Mayall availed himself with unusual skill and address.

People who enjoy scenes, in which the emotions are at high tension, no doubt were moved to considerable excitement at the moment when the fool, with faint and unexpected stirrings of wisdom moving within him, insisted on wresting an incriminating letter from his lady-love's hand. This was the occasion of a display of most unconventional acting from Minnie Seligman. It was as if a woman, whose god all her life had been self, was obliged to submit to her first defeat, and lose that on which she had set her heart. After a long band-to-hand struggle, when the paper was torn from her hand, she gave way to a burst of elementary savagery, and screamed and struggled like a desperate animal. When recognition of her defeat came, she turned against her lover, and literally belabored the winner of the battle with her fists. The audience laughed a little, but it was the nervous, hysterical laugh which proved that the actress kept command of the situation. And again the scene was like the play, interesting, even exciting, but not pretty.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Death of Smith Brown.

Smith Brown passed away at his home near Napa last week at the age of eighty-three. Mr. Brown came across the plains in 1851 and settled in Napa County, where he has figured prominently ever since. He was elected supervisor of Napa County in 1866 to fill out the unexpired term of T. H. Thompson, and took his seat in January, 1867, serving two years with Peter Burnett (chairman) and W. A. Trubody. Mr. Brown was also a member of the State board of equalization under Governor Booth's administration, and was president and one of the original subscribers to the capital stock of the Napa Valley Railroad in 1864, his associates being such men as Chancellor Hartson, Samuel Brannan, R. B. Woodward, S. Alstrom, James H. Goodman, George C. Yount, A. Y. Easterby, and J. F. Lamin, all of whom have passed away.

Mr. Brown is survived by his wife and three children, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton and Mrs. Homer S. King, of this city, and Mr. Dana W. Brown, of Seattle.

There is to be no more cock-fighting in Manila. The local authority vested in the municipal board has decided that that sport is a depraved diversion.

#### Smartest Train of All.

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#### A Book for Opera-Lovers.

"A Critical History of Opera" is a readable little book, which, in small and compact form, contains a surprisingly large amount of information. The author, Arthur Elson, son of Louis C. Elson, who has written a number of books bearing on music, shows himself to be an able and impartial critic of the works of the long line of composers, as well as of the different schools into which their diversity of style divides them.

He traces the gradual evolution of the lyric drama from the days when the famous tragedies of ancient Greece were publicly performed with a musical accompaniment of lyrics and flutes, to the elaborately orchestrated works which at present represent the most advanced musical thought.

The author is evidently in closer sympathy with the methods advocated by the followers of the Wagnerian school, but is sufficiently unbiased to do full justice to the melodic beauty, which is more particularly a characteristic of operas belonging to the purely Italian school.

An interesting account is given of the movement in modern Italy, which, contemporary with Verdi's musical regeneration, found later expression in the richly orchestrated works of Puccini, Mascagni, and Leoncavallo. In the later chapters, the author groups his accounts of composers and their works according to their nationality, thus giving his readers a clear insight into the musical progression of the leading European nations.

A necessarily brief appendix contains a short résumé of the few operatic works of English and American composers. The volume is handsomely printed and tastefully bound, and contains a number of full-page portraits of composers and operatic singers.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.


#### The Races.

There are to be two special events at the Oakland track this (Saturday) afternoon—the Berkeley Handicap for two-year-olds, and the Truxtun Beale Handicap for three-year-olds and upward. The latter race is for a purse of fifteen hundred dollars, and, as there are some sixty-six entries, there will doubtless be a large field.

The special events for next week will be a free handicap for all ages on Tuesday, December 17th, a free handicap for three-year-olds and upward on Thursday, December 19th, and the Junior Stakes for two-year-olds, the Owners' Handicap for three-year-olds and upward, and a free handicap for all ages on Saturday, December 21st.

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### -- A ROYAL ROGUE --

Monday, December 23d—Mary Manning in "Janioe Meredith."

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinée To-Day and To-Morrow. Last Two Nights of "A Wife's Peril." Week Beginning Monday Evening Next, Minnie Seligman in Victorien Sardou's Masterpiece.

### -- DIPLOMACY --

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## Orpheum

Week Commencing Sunday Matinée, December 16th. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Deaves and Their Merry Manikins; Rose and Jeannette; Norwood Brothers; Irwin and Hawley; Dumond's Parisian Minstrels; and the Biograph. Last Week of Sherrie Mathews, Norma Whalley, Sam Marion, and Wm. McCart. Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

## RACING! FALL AND WINTER MEETING 1901-1902.

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Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp. Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M., and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, and 3:00 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts; no smoking. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue cars at 14th and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes. Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M. and immediately after the last race.

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### Legal Notices.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Henry Alexander Scott, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of Henry Alexander Scott, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of Henry Alexander Scott, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Dominick A. Carvin, also known as Domenico A. Carvin, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of Dominick A. Carvin, also known as Domenico A. Carvin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of Dominick A. Carvin, also known as Domenico A. Carvin, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Joseph Sayle, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of Joseph Sayle, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of Joseph Sayle, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John H. Coleman, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of John H. Coleman, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of John H. Coleman, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
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#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of A. L. Beckman, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of A. L. Beckman, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of A. L. Beckman, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

### STAGE GOSSIP.

#### Last Week of Jefferson de Angelis.

Jefferson de Angelis, the clever comedian, will enter on the second and last week of his engagement in "A Royal Rogue" at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. Charles Kline, Grant Stewart, and William T. Francis have provided him with an amusing and tuneful opera which, while it does not reach the level of "El Capitan" in libretto or music, nevertheless affords a pleasant evening's entertainment. De Angelis is excellent in the rôle of the inn-keeper who pretends to be the Duc de Chartres, and his support includes such well-known people as Henry Norman, Charles Dungan, Frank M. Kelly, Edmund Lawrence, Helen Byron, Adella Barker, and Gertrude MacKenzie. The costumes are of the days of 1797, and the two stage settings—Ballou's *café* on the Boulevard des Jardin (in Paris) and the garden and conservatory of Mme. Girodet's house—are picturesque and full of suggestive details.

Mary Mannering, who was last seen here with her husband, James K. Hackett, at the head of the Lyceum Theatre Company, will make her first appearance in this city as a star on Monday evening, December 16th, in a dramatization of Paul Leicester Ford's "Janice Meredith."

#### Minnie Seligman in "Diplomacy."

For the third week of her engagement at the Grand Opera House, Minnie Seligman will appear as the Countess Zicka in Victorien Sardou's strong play, "Diplomacy." This will be the most interesting revival of this French drama since its presentation here some years ago at the Columbia Theatre, with Rose Coghlan, Maud Winters, William Beach, Henry Dixey, and L. R. Stockwell in the leading rôles. The rest of the cast will be as follows: Henri Beaulere, Herschel Mayall; Captain Julian Beaulere, Charles Waldron; Count Orloff, William Bernard; Baron Stein, Fred J. Butler; Agie Fairfax, Gilbert Gardner; Markham, Burr Caruth; Antoine, Edward Lawrence; Shepard, Clarence Baker; Dora, Laura Nelson Hall; Lady Henri Fairfax, Mary Bankson; Marquis de Rio Zares, Selina Archer; and Mion, Maybelle Graham.

#### The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

An amusing novelty at the Orpheum next week will be Mr. and Mrs. Walter Deaves' marionettes. They perform on a small stage, and represent athletes, clowns, dancers, cake-walkers, and other entertainers. They give a clever imitation of genuine vaudeville artists in a surprisingly realistic and humorous manner, and the illusion is heightened by an orchestra of marionettes beating time in front of the stage, and by the droll actions of a marionette seated in one of the proscenium boxes, who vigorously applauds the performance. Among the other newcomers will be Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane, who will make their first appearance at the Orpheum in a refined comedieta entitled "A Happy Pair"; Rose and Jeanette, two precocious little toe dancers; and the Norwood Brothers, "Darktown Gymnasts," who do a daring act on the triple horizontal bars.

Sherrie Mathews, Norma Whalley, Sam Marion, and William McArt will continue in their sketch, "A Lawless Lawyer," which is a perfect whirlwind of fun; the Dumond Parisian Minstrels will change their selections; Flo Irwin and Walter Hawley will repeat in their humorous conceit, "Caught with the Goods"; and the biograph will show new pictures.

#### An Amusing Farce at the Alcazar.

Madeleine Lucette Ryley's popular comedy, "Christopher Jr.," which has been pleasing the patrons of the Alcazar Theatre during the week, will give way on Monday night to a new farce, entitled "The Gay Mr. Lightfoot." It is in three acts, and is the work of Louis de Lang and Lee Arthur. The plot revolves about an American Indian who is brought into the midst of cultured society, and his amusing observations and curious antics are said to create an endless amount of laughter. "Christopher Jr.," and "The Gay Mr. Lightfoot" are long jumps from the seriousness of "Tennessee's Pardner" and "An Enemy to the King," and reflect creditably upon the versatility of the present stock company.

The holiday attraction will be "Charley's Aunt," and then comes "For the White Rose" and "At the White Horse Tavern."

#### The Tivoli's Holiday Spectacle.

The Pollard Juvenile Company will give its farewell performance at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday evening, and next week the regular comic-opera company, which has been on tour for several months, will re-appear in a new extravaganza, entitled "Little Red Riding Hood," written by the popular comedian, Ferris Hartman. Great preparations are being made to insure a prosperous run for this holiday offering; the company has had ample time for rehearsal, gorgeous costumes have been specially made, and a lot of new scenery has been painted for the eight scenes. It is said that Hartman has provided himself with a very humorous rôle, that of King Fire Fly, afterward transformed to Simple Simon. The rest of the cast is as follows: Annie Meyers, Boy Blue; Arthur Cun-

ningham, the prince; Harry Cashman, Granny Hood; Edward Webb, the wicked baron; Florence Chapman, Little Red Riding Hood; Olive Ulrich, Miss Muffett; and Barnetta Mueller, in a lesser rôle. The last three actresses will make their first appearances at the Tivoli. A number of new dances and ballets, under the direction of Ida Wyatt, will be introduced, and Paul Steindorff will conduct.

The commercial travelers will attend in a body on Tuesday evening, December 17th, and a lively evening is anticipated.

The Loring Club announces the second concert of its twenty-fifth season for Tuesday evening, December 17th, in Native Sons' Hall, when a programme of exceptional interest and merit will be presented.

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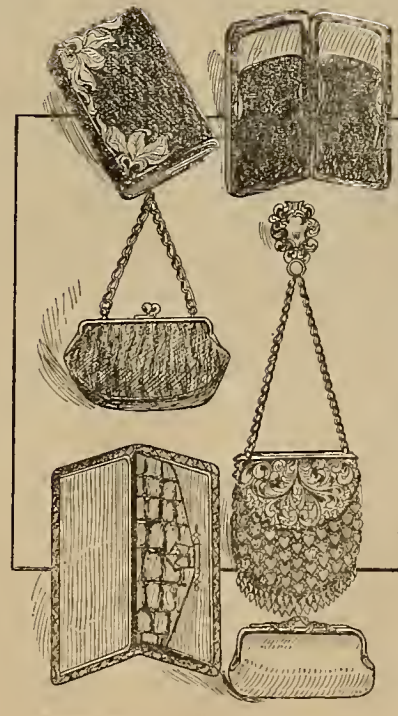
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Metal Chatelaine—French Gray finish—Latest shape—Handsome design—Heavy chain and hook... 3.75

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Imported Novelty Coin Purse—Gun-metal frame—Jeweled lizard clasp—Genuine buckskin... 3.00



## VANITY FAIR.

There is no small amount of contemporaneous human interest attaching to the announcement of King Edward's decision that his coronation shall not be a speculative as well as a spectacular function. Having ascertained that not a few persons entitled to places in Westminster Abbey on that occasion were arranging to sell their rights, his majesty has decreed that, aside from those who may be commissioned to attend in an official capacity, none but his own subjects shall be present, and that the transfer of a seat shall exclude both parties to the transaction. The propriety of that order would seem to be beyond dispute (remarks the *New York Tribune*), and yet it is probable that a considerable number of more or less good Americans will be depressed by the news, and some of them may even permit themselves to say that the king is real mean. They are accustomed to obtain everything they think they want by paying whatever may be necessary, and will find difficulty in reconciling themselves to the idea of being excluded from any show in any quarter of the globe to which they are ready to purchase admission. Others, who eagerly accept the doctrine that the king can do no wrong, will how to the inevitable without a murmur, but their hearts will be sore. As for Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and citizens of his majesty's dominions beyond the sea, who have been hoping to make a neat profit out of hereditary privileges or to acquire a temporary right for cash, their feelings will doubtless be too deep for utterance.

The court of claims, by the way, which is dealing with the rights and privileges relating to the coronation of King Edward, met in London on December 4th, in solemn state to the council chamber of Whitehall, to judge between the nobles who are wrangling for ancient but generally empty and often ludicrous honors. Sixty cases came up, the most prominent being the fight between the Duke of Atholl, the Earl of Ancaster, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, and Earl Carrington for the lord great chamberlainship. This was too weighty for the court, which passed it on to the House of Lords. Several other cases were referred to a committee, but the Earl of Errol will be permitted to walk in the coronation procession as lord high constable of Scotland, and carry a silver baton tipped with gold, bearing his own arms at one end and the king's at the other. The claim for representation as chief larderer was dismissed by the statement that there will be no coronation banquet, and that hence there will be no larderer. Miss Beatrice Fellows, who desired to perform the office of herb-strewer, and Sir Harry Burrard, who claimed the right to carry the king's bow and arrows, were informed that they would not be wanted. The bishops of Durham and Bath, it was decided, have the right to support the king while he is on the throne—that is to say, they will stand with their hands on the back of the chair.

Following closely on the recent announcement of the young women of the Delta Gamma Club of Northwestern University, Chicago, that they were open to proposals of marriage, comes the formation of a club of celibates among the young men of that institution. The Knights of the Marble Heart is the name of the new organization, and, as the name indicates, the club proposes to give the "marble heart" to the young co-eds with matrimonial inclinations, and to cultivate the joys of jolly bachelorhood. The new society of knights is composed of members of the senior class, and their organization was completed last week. The colors, scarlet and black, were pinned on the thirteen charter members, and these will be worn until the arrival of the society's pins, which will consist of small beads of marble set in gold.

William E. Curtis had a strange experience not long ago when he called at a bank in Russia to make a draft against his letter of credit. "I was met at the door by a man in gorgeous livery, with a long staff in his hand," he writes. "He led me into a reception-room which was sumptuously furnished. Upon the centre-table were several volumes of photographs, a city directory, a railway guide, the last report of the bank, two or three guide-books, and several morning papers. Over in one of the corners was a handsomely carved writing-desk furnished with all sorts of stationery. While I was wondering what I was there for, a gentleman of irreproachable attire and manners entered, and asked how he could serve me. I explained that I would like two hundred and fifty dollars on my letter of credit, and wondered how he knew I was an American, but he had doubtless learned from long experience to distinguish the different nationalities, and I soon discovered by the manner in which he received subsequent arrivals that he could speak German and French as fluently as English. I handed him my letter of credit, and he bowed politely and left the room. For a time I was alone with my own thoughts. I looked over all the books and papers, watched the traffic in the street from the window, made two or three entries in my note-book, and wondered if the polite gentleman had not forgotten all about me, when a page in buttoned entered with a silver tray, upon which were two fifties—duplicates—for my signature. The little fellow bowed like a French dancing-master, and seemed to be deeply impressed with a sense of re-

sponsibility. He came in several times afterward on similar service for other people, and his salutes were repeated each time with an exactness that showed careful training. I was afraid he was going to be gone all day, and became impatient. I sat down at the desk to write a letter, and had written nearly a whole sheet when he came back with my letter of credit and the money upon his tray. But the latter was all in bills. I handed him one of them and asked him to get it changed. He bowed again and disappeared. I must have spent fifteen minutes regretting my folly, when the handsome manager came in to inquire if there had been a mistake. He seemed to think I had been overpaid, and was greatly relieved when I told him I only wanted a bill changed. He disappeared, and it was another ten minutes before the boy returned with the smaller bills. I had been in that room for more than three-quarters of an hour."

The *Gaulois*, one of the most essentially Parisian of newspapers, has been ascertaining from the most prominent actresses and singers how they manage to preserve their youthful appearance. Sarah Bernhardt declares that ceaseless hard work is the secret of her good health. Mme. Bartet, of the *Comédie-Française*, follows no particular régime, except that she always sleeps with her windows open, summer and winter, and is very fond of walking in the open air. Mme. Worms-Baretta, of the *Comédie-Française*, never bothers about her health one way or the other. "I usually pass two months of the year in the mountains," she says, "and this seems to wind me up for the whole theatrical season. I eat and drink whatever my appetite dictates, and I avoid thinking about my health or the possibility of falling ill." Mme. Rachel Boyer, of the *Comédie-Française*, enjoys most robust health, which she attributes to fresh air. "I am a fervent enthusiast of cold baths taken the very first thing in the morning," she says, "and also of a warm bath at night, just before going to bed." Mme. Réjane's fondness for fresh air is also well known, and bathing and massage enter largely into her habits of life. Mme. Jeanne Granier declares that "life is too short to devote one's self to following any special régime. I do pretty much what I please, and eat and drink pretty much as I please. But I always try to get away for three weeks in February to take sun-baths at Monte Carlo." Mme. Jane Hading says: "I don't follow any health rules whatever. If I fall ill I obey the orders of my doctor, but my life at Neuilly, removed from the feverish atmosphere of the theatre and of the boulevards, keeps me in good form. I take douches and employ massage. After rehearsals I drive about in the Bois or sit in the open air. This, with mental repose, renews my strength." Mlle. Marcelle Lender, of the *Variétés*, drives a great deal in the open air, as does Mlle. Yahané, who says: "With plenty of fresh air and with a contented frame of mind, I never fall ill. I like to walk and drive, and immensely enjoy an outing in an automobile with bright and gay company."

In his decision setting aside the transfers of certain property of Graham Polley—once worth about two hundred thousand dollars, but who disposed of that money in many ways—as fraudulent, Judge McAdam, of the supreme court of New York, said: "The grantor became reckless and profligate, going from bad to worse, so that he was pleased while upon the witness-stand to acknowledge himself a 'high-roller,' a term which, according to his evidence, means a 'sporty' man who rolls round during the night, an overgenerous man, a spendthrift, and giver of wine dinners and entertainments to friends in which sobriety plays but a small part." This definition of a "high-roller" is unique, but certainly covers the ground.

London is to have an American club. The initiation fee for resident members will be two hundred and fifty dollars, and for non-residents one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The home of the club will be near Piccadilly. There will be suites of rooms to be rented by the year to Americans who make annual visits to London. There will be a dining-room where members may entertain ladies, and a feature will be a competent American cook. The board of governors will number seven—four Americans and three Englishmen.

Miss Gail Laughlin, who was entrusted by the industrial commission to investigate the servant-girl problem, points out that one of the chief reasons why American-born servants are averse to domestic employment is due to the social stigma attached to it. "An illustration of this," she says, "is afforded by an incident which occurred at one of the New York settlements. A girl belonging to one of the working-girls' clubs, which were in the habit of meeting at the settlement house, was out of work. She was employed at the settlement to keep the kindergarten-room in order. Immediately she was ridiculed, and practically ostracized by her fellow-members of the club. Not only in association with other women is this social distinction made manifest. It is no less in evidence in association with men friends. Girls looking forward to possible marriage naturally hesitate to enter an occupation to which is attached a social stigma, which would operate to cut them off from association with a class of men such as they would be willing to

marry. In other countries, social conditions are more marked than in the United States, and are recognized and accepted. Women coming here from other countries, therefore, are not deterred from entering domestic service because of social stigma; but American-born women, accustomed to see other workers respected, and not regarded by the mass of the people as social inferiors, are not willing to enter an occupation to which social stigma is attached. Before intelligent American women shall become willing to enter domestic service in any large numbers, this social stigma must be removed. Social distinctions are, however, of all things, most elusive. They can not be removed by direct means, and the social stigma now attached to domestic service can be removed only gradually through the removal of the conditions which have given rise to it." Figures compiled in Miss Laughlin's report give the average weekly wages of servants as: Men, \$6.03; women, \$3.57. It is found that general servants get less than specialists—such as cooks, waitresses, nurses, butlers, and the like. Weekly wages of general servants are \$3.28, while cooks get \$3.95, waitresses \$3.43, and others \$3.54.

**Christmas Excursion to City of Mexico,** via Southern Pacific and Mexican Central Railways, will leave San Francisco December 18th, stopping at Los Angeles, El Paso, and Zacatecas. The party will be in charge of a gentleman familiar with the customs and points of interest in the Southern republic, and will reach Mexico in ample time to witness the numerous civic and religious ceremonies attending celebration of the Christmas season. Rate eighty dollars for round trip. Low rates for all interesting side trips have been arranged. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, 613 Market Street, for particulars.

—THEY KNOW YOU ARE A JUDGE OF GOOD whisky when you call for Jesse Moore at the bar.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 11, 1901, were as follows:

|                                  | Shares. | BONDS.            |         | Closed. |  |
|----------------------------------|---------|-------------------|---------|---------|--|
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |  |
| U. S. Coup. 3%.....              | 100     | @ 108 1/4         | 108 1/4 |         |  |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.....            | 8,000   | @ 107 1/4-108 1/4 | 107 1/4 | 108 1/4 |  |
| Market St. Ry. 6%.....           | 15,000  | @ 128             | 127 1/2 | 129     |  |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.....           | 11,000  | @ 122-122 1/2     | 122 1/2 | 123     |  |
| N. R. of Cal. 5%.....            | 5,000   | @ 121 1/2         | 121 1/2 | 122 1/2 |  |
| N. Pac. Co. Ry. 5%.....          | 8,000   | @ 107 1/2         | 107 1/2 | 108     |  |
| Oakland Transit 5%.....          | 40,000  | @ 111             | 111     | 112     |  |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....           | 6,000   | @ 104-104 1/2     | 104 1/2 | 105     |  |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%..... | 5,000   | @ 123 1/2         | 123 1/2 | 124     |  |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909           | 33,000  | @ 113 1/2         | 113 1/2 | 114     |  |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910           | 3,000   | @ 114 1/2-114 1/2 | 114 1/2 | 115     |  |
| S. P. Branch 6%.....             | 1,000   | @ 136 1/2         | 136     | 137     |  |
| S. V. Water 6%.....              | 6,000   | @ 112             | 112     | 113     |  |
| S. V. Water 4%.....              | 1,000   | @ 102 1/2         | 102 1/2 | 103     |  |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d.....           | 39,000  | @ 101 1/2-101     | 101 1/2 | 102 1/2 |  |
|                                  | Shares. | STOCKS.           |         | Closed. |  |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |  |
| Contra Costa Water.....          | 55      | @ 75 1/2-76 1/2   | 75 1/2  | 76      |  |
| Spring Valley Water.....         | 116     | @ 87 1/4-87 1/2   | 87 1/4  | 87 1/2  |  |
|                                  |         | BANKS.            |         |         |  |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |  |
| Bank of Cal.....                 | 19      | @ 410-412         | 412     | 412     |  |
| First National.....              | 50      | @ 322 1/2         | 320     | 320     |  |
|                                  |         | Gas and Electric. |         |         |  |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |  |
| Equitable Gaslight.....          | 325     | @ 3 1/2-3 1/2     | 3 1/2   | 4       |  |
| Pacific Gas.....                 | 65      | @ 39 1/2-40       | 39 1/2  | 41      |  |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.....        | 845     | @ 41 1/2-44 1/2   | 43 1/2  | 44 1/2  |  |
|                                  |         | Street R. R.      |         |         |  |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |  |
| Market St. R. R.....             | 335     | @ 88 1/2-89 1/2   | 89      | 89      |  |
| California St.....               | 40      | @ 150             | 150     | 150     |  |
|                                  |         | Powders.          |         |         |  |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |  |
| Giant Gun.....                   | 165     | @ 83 1/2-84 1/2   | 84      | 86      |  |
|                                  |         | Sugars.           |         |         |  |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |  |
| Hawaiian C. & S.....             | 275     | @ 35              | 34 1/2  | 40      |  |
| Honokaa S. Co.....               | 315     | @ 10 1/4-10 1/2   | 10 1/2  | 10 1/2  |  |
| Hutchinson.....                  | 315     | @ 14-14 1/2       | 14      | 14 1/2  |  |
| Kilauea S. Co.....               | 100     | @ 11              | 11      | 12      |  |
| Makaweli S. Co.....              | 255     | @ 24-24 1/2       | 24 1/2  | 24 1/2  |  |
| Onomea S. Co.....                | 150     | @ 22 1/2          | 22      | 22      |  |
| Panahan S. Co.....               | 140     | @ 10-10 1/2       | 10      | 10      |  |
|                                  |         | Miscellaneous.    |         |         |  |
|                                  |         |                   |         |         |  |
| Alaska Packers.....              | 795     | @ 155-164 1/2     | 164     | 165     |  |
| Cal. Wine Assn.....              | 35      | @ 88-89           | 89      | 89      |  |
| Oceanic S. Co.....               | 5       | @ 45              | 45      | 50      |  |

The sugars were traded in to the extent of about 1,400 shares, and made fractional declines.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was sold down to 41 1/2, a decline of three points, on an orderless market; but on small buying orders reacted to 44 1/2, on sales of less than 200 shares, closing at 43 1/2 bid and 44 asked.

Alaska Packers Association advanced seven points to 164 1/2, being the highest point reached on this stock. There was a rumor on the street that this company will increase its dividend in the near future.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
**A. W. BLOW & CO.**  
Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery Street, S. F.

**MT. OLIVET CEMETERY** NON-SECTARIAN  
LAWN PLAN PERPETUAL CARE  
OFFICE  
PHONE BUSH 367 916 MARKET ST.  
J. HENDERSON, Pres. and Manager

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901.....29,886,288.11  
OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; Vice-President, JOHN LLOYD; Second Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Agent, W. S. GOODELOW.  
Board of Directors—H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhardt, Emil Rohde, H. B. Röss, N. Ohlandt, and I. N. Walter.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve Fund.....226,894  
Contingent Fund.....445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. ne FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS.....150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES.....President  
WILLIAM BARCOCK.....Vice-President  
S. L. ABEOT, JR., Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Bahcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. Abbot, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. I. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....390,000  
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator,

Guardian, or Trustee of Estates, and for the collection of accounts of individuals, firms, and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:  
F. KRONBERG.....President  
W. A. FRIEDRICH.....Vice-President  
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....2,851,860.11  
October 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
Baltimore.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Boston.....The National Exchange Bank  
Chicago.....The National Shawmut Bank  
Philadelphia.....First National Bank  
St. Louis.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Boatmen's Bank  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères  
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK.

President, JOHN J. VALENTINE. Manager, HOMER S. KING. Cashier, H. WADSWORTH. Asst. Cashier, F. L. LIPMAN. 2d Asst. Cashier, H. L. MILLER.

BRANCHES—NEW YORK, H. B. Parsons, Cashier; SALT LAKE, J. E. Dooley, Cashier; PORTLAND, OR., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier.

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

ASSETS.  
Loans.....\$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants.....2,191,727.10  
Real Estate.....1,656,030.77  
Miscellaneous Assets.....12,415.53  
Due from Banks and Bankers.....1,104,308.12  
Cash.....3,973,676.04  
\$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up.....\$ 500,000.00  
Surplus.....7,550,000.00  
Undivided Profits.....3,311,290.28  
Deposits, Bankers.....1,124,165.27  
Individual.....8,904,102.62  
\$19,589,558.17

General Banking Business in all its Branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
COLIN M. ROYD, Agent for San Francisco.  
423 California Street.

## MASSAGE

SHOWER, ELECTRIC, AND  
MEDICATED BATHS. . .  
G. WAGNER,  
1106 Post, bet. Polk St. and Van Ness Ave.  
Tel. Hyde 146.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mark Twain tells a story of a man who received a telegram telling him that his mother-in-law had died, and asking: "Shall we enbalm, bury, or cremate her?" Twain says he wired back: "Yes, and if these fail, try dissection."

Frederic Villiers, the well-known war artist and correspondent, declares he saw the following sign in a prominent hotel in an Australian town where water was scarce: "Please don't use soap when washing, as the water is required for tea."

Douglas Jerrold, the English wit, was once sitting with George Henry Lewes and a poet named Heraud, who was something of a bore and a good deal laughed at. Lewes asked Jerrold: "Have you ever seen Heraud's Descent Into Hell?" "No; but I should like to," tersely replied the wit.

Sir Henry Roscoe, in a privately printed book of lectures, says that once when he and the German scientist Bunsen were traveling together in England, they met a lady who mistook Bunsen for his cousin, the Chevalier Bunsen. "Have you finished your book, 'God in History,' yet?" she asked him. "No, madame," he replied; "I regret that my untimely death has prevented my doing so."

"The latest in 'yells,'" says the Kansas City Journal, "is that of the convicts on their way from the jail in the county in which they are sentenced to the penitentiary. A gang of fifteen of them from Buchanan County, the sheriff's 'guests' on a special car, gave vent to this yell at each railway station they passed between St. Joseph and Jefferson City, a few days ago: 'Two years—five years—we will stay; didn't like St. Joe anyway!'"

Li Hung Chang had, beyond all doubt, an iron will and a very unsentimental heart. Once, when he was viceroy of Chi-Li, a man who had tampered with a telegraph wire was brought before him. The man wrung his hands and begged for mercy, saying that he would never touch the wire again. "Don't be vexed, my good fellow," said Li, "nor trouble yourself any further about the matter. I shall take care that it does not happen again." Then he turned to the jailers and gave the order: "Cut off his head!"

Robert G. Ingersoll used to be fond of telling how, when he first came to Washington from the West, he once encountered in one of the corridors of the Capitol an old negro woman vigorously scrubbing the floor when she heard any one coming, and, when the footsteps died away, busily reading her Bible. He slipped up on her very quietly one morning, and, taking her by surprise with her precious book, said: "Mary, do you believe all you read there?" "I suttanly do," she replied; "every word, Colonel Ingersoll." "Do you believe that God made man out of dust?" "In coase I does." "Say, it happened to rain hard about that time and the dust was gone and there was nothing but mud?" To which old mammy retorted: "Den de good Lawd knowed enough to know dat it was time to make dem lawyers and infidels, Colonel Ingersoll."

In his autobiography, "The Making of an American," Jacob A. Riis tells the following anecdote of General Grant's clubbing by a New York policeman just after his second term in the Presidency: "He was staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when one morning the Masonic Temple was burned. The fire-line was drawn half-way down the block toward Fifth Avenue, but the police were much hampered by the crowd, and were out of patience when I, standing by, saw a man in a great ulster, with head buried deep in the collar, a cigar sticking straight out, coming down the street from the hotel. I recognized him at sight as General Grant. The policeman who blocked his way did not. He grabbed him by the collar, swung him about, and, hitting him a resounding whack across the back with his club, yelled out: 'What's the matter with you? Don't you see the fire-line? Chase yourself out of here, and be quick about it.' The general said never a word. He did not stop to argue the matter. He had run up against a sentinel, and when stopped went the other way. That was all. The man had a right to be there; he had none."

It is said that a certain servant in a moment of weariness with domestic duties said: "Rather than go on like this, month after month forever, I'll ask the first man who passes if he wants a wife!" Her fellow-servant challenged her to put the question to a man just then passing by. The young woman was not prepared to be taken at her word so suddenly, but, in desperation, she thought herself for a way of escape. She was Welsh, and hurriedly exclaimed, as the unknown was passing: "'A oer chiau guraig arnoch chwi?" ("Do you want a wife?") "Oes," ("yes") was the unexpected reply from the young man, who also hailed from the principality, and, with Celtic sprightliness, followed into the hall the blushing girl, who had fled upon hearing the familiar word. The maid, a farmer's daughter, was

huxom and neat; the swain was an industrious and ambitious young dealer, with promising prospects, and soon "merrily rang the wedding bells."

According to Walter Matson, the priests of Guatemala were formerly the money-lenders of the country. Almost every poor man was a slave to the church. The late President Barrios did a great deal to relieve this debtor class of its burdens. On one occasion, a man complained to him that the priest, having taken his land for debt, had taken his only cow also. Barrios found that the priest had charged an extortionate interest, and commanded the priest to keep the cow at his own expense for two years, to give the man all the milk, to telegraph to Guatemala every morning concerning the health of the cow, and in case the cow should die the priest's life was to be forfeited. The priest had such respect for Barrios's order that he took the cow into his own house. After he had telegraphed every morning for six months, and the cost of the messages had been considerably more than the original debt, he thought he might as well stop using the wire, but Barrios was prepared for him. He telegraphed to the jefe of the department to arrest the priest and give him a public flogging, and in case he should refuse or neglect to telegraph again he was to be shot.

## A STRANGE PENSION CASE.

Starting \$11.37 in debt thirty years ago, and depending for a livelihood wholly on a pension of \$50 a month from the government, the estate of Henry Wensler, of Spiker, Wahash County, Ind., now amounts to more than \$25,000, and is growing at a rapid rate. What is still more curious, the government, having paid Wensler this pension for a generation, will, at his death, receive back the \$50 a month, and \$8,000 in addition. Such a state of affairs has never before come within the ken of the bureau officials, as reported by Special Agent Stephens. The story of Wensler and his accumulated wealth is an interesting one, and is thus related by the Wahash correspondent of the Indianapolis News:

"During the war he enlisted from Wahash County, in the Eighty-Ninth Indiana Infantry. While on the march in the South he suffered from prostration by the heat, which caused mental derangement, and though he has not at any time been violent, he has been, to an extent, incapable of managing his affairs. For twelve years after his affliction Wensler was confined in the hospital for the insane at Indianapolis, and was discharged as being harmless and requiring no attention. Application was made for a pension on account of his mental condition, and the case was pending some time. In 1867 his wife was divorced, and he was left comparatively friendless.

"At that time his condition was such that Jonathan Talmage, a local banker, was appointed guardian, and Mr. Talmage's report to the circuit court in September, 1870, showed that Wensler had overdrawn his account with his guardian \$11.37. In the next report Mr. Talmage showed that the pension of \$50 a month, with a considerable amount as arrears, had been paid, and as Wensler had been supported by the State while at the hospital, the arrears amounted to a tidy sum.

"In this way the foundation of the present fortune was laid. Four years ago Mr. Talmage died, and Thomas F. Payne, a wealthy land-owner of Wahash, was appointed guardian. The Pension Bureau required, about that time, that all reports of guardians of wards receiving pensions should be made to Washington. In his report of May 1, 1900, Mr. Payne set forth that the amount of funds belonging to Wensler in his hands was \$23,430, and that the total cost of administering the guardianship was \$1,214. With a few exceptions the funds were loaned on gilt-edged security, at ten per cent. interest, and later at eight per cent. Some of the later loans have been made at six per cent. This interest was compounded, and the total mounted higher and higher. Wensler was active, and contributed to his own sustenance. For years he plied his vocation as a huckster, and drove about the county with his little wagon, on which were printed in sprawling letters the words: 'H. Wensler, Hugster.'

"Recently he went into business in a small way at Spiker's Station, four miles from Wabash. He lives alone, and his expenses for food and clothing are almost nothing. His guardian pays \$3.50 a week for his food, and Wensler takes \$25 a month for other expenses. The rest of the \$50 pension, and the handsome increment from the \$25,000 at interest, is re-invested as it comes in.

"The reports of the guardian to the Pension Bureau, making this remarkable exhibit, induced Commissioner Evans to send Special Agent Stephens to Wabash to look into the case, and he uncovered the facts as stated. The special agent says that as Wensler has no friends, the money at his death will revert to the government. Wensler is perhaps sixty-five years old, and never speaks unless addressed. He is expert in handling horses, and on several occasions has been injured in runaways, but he does not seem to know what fear is. Probably no estate in the country has been so capably managed.

"It is said of Wensler that a few years ago he was seized with a desire to manage his property, and went to the office of a well-known Wabash lawyer

to state his case. 'See here, Mr. ———,' said Wensler, 'I am not insane, and I want my funds turned over to me.' The lawyer gazed at him intently for a moment, and then replied: 'You're drawing a good pension, aren't you?' Wensler admitted he was. 'Well, then,' drawled the lawyer, 'if you are not insane your pension will stop, for that's why you are getting it.' Wensler looked wild, and as he shot out of the door, he cried: 'The devil; I'm crazier than hell.' And after that he was content to waive all right to the management and control of his estate."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Venezuelan Version.

[Following is a free translation of the Venezuelan version of the song, "Good-by, Dolly Gray," which has become very popular there since the inauguration of the practice of postponing the revolution during the rain:]

Oh, the weather man has said,  
"Fair to-day,"  
And the blood will soon run red  
In the fray.  
I must leave your loving side,  
And confront the foe with pride—  
Meet what fate may me betide,  
By the way.

Adios, my Señorita!  
I must go and revolute,  
For the weather man assures us  
It is just the day to shoot.  
Adios, my Señorita!  
Ah, this parting gives me pain!  
If you're not so very hussy,  
Kindly pray for rain.

Ah, caramba! It is tough,  
Caro mine!  
That the sun should make this bluff  
At a shine.  
In a moment I'll be gone  
To combat some other Don—  
But I've got my rubbers on,  
Caro mine!

Adios, my Señorita!  
Hear the revolution whirl!  
I must go and make a crisis.  
Adios, my little girl.  
Do not weep, my Señorita,  
But be sure, with might and main,  
To put up your supplications  
For a good, long rain.  
—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

## The Last of 'Rastus.

Upon the roost he saw the bird,  
And straightway tried to pluck him;  
The spring-gun went off as he stirred,  
And he never knew what struck him.  
—Judge.

## In Substitute Feeding

for infants, physicians agree that cow's milk is the basis for all beginnings. What is required, then, is the best possible milk product. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is ideal, pure, sterile, and guarded against contamination.

—SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL: WITH which cook can please all.

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## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

NEW MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.  
Boston to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa.  
S. S. Commonwealth (twin-screw, 13,000 tons), January 4th, February 12th.  
S. S. Cambrian, January 15th, February 20th.  
To Alexandria, Egypt.  
S. S. Commonwealth, Sat., January 26th, February 12th.  
This new twin-screw steamer is one of the largest afloat; has splendid accommodations for passengers.

For rates of passage apply to THOS. COOK & SON, General Agents for the Pacific Coast, 621 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 Tons  
Sonoma, 6200 Tons  
Ventura, 6200 Tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, December 14, 1901, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Sonoma for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, December 26, 1901, at 10 A. M.  
S. S. Australia, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Saturday, January 4, 1902.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## GORDON &amp; FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

## The Traders Insurance Co.

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Assets - - - - - \$2,500,000.00

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Norwich Union  
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OF NORWICH, ENGLAND

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3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.  
4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

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of Linen-Mesh

We are so busy that we have to let up on advertising for a while and devote our money to an increase of our plants.

In the meantime we shall do our best to look after your underwear wants.

Remember our trade-mark.



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WASHINGTON, D. C.: 728 Fifteenth St., N. W.  
LONDON, ENGLAND: 10-12 Broad St., E. C.

\*These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

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Perfect Breakfast and Dietetic Health Cereals.  
PANSY FLOUR for Biscuits, Cake and Pastry.  
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.  
For book of sample, write  
FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 28  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902  
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, February 15  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, March 13  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1902.  
America Maru. Saturday, January 4  
Houkoku Maru. Thursday, January 30  
Nippon Maru. Tuesday, February 25  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaska ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, January 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., Dec. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Jan. 2.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles). Steamer Santa Rosa—Sundays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport.  
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 A. M.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
For further information obtain company's folder.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. Stopping at Cherbourg Westbound.

St. Louis. . . . . December 18 Philadelphia. . . December 25

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Southwark. . . . . December 18 \*Vaderland. . . December 25  
\*Stop at Cherbourg Eastbound.

International Navigation Company, CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Greenwood Dinner.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Wednesday evening, December 11th, at which he entertained Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiel, Miss Jacqueline Moore, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lily Spreckels, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Marie Wells, Miss Ethyl Hager, Mr. Edward Tobin, Mr. Orrin Peck, Mr. Charles Earle, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Ensign Cyrus Miller, U. S. N., Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Emil Bruguière, Mr. Enrique Grau, and Mr. Allan Wallace.

## The Second Friday Fortnightly Cotillion.

The second dance of the Friday Fortnightly Cotillion Club took place at Cotillion Hall on Friday evening, December 6th. The guests were received by Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, assisted by Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Ira Pierce, and Mrs. William Stuart, of Nevada. The cotillion was led by Captain and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Jr., and those in the first set were:

Miss Sara Collier, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Spreckels, Miss Lucie King, Miss Nadine Nuttall, Miss Anna Foster, Miss Kathryn Robinson, Miss Elsie Patterson, Miss Gladys Merrill, Miss Frances Allen, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Pearl Loaders, Miss Marian Coffin, and Miss Clare Goodman, of Napa.

The Christmas cotillion will be held Friday evening, December 20th, and will be an army and navy affair.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Hayden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Hayden, and Mr. Maxwell Taft, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Taft.

The engagement is announced of Miss Greta Chase, daughter of Mr. John Chase, of Des Moines, Ia., and Major John A. Hull, judge advocate of the Department of California.

The wedding of Miss Marie Zane, sister of Miss Elizabeth Zane, and niece of Mrs. Alexander H. Loughborough and Mr. William Northrop Cowles, took place in New York on Thursday, December 12th, at the home of the bride's uncle, Dr. Edgar W. Keyes.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Landers Piver, daughter of Mrs. Kate Landers Piver, to Mr. Whitaker Ray, took place on Wednesday afternoon, December 11th, in the parlors of the California Hotel. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the Rev. Burr Miller Weeden, of St. Luke's Episcopal Church. Miss Berenice Landers was the maid of honor, and Mr. Charles Ray supported the groom as best man. A bridal breakfast followed the ceremony, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray departed later in the day on their wedding journey. Upon their return, they will occupy the residence at 1440 Grove Street.

Miss Norma Preston, whose marriage to Mr. Worthington Ames will take place on Monday, December 16th, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by her sister, Miss Edith Preston, at the University Club, on Thursday afternoon. Others at table were Miss Medora Cheatham, Miss Alice Cheatham, Miss Elizabeth Ames, Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Grace Spreckels, and Miss Lily Spreckels.

The marriage of Miss May Denman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Denman, and Colonel B. Frank Cheatham, U. S. A., took place at the home of the bride's parents, 2318 Steiner Street, on Saturday evening, December 7th. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Bradford Leavitt. Miss Norma Preston was the maid of honor, and the Misses Medora and Alice Cheatham, sisters of the groom, acted as bridesmaids. Mr. William Deoman was the best man, and Mr. Thomas Ran-

some, Mr. Dixwell Davenport, Dr. Morton Gibbons, Mr. Ferdinand Stephenson, Mr. Worthington Ames, and Mr. Percy King were the ushers. The ceremony was followed by a reception and wedding supper, and on Sunday Colonel and Mrs. Cheatham departed for a short wedding journey. They will return in time to sail on the *Hancock* on her return voyage to the Philippines.

The wedding of Miss Irene Baker, daughter of Mr. George W. Baker, and Dr. John de Lafayette Grissim, of San José, will take place on Wednesday, January 1st. Miss Lida Leib, of San José, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Florence Hush, and Miss Gertrude Allen are to act as bridesmaids.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin has issued invitations for a luncheon to be given on Thursday, December 19th, at the University Club, in honor of Miss Georgina Hopkins.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury gave a tea at her residence, 2000 Broadway, in honor of Miss Hilda Van Sicklan, on Saturday, December 7th. Among those present were Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Daisy Van Ness, and Miss Edith Pillsbury.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden will give a *matinée* tea this (Saturday) afternoon, from four to seven o'clock, at the Towne residence on California Street.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner on Sunday evening, December 8th, at her residence, 2040 Broadway, at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Miss Mercedes Dibblee, of Santa Barbara, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Mr. Edward Hopkins, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. Samuel G. Murphy, Mr. Philip Paschal, Mr. Frederick McNear, and Dr. Clarke Collins, U. S. A.

Mr. Clarence Folliis gave a dinner at his apartments, corner of Van Ness Avenue and Ellis Street, on Tuesday evening, December 10th. The party later attended the Orpheum. Mr. Folliis's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Preston, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Mr. W. N. Drown, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Mrs. James Deering has sent out cards for the first and third Thursdays in December and January.

Mrs. George L. Bradley and Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace gave a tea at their residence, 2214 Clay Street, on Wednesday afternoon, December 11th, in honor of Mrs. Guy Scott. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, Miss Virginia Rogers Stokes, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Elsie Sperry, and Miss Marie Voorhies.

Mr. William B. Sanborn recently gave a dinner at the University Club, at which he entertained Mrs. Ira Pierce, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Frances Loughborough, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Mr. Burbank Somers, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Roy Pike, Mr. Brewer, and Mr. John Sanborn.

## For the Benefit of the Armitage Orphanage.

The charity ball which is to be given in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, January 8th, for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage for Boys, promises to be a great success. The patronesses include Mrs. William B. Bourne, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Daniel Drysdale, Mrs. Easton, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Princess Poniatowski, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. W. B. Hooper, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mrs. Beverly McMonagle, Mrs. A. W. Moore, Mrs. William Ford Nichols, Mrs. William R. Smedberg, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Austin

C. Tubbs, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson. The officers of the Armitage Orphanage are Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs, president; Mrs. Henry T. Scott, vice-president; Mrs. E. D. Beylard, secretary; Mrs. W. B. Hooper, treasurer; and Mrs. Daniel Drysdale, corresponding secretary. The tickets for the charity ball and supper will be five dollars, and can be procured from the patronesses.

## Bohemian Club Art Exhibition.

The fifth annual exhibition of paintings by the artist members of the Bohemian Club in the jinks-room of the club is attracting much attention, and on Thursday evening, December 12th, from eight o'clock until eleven o'clock, a large number of ladies availed themselves of the members' invitations to inspect the pictures. There are some one hundred and thirty-five canvases exhibited by Mr. H. R. Bloomer, Mr. H. J. Breuer, Mr. G. Cadenasso, Mr. Charles J. Carlson, Mr. J. W. Clawson, Mr. W. E. Davis, Mr. C. J. Dickman, Mr. Harry S. Fonda, Mr. John M. Gamble, Mr. Thomas Hill, Mr. C. Chapel Judson, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Mr. J. T. Martinez, Mr. A. F. Mathews, Mr. J. Frank McComas, Mr. Orrin Peck, Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, Mr. C. D. Robinson, Mr. Harry W. Seawell, Mr. J. A. Stanton, Mr. M. Straus, and Mr. Thaddeus Welch.

The exhibition will continue another week, and the public will be admitted upon presentation of cards issued by members on the last evening, Thursday, December 19th, from eight o'clock until eleven.

## Art Notes.

William Morris's holiday exhibition is now open. Mr. Morris has just received a very beautiful collection of oil paintings, water-colors, and black-and-whites, by both American and European artists, suitable for holiday gifts. Admission free. Framing a specialty. 248 Sutter Street.

CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN AND WOMEN. Ladies should not fail to visit Wolfe & Hawley's. They carry a line of exclusive novelties that can not be found outside of New York.

## Holiday Gifts

## For Men and Boys

DRESS SUITS AND TUXEDOS  
OVERCOATS AND CRAVENETTES  
UMBRELLAS AND CANES  
SMOKING JACKETS AND MORNING GOWNS  
BATH ROBES  
DRESS-SUIT CASES AND VALISES, ETC.

## For Men and Women

INNOVATION } \$70.00  
WARDROBE }  
TRUNKS }  
GLOVE ORDERS  
HAT ORDERS

## ROOS BROS.

25-37 KEARNY ST.

Visitors fleeing from the rigid winter weather of the East are arriving daily in such large numbers that this season's travel promises to exceed all former records. Quite an active fight for this business is going on between the lines running to Florida and those running to California, with the latter at present in the lead, as it is the most popular objective point for the travelers. Coronado and Del Monte expect to do a thriving winter business. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent by the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific Company in an attempt to corner the travel. The Southern Pacific since the first of the month has been running seven overland trains daily into this city. Two of these are over the Sunset, three over the Ogden, and two over the Shasta route. The Santa Fé has in service one of the finest trains in the world. It is made up exclusively of sleeping-cars, and private coaches are not allowed to be attached to the train.

Although last year was notoriously bad for theatrical business in England, one theatre has more than maintained its position. The balance sheet of the Drury Lane Company shows that it is in a position to pay a dividend of 15 per cent. for the year out of its net profits of \$126,944, which exceeded the previous years by \$45,000.

## Pears'

Agreeable soap for the hands is one that dissolves quickly, washes quickly, rinses quickly, and leaves the skin soft and comfortable. It is Pears'.

Wholesome soap is one that attacks the dirt but not the living skin. It is Pears'.

Economical soap is one that a touch of cleanses. And this is Pears'.

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The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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MRS. J. C. LEVY, Proprietor.

When using baking powder it is always economy to buy the Royal. Royal makes the finest, most wholesome and delicious food.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Henry E. Huotington, the Misses Huntington, and Miss Ethel Malone arrived in New York last week from Liverpool after a year's absence in Europe. They will return to California for the winter after a fortnight's stay in New York.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford left for New York on Tuesday. She will make but a brief stay in the East, and is expected home about the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at their country place, "Opbir Farm," last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister have closed their country place at San Mateo, and are occupying their city residence at 2127 Pacific Avenue.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling and Miss Hastings, who have been visiting Dr. Clinton Catherwood, in New York, are expected here in a few days.

Mrs. John Gillig and her son, Mr. Harry M. Gillig, left for the East last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels expect to spend the holidays at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Miss Maylita Pease, and Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr. will leave for Los Angeles next week.

Miss Stella Kane, of New York, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have arrived in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams, of Menlo Park, have taken apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the winter.

Mr. Julian Rix, the well-known artist, who has been so successful in the East, is now in Southern California. His friends expect him in San Francisco soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne have been sojourning in New York, since their return from Europe.

Mrs. Colin M. Boyd has taken apartments at the Occidental Hotel for the winter, and will receive on the first and third Mondays.

Miss Mable Bacon has returned from her trip to China and Japan, and is at 2506 Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Adams, Jr., are settled in their home at Belvedere.

Mr. Clarence G. Follis has returned from the East after a month's absence.

Mrs. John McMullin and Mrs. McMullin-Belvin are at San Diego, where they will spend the winter months.

Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low will spend the holidays at Monterey.

Mr. William Sproule departed for Chicago on Tuesday evening, and will be absent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Spear, Jr., were in Washington, D. C., during the week.

Mrs. J. M. Osmont and Miss Osmont returned from the East last Sunday and will spend the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis, of Los Angeles, is in Washington, D. C.

Mr. A. S. Lilley, of Columbus, O., is registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Kirk, of Sacramento, were at the California Hotel a few days ago.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Choate, of Denver, Mrs. W. M. Patterson, of Seattle, Mr. A. B. Cash, Mr. J. W. Davy, and Mr. C. G. H. MacBride, of San José, Mr. John A. Mears, and Mr. W. P. Boland, of Scranton, Pa., Mr. Jack P. Fitzclarence, of London, Mr. Dorsey Ask, of Stockton, Mr. Herbert M. Lee, of Portland, Mr. E. W. Pease, of Los Angeles, Mr. John W. Twigg, and Mr. H. G. Hellman.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. S. Miller Kent, Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Hammond, Miss E. Parker, and Mr. R. Holmes, of New York, Mr. Wilbur Parker, of Columbus, O., Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Quinn, of Lexington, Ky., Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Bragdon, of Butte, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cadle, Mr. M. S. Arndt, and Mr. G. H. Cowie, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Bartoo, of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Drescher, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Carpenter, of Chicago, Mr. J. Stokes, of Philadelphia, Mr. F. T. Garney, of Los Angeles, Mr. J. A. Driffell, of Oxnard, Mr. C. J. Cox, of Hollister, and Mr. L. J. Russell, of Indianapolis.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, U. S. N., Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., Captain P. H. Cooper, U. S. N., Captain P. P. Harrington, U. S. N., Captain C. M. Thomas, U. S. N., Captain J. T. Myers, U. S. M. C., Lieutenant-Commander Stoney, U. S. N., and Surgeon E. M. Blackwell, U. S. N., returned early in the week on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda* from Samoa, where they held a court of inquiry to investigate charges against Commander Tiley, governor of Tutuila.

Mrs. John C. Fremont, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Fremont, and children arrived from Nagasaki on the transport *Sheridan* on Saturday, December 7th.

Naval Constructor Joseph E. McDonald, U. S. N., is spending a few weeks at the Hotel Pleasanton with his daughter and Miss Ellis.

Captain Charles M. Thomas, U. S. N., commander of the *Oregon*, registered at the Occidental Hotel on Wednesday.

Captain Samuel C. Hazzard, U. S. A., one of the party of five Americans who captured Aguinaldo, near Palanan, arrived from Manila on Saturday, and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant G. S. Richards, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant Willard H. McCormick, U. S. A., and Mrs.

McCormick, Captain Albert Todd, U. S. A., and Mrs. Todd, Lieutenant Cecil Stewart, U. S. A., and Captain Harry J. Hirsch, U. S. A., were at the California Hotel during the week.

Captain W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., and Mrs. Smedberg have taken apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the winter.

Commander E. D. Taussig, U. S. N., and Mrs. Taussig are in Washington, D. C., for the winter.

## A HOLIDAY SEASON VIEW.

It would be hard to imagine employment more delightful than a search through the White House for holiday gifts for one's relatives and friends, particularly if one is fortunate enough to possess a purse so well filled that a long list of selections would not exhaust it. And even without endless means, one can get large enjoyment, present and lasting, in any one of the many departments of Messrs. Raphael Weill & Co.'s establishment. The visitor is assured of one fact in the beginning—there will be no time lost in examining goods not up to the standard. It is noted at once by observing shoppers that everything shown is of the first grade. There are no displays meant for the eyes only; genuine merit is the rule in every line, and the names of the manufacturers represented are guarantees that the quality is of the best in every case.

Perhaps in no department can this be so readily shown as in gloves, those most important adjuncts to every costume worn away from the home fireside. Trefousse, Reynier, Fownes, and Dent, those four names tell the whole story. They lead the world as manufacturers. Their gloves are as supreme in Paris and London as in all other cities. The White House has complete assortments in the latest styles from these manufacturers. There are many new things among them, but there is no opportunity to choose unadvisedly. A special feature is the White House walking-glove, an exclusive design, surpassing in appearance and quality. It will not be amiss to speak in this connection of that ingenious device which enables one to make a present that is always acceptable, and most thoroughly appreciated because the recipient can choose at leisure and with complete satisfaction—that is the "glove order." One of those innocent little slips, calling for one pair or more, is a treasure that can be tucked away in the purse, used at convenience, and is never out of date or superfluous.

Speaking of purses, there are some just across the aisle from the glove department that are so attractive one could be happy in possessing them, even if something to put in them was lacking. New designs in chamois, seal, and other leathers, with every variety of clasp and fastening. Many are importations, and there are no more choice selections to be found anywhere. New shapes in wrist-bags and chateaines in seal and seal-lion skin, with gold and silver chains, are shown in this department. And then, to pass on to larger articles, there are beautiful and useful bags and suit cases, filled with every accessory for the traveler's comfort. One's own needs can be ministered to here with gratification, and gifts may take second place for a moment. Before turning away, look at the handkerchief-boxes, in fancy shapes and decorations, all solid in quality, and fitted with exquisite creations in endless variety.

All the handsome offerings in bags and chateaines are not in this department, however; a little farther down one may see many new designs in silver, gun-metal, and bead-work. And with them are new belts, elastic and pleated, and new buckles in a thousand artistic forms. Gilt, silver, gun-metal, cameos, and jeweled brooches and buckles fill the broad cases, and one may find it hard to choose among them. In bat-pies there are many new gems—rhinestones, amethysts, turquoises, and some delicate pink corals that are particularly charming. New shapes in real tortoise-shell combs and pins are near neighbors, and here even the masculine visitor may find without difficulty something appropriate and pleasing for holiday remembrance.

The feminine taste may be drawn—must be drawn, rather—to the ribbon and neckwear department. Here are color and beauty, and—dearest of all to woman's heart—the latest fashions in ever-changing details for adornment. New bows, aigrettes, and jabots, in every color and shade, and in shapes that have cost many an hour in the designing. Chiffon ruffles, black and white predominating. Liberty ruffles, with chenille. Net ruffles, with appliquéd flowers. Crêpe scarfs in variety, and many new oriental designs that suit blonde and brunette beauty alike. Real lace berths in point appliquéd, duchesse, and point d'Alençon.

Near to these are lace robes, appliquéd, from Chantilly, in various effects, spangled and embroidered. Party-dresses for young ladies, and for older ones as well, embroidered and printed. But among these the masculine appreciation soon becomes bewildered. Description without understanding is vain.

But among the fans, though it is turning to a department that has already been visited, there is a better opportunity for artistic satisfaction. Here imagination can run riot. Numberless poets have written verses to my lady's fan, but it is questionable if any more beautiful were shown in earlier days than these painted and spangled Empire fans. And the ostrich-feather fans, more graceful if not more airy, are equally rich and effective. Next to these, the new perfumes—the choicest odors from the world-famed laboratories of Houbigant, Guer-

lain, Violet, and Ploagd—will catch the eye. No coarse and common scents among these, but the most delicate and yet pervasive suggestions of rare blossoms and their foliage.

One can hardly pass and pay no tribute to the fine array of ostrich-feather boas—white, gray, oatmeal, white and black, and black. The yard and a-quarter length is still in high favor, but there are some luxurious ones three yards long that surpass any of earlier seasons.

The visitor has seen, so far, only four or five departments of the great store, all on the ground floor. There are a score equally deserving of mention—some, like those of silks and satins, of table-linens and oaperies, that no feminine shopper will neglect—but there are many more in the regions above. Up in the noiselessly moving elevator, past the floor give-over to gowns, suits, cloaks, and wraps, one comes to that ever-attractive place, the department of art novelties and furnishings. The first and largest room is crowded with beautiful and costly selections from the art centres of Paris, Munich, Dresden, and Venice. Bronzes in many forms, statuettes, busts, electric-light ornaments, and smaller pieces, are here in profusion, each one a lasting delight to the art-lover. Rookwood pottery, vases of ancient and modern forms, inlaid cabinets, tables, and pedestals are all along the aisles. Tall, shining cases are filled with beautiful cut-glass, sending out rays of colored light from thousands of diamond points. Rare china and porcelain, in sets and single pieces, clocks and lamps in every form that can lend itself to artistic decoration, and a thousand and one odd bits of vertu, fill in the niches. One large room is given up to decorated lamps and globes, china and porcelain sets. In the outer room there is a display of the pewter ware once so dear to our ancestors, and again coming into deserving favor. There are many new and many old things in this department; groups and specimens that one could write about for pages, but the catalogue is growing long. The department will not be slighted by any who wish to select the choicest of art goods, for home decoration or for gifts.

Away down in the basement is a wonderland that parents and those who love children and want to make them happy can not afford to remain in ignorance of. It is the kingdom of Santa Claus, though Santa himself never could have imagined half the wonderful things to be found here. Toy-makers in the valleys of the Tyrol and ingenious mechanics much nearer home toil all the year to produce these delights for boys and girls, and just before Christmas the fruit of their inventive minds and dextrous fingers comes to market. The writer's descriptive powers fail when even a casual review of the stocked-up attractions is attempted. There are dozens of new games for the table, the floor, the lawn, and the parks. There are amusements for the lonely one, for the play-loving two, four, or dozen youngsters. From the toddler of eighteen months to the youth of sixteen there are many things, simple and complex. Toys that spin themselves, and type-writers that require little skill; toys that walk, and run, and fly. Picture-books by the hundred, spelling-blocks by the thousand. Noah's ark, that much-beloved, with animals that grow more realistic year by year. Hobby-horses, bicycles, tricycles, and automobiles. Musical instruments that are indestructible, and others that it is well are not. The father or mother who does not exceed the appropriation for presents for the little ones after spending an hour among these delights has a cool head or a large income. But Christmas comes only once a year, and it pays to be extravagant just at this season.

There is no telling what the crush will be at the White House when Christmas is only a day or two away. The big store, with its four floors, is well filled at all reasonable hours now. Those who go early and make their selections now will have reason to congratulate themselves later on.

Marcella Sembrich is said to be working hard at the rôle of Ulala, the gypsy girl, in Paderewski's "Manru," which is to be sung at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, this winter. A new Polish tenor, M. Bandrowski, a member of the Frankfort Opera Company, will, by desire of the composer, play the gypsy husband.

In a trip up Mt. Tamalpais is afforded a pleasant day's outing, full of enjoyment and devoid of tedium, for there is an ever-changing panorama presented as you make the ascent. The accommodations at the Tavern of Tamalpais for remaining over night are excellent.

—IT IS NOW TIME TO SELECT YOUR PRESENTS for the fast approaching holidays. For something odd, artistic, and unique, you might call at the P. Rossi Company, of 229 Sutter Street. Prices have been reduced over 30 per cent. previous to stock taking.

—YOUNG LADY WOULD LIKE SITUATION AS governess to private family. Good references. Address 109 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

SOUTHERN PACIFIC.  
Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.  
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE   | FROM NOV. 4, 1901.  | ARRIVE  |
|---------|---|---------|
| 7:00 A  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.....  | 6:55 P  |
| 7:00 A  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....   | 7:55 P  |
| 7:30 A  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....  | 6:25 P  |
| 8:00 A  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....   | 7:55 P  |
| 8:00 A  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....  | 8:25 A  |
| 8:00 A  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....   | 7:25 P  |
| 8:00 A  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....  | 4:55 P  |
| 8:30 A  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Red Bluff Springs), Willow, Red Bluff, Portland.....                    | 7:55 P  |
| 8:30 A  | San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....             | 4:25 P  |
| 8:30 A  | Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Carthers.....   | 4:25 P  |
| 9:00 A  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 11:55 A |
| 9:00 A  | Vallejo.....  | 12:25 P |
| 9:00 A  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....                | 7:25 P  |
| 9:30 A  | Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....                 | 7:55 P  |
| 11:00 A | Sacramento River Steamers.....  | 11:00 P |
| 3:30 P  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations  | 7:55 P  |
| 4:00 P  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....                          | 10:55 A |
| 4:00 P  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....  | 9:25 A  |
| 4:00 P  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....   | 12:25 P |
| 4:30 P  | Hayward, Niles, San José, Livermore   | 18:55 A |
| 4:30 P  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton  | 10:25 A |
| 5:00 P  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....                     | 8:55 A  |
| 5:00 P  | Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....  | 12:25 P |
| 5:30 P  | New Orleans Express—Mendota, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 7:55 A  |
| 6:00 P  | Hayward, Niles, and San José.....   | 7:55 A  |
| 16:00 P | Vallejo.....  | 11:25 A |
| 6:00 P  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....  | 8:25 A  |
| 6:00 P  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago.....  | 4:25 P  |
| 7:00 P  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....        | 8:55 A  |
| 8:05 P  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 11:25 A |
| 18:05 P | Vallejo.....  | 7:55 P  |

| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).<br>(Foot of Market Street). |  |         |
|--|--|---------|
| 8 15 A   | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                        | 5 50 P  |
| 12 15 P  | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 10 50 A |
| 4 15 P   | Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....   | 18 50 A |
| 49 30 P  | Hunters' Train—San José and Way Stations.....  | 17 20 P |

| OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.<br>From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)— |                                       |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 7:15   | 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M. |
| From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway  |                                       |
| 18:05  | 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.     |

| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).<br>(Third and Townsend Streets.) |  |         |
|--|--|---------|
| 6:10 A   | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6:30 P  |
| 7 00 A   | San José and Way Stations.....   | 1:30 P  |
| 7 00 A   | New Almaden.....   | 7:40 P  |
| 9 00 A   | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz,<br>Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis<br>Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Principal<br>intermediate Stations.....  | 7:45 P  |
| 10:30 A  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 4 10 P  |
| 11:30 A  | San José and Way Stations.....   | 5:30 P  |
| 12:45 P  | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park,<br>Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José,<br>Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas,<br>Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 12 45 A |
| 3:30 P   | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6:30 A  |
| 4:15 P   | San José and Principal Way Stations  | 9:45 A  |
| 15 00 P  | San José, Los Gatos, and Principal<br>Way Stations.....  | 19 00 A |
| 5:30 P   | San José and Principal Way Stations  | 8:36 A  |
| 6:00 P   | Redwood, San José, Gilroy, Salinas,<br>Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....   | 10 05 A |
| 6:30 P   | San José and Way Stations.....   | 18 00 A |
| 411 45 P   | San José and Way Stations.....   | 6:30 P  |

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.  
† Sunday excepted. † Sunday only.  
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

At Atlantic City: *Count Pulaski*—"I want to get your rates." *Hotel keeper*—"Six a week and found, I think. The head waiter will be here in a minute."  
—*Judge*.

"Waiter, I find I have just enough money to pay for the dinner, but I have nothing in the way of a tip for yourself." "Let me add up the bill again, sir."  
—*Moonshine*.

Suggestion promptly adopted: *Canvasser*—"Don't let me disturb you, sir—" *Busy merchant*—"I won't. William, show the gentleman out."  
—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Guide*—"This is an ancient Roman toga, supposed to have been worn by one of the senators." *Colonel Bloodangore* (of Kentucky)—"Hum! Whah's th' hip-pocket, suh?"  
—*Baltimore American*.

Visible: *Magistrate* (to prisoner)—"Have you any visible means of support?" *Prisoner*—"Yes, sir, your honor." (To his wife, a laundress)—"Bridget, stand up so that the court kin see yez."  
—*Tit-Bits*.

After the wedding: *The countess*—"You've no idea how embarrassed the count was when he proposed to me." *The dear friend*—"I heard it took considerable of your father's money to pay his debts."  
—*Judge*.

"I throw myself upon your mercy," sobbed the two-handed pound heroine. The villain sank beneath her weight. "I now realize," he murmured, "what is meant by the power behind the throne."  
—*Philadelphia Press*.

"It isn't well to be too quick at solving a conundrum." "No?" "No; once I tried to find out what was the difference between a man and his wife fighting on the street, and they didn't do a thing to me."  
—*Philadelphia Record*.

"What kind of luck did you have at the races?" "Better than last year." "You didn't give your money to the bookmakers, then?" "Yes, I did. But last year I had my pockets picked before I got to the track."  
—*Washington Star*.

Her explanation: "Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eye?" asked the magistrate. "Sure, your honor, he wasn't a physical wreck till after he gave me the black eye," replied the complaining wife.  
—*Tit Bits*.

"Why did you resign from your club?" he asked. "Oh, they were so absurdly particular," she replied. "How?" "Why, the chairman wouldn't let me talk just because some one else was talking—as if that made any difference."  
—*Chicago Post*.

The honest newsboy: *Suspicious customer*—"Has this paper got the news of the latest revolution in South America?" *Newsboy*—"I'll be honest with you, mister. It's got all 'ceptin' them what's broke out in the last fifteen minutes."  
—*Chicago Tribune*.

Appropriate: *Cassidy*—"Oi want a wreath av flowers, an' put on it: 'He rests in peace.'" *Florist*—"Don't you mean: 'He rests in peace'?" *Cassidy*—"Oi mane phwat Oi sed. 'Tis for Casey, that was blowed up in the quarry."  
—*Philadelphia Press*.

Realistic: *Mamma*—"For goodness sake, Elsie, why are you shouting in that disgraceful fashion? Why can't you be quiet like Willie?" *Elsie*—"He has to be quiet, the way we're playing. He's papa coming home late, and I'm you."  
—*Philadelphia Press*.

Suspense: "Been hunting to-day?" "Yes," said the amateur, with the wild apprehensive look in his eye. "Have you shot anything?" "I don't know yet. I'm waiting for the rest of the party to get into camp, so that we can call the roll."  
—*Washington Star*.

The scenic route: "It seems to me," expostulated the traveler, "you charge an awfully high figure for a ride across your little isthmus." "But where will you find another railway," argued the ticket-seller at Colon, "that affords such a fine view of a revolution from the car-windows?"  
—*Chicago Tribune*.

He had been imprisoned: "There is no doubt," said the student of law, "that many people have been imprisoned, although innocent of any crime." "I know that by sad experience." "You don't say so! Let's have the story." "There's no story to it. I merely had the bad luck to be drawn on several juries that were locked up over night."  
—*Washington Star*.

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—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a. m.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:10, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 a. m.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:15 p. m.; Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 p. m. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 a. m.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 p. m.

| Leave San Francisco. | In Effect April 28, 1901. | Arrive San Francisco.             |
|----------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Week Days.           | Sun- days.                | Sun- days.                        |
| 7:30 a m             | 8:00 a m                  | Novato, 10:40 a m                 |
| 3:30 p m             | 9:30 a m                  | Petaluma, 6:05 p m                |
| 5:10 p m             | 5:00 p m                  | Santa Rosa, 7:35 p m              |
| 7:30 a m             | 5:00 p m                  | Fulton, Windsor, 10:25 a m        |
| 3:30 p m             | 8:00 a m                  | Healdsburg, Lytton, 10:40 a m     |
| 7:30 a m             | 8:00 a m                  | Geyersville, Cloverdale, 7:35 p m |
| 3:30 p m             | 8:00 a m                  | Hopland and Ukiah, 7:35 p m       |
| 7:30 a m             | 8:00 a m                  | Guerneville, 7:35 p m             |
| 3:30 p m             | 8:00 a m                  | Sonoma and Glen Ellen, 9:15 a m   |
| 5:10 p m             | 5:00 p m                  | Glen Ellen, 6:05 p m              |
| 7:30 a m             | 8:00 a m                  | 10:40 a m                         |
| 3:30 p m             | 5:00 p m                  | 7:35 p m                          |

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's Sanborn Heights, Hulville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Laytonville, Cummins, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Scotia, and Eureka.

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|---------------------------------|--------------|----------------|----------------|--------------|--------------|
| Lv. San Francisco.              | Local Daily. | Limit'd Daily. | Overl'd Daily. | Local Daily. | Lv. Chicago. |
| Ar. San Francisco.....          | 7:20 a       | 9:00 a         | 8:00 p         | 4:20 p       |              |
| Ar. Stockton.....               | 10:18 a      | 11:45 a        | 11:10 p        | 7:18 p       |              |
| " Merced.....                   | 12:25 p      | 1:17 p         | 1:30 p         | 9:11 p       |              |
| " Fresno.....                   | 2:05 p       | 2:35 p         | 3:15 a         | 10:50 p      |              |
| " Hanford.....                  | 3:12 p       | 3:27 p         | 8:05 a         |              |              |
| " Visalia.....                  | 3:30 p       | 3:50 p         | 5:00 a         |              |              |
| " Bakersfield.....              | 7:15 p       | 8:20 p         | 7:45 a         |              |              |
| " Kansas City.....              | 2:40 a       | 7:30 a         |                |              |              |
| " Chicago.....                  | 2:15 p       | 9:00 p         |                |              |              |

a for morning. p for afternoon.  
9 a m train is the California Limited, carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Car runs to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 7:05 a m daily.

4:20 p m is Stockton and Fresno local. Corresponding train arrives at 12:30 p m daily.

8:00 p m is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:00 p m daily.

7:20 a m is Bakersfield Local, stopping at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives at 8:40 a m daily.

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| 9:30 A. 8:00 A.  |  | 1:00 P. 9:45 A.  |
| 1:45 P. 10:00 A. |  | 3:00 P. 3:40 P.  |
| 4:15 P. 11:30 A. |  | 4:25 P. 5:55 P.  |
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It is extremely unfortunate that the Schley court of inquiry has come to an end without a decision which will put a quietus on the whole matter. Both sides to the controversy will find what they want in the reports, and the result is likely to add fuel to the flames, with an added touch of bitterness. Admiral Schley gets from Admiral Dewey the credit of destroying the Spanish fleet. His courage in action is vindicated by Admirals Benham and Ramsay, but all agree that his conduct in the early part of the Santiago campaign was marked by vacillation, dilatoriness, and lack of enterprise.

The court of inquiry, which had occupied seven weeks in

taking testimony and a month in deliberation, reported its findings and opinions, on December 13th, in the form of a majority and a minority report. The majority report, concurred in by Admirals Benham and Ramsay, finds that Admiral Schley did not proceed with dispatch to Cienfuegos nor maintain a close blockade when he got there; that he permitted the British steamer *Adula* to enter the port; that he lacked enterprise in the matter of locating the Spanish fleet both at Cienfuegos and at Santiago; that he did not use dispatch in getting to Santiago; that he did not do his best to destroy the *Colon*; that he handled his vessels clumsily in the matter of the *Brooklyn's* loop; that his reports on coal supply were misleading and inaccurate; but that his conduct during the battle of July 3d was self-possessed and encouraging to his officers and men.

The long array of facts found by the board—which tells the story of the naval struggle off the southern shore of Cuba from the departure of the flying squadron from Key West to the destruction of the Spanish cruisers, as far as they concern the inquiry—contains, according to the view of Admiral Dewey, mitigating circumstances not apparent to his colleagues. He finds that the passage from Key West to Cienfuegos was purposely deliberate in order to bring the fleet off that port with as large a supply of coal as possible; that the blockade there was effective, the *Adula* being allowed to enter in expectation that she would bring news of the Spanish ships when she came out; that considering the desirability of keeping the squadron together the passage from Cienfuegos to Santiago was made with good dispatch; that Admiral Schley was in absolute command in the final battle and entitled to the credit of the victory as such.

The court recommended that no more proceedings be had in the matter, owing to the lapse of time. The Secretary of the Navy will formally approve the report. Some question has already arisen whether the minority report is entitled to become part of the record, and also as to the effect of Admiral Dewey's signing of the majority report. As to the latter, a high opinion is that, in signing, he concurred in all the facts and opinions it contained except those from which he dissented in his minority report.

Bills for construction of a Nicaragua Canal are now before both Houses of Congress. The Hepburn bill has been presented favorably in the House by the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce with a unanimity which presages its early adoption. Adamson, a Democrat of Georgia, moved to report the bill, and the entire Democratic membership of the committee voted for it. The measure keeps close to the lines of the Hepburn bill introduced in the last session. It authorizes the President to acquire from Costa Rica and Nicaragua the necessary territory on which to construct and protect a canal, and appropriate "any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated" for the purpose. The Secretary of War is given charge of the work, and provision is made for safe and commodious terminal harbors, and a canal of sufficient depth and capacity to accommodate vessels of the largest tonnage and greatest draught now in use. The President is authorized by the bill to guarantee to Costa Rica and Nicaragua the use of said canal and harbors for all vessels owned by their citizens upon such terms as may be agreed upon. The sum of \$1,000,000 is made as a preliminary appropriation, and other sums to be appropriated to finish the work not to exceed \$18,000,000, to be drawn on warrants signed by the President. The Morgan bill, which has been reported in the Senate, provides for a similar aggregate of \$18,000,000, of which \$5,000,000 is made immediately available. This bill places the control of the canal in a board of eight citizens of the United States in addition to the Secretary of War, who is to preside. For these members \$8,000 a year each is provided, and \$6,000 for chief engineer, and \$3,000 for each assistant.

The ministers of the United States, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica have signed a treaty by which a section of territory six miles wide is to be leased in perpetuity to the United States. Nicaragua has also canceled all concessions previously made

to other persons or governments. In the meantime, Senator Lodge has discussed the advantages of the new Hay-Pauncefote treaty, claiming that the concessions are ample, giving the United States full control of the canal in time of war, as well as in peace, with the right to fortify if considered desirable, and the treaty has been ratified by the Senate.

Early in its session, Congress has taken up the question of suppressing anarchy and preventing attempts upon the life of the President. Senator Vest has introduced a resolution that is merely anticipatory of final action. This resolution directs the judiciary committee to inquire whether Congress has power to legislate for the punishment of anarchists, and, if there is no such power, whether it is expedient to amend the constitution to enable Congress to legislate. Senator Burrows, in his bill, assumes that such power already exists. It provides that no alien anarchists shall be admitted into the United States; that the special board of immigration inquiry shall make diligent investigations concerning the antecedents of any alien seeking entry to this country, to determine whether they have any anarchistic affiliations; that anarchists who have gained entry to the United States contrary to law shall be returned to their native countries; and that any alien convicted of crime, who is proved to have anarchistic associations, shall be deported. Senator Hoar has introduced a bill for the protection of the President and other officers of the United States. It provides that any person who shall kill or make an attempt upon the life of the President or other officer of the United States shall suffer the death penalty. The same penalty is prescribed for those who are concerned in attempts upon the lives of foreign rulers. To advise or conspire to compass the death of the President or any foreign ruler will subject the guilty person to imprisonment not exceeding twenty years. Any person aiding in the escape of a person guilty of any of these acts is to be punished as a principal. Senator Hoar has also introduced a resolution requesting the President to confer with the governments of other civilized countries, with a view to setting apart some island or other suitable territory, to which all anarchists may be deported, and where they may be confined.

An objection has been urged against a Chinese exclusion law without time limit, on the ground that the present treaty with China expires on December 8, 1904, provided either nation gives six months' notice to terminate the convention. It is urged that if the treaty is canceled it would be awkward to have an indefinite Chinese exclusion law on our statute books at the time. The fallacy of this reasoning is apparent, when it is considered that the two subjects have no more to do with each other than our immigration laws have to do with our treaties with any other country. The right of the United States to say who may and who may not enter the country does not depend upon our foreign trade conventions, and China has no voice in determining our manner of exercising it. Whether the treaty stands or falls, the conditions which make free Chinese immigration intolerable will still remain, and the reason for protecting Americans from servile labor will be just as urgent. With conspiracies in vogue for smuggling Chinese into the country over both the Canadian and the Mexican borders, the only thing to do is to pass a comprehensive bill, like the Lodge bill, quickly, and then proceed to enforce exclusion as rigidly as its terms will admit, and amend it afterward, if they are not sufficient.

The Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives has reported a bill "temporarily to provide revenue for the Philippine Islands." It is intended to be amendatory of the tariff laws of the islands enacted by the United States Philippine Commission in February last. The bill provides that duties shall be levied and collected on all articles imported into the United States from the Philippines as if from foreign countries, and that tonnage tax be paid on all vessels coming into this country from



piners which are levied upon foreign vessels coming into the United States until January 1, 1905. The duties and taxes thus collected are to be held as a fund separate from the general Treasury of the United States and paid into the treasury of the Philippines to be used for the government and benefit of the islands.

The majority report on the bill explains that it is intended to restore the status which existed prior to the late Supreme Court decisions. The court held that the islands were not foreign, and the tariff did not apply. The bill will extend the rate of duties to the Philippines. The money is required for "increased appropriations to restore and conserve order in the islands"; for the support of schools and the erection of school-houses, in which 150,000 children have already been enrolled; for the pay of 4,000 teachers already engaged; for the improvement of Manila harbor, already contracted for at the expense of \$3,000,000; and for the construction of roads. These items, besides the support of the government there, are expected to prepare the way for a reduction of the army, and prove of direct benefit to the taxpayers of this country. The Democratic minority oppose the bill as "only another step in the well-marked line of imperialism and colonialism." The bill was passed by the House on Wednesday.

Last week's news included some startling dispatches portending the outbreak of war between the South American republics—Chile and Argentina. There has been for some time a strong feeling of jealousy between the two nations, each of whom is ambitious to be considered the dominant power in South America. The immediate cause, however, for a possible appeal to arms is a boundary dispute, which is now before the King of Great Britain for adjudication by arbitration. During the pendency of the case, Argentina complains that Chile has been building roads not only in the disputed territory, but on lands unquestionably within the Argentine Republic. The latter has demanded explanations from Chile, which up to this time have not been forthcoming. Offers of mediation are said to have been made by England, Brazil, and the United States, but while both the republics insist that there is no need of interference, and that the matter will be amicably adjusted, rumors are plenty that both nations are actively preparing for a struggle. Both are said to have been negotiating for war-vessels in foreign countries—which both deny—and both reported to have called out their available land forces with the intention of occupying the mountain passes—which neither denies. The two countries are about equal in strength of both armies and navies, though Argentina is probably in the better financial condition. If hostilities commence it is liable to be by sea, since the mountainous boundary offers a poor field for a land campaign. Strenuous efforts from outside will doubtless be made to keep peace, on the presumption that war once commenced would embroil most of the South American states. Argentina would command the moral support of Uruguay and Paraguay, and possibly the active assistance of Peru and Bolivia, both of whom have standing grievances against Chile. The question between them is a good subject for agreement or arbitration.

The recent exclusion convention held in this city was made the occasion of a political caucus of representatives of California's labor-unions. The election of Schmitz as mayor has encouraged the labor-unions throughout the State. Nor is it here alone that the laboring classes are showing activity in politics. In several Eastern cities they have shown strength, notably in Bridgeport, Conn., a manufacturing city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants, where a stoker, who has shoveled coal in the factory of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company for twenty-eight years, was elected mayor after serving with honor several terms in the city council. At an informal conference of the labor leaders here, a delegate from Kern County declared it to be the opinion of the miner's federation that by political action alone could the laboring class improve their condition. Primarily, he said, labor-unions were expected to avoid politics, but conditions have changed. "The ballot is now the only redress, and the miners propose to use it. If the laboring men stand together, and adopt a conservative moderate policy consistent with American institutions, they will control not only the government of San Francisco, but that of California."

In the meantime, trouble is breaking out among the labor leaders themselves. J. S. Parry, the chairman of the executive committee, has been generally regarded as the right-hand man of Mayor-Elect Schmitz, and he is expected to have a controlling voice in the distribution of patronage. Prior to the organization of the Union Labor party, both he and Schmitz affiliated with the Republicans. There are, however, among the members of the executive committee, a number of former Democrats, and they have regarded

Parry's growing influence with alarm. They consider that the political battle was won for the benefit of the Union Labor party, but they regard themselves and their friends as a very important section of that party. In the hope of securing a larger share of the spoils, they have attempted to depose Parry and his friends, and elect their faction to the vacancies. They claim that the deposition has been consummated. Parry's faction claims that it has not, and so, with two sets of officers, the Union Labor party threatens to suffer from an embarrassment of leaders.

President Roosevelt said in his message that "the western half of the United States would sustain a population greater than that of our whole country to-day if the waters that now run to waste were stored and used for irrigation." He also put forth the new idea that irrigation, by engineering works for water storage in the arid regions, is as right as a national undertaking "as to make useful the rivers and harbors of the humid region by engineering works of another kind." These forceful expressions are having a decided effect on the question of reclaiming the arid lands. Senator Hansbrough has already introduced a bill which is a composite of his own measure of last year and the Newlands bill, and a conference of Western senators is planning another bill, of which the general features of the Hansbrough bill will be the basis. The bill places the work in charge of the Secretary of the Interior, who is empowered to make contracts for irrigation projects, and sell the adjacent lands under the homestead law in tracts not exceeding eighty acres, subject to payment for water rights, which are to be a perpetual appurtenance of the land forfeitable, unless patented, on non-payment for three years of a fixed annual charge for maintenance.

Senator Bard believes some such plan will be adopted, though there will be details to agree upon concerning the methods of payment for irrigation, the price of lands, and the extent of government aid.

After thinking over the matter for a year, the board of health has inaugurated another pure-food campaign. There has been no flourish of trumpets about the matter for fear that the dealers in adulterated foods and substitutions should become alarmed; in fact, the board explains its delay by saying that the publication of its intentions a year ago prevented any effective work being done. Now, however, the work is to be pushed energetically. The chief sanitary inspector has purchased a large quantity of samples of different kinds of groceries and prepared foods, and turned them over to the city chemist for analysis. The chemist is preparing a list of those articles the adulteration of which can be most easily detected, and samples of these will be purchased. This is a move in the right direction, and so long as the activity continues it will result in decreasing the number of frauds practiced on customers. The practice can not be stamped out in this way, however. The State board of health is the only body that can deal with the question with any degree of efficiency.

After endowing libraries in all parts of the country, Andrew Carnegie has determined to crown his educational benefactions by the endowment of a national university. His proposal was not to call on the government for assistance, but to place ten millions of dollars in the hands of trustees to defray the expenses of the institution. The university is not to be a competitor of existing institutions in any way, but rather its energies are to be devoted to the assistance of advanced students pursuing the work of original research. A difficulty has arisen, however. The President had prepared a message, urging the acceptance of the gift, but it was learned that the endowment was not to be in money, but in stock of the United States Steel Company. Some senators feared that the acceptance of this gift would recognize the steel trust as legal, so there will be some difficulties to overcome before the scheme is launched.

Senator Frye has introduced his new ship-subsidy bill, which is intended to eliminate some of the features found so objectionable in the bills reported in the last two sessions of Congress. The present bill covers the subject of ocean mail contracts, by providing for seven distinct classes of ocean mail carriers, with rates running from 1.5 cents per gross ton per hundred nautical miles for 2,000-ton vessels making fourteen knots, to 2.7 cents per ton for vessels over 10,000 tons with a speed of twenty knots. These rates to apply to Atlantic and Pacific-going vessels, except those running to the West Indies, Central America, and Mexico, for which only 70 per cent. of the maximum rates can be paid.

Contrary to the former bills, it is now proposed to make the general subsidy uniform at the rate of one cent per gross

ton per one hundred nautical miles for not exceeding sixteen entries in one year. To promote ship-building, an additional one-quarter cent per gross ton is offered for the first five years. Any vessel to receive subsidy must carry mails if required, must train one American youth in seamanship or engineering for each 1,000 tons, and be at the service of the government, if required, for defense. Subsidized vessels must be class A1, and at least one-fourth of the crew must be Americans. There is also provided an annual bounty of two dollars a ton for deep-sea fishing-vessels, and of one dollar a month for American citizens when engaged in deep-sea fisheries.

A vessel may receive only one form of subsidy, and shall not be sold to a foreigner except by consent of the Secretary of the Treasury. There is no provision for registering foreign ships owned by Americans. The total subsidy in one year is not to exceed \$9,000,000, and if more is earned it must be divide pro rata.

Through the efforts of the National Civic Federation, one of the most important conferences between representatives of capital and labor in the history of this country was held this week in New York. On the one hand, representatives of the most important of the great industrial enterprises were present; on the other, were the leaders of the great labor organizations; and between the two were such broad-minded, public-spirited men as Bishop Henry C. Potter, Archbishop Ireland, and Cornelius N. Bliss. The proceedings were marked throughout by the utmost frankness, and a desire to perfect some plan by which the evils incident to labor disputes may be avoided in the future. Senator Hanna expressed his confidence in organized labor, while Charles M. Schwab declared his lack of confidence in labor-unions as they are conducted at present. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor; John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers; and Frank P. Sargent, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, were among those representing labor interests who addressed the conference. As a result of the conference an executive committee of thirty-six, representing employers, employees, and the general public in equal parts, was chosen. The character of this committee may be gathered from the names of the following members at large: Ex-President Grover Cleveland, Archbishop John Ireland, Bishop Henry C. Potter, Charles Francis Adams, ex-Secretary Cornelius N. Bliss, President Charles W. Eliot (of Harvard), Franklin MacVeagh, ex-Comptroller James H. Eckels, John McCook, John G. Milburn, and Charles A. Bonaparte. This committee is to prepare working plans for some scheme by which labor disputes may be avoided.

"The unholy combination of mushy sentimentalists and Sugar Trust conspirators which is seeking to destroy our beet-sugar industry, in order that the refining trust may strengthen its monopoly, is hard put to it to supply a basis for the sentimental end of the partnership to rest on." With such vigorous language, the *Chronicle* deals lusty blows against the proposal to admit Cuban sugar to this country free of duty. "The fact that we responded to the bowls of Cuhans," continues the *Chronicle*, "and helped them to shake off the yoke of Spain, does not of itself seem an adequate reason for the destruction of a new American industry for their benefit." It is pleasing to see that the *Chronicle* has the courage and frankness to admit the error of its ways. Three years ago, when this country was responding to the howls of the Cuhans, and the militant spirit was in the ascendant, the *Chronicle* ruthlessly closed its eyes to the danger to a new American industry and belittled the warnings of the *Argonaut*. It is better to brave charges of inconsistency and be right in the end than to persist in error, so the *Chronicle* is welcomed and congratulated upon its return to the fold of right-thinking.

The decision of the supreme court holding the State lunacy law unconstitutional, and all commitments under it invalid, is having a wider application than was expected. In this city from twenty-five to one hundred persons alleged to be insane are examined every month. Four physicians have been appointed who serve alternately as commissioners of lunacy. Under the law they have received a fee of five dollars for each examination. This sum has been paid out of the city treasury each month on warrants approved by the auditor, and paid by the treasurer. In addition to this there has been an expense for railroad fares and keepers' fees for those sent to the asylums, amounting to from three hundred to six hundred dollars a month. The amount thus expended under the law now aggregates twenty-five thousand dollars, and it has been suggested that this money, having been paid out without warrant of law, the treasurer and auditor and their handsmen should be proceeded against to recover the



amount. It is the duty of the attorney-general to bring such a suit, and he has no discretion in the matter. There was, of course, no intentional wrong-doing on the part of these officials, and the proper action will probably be taken to recoup them, but as the law stands they are liable for the amount.

It seems strange that as yet no national memorial has been erected to commemorate the services of President Lincoln. Senator Cullom has set about remedying this oversight, and proposes to appoint a commission to receive designs for a memorial that shall rank with the Washington Monument. The bill names as commissioners Secretaries John Hay and Elihu Root and Senator Warne, and appropriates for their use twenty-five thousand dollars. The object is one that will command the emphatic approval of everybody; the commissioners are the best that could have been selected; and the appropriation is an exceedingly small one. The bill should be pushed to speedy enactment.

Attention was recently called in these columns to the surprising fact that the Los Angeles Times, published in a city with one-third of the population of this city, had a larger volume of advertising patronage than the three San Francisco morning dailies combined. The business of September was taken as the basis of comparison, and it was pointed out that the issue of September 29th contained seventy-five columns of "liners." That this was not an exceptional record is proved by the fact that the supremacy of the Times continues and is increasing. In the issue of November 10th, for instance, the Times contained more than ninety-seven columns of "liners," and there were 3,388 separate announcements. In the issue of November 24th there were 103 columns and 3,654 announcements. On the same date the Examiner contained 36 columns, the Chronicle 28 columns, and the Call 31 columns. The interesting point in this comparison is the fact that the Times has always refused to truckle to boycotters, strikers, and trades-unionists. The dailies of this city have feared to offend these classes lest they should lose patronage. The experience of the Times shows that there is no ground whatever for their cowardice.

Attorney Lane, in commenting on the proceedings taken by the board of supervisors looking to the acquisition of a municipal water supply, called attention to the fact that it did not appear that all available water supplies had been considered, while the charter provides that this shall be done. This oversight promises to cause trouble. At a recent meeting of the public utilities committee, representatives of the Giant Gap system made complaint that their system had not received due consideration from the board of public works. They placed the cost of the system at \$17,400,000, including a distributing system, but excluding land for reservoir sites. The engineer of the company said he could build the distributing system for half a million dollars less than the estimate of the city engineer. Mr. Grunsky replied that the board of public works had examined the Giant Gap project, and had rejected it as being more expensive than the Tuolumne River scheme.

The reporters on Hearst's Chicago American, who were haled for contempt of court because of their publication of criticisms of the judge, have been released. This result was to have been expected. The sensational press has been guilty of gross abuse of privilege in its comments on public officials, and any restraint put upon it would be a public benefaction. Yet there is no reason why an attorney at law, who has been elected to sit upon the bench, should have any protection of his personal reputation superior to that of the attorney not so elected. A justice of the supreme court of Illinois quotes Justice Story as saying that a judge could protect any one but himself against criticism or abuse. Had he stopped to think, he would have recalled the fact that a judge has an action for libel or slander, just as any other citizen has, and there is no reason why he should have greater protection.

Nearly one year ago the Argonaut called attention to the fact that section 152 of the postal bill then before Congress discriminated most unjustly against weekly publications. The measure had passed the House, and was before the Senate for action. This bill is again up for passage in the present Congress, and will become a law unless active efforts are made to defeat it. It not only raises the postage rate from one to eight cents a pound, but it discriminates against the weeklies to the advantage of the dailies. Those who would be affected by the enactment of this proposed law should use their utmost energies to defeat it.

## THE CULT OF THE CHAPERON.

Is She a Necessary Part of a Young Lady's Impedimenta?

Some time ago I read in a paper that among the other obsolete and useless things that the twentieth century was sweeping into the dust-bin was the chaperon. The article cited her as a relic of the Middle Ages, a period which succeeded to that Utopian one when the maiden Uoa walked unattended all over Ireland clothed in white samite and jewels, and no one molested her. Chaperons and duennas had their uses in their day, like armor and a moat. It was as necessary to protect the damsel in the castle as it was the castle; either was always in danger of being taken by surprise or siege. It was a wild barbaric age, when you never knew at what moment your best friend was not going to turn out your worst enemy, and the chaperon's office was not the sinecure it is to-day.

Now, with the advancement of women into every field, one would suppose that the chaperon was of no more use than imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay; that her once respected office was as obsolete as that of the cup-bearer or the fool. Who can imagine the girl students of art or singing, the woman doctors, the literary ladies, the club members, the charity organizers, submitting to her yoke! They threw this off years ago, when they claimed the freedom of the latch-key. The day of the duenna had passed. She belonged to the epoch of dead things—was a relic of the time when the world thought women had no common sense or no moral sense. It was not so now, but certainly one or the other was always lacking.

But the chaperon was not as dead as people thought. She is as hard to kill as a snake's tail, which will keep on wiggling for hours after the head is off. She still wiggles, and wiggles to some purpose. She withdrew, maimed and bleeding, from the field of working women, and retired to the citadel of society. Here, they tell me, she is a respected and honored institution. Here she lives and rules, and people are afraid of her. She is making her last stand here, and she is making it with desperate courage, for, all things considered, the position of a chaperon is a snap.

Oddly enough, she is much more in evidence in the West than in the East. There the chaperon, after a girl is past twenty-five, is not regarded as a very necessary part of her impedimenta. After a woman is thirty, chaperoning, as it is understood in San Francisco, virtually ceases. Should the spinster of thirty be alone in the world and sufficiently well off to keep up her own establishment, it is generally the custom for her to have an elderly female relative or friend do propriety from the head of the table or the back drawing-room. Many, however, rich, unmarried women in the Eastern cities live in pairs, entertain, enjoy the liberty that their means and their solitary condition give, and make no attempt to placate Mrs. Grundy with the presence of a duenna.

The Western cities have long smarted under the ridicule of the sophisticated East, especially on the score of their wild wooliness. Westerners can hear being told all their faults, but they can not hear being thought "raw." That charge that their girls "go huggy riding with gentleman friends" is still bitter to their ears. Would that writers like Hamlin Garland would let it drop—not keep reminding people of it. It has got to England, and suave gentlemen, sitting at tea under giant cedars on emerald lawns, have a way of saying, with a knowing twinkle of the eye: "Do American young ladies still go huggy riding with their gentleman friends?" The West has a great deal to answer for in having launched that detrimental sentence on the world. Like bread cast upon the waters, it keeps returning; and it is just about as unappetizing and indigestible as bread would be that had been floating on the waters for many days.

The West has undertaken to vindicate itself, and it has done it with Western thoroughness. The chaperon out here is a serious thing. She could give her sister of the effete East cards and spades and heat her every time. We would like New York to know that all unmarried females of means and position are chaperoned here. Age doesn't matter. They are spinsters—that's enough. No tender maid of thirty goes unattended in California. No single woman of any age goes to the theatre alone with a man, and as for "huggy riding"—the custom is unknown. No girl goes to a restaurant for lunch with a youth she has known from the cradle. It would not be correct. And it would not be entirely correct either for her to get another girl. No; she must have the chaperon—the tried and seasoned veteran of matrimony—or else the proprieties will be split up the back.

"The ardor with which the cult of the chaperon has been taken up in the West should make the thoughtful pause. At the rate we're going at, we'll soon be where they are in France, and it will be hopelessly compromising for any of us to walk two blocks on the public street with a man of our acquaintance. In fact, at the end of the two blocks, if he should be so lacking in his duty as a well-bred man to neglect proposing, we will have to remind him of it. In provincial France you must not walk on the street with any man but that fortunate one who is to lead you to the altar. No man comes to call on you unless he has announced to the world in general that he has his eye upon you as his future wife, and then the visits are conducted in the presence of the family, one chaperon not being adequate to cope with the situation. Should you go to the theatre with any one less close in relationship than a father or brother, your character will be as completely lost as the gospels of St. Peter. And if you were to venture inside a restaurant you would be regarded as a person compared to whom Nero and Caligula were respectable and moral. I cite this merely to warn San Franciscans of the direction they are tending. If they keep up the present pace much longer, that is where we will all land.

New York is going to have its last tussle with the chaperon question in the new apartment-house for women that has just been—or is just to be—opened. Several times

already hotels for women—either working for their living or of independent means—have been started and have generally split upon the rock of the chaperon or matron. Since the days when A. T. Stewart built what is now the Park Avenue Hotel, and what was to be then a place of residence for self-supporting women, the question of how much liberty was to be allowed the lodgers was eventually the ruin of the enterprise. The women, in every case, have resented the restrictions put upon their hours of outgoing and incoming, and the surveillance maintained over their guests. Self-supporting and independent women in the present day will not stand being treated like girls in a boarding-school. The hotel they are to inhabit and make a pecuniary success will have to allow them the same liberty of egress and ingress and the same indifference to their movements—so long as they do not behave disgracefully while in the building—that would be given to men.

GERALDINE BONNER.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### PERA PALACE HOTEL.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY, November 14, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been intending for months to drop you a line to say how much we enjoy our Argonauts. We read them from the "Table of Contents" to the last advertisement at the foot of the "Alleged Hamlets" column, and then pass them along to some fellow-traveler or leave them in the reading-room of our hotels when we depart. I have never yet mentioned the name of the Argonaut to an American over on this side who did not know that it was the best journal of its kind published in America, whether said American hailed from Maine or Florida or any other part of our country.

We are having a wonderful trip. This is the sixtieth large city in the twentieth century in Europe which we have visited in eight months. When we sail out of the Dardanelles next week, it will be good-by to Europe, and after a stop of a few days at Smyrna, we go to Alexandria. We can then say we have visited Europe, Asia, and Africa, all inside ten days!

We started in at Liverpool early in March, and, after making a figure eight through England, Scotland, and Ireland, we crossed the channel. From Paris we went south-west down through Spain as far as Seville and Granada, and out into France again, via Barcelona to Marseilles; then north-east through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, and Norway to the North Cape; thence across Sweden and Finland to St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw; back into Germany to Berlin, then south-west as far as Geneva, east to Zurich, and south through Italy as far as Naples; north-east via Venice and Trieste to Vienna, and south-east again via Buda-Pesth, Belgrade, and Sofia to this city on the Golden Horn.

We were a little uneasy at coming here, owing to talk about plague, quarantine, and the French fleet, but we find there is, and has been, no plague, and the city, in all outward appearances, is as quiet and peaceful as any other.

We were taking a day off from business in Venice three weeks ago, when, on the Grand Canal, our gondola was swiftly passed by another, and we recognized and were recognized simultaneously by Mr. Horace Fletcher and family, whom we had not met since at the World's Fair in Chicago, over eight years ago. Later, we took tea with them in their beautiful home in the twelfth-century Palace Balbante, which they have leased for a long term of years. Since we left them, they have all gone to England, where Mr. Fletcher and his future son-in-law, a prominent young English physician of Venice, are to conduct some laboratory experiments bearing on the subject of nutrition, in which they are both deeply interested. In January the wedding comes off at the country home of the groom's father, a retired English army surgeon-general, who has seen fifty years' service in India. There may be more beautiful girls in the world than this bride-to-be, but they are scarce, and added to her beauty are good, sound sense and linguistic and musical abilities of the very highest order.

We shall take our holiday vacation in a trip up in the first caravan of the Nile, and then to hard work again. Three months in India this winter; three months in South Africa next spring; succeeded by further trips to Australia and New Zealand, the Straits Settlements, Southern China, and Manila; Northern China, Siberia, Corea, and Japan; and home to San Francisco via Honolulu in June, 1903.

Some of our friends are sorry for us, some envy us; we think we are lucky to have found a business opportunity to carry us over more land and sea in two years than many confirmed travelers ever see. We get physically tired occasionally, but tired of traveling, never!

Yours, W. R. TOWNSEND.

### Filipinos as Laborers.

MANILA, P. I., October 21, 1901.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I enclose five dollars, for which please continue my subscription for another year. I send you, under separate cover, a copy of *Libertas*. This paper is the organ of the friars. You will please notice the extreme adoration of sanctity, as it has been blessed by the Pope. Am sorry to see that you are still afraid of the Filipino as a labor proposition. In addition to his many natural virtues, he is rapidly acquiring that of organization into unions, the fundamental principle of which is a determination that its members shall be supported by your "Uncle Samuel," who is *muy rico* and a "good thing."

E. H. C.

How long a human being can endure without light, air, food, or water recently received a curious test. In the hold of the steamer *Palatia*, arriving in New York from Hamburg, was found a stowaway packed in a box supposed to contain an artist's model. How long he had been in the box is not known; he had been in the hold of the vessel sixteen days. When found he had just enough strength to whisper an appeal for water before he fainted. He said that he could hear the steerage passengers walking the deck above him, but could not make them hear his cries. Many a time he was almost suffocating, and the only relief he got was from sniffing a cake of tar soap. He could not distinguish day from night, and the continual darkness drove him nearly mad. He had no room even to stretch his legs, and felt like shrieking from the cramps caused by his narrow quarters.

The adoption by Australia of a flag of her own has brought about a good deal of a flurry in London, and particularly among military and naval men. Admiral de Horsey, for example, says: "The ancient British flag is good enough for the whole empire. Why should Australia adopt a flag?"

The chief of police of Paris has offered prizes for attractive toys for the holiday trade to check the importation of joys from Belgium and Germany.



## THE COW-PUNCHER OF SLEEPY EYE.

How He Defied the People of Red Eye.

Sleepy Eye was, at the time of this veracious chronicle, a faithful imitation of its name. Situated far off upon the arid alkali plain, where the mesa rankly grew on the mesquit sprouts and the cheerful coyote caroled in the crepuscular, it lived its soporific life in the dolce-far-niente-ness that characterizes most towns of the eighth grade, fourteenth class, wherever they may be located. No more irrefutable testimony to its utter and hopeless inertness could be presented than the statement of fact that every saloon in town was shut up, fore and aft, and Carrie Nation ten thousand miles away. It was not a local-option town, either, and the few remaining prominent citizens were so dry that they were resorting to wood-alcohol and turpentine as thirst-quenchers. These fluids are not ordinarily classed under the head of "pleasant and palatable" potations, but they are powerful in their reach.

Sleepy Eye might well have changed its name to Black Eye, for that is what it had got at the hands of its hated rival, Red Eye, a city which, though founded but six months previously, had hounded at once into prominence, and now boasted of a population of one hundred and fifty-four souls and seventy-seven saloons. A drummer for a St. Louis brewery and another for a Kentucky distillery said there were not saloons enough for a city of its size and enterprise, but the more conservative element, while admitting this might be true, rather discouraged progress in that direction, and advised the people to submit to slight privations for the present, looking to the enjoyment of greater prosperity in the future. It possessed a city government, with a mayor and council, a town marshal, abundant room for expansion, and unbounded confidence in its immediate eminence and its future development. It would have had water-works, but when the subject was broached by a new-comer from the East, the city council unanimously inquired: "What's the matter with the liquor?" and forthwith chased the water-works man out of town.

It is needless to say here that Red Eye, individually and collectively, held Sleepy Eye and all it contained, including the wood-alcohol and turpentine supply, in a contempt that it was ordinarily too full to express. This feeling was not reciprocated by Sleepy Eye. Time was when it would have haughtily given taunt for taunt, but Sleepy Eye was on the down grade, and, under those circumstances, no individual or aggregation of individuals, whatever its previous history may be, can afford to assume an imperious manner. Red Eye owned the earth, there was no gainsaying that, and Sleepy Eye was willing to concede certain points rather than be ordered off by a tyrannical and envious landlord.

It was a day of festivity in the city of the Crimson Orb. A wandering horse-thief had casually visited the metropolis on his way elsewhere, not intending to remain longer than might be required to replenish his depleted tank, and had become permanently attached to the place by a rope connecting his neck with the sturdy lower branches of a spreading cottonwood-tree in the suburbs immediately at the rear of Doc Burridge's Wet Goods Emporium. The occasion was one of great rejoicing, because Red Eye prided itself upon its high moral tone in such matters, and was anxious to convince the world that it practiced what it preached. In the midst of the festivities, a plainsman, evidently a stranger in those parts, or, at least, not a frequent visitor, rode up the thronging thoroughfare on his gaily caparisoned broncho and paused a moment in contemplation of the dazzling scene. The hour was but five in the afternoon, yet every red light was trimmed and burning, and the beholder was vividly reminded of Babylon in its palmy days, or Manhattan just before an era of reform. As the man sat thus musing upon the mutability of human affairs and the doubtful propriety of stealing a horse in a highly moral community, a party hailed him from a saloon door.

"Hello, stranger," came the friendly voice, "you look lonesome. Git off and have something on me. Come in and help us celebrate."

Nothing loath, the stranger, whose tongue even at that moment was cleaving to the roof of his mouth, dismounted with alacrity, and tying his broncho to a convenient stump which the street-cleaning department had not yet got around to, he entered the saloon with his host, who immediately rounded him up at the bar and asked the usual question. This was merely a matter of form, because there was no choice, and the barkeeper set out a jug and two tin cups.

"Goin' fer?" inquired the host, kindly, as he nodded for his guest to help himself.

"Not very fer," smiled the guest, pouring out as much as the cup would hold.

"How fer, p'raps?" continued the host, whose curiosity was uncalled for.

"Goin' to have a drink, I guess," said the guest, grinning at his pleasantries.

His host clapped him on the back and laughed uproariously. "So you are, my friend—" he hesitated; "Mr. —," he added, and stopped. "What might yer name be?" he asked.

The stranger looked at his new acquaintance with surprise, not unmingled with scorn, and emptied his tin cup of its contents, lest they might escape in the subsequent proceedings.

"You live in Red Eye?" he asked, as he wiped his mouth on his sleeve.

"Betcher I do," was the proud and happy reply.

"Well, you Red Eyesters must be rank tenderfeet, askin' a stranger what's his name," sneered the visitor. "You don't know etiquette a little bit. I'm the cow-puncher of Sleepy Eye; that's enough for you to know."

"What Sleepy Eye?" inquired the barkeeper, breaking into the conversation.

"There ain't hut one," the stranger asserted with confidence.

"That'n over the mountain?" asked the barkeeper, with increased interest.

"The same which it is," replied the stranger, manifestly vain of his habitat.

"Do you live in Sleepy Eye?" the barkeeper asked once more, and did not dodge as was the custom when that question was usually asked of any one in Red Eye in a spirit of teasing jocularity.

"That's what," said the stranger, strutting proudly down the bar line.

The barkeeper, excusing himself to his two customers, hastened away, and presently a man entered the saloon, took a wondering look at the stranger, and silently disappeared. Another followed, and another, and still and yet another, until one hundred and fifty-two persons had come in, stared incredulously at the stranger, and had gone out again, saying never a word, the barkeeper and the other man remaining with the cow-puncher, who had begun to show signs of mysterious uneasiness.

"Say, you geezers, what'n'ell does all this ruhherneckin' mean?" he asked, emphatically, of his two companions.

"Oh, nothin'," answered the barkeeper, "only I told the folks when I went out awhile ago that there was a party in here that lived in Sleepy Eye, and they jist wanted to see what in thunder it looked like. No offense, stranger, have another drink," and the barkeeper's snort was not characterized by that delicacy of intonation one expects in the best society.

The cow-puncher went around to his hip-pocket for a document in the further conduct of the case, but ere he could present it, *pro forma*, the mayor of Red Eye, accompanied by the city council and the police force, waited on him in a body, his honor carrying a rope in his hand with a running noose at the end which dangled in graceful profusion and picturesqueness at his side.

"I understand," said his honor, waving the formality of the conventional introduction, "that you live in Sleepy Eye?"

"That's what," replied the cow-puncher, inclined to be impatient to the highest dignity of Red Eye.

"And further, ain't ashamed to say so in public?" continued the dignity.

"You bet I ain't," admitted the exponent of Sleepy Eye, with defiance in every look and tone.

The party, who had invited the stranger to get off his horse and help the town celebrate, had edged over, and was now with the mayor's contingent.

"Well, sir," concluded the mayor, his voice quivering with ill-concealed contempt, yet with a majesty of mien well befitting his high office, "we'll give you jist three minutes by the watch to git out of Red Eye er he naturalized," and the mayor shook the noose under the nose of the representative from Sleepy Eye in a manner whose sincerity could not be questioned for a moment.

The cow-puncher gasped once or twice at this unexpected turn of affairs, shoved his Adam's apple back down to its proper anatomical location, and rapidly strode past the walking-delegates to where his broncho was held ready for him by two gentlemen representing the Red Eye Improvement Society. Grasping the reins firmly in his hand, he swept about him, over the city and its people gathered before him, a look of withering scorn and hissed a smothered malediction through his clenched teeth. The next instant he was on and off for the mountains with the speed of the wind. As he disappeared over the ridge, headed for his native heath, the mayor, stop-watch in hand, announced that he had a minute and a half to spare, and a gloom was cast over the entire community which even the previous gala occasion could not wholly dispel.

That night the city council adopted the following resolution without a dissenting voice:

WHEREAS, Charity covers a multitude of sins;  
Resolved, That if he ever comes back, we'll hang him for running away.

Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that the cow-puncher of Sleepy Eye was unlike the cat of song and story.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1901. W. J. LAMPTON.

The Chicago House-Wrecking Company has bought the Pan-American Exposition, as it stands, for \$132,000. The same concern had the contract for wrecking the World's Fair and the Chicago post-office. The demolition of the exposition will be begun at once. The company will employ 2,000 men in the work, and it is expected that it will require eight or nine months to level the structures. "The material we have purchased cost over \$8,000,000 to put in shape originally," said Secretary S. H. Harris, of the company. "There are 33,000,000 feet of lumber in the buildings, 2,000,000 pounds of pipe, 200,000 incandescent lights, 20,000 flag-poles, and 30,000 flags. More than 1,000 freight-cars will be needed to bring the material to Chicago."

One of the most curious lawsuits ever tried in France has been occupying the attention of the courts. At the last election, M. le Provost de Launay, a Royalist senator, desired to have an organ. He went to the editor of a local newspaper, and hired the front page for two months for a given sum. His Republican opponent thought the idea a good one, and hired the second page, so that the readers of the *Journal de Ferguier* were treated on the first page to a eulogy of monarchy and on the second page to praise of the republic. M. de Launay lost the election, and is now suing its editor for breach of contract in leasing the second page to his opponent.

The beauties of the New York custom-house regulations were again illustrated the other day when an English Freemason, who arrived with his jeweled regalia, was charged full duty on it, and fined for omitting to declare that he had his regalia with him. He had come to take part in a celebration of the order in the United States.

## A CITY ON THE PO.

Turin, the Capital of Piedmont—Her Wonderful Alpine Background—The "Mole Antonelliana"—An Architectural Curiosity.

The Alpine view from Turin is one of the finest in Europe. It gives superb visions of Monte Viso, in the French Dauphinée to the west, and of the giant masses of the Italian Alps, Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, to the north and north-west; while the Apennines begin to roll their fertile slopes up from the Piedmontese Plain, just across the Po, behind the city. On the summit of one of the pyramidal hills on the Apennine side of the Po, Monte Capucini, the Italian Alpine Club has built a museum, with a terrace, where the geography within the horizon can be studied through a large telescope by aid of a dial pointing out features of interest. The museum is rich in Alpine pictures and models, and has recently been made custodian of the paraphernalia of the Duke of the Abruzzi expedition that clipped off a few miles of uncertainty from the problem of the North Pole.

The art and archaeological museums and the picture gallery of Turin are rich in treasures. The Van Dykes among the pictures are especially numerous and fine. The *salle d'armes* in the royal palace is a treasury of arms and armor that is unequalled elsewhere. This collection seems to have been the hobby of the House of Savoy since the earliest times, and is well worth a visit to Turin to see, on account of the consummate art applied to weapons and armor during the times of helligrened chivalry. The House of Savoy is really the oldest reigning house of Europe, and the princes of the house have always been famous fighters, one of their number, the Green Count, having wrested Constantinople from the Turks at one time in the history of the Crusades. Hence it is that the Turin collection is rich in Oriental arms and armor.

Among its many fine buildings, Turin has an architectural curiosity that few people notice, and fewer closely examine. It is as inconspicuous a "big thing" as can be imagined, owing to its location, color, and the slenderness of its ambitious spire. I refer to the "Mole Antonelliana." What "mole" means is not explained, but the latter part of the name refers to the mad architect who planned and commenced the structure. It was designed as a Jewish synagogue and aimed to rival the Tower of Babel in height, but it not only did not reach heaven, with its needle-like spire, but it tired out the famous generosity of the Chosen People who first fathered it, and it was finally sold to the Italian Government without a suggestion of what might become of it in secular hands. It was voted to be an unwieldy "elephant" by the elders of the church, but now it more nearly resembles a camelopard by reason of its proportions.

Imagine, if you can, one room eighty-four feet square and three hundred and thirty-three feet high, standing within which no sense of disproportion is felt, with a spire above it reaching to the height of five hundred and thirty-eight feet. For comparison, this is higher than any cathedral spire in Europe, and only seventeen feet less than the height of the Washington Monument. From the lowest cellar to the highest gallery, where one may stand and look around, there are ten hundred and twenty-four steps, two hundred and eighty-two more than ascend to the top of the famous spire of the Ulm cathedral. The steps are very easy, however, and the stairways broad and light, except where they lead up between the inner and outer shells of the square dome, where they sometimes are laid at such an angle that one has to hold on to a hand-rail to avoid losing one's equilibrium sideways. Above the dome the ascent is perpendicular but dizzy, owing to the fact that the cork-screw stairway induces vertigo before it is fully realized, so that, one merging on a gallery at the top, the surrounding landscape whirls about like the surroundings of a drunken man.

The Italian Government is completing the building, in spite of its deformities, as a memorial to Victor Emanuel the Second, and a place of inscription of the names of six hundred thousand heroes who have been sacrificed in the numerous wars Italy has suffered. It is unfair to call the structure a deformity, although it is unusual and even unique, disobeying all of the laws of architecture. It is crowded in between tall barrack buildings, so that the body is all hidden as was the Cathedral of Cologne before the space around it was broadened by demolitions. The material used is fine-grained granite, iron, and glass, but the tone of the whole, as it appears above the surrounding barracks, is like that of galvanized iron, and suggests a temporary affair instead of a lasting memorial. On the side of the chief entrance, a Corinthian portico has been stuck without any seeming reason, as it is confined in so narrow a space that it can only be viewed at a break-neck angle. It must be admitted that the single room that is inclosed, although of such impossible proportions, is entirely harmonious when seen from within. To accomplish this prodigy of illusion, its walls rise without a break in the form of a cornice, and merge into a dome that is square and four-sided instead of the conventional round.

As a whole, the "Mole Antonelliana" is a combination of deceptions. It is not conspicuous, and yet it is the highest thing of its kind in the world; it outrages all the standards of proportion, and still it is unusually harmonious when closely or casually examined; it resembles the temporariness of galvanized iron, and is, in fact, built of the finest material; it suggests the religious, but is devoted to secular purposes; instead of being an emblem of peace, it stands as a monument to war; instead of dominating the city and competing with the surrounding Alps, it is hidden away among buildings only a tenth of its height—it is, in fact, not only an architectural curiosity, but a hunch of contradictions—a very paradox!

HORACE FLETCHER.

TURIN, November, 1901.



## THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.

An Impressive Spectacle—Curious Crowds in the Galleries—  
Floral Monstrosities Presented to the Senators and  
Representatives—Identifying the Statesmen.

Washington in October and early November, when the full glory of autumn leafage is upon its stately ranks of trees, and the air has the clear sparkle of young eyes and the pungency of spiced wine, is a city of sane, out-of-door enchantment. Residents and pilgrims alike loiter through the lovely days before the fallen leaves are gathered up by the thousand basketfuls or burned at dusk in fragrant heaps on the side-streets when the law to the contrary is looking the other way. The stripped trees are not unbeautiful; the crisp, cool sunshine has a lure of its own, a tingle of coming excitement is in the air, and November has slipped over Thanksgiving Day before the indoor side of life in the only uncommercial city in America takes the centre of the stage.

It is when the flag flies from each wing of the Capitol at high noon on the first Monday in December that the curtain goes up, and the play begins. There is no escaping the spectacular aspect of it. The sense that the opening of Congress means the starting again on the main line of a side-tracked engine of mighty power does not come to one on the first day of the session. The tremendous importance of its possible action to millions of people is forgotten. Steam is up and the track clear, but the wheels of government are decked with flowers and tied with ribbons, and one does not see them turn a hand's breadth on this day. The great realities are in the background, and all the dramatic suggestions to the fore—crowds at the doors, opera-glasses in the galleries, and masses of huge floral "trifles" in the lobbies.

How this latter accompaniment of the occasion came to be a yearly affair, what suggested it, who began it, and who among the protesting recipients encourages it, are questions upon which the interrogated wisdom of the Upper House maintains a friendly reticence. It is, it has been—through more than one generation—and apparently it will be, world without end. No man openly avows delight in it; and yet a hush's first hall, a hush's breakfast, a *prima donna's* return to her native heath, could not bring out much more in the way of lavish bloom than this day sees on the desks of the good gray men of the Senate, most of them past even the limit of the button-hole flower age.

True, it is a pretty sight, a gay greeting to the galleries, this wealth of brilliant blossoms smiling up from a suitable background of green carpet, but its fitness with long black coats, gray beards, and strenuous faces does not appear. There is something in it as incongruous as a thing Edwin Booth once did in a holiday mood in San Francisco. A tumultuous curtain call had followed a rare performance of "Taming of the Shrew," reduced to the limits of an after-piece; and as Booth bowed gravely over the footlights his eye lighted on the leg of property mutton which had been used in Kate's subduing. He picked it up and presented it to the leading lady in a manner of graceful compliment which would have befitted a gift of orchids. The audience laughed, but looked as if a smart rap had been dealt upon its organ of veneration, and fled out with an air of apology.

An air of apology would not be amiss among the congressional flowers. Aside from the fact that they belong first where they arrive last—in the hands of sweet women and at the hedsides of the sick—their mission of grace and beauty is comically handicapped by the impulses of hopeful office-seekers who know as little of floral ethics as they do of the Rhodian *pinax*. The abetting florists, who may be worthy citizens, "stuffed with all honorable virtues" when it comes to graver matters, fling conscience to the winds in these cases. They put American Beauties in the same basket with lilac orchids and try to unite them with ribbons of magenta—that guiltiest hue known to the dyer. They build a pyramid of roses of every hue, sprinkle it with the stars of scarlet poinsetta, and then add haws of lavender and cerise. They tie up a heavy sheaf of yellow chrysanthemums with a foolish fluff of pink gauze. Pink carnations, flexible of stem, and Christmas greens of the stiffest variety they gird up together with orange satin ribbons, and then tuck in a bunch of violets. The things they do to these "sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into" would call for legislative action if Congress were composed of women—from California.

This year one of them dowered a Western senator, credited with a fortune of forty-five millions, with a life-sized hasehall hat tied about with long-stemmed American Beauties. "Peter Jackson, among a group of Gibson girls," commented a disgruntled spectator. Another constructed a huge, fat harp of bridesmaid roses, poised uncertainly on the apex of a pyramid of chrysanthemums of every hue, for the confusion of a senator of recent election, who retired, blighted, from its vicinity. No plea of limited charges can excuse the florists, for the ubiquitous statistician gives ten thousand dollars as a likely figure for this year's outlay, including the great hank of blossoms for the representatives which never got beyond the lobbies. The best defense a relenting mind can find for them lies in the crying need of the galleries for amusement during the hour or two of waiting before the stroke of twelve, and the rap of the gavel announce the opening of a new session of Congress.

The waiting hour is a necessary endurance, even if one be harmed with a card for the reserved gallery from a preferred senator; for though the seasoned Washingtonian seldom assists, and the foreign visitors leave the diplomatic gallery almost empty, sojourning pilgrims from every State in the Union besiege the doors with tickets, and seats are always for first-comers. Eager-eyed young girls, saturated with the patriotic fervor which easily simmers down into enthusiasm for a favorite senator or representative, come in groups, and occasionally in battalions, hoping to be thrilled. Sad-eyed women in weeds, with a subtle air of distinction and authority about them, sometimes accompany one of

these groups, and one hears: "When the general was living," "when the Secretary was here," "when we were in official life"—and understands that the light of other days shines for them over the familiar scene. The occasion has a fascination, too, for retired legislators, upon whom the habit of living in the current of events is fixed, and from whom the habit of active participation has faded. With these one often sees a few charming women of cosmopolitan breeding, whose low-voiced comments and smart but unobtrusive gowns betray the traveled *Américaine*.

Not with any idea of seeing important legislation under way, or brilliant speakers in possession of the floor, do these and others crowd the spaces of the galleries, but simply to be in at the beginning of things, and to identify the faces which this day of pictorial journalism has made familiar to every one interested in national politics. The latter divertimento is of endless interest to those of the young who find themselves in a Senate gallery for the first time, and discover that a statesman in the act of sharing a good story with a few colleagues in a corner is much more attractive than his caricatures in an opposition paper; to find, too, that many of the senators are comparatively young, and more of them fine looking. They are fain to make the most of this, for disappointment comes of looking for anything more significant than the cordial meeting and greeting of the men who reserve the putting forth of their powers till a later day. Even the President's message, with its beautiful eulogy of his beloved predecessor, and its rousing denunciation of anarchy, was not read until the second day of the present session, and no official notice of the nation's heavy loss marked the opening day, though a touching reference was made to it in the blind chaplain's prayer. FAITH HADAWAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 9, 1901.

## PAX VOBISCUM.

When the bells are ringing at Christmas-tide  
For the Crucified Son of Man,  
I think of the hero-souls that have died  
Since ever the world began.

The men of a cause, the men of a creed,  
The men of the sword and pen,  
Who, with dauntless courage in word and deed,  
Have died for their fellow-men.

When the battle was waged for cross or crown,  
They struck for God and the right;  
And some at the scaffold or stake went down,  
And some in the stormy fight.

Their blood may have sprinkled the senseless clod,  
Their dust on the winds be strown;  
But the hero-soul is the soul of God,  
And ever He knows His own.

Thus onward and upward the trend will be  
Till we find the homeless way;  
In the fullness of time we yet may see  
The dawn of a perfect day.

All hail I and farewell to our Worthies then,  
On the far Elysian shore,  
And peace and good-will to the Children of men  
Forever and evermore.

—LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

Asserting that they need the Chinese to assist them in the work of caring for the salmon industry, the Columbia River cannery men have risen against the reenactment of the Geary exclusion law, and declare they will not favor it without a modification which will permit of the entrance of a limited number of the Orientals. A recent dispatch from Portland, Or., says:

"Many hundred Chinese have been employed in the canneries along the Columbia, and already the scarcity of help is being noticed. Samuel Elmore, as manager of the Columbia River Packers' Association, is the spokesman, and says that past experience has proved the Chinese must be used in the packing-houses, efforts to secure white labor having proved futile. The scarcity of labor has several times resulted in a tie-up, and so it is that the salmon cannery men want the law modified to the extent of permitting enough of them to come into the country to relieve the demand for their services. He also declares that instead of being a menace to union men, the Chinese are a help, as the packers are then able to receive more fish from the union fishermen."

Commenting on the loss of life in the Civil War from various causes, General Francis V. Greene says, in *Scribner's Magazine*:

"How paltry seem the 5,000 killed and wounded in the War of 1812, or the war in Mexico, or the war with Spain, compared with the 14,000 at Shiloh, 15,000 at the Chickahominy, 13,000 at Antietam, the same at Fredericksburg, 16,000 at Chancellorsville, 23,000 at Gettysburg, 16,000 at Chickamauga, 37,000 in the Wilderness, and 26,000 at Spotsylvania. The grand aggregate of destruction fairly staggers the imagination, accustomed as we have been for more than a generation to the figures: 93,000 killed by bullets, 186,000 killed by disease, 25,000 dead from other causes—a grand total of 304,000, about one in nine of every man who wore the uniform."

The eccentric author and playwright, George Bernard Shaw, has been indulging in medical controversy. In a characteristic letter to the *British Medical Journal*, he thus pays his respects to the profession:

"Unfortunately, medical practice has as yet been so lightly touched by the scientific spirit that the average doctor is still, not only in his patient's view but his own, a dealer in cures and preventive charms. But that is an additional reason for bringing to bear on it the criticism of an independent branch of science. A great deal of what is called scientific opinion to-day is nothing but medical opinion; and a great deal of medical opinion is simply energetic trade-unionism, and very superstitious trade-unionism at that."

It is war to the knife between the German and English steamship lines. The long-threatened disruption of the steamship pool has come. The Cunard line has reduced its minimum rate for first-cabin passengers to fifty dollars on the *Lucania* and the *Campania*. To fight the matter out the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American line will make a reduction of ten dollars in cabin rates for the *Deutschland*, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, and the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Frank A. Munsey, the publisher of *Munsey's Magazine*, has recently bought the Washington *Times*, and the controlling interest in the New York *Daily News*.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Helen Hay and Mr. Payne Whitney, son of William C. Whitney, former Secretary of the Navy. Miss Hay is the eldest daughter of Secretary of State Hay, and has inherited her father's poetical gifts. Among the volumes which she has written are "Birds and Beasts," "Some Verses," and "The Rose of Dawn: A Tale of the South Sea."

"Roosevelt at San Juan Hill" is to be the subject of a painting by Vassili Verestchagin, the painter of battle scenes. The famous Russian artist arrived in New York from Europe recently, to conduct an exhibition of his paintings at the Art Institute. He announced his intention to devote two years or more to the work of portraying on canvas the battle, which, he thinks, because of Roosevelt's elevation to the Presidency, is the most interesting war scene of recent times to Americans.

There is a smart saying current in London that, nowadays, all the peereesses are either actresses or Americans, and that the members of the old aristocracy have all gone into trade. The latest recruit for the latter is the Duke of Cambridge's daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Fitzgeorge, whose husband is a colonel. She will shortly start a hygienic, heartening concern, in the heart of Mayfair, where she hopes to rid her fashionable friends' faces of wrinkles and other blemishes.

Mme. Rosemonde Rostand, wife of the famous French poet, acts as secretary to her husband, copying out his manuscripts for the printer with an infinitude of care. Their two young sons, Maurice and Jean, two bright-looking lads, were present the other evening when "L'Aiglon" was revived, and a "first-night" audience was much interested in watching their boyish and unmitigated enthusiasm as they sat in the orchestra-stalls. Mme. Rostand is a granddaughter of Count Gérard, a former marshal of France.

John Philip Sousa's success in England has exceeded all expectations. He has now arranged with Philip York, his present English manager, to return there next June for a season of twenty-five weeks. When Mr. York decided to take Sousa to England, he had to guarantee him twenty-five hundred dollars weekly. None of the usual theatrical hackers were anxious to join in the enterprise, and Mr. York had to find the money himself, a fact on which he is now congratulating himself, as he declares Sousa's share of the receipts was never below six thousand dollars weekly.

The longest biography contributed to the new congressional directory is that of Senator Chauncey M. Depew, of New York. Mr. Depew's career is notable for the things he has declined. In 1863 he refused a second nomination as secretary of state of New York. The next year he was appointed minister to Japan, but declined. In 1899 he declined the office of president of the New York Central Railroad Company to become a member of the board of directors. In 1867 he was appointed county clerk of Westchester County, but at once resigned. In 1870 he was made immigration commissioner by the legislature, but refused to serve. In 1881 he was run by his friends as candidate for the seat in the United States Senate vacated by Thomas Platt, but withdrew in favor of Warner Miller. In 1885 the senatorship was tendered to him again, but for business reasons he declined.

Perosi, the Italian priest-musician, has scored a success with his latest work, "Moses: A Symphonic and Vocal Poem," which was performed for the first time in Milan a fortnight ago. The text is in verse, and is divided into a prologue and three acts. In the prologue Moses is seen among the Midianites. Here, as the guest of Jethro, he learns to love his host's daughter Zipporah, with whom at last he is joined in marriage. The first act deals with the divine revelation at the burning bush, and the call of Moses to Egypt. At the opening of the second act the release of the Israelites from bondage is asked of the Egyptian king. Pharaoh refuses, and a symphonic interlude illustrates the horror of the land at the plagues which follow. The Passover is prepared, and with the wailings of the stricken Egyptians is mingled a Jewish hymn of gladness. To the third act the title "The Passage Through the Red Sea" is given. The Israelites in their camp between the desert and the sea are surprised by the pursuing Egyptians; the miracle of the divided waters is performed by Moses; and the enemies of Israel are overwhelmed. With a final song of praise to Jehovah the work reaches its end.

Edwin A. Abbey, R. A., the American artist who has been selected by King Edward to paint the coronation scene, arrived in New York a fortnight ago, after an absence abroad of five years. He came over to superintend the placing of the mural decoration, "Quest of the Holy Grail," which he painted for the Boston Public Library. It is in nine pieces and there are ninety feet of canvas. Speaking of his commission to paint the coronation picture, Mr. Abbey said: "The painting will hang in Windsor Castle, and the dimension will probably be fifteen by six feet." Comparing the relative merits of working in New York and abroad, he remarked: "An artist who is determined to turn out first-class work must devote considerable time to historic study of the subject he is painting. It is very hard to obtain on this side the works of reference necessary for such a study. These rare volumes for the most part may be had only in the old and complete libraries in the European capitals. However, references to them are indispensable, for only from writers contemporaneous, or almost so, can be gathered at first hand such details of garb and custom as the artist needs in order to make a perfect and correct setting for the scene he is painting."



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Gilbert Parker's Latest Novel.

"The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker, is an interesting story, well told, of the reformation of a young barrister of Montreal who is afflicted with the curse of intemperance. He is a fop, a cynic, an agnostic; when sober, a cold, disdainful *poiteur*, who wins few friends; but, when excited by brandy, a brilliant, tactful, human pleader, who wins his cases in spite of the convictions of judge and jury. He marries a woman who admires but does not love him; and, after five years of uncongenial married life, he dies to his world as utterly as if he had crossed to the other side. During a carouse in a wayside resort he gets a blow in the head which destroys his memory. He is thrown into the river and supposed to be drowned, but turns up later in a little Canadian village, a hundred and fifty miles away. For seven months he is unconscious of his identity. Then a famous surgeon, visiting his brother, the *curé*, performs an operation and brings him back to "memory, conscience, responsibility, trouble." For now trouble begins.

He learns from an old paper that his wife has married the lover of her youth within six months of his own death, and that the world believes him a thief and a rogue because of the disappearance of certain trust-moneys which he had left with his wife's brother. He decides not to return, but to live the life of the simple villagers among whom fate has thrown him.

His charity, his sobriety—for he resists the old temptation—his heroism—for in the quiet little village there is more than one opportunity for noble deeds—win the love of a beautiful young girl of good blood and decayed fortunes—the postmistress of the village. He loves her, but can not marry her as his wife is living. He can not tell her why, for no one must know that his wife is not legally married to the man whose name she bears. There is no home for him. In the old life he had been indifferent to the joys of home, and now, when he would give his soul for a simple fireside with the girl he loves, it is out of his reach. There is but one thing for him to do—die. Fate throws his dishonest brother-in-law in his way once more, and he dies defending some church moneys from the would-be robber who has stained his good name.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Elia W. Peattie's Unwholesome Novel.

In "The Beleguered Forest," by Elia W. Peattie, is told, in a rather entertaining way, the varied experiences of Regina Grey, a young woman of somewhat unconventional tendencies. As we understand from the heroine's account of herself—the story is autobiographical in form—she is beautiful, wonderfully attractive to men, but rather shocking to women by her eccentricities, and possessed of a charm that the authoress does not entirely succeed in making clear.

She has "the eyes of a cat, the innocence of a seraph, the audacity of a *gamin*." With this stock of unusual charms, she makes considerable havoc in masculine hearts, finally receiving an offer of marriage from a rich lumberman of the North-West after twenty-four hours' acquaintance. Although possessed of a Bohemian temperament, she thrifflily accepts this offer, having just heard of the loss of her fortune and unwilling to face the alternative of being a governess or a saleswoman. The story in the first stages promises well. But when the young wife is taken to the lumber-camp on her wedding trip, and discovers very soon that her husband is a victim of the opium habit, the narrative assumes an overstrained, morbid, unhealthy tone that is not pleasing.

Basil Oliver, the husband, gives several pages of earnest defense of the drug habit and a description of its delights; but the story of a man going to perdition from the terrible effects of drugs is not a new one, and has been told more powerfully than in these pages.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Charming Collection of Short Stories.

"Shoulder-Straps and Sun-Bonnets," by Edith Elmer Wood, is a collection of short stories, most of which have previously appeared in various magazines. As the title of the book implies, a part of the stories deal with life in the army and navy. Of these, "Not in the Signal Code; a Fable for Captains," is perhaps the best. The author seems to be familiar with the inner workings of the Department of the Navy, and to be in a position to write entertaining stories of the service. "Martha Elen at the Chicago Exposition," which appeared in the *Century*, is also a rather sympathetic little story. The volume is attractively bound in blue and green. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## The Story of the Mississippi Valley.

In his latest book, "A Short History of the Mississippi Valley," James K. Hosmer traces the growth and development of that great region of North America. In a narrative of less than two hundred and fifty pages, treating of a field so vast in time and space, and so crowded with action, one need not be surprised at a condensation approaching sketchiness. The narrative begins with the pre-glacial period, and

shows the changes made during the glacial period, from which the Mississippi emerged a smaller stream, but still draining an area of a million and a quarter square miles, inhabited by races whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. A brief description follows of the various degrees of savagery and barbarism attained by the different tribes in this region, together with their manners, customs, and tribal relations. The story of European advance, struggle, and ultimate conquest is interestingly drawn in bold lines, showing the footholds gained by the Spaniards in the South and West, the French in the North, and the final and logical Western advance by the Anglo-Saxon. The international barters and struggles for territory prior to the Revolution are clearly delineated, and the war is treated entirely from the view-point of the settlers west of the Alleghenies. Then follows an account of the development of the new nation toward the westward, the problems growing out of new territory, and the evils and legislation leading to the Civil War. The book is well and neatly printed, nicely bound, copiously indexed, and illustrated with wood engravings and half-tones.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.20.

## With Meade in Virginia.

"A Friend with the Countersign," by B. K. Benson, is a story of the Civil War, told in the first person by a soldier who shows remarkable skill in obtaining information which is of vital importance to his general's plans. He has a number of sensational adventures which almost border upon the improbable. The particulars of Meade's campaign in Virginia are given with historical truth, the idiosyncrasies of some of the Union generals are touched upon, and altogether the story reads like a personal experience, if we except a few especially startling adventures. There is a love thread running through the story, but this is decidedly subordinated to the war element.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Hints for Holiday Gift-Books.

## Art Works.

There is an unusually large number of handsome works on art and artists coming from the publishing houses this year, many of which will be eagerly sought by the book-lover for holiday gifts.

In the Riverside Art Series, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the most recent numbers are "Greek Sculpture," "Titian," and "Landseer." Each of the volumes contains some fifteen or sixteen illustrations, with an introduction and interpretation by Estelle M. Hurl. The price of each volume is 75 cents.

Charles Scribner's Sons have brought out a new and enlarged edition of "French Art," by W. C. Brownell. It is a handsome volume, containing forty-eight illustrations; price, \$3.75.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are publishers of a unique volume entitled "Love in Literature and Art," by Esther Singleton; price, \$1.60 net.

From the press of the Macmillan Company, a handsome and costly work is "Hubert von Herkomer: A Study and a Biography," by A. L. Baldry; price, \$15.00.

An interesting and practical work is "The Study and Criticism of Italian Art," by Bernhard Berenson. It contains many photogravure and half-tone illustrations, and is well indexed. Considerable space is given to the consideration of Vasari in the light of modern criticism, and Correggio, Giorgione, and the group of Venetian painters are dwelt upon at length. Price, \$3.50.

In the Great Masters of Painting and Sculpture Series, the two most recent volumes are "Francia," by Leander Scott, and "Brunelleschi," by George C. Williamson, the editor of the series. Seventeen of the volumes are already out, ten are in preparation, and still others are to follow. While these are not distinctly gift-books, they are neat and attractive in every particular, and contain excellent illustrations. The price per volume is \$1.75.

A second edition of "The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters" is published in the British Artists' Series, copiously illustrated, and in handsome dress; price, \$3.00.

Of Elder & Shepard's sumptuous volume, "Way-farers in Italy," there is but a limited edition on sale. The price is \$7.50, on hand-made paper.

## Miscellaneous Gift-Books.

"Harriman Alaska Expedition," by John Burroughs, John Muir, and George Bird Grinnell, in two volumes. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$15.00. An important work scientifically as well as of interest to the general reader.

"Balzac's Dramatic Works," rendered into English for the first time. In two volumes, illustrated. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago; price, \$2.50.

"Empresses of France," by H. A. Guerber; with illustrations. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

"A Winter Pilgrimage: Being an Account of Travels Through Palestine, Italy, and the Island of Cyprus, Accomplished in the Year 1900," by Rider Haggard; with illustrations. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$4.00.

"Eugene Field: A Study in Heredity and Contradictions," by Slason Thompson, with portraits,

views, and fac-simile illustrations. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price (two volumes), \$3.00 net.

"The Story of a Young Man" (a Life of Christ), by Clifford Howard, illustrated by W. L. Taylor and T. Guernsey Moore. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50.

"Washington: The Capital City," by Rufus Rockwell Wilson, in two volumes, tastily bound in red and gold and copiously illustrated. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$3.50 net.

"The Insect Book," by Dr. L. D. Howard. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

"London: Historic and Social," by Claude de la Roche Francis, in two volumes, handsomely bound in green and gold, with many well-chosen illustrations. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$5.00.

"Lake Geneva and Its Literary Landmarks," by Francis Gribble. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$4.50.

A biography of "James Russell Lowell," by Horace E. Scudder, with many portraits and illustrations. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price (two volumes) \$3.50 net.

"Rugs: Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern, A Hand-Book for Ready Reference," by Rosa Belle Holt. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$5.00.

"Famous Actors of the Day in America," second series, and "Famous Actresses of the Day in America," second series, by Lewis C. Strang; illustrated. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price of each volume, \$1.50.

"Oriental Rugs," by John K. Mumford. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$7.50.

A new "Life of George Washington," by Norman Hapgood, printed in large, clear type, with seven well-chosen illustrations. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

## House and Home Decoration.

"French Furniture and Decoration of the XVIII. Century," by Lady Dilke. Published by the Macmillan Company; price, \$10.00.

"The Decoration of Houses," by Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; price, \$2.50.

"The Making of a Country Home," by J. P. Mowbray. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## New Editions.

"The Tower of London," by H. Hepworth Dixon, in two volumes. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$4.00.

"Heroines of Fiction," by W. D. Howells, with illustrations by H. C. Christy, A. I. Keller, and others, in two volumes. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.75.

"Barabbas," by Marie Corelli, with photogravure illustrations from original drawings by Ludovico Marchetti. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$3.50.

The Macmillan Company have brought out a Temple Edition of "The Works of the Brontës," in twelve volumes; price, cloth, 50 cents each; leatherette, 75 cents each. Also, they are publishing "The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray,"

edited by Walter Jerrold, with illustrations by Charles E. Brock. "Vanity Fair," in three volumes, is now ready; price of each volume, \$1.00.

"Italian Journeys," by William Dean Howells, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$3.00.

"Maude Adams," by Acton Davies; illustrated. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.10 net.

## Illustrated Books.

"The Dolly Dialogues," by Anthony Hope, with illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$2.50.

"A Child of Nature," by Hamilton W. Mabie. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.80.

"Her First Appearance," by Richard Harding Davis, illustrated by C. D. Gibson and E. M. Ashe. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Modern Athens," by George Horton, illustrated by Corwin Knapp Linson. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25 net.

"A Widow and Her Friends," by C. D. Gibson. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$5.00.

## Standard Fiction.

"Salâmbô," by Gustave Flaubert, and "The Latin Quarter" (Scènes de la Vie de Bohême), by Henry Murger, are the first two of the French Novels of the Nineteenth Century Series. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price of each volume, \$1.50.

The Macmillan Company are publishers of the Temple Edition of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine," edited by George Saintsbury, in forty volumes; price, \$30.00.

"The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," translated from the Arabic by E. W. Lane, with one hundred illustrations in photogravure by Stanley Wood, in six volumes. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$9.00.

The most recent numbers of the Century Classics, published by the Century Company, are "Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley, with an introduction by Edmund Gosse (in two volumes), and "Sesame and Lilies and The Crown of Wild Olive," by John Ruskin. Price of each volume, \$1.25 net.

## The January Smart Set.

"Prince Reckless," by Arthur Grissom, is the leading story in the January number of the *Smart Set*. Among the other notable contributions are "One Eighteenth Century Day," by Alfred Henry Lewis; "Sinful Sara," by Elizabeth Duer; "The Enchanted Rug," by Edgar Saltus; "The Hatred of Friends," by Gertrude F. Lynch; "Object, Matrimony," by A. S. Duane; "What M. Maurice Pelot Says," by John Regnault Ellyson. "Modern Fox-Hunting," by George F. Underhill, an English authority on the sport; "A Sentimental Journey, 1902," by Francis M. Livingston; "The Lotos and the Bottle," by O. Henry; "Ties of Auld Lang Syne," by Ethel Watts Mumford; "The Secret Panel," by Countess Loveau de Chavanne; and "Expert Assistance," by W. Pett Ridge.

The chief features in verse are "Le Masque de l'Amour," by Guy Wetmore Carryl; "Rebellion," by Julien Gordon; "A Yule Song," by Clinton Scollard; "At Phædra's Tomb," by Bliss Carman; and "Awaited," by Charles Hanson Towne.

## THE WORKS OF ALICE MEYNELL

Since the death of Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Meynell is pronounced by common accord in England the most distinguished living woman writer. The author is at present on a visit in California; but the publisher suggests that the best way to know the writer is to know her books.

LATER POEMS. 12mo. \$1.00 net. Uniform with "Poems." [Just published.]

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THE CHILDREN. With Cover, End Papers, Title-page, Initials, and other Ornaments designed by WILL H. BRADLEY. 12mo. \$1.25.

## SOME GREAT OPINIONS.

RUSKIN: "The last verse of that perfectly heavenly 'Letters from a Girl to Her Own Old Age,' the whole of 'San Lorenzo's Brother,' and the end of the sonnet, 'To a Daisy,' are the finest things I have yet seen or felt in modern verse."

COVENTRY PATMORE, in *Fortnightly Review*: "I am about to direct attention to one of the very rarest products of nature and grace—a woman of genius, one whom I am bound to confess has falsified the assertion I made some time ago that no female writer of our time has attained to true 'distinction.' Mrs. Meynell has shown a reticence, fullness, and effectiveness of expression which place her in the very front rank of living writers in prose."

R. L. STEVENSON: "A poetess I had often admired."

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, in *The National Review*, August, 1896: "I can fancy Matthew Arnold lighting on such essays as I have named, saying with refreshment, 'She can write!' It does not seem to me too bold to imagine Carlisle listening, without the weariful gesture, to his wife's reading of the same, hearing them to the end, and giving his comment, 'That woman thinks. Her lines have the living fervor in them.'"

JOHN LANE,

67 Fifth Avenue,

New York



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Romance of the First Crusade.

Were Doo Quixote de la Maocha alive to-day no gold could induce him to part with such a story as William Stearns Davis's "God Wills It." From cover to cover it is packed full of the most vivid descriptions of the doings of great knights and fair ladies of a thousand years ago. Any one who offers from the title that the book is a sober, serious one, with a "stroog religious interest," has gone far astray. Oo the contrary, though there are priests in plenty, and though we march with the first crusaders from the land of the Franks to the Holy City, a Greek girl with "cheeks red as a rose and white as milk, and two very bright eyes," who needs to be rescued both from pirate hand and Syrian king, is of more importance to our cavalier than priest or prelate. Yet the historian does not give place to the story-teller, and the days in France wheo Urhan and Peter the Hermit went up and down the laod, calling upon the people to repent and give themselves to the holy war, are described with masterly pen. The hero is an invincible young warrior of Norman blood, hy name Richard Longsword. His adventures, first in Sicily with pirates, and later in France and to the East with the crusaders, and his winning and losing, and final re-wioolog of the fair Greek, form the basis of the story.

Mr. Davis undoubtedly owes no small debt to Dumas, and perhaps something to Weyman. But to the main, the book is his own, and for what it purports to be—a dashing, romantic tale of the eleventh century—there is little fault to be found with it.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## "Colonial Fights and Fighters."

History told in romance is the attractive feature of "Colonial Fights and Fighters," Cyrus Townsend Brady's second book on "Battle History of America." Mr. Brady's manner of writing is simple, but entertaining and forceful. The book consists of four parts, each dealing with a separate subject, and all covering, in a disconnected way, a period of some two hundred years prior to the Revolution. In the first part are told the adventures of De Soto, the rich spoils he gathered in the conquest of Peru, his cruel treatment of the savages in his fruitless search for gold in the unexplored Gulf regions, his discovery of the Mississippi River, and finally of his melancholy death and burial. In part four, Mr. Brady gives us a vivid picture of the fall of Quebec, which sounded "the death knell of New France," and, in their deaths, immortalized the names of two brave leaders, Montcalm and Wolfe. The intervening parts deal with the Huguenots in America, Ogle-

thorpe in Georgia, the cruel and heartless ravagings of the buccanniers and pirates along the coast and their ultimate extermination, and the sanguinary colonial wars and Indian massacres that caused so much privation and death among our early ancestors in America.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Oliver Cromwell in Fiction.

Oliver Cromwell is presented in a more kindly light than usual in "The Lion's Whelp," by Amelia E. Barr. Novelists generally represent him as opposed to the cavaliers of Charles Stuart, a narrow, bigoted usurper. In this book we see him as his friends and followers saw him—magnanimous, tender to his friendly and family relations, firm in his purposes and religion. "For," says the author, "the eternal God was the firmament of this man's life, whether on the battle-field or in the council chamber, amid his family or alone in his closet, God was the majestic overhead and background of all his thoughts, affections, purposes, and desires."

But while Cromwell is the chief motif of the novel, the main interest centres around Jane Swafford, a sturdy defender of Cromwell, and her friend, Matilda de Wick, a rabid Royalist, whose love-affairs lead to quarrels, duels, and misunderstandings, which are only straightened out by the fall and death of Cromwell at the end of the book.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Home Decoration and Architecture.

"The Decoration of Houses," by Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr., is a book that will appeal to those who would have the prevailing architectural and decorative disorder, vulgarity, and cheap originality supplanted by some accepted style marked by simplicity, harmony, and practicability. The treatment of the subject is able and thorough, and gives many valuable suggestions for beautiful, comfortable homes. The text is printed with wide margins on antique wove paper, and there are fifty-six full-page half-tones from photographs, many of them of great beauty, and all faultlessly reproduced on heavy enameled paper. They include views of famous interiors, decorative effects, and furnishings of various periods. The value of the work is increased by a list of books consulted and a full index.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

## New Publications.

"Her Washington Experience," by Annie Farquar, is an account of the life of a Cabinet minister's wife in that city. It first appeared under another

title in a periodical and is now reprinted in book-form. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A series of selections from the writings of the late Dr. Malthie Daveoport Babcock, a prominent Presbyterian divine, has been issued under the title of "Thoughts for Every-Day Living." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Loonly God," by Coulsoo Kernahan; "The Unknown Singers," by C. F. Dole; "A Strange Sin," by Coulsoo Kernahan; and "Faith as Related to Health" and "Consolation," by William E. Barton, are the latest issues in the Day's Work Series. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 35 cents each.

In the Modern English Writers Series, the ninth volume is "Alfred Tennyson," by Andrew Lang. The English essayist and wit is at his best in this study of the life and work of "a modern poet," and the biography—though little more than a sketch—with its impressions of Tennyson's poems, will be more favored with many readers than more pretentious works. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A comprehensive and detailed narrative of the action of the allied forces in China is given in "The War of the Civilizations," by George Lynch. The events of the war as they came under the observation of the author are described, and there are many interesting observations in the manner and customs of the natives. Numerous illustrations add to the value and interest of the book. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

The Riverside Biographical Series has added two more volumes to its list of brief biographies—"Washington Irving," by H. W. Boynton, and "Alexander Hamilton," by C. A. Cooat. The volumes are well printed and bound. Each has a particularly good frontispiece portrait. The essays are terse and clear-cut. No attempt is made to go into details, but, rather, to give the general reader a clear idea of the character and achievements of the man under discussion. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; price, 65 cents each.

"A Japanese Nightingale," by Ootoo Watanna, is a prettily told romance, the events of which transpire in Japan. The story begins with the description of a transient union between a young American tourist and a geisha girl. But a tragic event is the means of revealing to the man the noble motives which have impelled a girl of good birth to pass herself off as a geisha girl, and sacrifice herself for unselfish reasons. The book is prettily bound, with a design of cherry blossoms on the cover, while the

margin of each page is daintily decorated with a series of delicate designs in a faint shadowy gray. Both author and artist are Japanese, and fully possessed of the graceful facility of style so characteristic of the Japanese in the field of art. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.00 net.

The system of compulsory arbitration of labor disputes developed in New Zealand, and now about to be extended to New South Wales, has attracted wide attention among economists. Henry Demarest Lloyd's "A Country Without Strikes," which describes the system and its operation, is particularly timely. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Henrik Ibsen has now almost reached the close of his seventy-fourth year, and it is more than probable that his life-work as a dramatist is at an end. It is, therefore, appropriate that a review of his life should be published at this time. "Henrik Ibsen: A Critical Biography," from the pen of Henrik Jæger, is an eminently satisfactory achievement in this line. The original Norwegian text has been translated into English by William Morton Payne, who adds a supplemental chapter covering the poet's later life. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

How the other half lives is the theme that Walter A. Wyckoff discusses in "A Day with a Tramp, and Other Days." Despite the title of the book, Mr. Wyckoff insists that he himself was not a tramp, and that "tramp," as applied to "members of the professionally idle class, is a misnomer, because they do not tramp, but heat their way on the railroads." "Hobo," he says, "is the technical and proper term." The book is written with sympathy, and perhaps with an excess of sentiment, but it is interesting and readable. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

"To Mexico as I Saw It," Mrs. Alec Tweedie has given to the world an entertaining record of her impressions and experiences during an eight months journey from Galveston, Tex., to Tampico, and thence through Mexico to the most southern harbor on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The narrative begins at Galveston, through the ruins of which city Mrs. Tweedie passed only two weeks after the great storm of September, 1900. Many of the journeys to out of the way places in Mexico were undertaken astride of a horse, for Mrs. Tweedie was not contented with a merely superficial view of this country which she considers above all others "most interesting, always picturesque, sometimes blood-curdling, and often sad." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$5.00.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

George Moore's Sequel to "Evelyn Innes." "Sister Teresa," by George Moore, brings his earlier story, "Evelyn Innes," to a conclusion. In this volume, Evelyn Innes, a beautiful woman, a gifted singer, a gay dweller in the world of pleasure, leaves the stage, leaves her lover, and all her worldly surroundings, and sinks her identity in a convent under the name of Sister Teresa. Despite the fact that a good part of the action takes place within convent walls, there is no odor of sanctity to the book. There is much in it that appeals to low emotions, and a too insistent lingering on things too rank and gross to be dwelt on.

The literary gift takes many shapes, and it can not be denied that in his own field George Moore possesses a good measure of it. His theme is not an unworthy one. He shows a woman with a two-sided nature—one all earthiness, marked with a craving for the things of the flesh; and, struggling with this, striving to overcome it, a spiritual nature, filled with longings to be uplifted and to uplift others. In close analysis and a minute dissection of motives and feelings, his power is great. But it is over ignoble motives, morbid feelings, and unhealthy imaginings that his pen loves to linger.

Such a gift is not a noble one. It can not elevate. It is deteriorating to himself and to his readers. Moreover, he defeats his own purpose by the course he pursues. He does not present a consistent portrait. A Sister Teresa could not be developed from an Evelyn Innes. And in the main, the circle of his readers will come to be of those in search of what is noisome and coarse, rather than of power and truth in fiction.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

## A Romance of the Revolutionary War.

The story of "A Tory Lover," by Sarah Orne Jewett, takes us back to New England in Revolutionary times. It tells something of the trials and sufferings of the Loyalists, or Tories—those who believed as sincerely in king and mother country as did the Sons of Liberty in the republic, and who had to suffer for that belief. Paul Jones is the central figure of the story, and we see him as ardent lover, brave sailor, and faithful friend. Now he appears leading one of the daring raids that called forth the admiration of the civilized world; again, he is on the enemy's ground, disguised in the garb of a humble sailor, planning some bold exploit, while the English ports are dreading the appearance of the *Sea Wolf*.

Mary Hamilton, the heroine, is a sweet, womanly girl who knows how to win and keep a gallant heart like Jones's, though she can not return his love. We have a glimpse of Benjamin Franklin in his rôle of American commissioner, and the sketch is well-drawn of the kindly old man, dignified and courteous in manner, wise and watchful in all that pertains to his country's welfare. A graphic account is given of some of the hardships of English prison life in the Great Mill Prison, filled with sailors from American ships, that matches the horrors of more recent times.

The story is a quiet one, and the love-passages are hardly ardent enough in tone to satisfy the taste of the romantic reader. But, although the authoress is not so happy in this work as she has been in some of her interesting short stories of New England life, there is enough incident, adventure, and romance to keep up the interest to the end.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Weyman's "Count Hannibal."

Stanley J. Weyman has chosen for the scene of his latest novel, "Count Hannibal," the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew. The story opens at the court of the treacherous Charles the Ninth, on the evening before the massacre. We have a glimpse of the fickle monarch planning to annihilate the hated Huguenots, among whom is his own favorite, Rochefoucauld. In the second chapter, we are plunged into the awful scenes of the night when Paris ran with Huguenot blood. No horrible detail is spared us, even to the spectacle of little children dragging the body of a murdered infant about in play. Many readers will find the tale too grown-some for further reading.

The love tale centres around a young *demoiselle* who has been but a week in Paris, but who, in that time, has captured the fancy of the terrible Count Hannibal Tavannes, brother of the marshal. He is a Catholic, and she and her betrothed are Huguenots. On the night of the massacre the count saves them both from the fierce and blood-thirsty mob, after wringing from her a promise to marry him if he will save the lives of her lover and her household. The situation at this point is exceedingly dramatic. The unfortunate girl is obliged to choose between death for her lover and her devoted servants, or marriage with the odious count. It is not surprising that she chooses the latter alternative, but it is a little too much for one's belief that in less than a month she has learned to love the brutal soldier who was one of the most active in the destruction of her co-religionists. His marvelous acts of courage and hairbreadth escapes from the Huguenot stronghold follow in swift succession, and the reader breathlessly follows him through these adventures, which

are as startling and as improbable as anything we have met with in fiction.

The Huguenot lover is a poor fellow enough, but Count Hannibal has courage and devotion, and so in the last of the exciting scenes, when the heroine has to decide which shall die, lover or husband, we are prepared for her choice.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## With the Art Students in Paris.

F. Berkeley Smith's "The Real Latin Quarter of Paris" is a charming little volume, ornamented with nearly one hundred illustrations. In his preface, F. Hopkinson Smith says of his son's work: "Nowadays when a man would write of the siege of Pekin or the relief of some South African town with the unpronounceable name, his habit is to rent a room on an uptown avenue, move in an inkstand and pad, and a collection of illustrated papers and encyclopedias. This writer on the Rue Falguière chose a different plan. He would come back year after year, and study his subject and compile his impressions of the quarter in the very atmosphere of the place itself; within a stone's throw of the Luxembourg Gardens and the Pantheon; near the *cafés* and the *Boulevards*; next door, if you please, to the public laundry where his washerwoman pays a few sous for the privilege of pounding his clothes into holes."

This being his method of work, Mr. Smith could not fail to get at the intimate secrets, the subtle charm, of the real Latin quarter made famous by Henri Murger and Du Maurier. With brush, pen, and camera, he pictures the balls and studios, the *grisettes*, models, bicycle-girls, sweethearts, students, singers, poets, beggars, sculptors, *cafés*, shops, boulevards, and love, the motive power of it all—the love of adventure, the love of intrigue, the love of being a hohemian, if you will—but love, all the same.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.20.

## The Spirit of Romance.

By those who flee the realism of Zola, *et al.*, and the novel with a purpose, "The House of Romance" will be gladly welcome. The eleven stories in the book need no justification, though the authors preface them by a defensive essay on "The Spirit of Romance." None of the tales lack the proper romantic elements. The characters are princesses and artists, duchesses and Russian noblemen, hidden geniuses and strange beauties. We see the inside of fencing-rooms and studios in Italy; of isolated palaces in Russia; of ancient German castles and English manor-houses. We hear the clank of spurs, the click of rapiers, the creaking of ancient stairways. Those who like the mysterious, the distant, the *bizarre*, and improbable, will not fail to enjoy this new hook by Alice and Edgerton Castle.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

F. Peter Dunne's new Dooley book is to be called "Mr. Dooley's Opinions." In it the sage of "Ar-r-r-r-r Road" gives his friends the benefit of his humorous views on the political and social discussions of the present time.

George W. Cable's stirring novel, "The Cavalier," has just gone into its fifty-fifth thousand, since its publication, October 5th, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Bret Harte is said to be contemplating a new volume of "Condensed Novels," parodying Kipling, Hope, Doyle, and others.

"In the Fog" is the title of Richard Harding Davis's new novelette. It is a detective story in a vein of burlesque.

Mrs. Anne Besant, sometimes called "the Prophetess of Theosophy," is the author of a new book, entitled "Esoteric Christianity; or, The Lesser Mysteries."

Victorien Sardou is said to be writing a play on Dante for Sir Henry Irving.

The Century Company will publish at once a new volume of verse and prose by Richard Watson Gilder, entitled "Poems and Inscriptions."

Henry Seton Merriman's new novel, "The Velvet Glove," will be published soon. The scene is Spain thirty years ago, and its strongest interest lies in an effort to force the young heroine into a convent, and give her fortune to the Carlists.

Hall Caine's son is to edit *Household Words*, and the novelist is writing for that periodical an article on Rome and the Pope as he saw them.

"The Pearl Maiden" is the title of Rider Haggard's new novel—a story of Jerusalem.

The Macmillan Company have just published "The Care of Books," by John Willis Clark, M. A., an essay on the development of libraries and their fittings, from the earliest times to the end of the eighteenth century.

Fifteen of the Scribner's fall books are being republished in England by eleven different houses. The list is interesting as showing what American books are in demand in England, and includes "The Cavalier," by George W. Cable; "The Rul-

ing Passion," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke; "Lives of the Hunted," by Ernest Seton-Thompson; the Haggood translation of Máxim Gorky's "Foma Gordyeff"; "Fables for the Fair," by Josephine Dodge Daskam, and several works of travel.

William E. Curtis, author of "The True Thomas Jefferson," just published, is now in Vienna, after having spent the summer in Scandinavia and Russia and a month in Germany. He expects to visit Rome, and then the Holy Land by way of Greece and Egypt.

A new novel by I. C. Snaith, author of "Lady Barbarity," will be published soon by D. Appleton & Co. It is a story of eighteenth-century England, and will be called "Love's Itinerary." Henry Fielding is one of the historical characters introduced.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published two holiday books of verse by Charles Henry Webb. They are entitled "With Lead and Line" and "Vagrom Verse."

W. E. Henley's volume of verse, entitled "Hawthorn and Lavender," has just been published.

Ellen Glasgow, author of "The Voice of the People," has completed her new Southern story, "The Battleground." She has been at work on the book for some time at her home in Richmond, Va.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s holiday books include a new illustrated edition of "Little Men"; "Little Masterpieces," by Alphonse Daudet; "The World Beautiful in Books," by Lilian Whiting; Hamerton's "French Painters and Paintings"; "Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day," by Mary W. Tileston; "A Japanese Miscellany," by Lafcadio Hearn; "Maids and Matrons of New France," by Mary Sifton Peeper; "Types of Naval Officers," by Captain Alfred T. Mahan; a new edition of Drake's "New England Legends"; and a new library edition of Farnham's "Life of Parkman."

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When Jerome Hart's "Argonaut Letters" was issued by us earlier in the year, we notified the trade that the edition would be a limited one, printed from type forms. The cloth-bound edition was exhausted some months ago. Now the high-priced sets in fine leather bindings are also gone. We know of no copies in trade channels. We can fill no further orders. The book is out of print.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Short Stories by "Zack."

The author of "Dunstable Weir" gives only the pen-name of "Zack" on the title-page, and under this same name he purports to be the teller of the half-dozen stories included in the volume. They are tales of rustic village life in England, and they bring by turns whiffs of reminiscence of Thomas Hardy's rustics, and of the intimate village life in the "Barnie Briar Bush." "Zack," in most cases, occupies a modest position as confidant of the chief personages in the tales, and he outdoes his own personality only enough to give a touch of reality to the telling.

There is enough dialect to make the style racy without marring it by unintelligibility, and there is a fine melodramatic turn to the stories which gives them an old-fashioned flavor not unpleasant.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Recent Volumes of Verse.

In "Lincoln, and Other Poems," Edwin Markham has collected various poems, written for special occasions or published as magazine verse, into a complete second volume. Markham's fine qualities of clearness and virility, allied to a finely exalted strain of thought, are again observable in his mature work. He has, in a preëminent degree, the gift of impressing a vivid picture on the imagination in strong yet simple phrase, as in the opening line from "Dreyfus":

"A man stood stooped, France was one Alp of hate

Pressing upon him with its iron weight,"

or, in the closing line from "Lincoln," where the simile rises to a grandeur and beauty worthy of the lofty patriotism of the man who inspired it:

"And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a kiely cedar greets with boughs  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.00 net.

"Later Poems," by Alice Mayoell, is a tiny volume containing some dozen delicately expressive little lyrics which are like so many waves of color or whiffs of summer scent, so airy and impalpable yet penetrating is the beauty of the thought behind the words. Mrs. Mayoell's gift for framing delicate, vagrant fancies into a felicitous beauty of phrase may be discerned in "The Shepherdess," which reads the collection:

"She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.  
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;  
She guards them from the steep.  
She feeds them on the fragrant height,  
And folds them in for sleep.

"She roams maternal hills and bright,  
Dark valleys, safe and deep.  
Into that tender breast at night  
The chastest stars may peep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep."

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.00 net.

"California Violets" is a prettily gotten up little volume, with a shower of pictured violets on its cover. It is a collection of verses from the pen of race Hihbard, whose writings are more particularly known to Californians. The volume contains a series of very modest little lyrics, for Mrs. Hihbard's use may never soar to high altitudes. The verses, however, have a clear note of sincerity running rough them which atones for their somewhat mediocre quality, and which will appeal more particularly to women who have suffered bereavement. The following lines are appended as a good instance of the quality mentioned:

"REST.  
"Oh thought of infinite pity—  
To sleep an æon or two,  
With never a care or sorrow,  
And with never ought to do  
But to rest, to rest, forgetting  
We ever have sobbed or cried;  
Forgetting that those who love us  
And those whom we love have died."

Published by A. M. Robertson & Co., San Francisco; price, \$1.00 net.

Some T. Y. Crowell Christmas Editions. It is nearly half a century since W. Hepworth Dixon wrote the first chapters of his work on "The Power of London." From this beginning it has expanded until it now fills the present two volumes, and has become an essential part of the historical library. Into this burial-place for the prisoners, many who figured prominently in England's history, passed from the world's stage to oblivion. The subject lends itself to illustration, and the present edition contains many portraits and drawings.

Even for those who are fairly familiar with the early days of the republic, there is apt to be a strange shadow cast by the epoch-making events which were then transpiring. In "The Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days," and "The Dames and Daughters of the Young Republic," Geraldine

Brooks has succeeded in presenting a stately and charming picture of the social life of that day. The first volume covers the colonial period, and was first issued some time ago. The second volume presents the portraits of nine of the most famous women of the early republican days—Dolly Adams, Theodosia Burr, Elizabeth Patterson, Rachel Jackson, Dorothy Hancock, Martha Jefferson, Sarah Jay, and Emily Marshall. The two volumes are handsomely illustrated with photogravure portraits, and special care has been taken to secure accuracy in the reproduction of the costumes.

It is a courageous undertaking to attempt to condense the life-story of the world within the compass of two volumes of average size, yet this is the task that Victor Duruy set for himself, and the task he brought to a successful conclusion. His "General History of the World" is now recognized as a standard authority not only in the original French, but in the English translation. The present edition is handsomely printed, and is illustrated with numerous reproductions from famous paintings and engravings, and with colored maps.

To the lover of poetry there is always a charm and freshness about the Persian verse that is not to be found elsewhere. The present selection of "Flowers from Persia Poets," edited by Nathan Haskell Dole and Belle M. Walker, is a distinct contribution to our knowledge of Persian literature.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price for each set of two volumes, \$4.00.

## Notable New Editions.

An attractive new three-volume edition of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is edited by Walter Jerrold, and illustrated by Charles E. Brock. The drawings are worthy of note, as is the miniature portrait of Thackeray in tint that forms the frontispiece of the first volume. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

W. D. Howells' "Italian Journeys" has not grown old, though it was written more than thirty years ago, but in the preface to the new and revised edition the author says that he has made it more worthy of credence than before, though with no intention of bringing it up to date. The illustrations are by Joseph Pennell, and the volume is attractive in every way. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$3.00.

Just how many recent improvisations appear in the new edition of Anthony Hope's "The Dolly Dialogues," must be decided by comparison rather than memory. The twenty-four dialogues given are all as piquant as any have seemed on a first reading, and they have few rivals in modern examples. Howard Chandler Christy has drawn fifteen full-page illustrations for the volume, which is attractive in every way. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$2.50.

The Temple edition of the works of the Brontës has many excellent qualities. The volumes are small, but the print, on thin, opaque paper, is clear. Care has been taken in editing to preserve all the connected details of literary or biographical interest, such as the prefaces to the several editions, the glossaries, and notes. Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," "Villette," and "Shirley" appear in two volumes each, while "The Professor" fills a single volume. "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë, and "Agnes Gray," by Anne Brontë, fill two volumes. The longer story, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," by Anne, alone makes two volumes. The poems of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, and of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, are collected in one volume. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; twelve volumes, price, 50 cents each.

## Holiday Juveniles.

Whatever the critics may say of the decline of literature, the Christmas books for the boys and girls get better and better every year. Among the best of these is "Urchins at the Pole" (\$1.00), by Marie Overton Corbin and Charles Burton Goings, with some masterpieces of funny drawing by F. T. Bennett. Then there is "The Snow Baby" (\$1.20), by Mrs. Peary—the story of her little girl born far to the north. It is a most delightful tale, and full of pictures. "The Surprise Book" (\$1.20), by Nell K. McElhone, with pictures by Albertine Randall Whelan, is another "picture-verse" book that no child can fail to enjoy. These three volumes are from the press of the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"Yankee Doodle Gander," by Oscar Hunt and Von Gottschalck, is a volume of verses and pictures in colors in which the flag is vigorously waved—a "jingo-jingle" book, the publishers call it. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Billy Stories," by Eva Lovett, recount the adventures of an up-to-date youth who becomes a cowboy, a rough rider, and even an Arctic explorer. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Betty of Old Mackinaw," by Frances Margaret Foote, is a story that will interest young children. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

"Reynard the Fox" is a translation of the famous beast fable from the Low German of the fifteenth century. It contains one hundred and twenty-five pictures by J. J. Mora, and may be wholeheartedly

recommended to children of nine or ten who are beginning to read seriously. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Another book for children who have just passed the nonsense-rhyme stage is "History in Rhymes and Jingles," by A. C. Flick. It contains a series of verses, each one dealing with some great man or historical event. It is profusely illustrated with many good pictures, by Carl T. Hawley, and published by the Saalfeld Publishing Company, Akron, O.; price, \$1.25.

The girls and boys of thirty years ago, who were charmed and elevated by Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Men," will gladly welcome for the young people who have succeeded them a new illustrated edition of that ever popular story. In print, pictures, and binding the volume is very artistic. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" will never grow old; instead, it actually acquires new graces, for the holiday edition of "Lewis Carroll's" classic is illustrated by Peter Newell, and his pictures will give young readers very distinct ideas of the grotesque yet charming creations of the author. The volume attracts attention for beauty of execution in printing and binding. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00.

A story for young girls is "The Colburn Prize," by Gahille E. Jackson, a tale of school-girl life. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Aunt Nahhy's Children" is a juvenile by Frances Hodges White. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

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The first symphony concert was dangerously near to the heels of the opera season, and the management experienced a sense of disappointment over the comparatively light attendance. Nevertheless, to the unmanagerial eye, the audience looked to be of a tolerable size; that is, estimating it from the point of view that classical music will never draw the multitude.

A symphony audience does not meet on common ground with the great mass of people that are drawn together by the attractions of the theatre, or even, in a degree, of the opera. They are principally musicians, whether professional or amateur, whose lives of preparation have opened to them the triple glories of the world of sound. They do not sigh for spectacle, but with bent heads, and often with eyes closed, give themselves over to the pleasure of allowing the ears to be ravished by mingled harmonies. They are the devoted band who stuck loyally to the Wagnerian performances during the recent opera season, and, ignoring the fact that their good money was not going to purchase a hearing of the voices of the more famous *prima donnas*, went consistently to hear "Die Walküre," "Die Meistersinger," and "Tristan and Isolde."

Steindorff has gathered into his symphony orchestra much of the representative musical talent of San Francisco. It was quite a happy thought to have had printed upon the programme the names of all the members, grouped according to the instruments they play. I think it would have been a still happier one to have had the programme text in English. I noticed several people puzzling over the signification of the descriptive terms in the divisions of the Forest Symphony. And, by the way, what fine qualities of leadership Steindorff displayed during the beautiful playing of that same masterpiece of Raff's! When the myriad magic voices spoke in harmonious unison, from the fairy music of flutes, and the mystical call of the distant hunting-horns, to the thunder of cellos and boom of brass, one suddenly felt transported again to the shores of that wonderful, ever-flowing, many-toned stream of harmony that rolls and rolls like a living tide between us and the far-off country of the gods upon which the genius of Wagner has conferred a new immortality.

This was the most ambitious number upon the programme, but there were ample pleasures left, even for the laymen; for Moszkowsky's "Aus aller Herren Laender" turned out to be the familiar and well-loved "When first thy dear form met my view," and the Brahms overture contained "My own, my native land," while Moszkowsky's "Spanish Suite" was so brilliant and dashing, so full of the joy of life, with just the right touch of delicious sadness from the flutes and oboes, that one did not need to be a severe classicist in order to appreciate it. Volkmann's serenade for strings was rather monotonous, but its firm, dainty rendition constituted a brilliant exhibition of superior technique, while Liszt's rapid, inspiring march made an imposing ending.

With a leader of Steindorff's abilities in town, it seems a pity that we can not have a little more light thrown on our slowly developing comprehension of the Wagnerian music. We need not feel it as a reproach. I think that we rather gave Wagner the go-by during the recent Grau season. We have not yet had a chance to be educated up to his greater works, and neither Wagner nor anybody who appreciates him expect people to take to "Tristan and Isolde," for instance, as lightly and easily as they do to the flimsy brilliancy of "The Barber of Seville." One could tire of that opera after hearing it a dozen times, or even less; but it would take more than a lifetime to explore all the wonders of harmony that are lavished in the orchestral score of "Tristan and Isolde."

We are told that Wagner, when he temporarily suspended his labors on the trilogy, and composed that opera in order to keep in touch with his public, wrote with a pen of fire; that "Tristan and Isolde" was the most spontaneous outpouring of his genius, and, of all the composer's works, his own especial favorite. In spite of—or perhaps because the work was so complete a demonstration of his theories—it met with a fiercely hostile reception from the lovers of purely melodious opera, who lashed themselves into a furious foam of disapprobation. "Tristan and Isolde" now belongs to the repertoire of nearly all the famous opera-houses of the world, but the disapproving majority still condemn it, and it has never attained to complete popularity. After having once heard the opera, it is easy to appreciate the elements which bar the way to its success with the music-loving masses. It is the supreme exemplification of Wagner's theory of musical declamation with harmonic intensification by the orchestra. The un-

trained public ear is so attuned to melody, that in the dry waste of declamatory recitative, it overlooks the harmony, and is homesick for the *a b c* of opera, where it feels itself on safe ground.

It is, indeed, only the tutored ear of the musician that can harken with complete appreciation to the gorgeous harmonies of its orchestration. Those whose imaginations can respond to the wild poetry of the tale, and appreciate the stately pictorial beauty of the stage tableaux, are able to start in very hopefully. But failing the musician's equipment for perfect enjoyment, they grow restive before each long, dramatically monotonous scene is over. A good many enthusiasts, deploring their ignorance, have loaded up with several weeks' preparation in advance. I even know of one devotee who had been studying the score for six months, and then was obliged to submit to occasional frantic perceptions that the orchestra was running away from her, bearing upon its stormy bosom wondrous musical gems of whose deep, commingled glories she had gained but the briefest, most unsatisfying glimpse.

"Tristan and Isolde" can never be represented by weaklings. It requires actors and singers of big abilities to lend the required histrionic and vocal impressiveness to the long, trying scenes. Most strikingly were these demands fulfilled at the one and only representation this opera had in San Francisco. That is, in all cases save one. Reuss-Belce is a singer for whom one feels respect, but nothing more. I have heard it said that she sang at Bayreuth during Wagner's life-time, and had shared in the instructions her fellow-singers received from him. But Reuss-Belce is no longer young, and was never beautiful. She lacks grace. She is deficient in magnetic attractiveness. Her piercing, powerful, strident voice is not attuned to the note of passion, and she is purely business-like in her manner of assuming a rôle. She was probably the only one in the Grau company during the San Francisco engagement who included the part in her repertoire, and she inspired confidence in her technical ability, but there is something in her personality that paralyzes the imagination.

All the other parts were rendered in complete and beautiful accordance with the profoundly tragical purport of the poem. Van Dyck was an imposing Tristan; De Reszké, as King Marke, a figure of antique grief; and Bispham's Kurvenal, a nobly strong yet simple portrayal of unswerving fidelity; while Mme. Homer's youthful grace made her an artistically valuable subordinate element in each scene.

Yet, alas! we saw "Tristan and Isolde" without an Isolde in keeping with the others. Oddly enough, in looking back upon it, the opera figures in the memory as a stately, slow-moving, poetical drama set to music. The richly satisfying beauty of each scene causes it to linger long in the memory, while the powerful impression left by the stormy orchestration seems to drown all recollection of the individual singing.

The announcement that Ferris Hartman was to be the author-in-chief, the deviser, the instigator, the perpetrator, so to speak, of "Little Red Riding Hood," the Tivoli Christmas spectacle, has been arousing thrills of intellectual anticipation, and with his customary buoyancy, if not exactly with cerebral grandeur, has our Tivoli comedian risen to meet it. A mental concept of Ferris Hartman would be made up of bouncing school-boy spirits, a wide smile, and a husky voice uttering endless cheerful impromptu inanities, but it is quite impossible to imagine him driving away with a pen, and impaling the nimble jokester upon its point. However, he has captured quite a tolerable number, one of which I hereby produce, in spite of a faint flavor of familiarity, which seems a part of its essence:

KING FIREFLY [with much feeling]—I once loved a woman—but, alas! she married.

BARON RUBBERNECK [sympathetically]—Whom did she marry?

KING FIREFLY [in a deep tone of manly grief]—She married me.

"Little Red Riding Hood" is the customary gay, tinselled, rattling mass of inconsequence, with less vulgarity than usual, and more of spectacle for the children. There are a number of Mother Goose characters lugged in by the ears, and two or three pretty new-comers to impersonate them. Annie Myers is the *prima donna assoluta*, and, in a tight, trig, Little Boy Blue suit, her big-eyed, chubby countenance holds its own even beside the young budlets who have just opened out into speaking-parts.

The snow ballet has a scenic background of leaf-

less trees, ice-sealed brooks, and snow-covered fields, and with the spotless white wool costumes of the dancers, all trimmed with snowy fur and jingling sleigh-bells, is immensely effective; while the final Mother Goose transformation scene will infallibly bring tears of joy to the eyes of young America.

The men have plenty of political pickings to browse on, for there are numerous jocose allusions to local politics, besides a long and rather dull travesty on the Schley court of inquiry, in which Sampson figures as a conscienceless wolf in search of prey. There is just sufficient earnestness in the thing, while lacking the saving grace of comicality, to make it slightly boring, although the audience listened with deep attention.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

##### The Mansfield Recital.

Hugo Mansfield gave a piano recital at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Thursday evening, December 19th, at which the following programme was rendered:

Sonata, A flat, op. 26, andante con variazioni, scherzo, molto allegro, marcia funebre sulla morte d'un eroe, allegro, Beethoven; Sarabande, Gigue, Gavotte, from English suite, Bach; Scherzo Vivacissimo, F-minor, op. posth, Nachtstueck, F major, op. 23, No. 4, Presto Passionato, G-minor, op. posth, Schumann; Nocturne, F-sharp, op. 15, No. 2, Mazurka, A minor, op. 17, No. 4, Andante Spinato and Polonaise, op. 22, Chopin; concerto, E-flat, No. 1, Liszt. The orchestral accompaniment was performed on a second piano by Mrs. Oscar Mansfield.

Mr. Mansfield and Mrs. Oscar Mansfield are to give a series of four recitals in Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on the following Friday evenings: January 17th, February 14th, March 14th, and April 11th. Season tickets will be two dollars.

##### Coming Musical Events.

Alfred Bouvier and William L. Greenbaum, formerly manager of Fritz Scheel's Symphony Orchestra, have formed a combination to present the best musical and other platform attractions. The events already arranged are Mme. Lillian Nordica, in song recitals during the first week of February, and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra the last week of the same month. Mme. Nordica will be a welcome visitor, as she is one of America's greatest singers, and was greatly missed from the Grau company this year.

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra is one of the few permanent organizations of this character in this country, and consists of fifty instrumentalists under the capable direction of Adolph Rosenbecker, for many years first violinist with Thomas's orchestra. It has been in existence for six years, and has an immense repertoire. No less than four eminent soloists accompany this organization on its tour. The vocalists are Mme. Ragna Ligne, a Scandinavian soprano, and E. C. Towne, the tenor, who made a very fine impression when here some years ago with Mme. Geneva Johnston-Bishop. The instrumental soloists are Herr Jan Van Oordt, the Dutch violinist, who achieved success as soloist with both the Thomas and Damosch orchestras, and Franz Wagner, an eminent German violinist. Other engagements will soon be announced by the new firm.

There is talk of the establishment of a woman's college of matrimony, at Chelsea, England.

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deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday,  
January 2, 1902.  
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

**MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN**  
Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year end-  
ing December 31, 1901, a dividend has been declared at  
the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits,  
free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2,  
1902.  
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

**CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND**  
Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery  
Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1901,  
dividends have been declared on deposits in the Sav-  
ings Department of this company as follows: On term  
deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3.6-10) per  
cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of  
three (3) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable  
on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902. Dividends are  
called for are added to the principal and bear the same  
rate of dividend as the principal from and after January  
1, 1902.  
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

### STAGE GOSSIP.

Mary Mannering in "Janice Meredith."

The attraction at the Columbia Theatre next week will be "Janice Meredith," a romance of the Revolutionary War, in which Mary Mannering will be seen for the first time in San Francisco as a star. The dramatic version of "Janice Meredith" which she will use was made by the author, Paul Leicester Ford, in collaboration with Edward E. Rose, the adapter of so many dramas founded on popular novels. It is in four acts, and the scenes represent the farm-houses of Squire Meredith, in Greenwood, N. J., in May, 1775, immediately after the battle of Concord and Lexington; the living-room at Greenwood, Christmas eve, 1776; the head-quarters of Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander at Trenton, on Christmas Day, 1776; and a dismantled house in Yorktown on the day of Cornwallis's surrender to Washington, in October, 1781.

The play opens with a love scene between Janice and Charles Fownes, and then comes the gunpowder incident, the news of the war, and the flight of Fownes to Washington with the powder purchased for the village militia. In the second act, Fownes, now Colonel Brereton, rides with dispatches from Washington to Lee at Brunswick, ordering a joint attack on Trenton. His mount giving out, he tries to secure a horse from the Meredith farm, where he is seen and attacked by a British patrol. Janice helps him to escape on the back of a British trooper's horse, and is arrested for aiding the flight of a spy. In the third act she is brought before Colonel Rahl, at Trenton, under arrest. By her wit she makes the colonel her friend. Brereton comes to Rahl, disguised as a Hessian, with a dispatch from General Lord Howe, which he took from a Hessian trooper. He is arrested as a spy after securing a dispatch from Rahl to Howe. Janice gains possession of this dispatch and sends it to Washington, who has already crossed the Delaware and is about to attack Trenton. The assault on Trenton saves Brereton's life. Janice and Brereton meet again at Yorktown in the last act. He saves her from being kidnapped by Lord Clowes, and the love interest of the play is consummated in their betrothal just as the drums of the Continental and British forces sound the "long parley," indicating the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to Washington.

"Charley's Aunt" at the Alcazar.

Brandon Thomas's amusing farce-comedy, "Charley's Aunt," is to be revived at the Alcazar Theatre next week, with Frank Bacon in the rôle of Auntie, who comes from Brazil "where the nuts grow." This ever-popular comedy contains half a dozen love stories, and the disrobing and re-robing scene of Lord Fancourt Babberly keeps the audience in a merry mood throughout the evening. M. L. Alsop will assume the rôle of Jack Chesney, who, with Charley Wykeham (Henry Shumer), concoct the shameful plot to palm off a fellow-collegian on their sweethearts and friends as the latter's aunt; Marie Howe will play her old rôle of Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez, the real aunt; Marion Converse and Margaret Wycherly will have the rôles of Amy Spettigue and Kitty Verdun, respectively; and Oza Waldrop will be Ella Delany, the orphan; Howard Scott, Paul Gerson, Royal Dana Tracy, and Jack Morris complete the cast.

"Little Red Riding Hood" a Hit.

Ferris Hartman's new extravaganza, "Little Red Riding Hood," has settled down to a prosperous run at the Tivoli Opera House, and will continue indefinitely. It abounds in catchy music, original songs, droll jokes, and dainty ballets, and is staged most elaborately. Mr. Hartman has an excellent opportunity in the rôle he has created for himself, and his songs—"I'm Tired," "They Gave Me a Medal for That," "When Mister Shakespeare Comes to Town," and "Mamie," which he sings with Edward Webb—are all decidedly clever and receive numerous encores. Arthur Cunningham's powerful baritone voice is heard to good advantage in "The Bedouin Love Song," and Edward Webb's "I'm an American Billionaire" is also popular. Among the other musical gems are Annie Meyers's coon ditty, "My Ebony Belle," with an accompaniment of pickaninnies; Harry Cashman's "Baby Mine" and "Mary Green" sung by an octet of pretty girls.

The Orpheum's Holiday Bill.

The Orpheum Road Show, which has been well received in the East, will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum on Monday night. Perhaps the most striking feature of its programme is the work done by the Union Gatling Guards, a company of young men who saw service in the Philippines, and who are past masters at Gatling-gun drill. They show what is done on the battle-field, and, after displaying great agility and expertness as gunners, train their pieces on an invisible enemy in the wings, and instantly a stream of fire is poured forth that looks as if it would be tremendously effective against approaching infantry. The spectators are in no way inconvenienced by the firing as the guards use smokeless and odorless powder.

Among the other notable performers are McIntyre and Heath, great favorites here, in a new comedy sketch; Joe Welch, a Hebrew impersonator, almost

as famous as Dave Warfield, in a monologue act; Elizabeth Murray, who will give some new songs and wear some stunning gowns; W. C. Fields, an eccentric juggler; George Macomber and Nan Engleton, hurlesquers, in a sketch telling of the troubles of an actor and his wife out of an engagement; the Agios Trio, consisting of a man, woman, and high boar-bound, in feats of strength and agility; and a quartet of clever young women, who call themselves "The Serenaders."

Minnie Seligman as Carmen.

The Christmas week attraction at the Grand Opera House will be a magnificent scenic production of "Carmen," with Minnie Seligman in the title-rôle. The part is particularly suited to Miss Seligman's strong, emotional temperament, and is considered one of the best things she has ever done. The play will be beautifully staged and strongly cast. Mercedes will be played by Laura Nelson Hall, and the cigarette girls will be Caroline Frances Cooke, Maybelle Graham, Gladys Dexter, and Fanny Warner. Don José, the brigadier of dragoons, who falls desperately in love with Carmen, will be in the hands of Herschel Mayall, and Charles Waldron will be Escamillo, afterward the *torreador*. William Bernard will appear as Captain Sarcedes, Burr Caruth as Sergeant Dias, H. D. Byers and Gilbert Gardner as the smugglers, Edward Lawrence as the landlord of the gardens, and Clarence Baker as the priest.

During the second act a number of specialties will be introduced, including Rose and Jeanette, the precocious juvenile terpsichorean artists, whose act scored such a hit at the Orpheum recently.

### CHRISTMAS VERSE.

In the Heart of Mary.

Mother of Sorrows, I—

But my Babe is on my breast:

He resteth quiet there

Who bringeth the weary rest;

He lieth calm and still

Who bringeth the troubled peace,

Who openeth prison doors

And giveth the sad release;

For there reacheth Him yet no sound,

No echo of cry or moan;

To-day, little Son, little Son,

To-day Thou art all my own. . . .

Mother of Sorrows, I—

And the sword shall pierce my heart;

But to-day I hold Him close

From the cruel world apart.

It waits with smiting and gibes,

With scourging and hatred and scorn,

With hyssop and wormwood and gall,

The cross and the crown of thorn;

The nations shall watch Him die,

Lifted up on the tree;

But to-day, little Son, little Son,

To-day Thou art safe with me.

—Annie Johnson Flint in December Atlantic Monthly.

### Christmas-Tide.

"Because there was no room."

The blasts of winter are fierce and cold,  
The snow lies deep over hill and wold,  
But a star shines bright through the deepening  
gloom,—  
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

Where man's distrust and his greed for gain  
Have frozen the floods of tender rain,  
Till never a flower of hope can bloom,—  
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

In homes that deepest griefs have borne,  
Mid silent forms of those that mourn,  
In the shadows that gather around the tomb,—  
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

Where nations are warring, life for life,  
And a cry rings out from the fearful strife  
As a dying people sinks to its doom,—  
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

Room for the shepherds of Bethlehem,  
Room for the angels who sang to them,  
Room for the Light in the wintry gloom,—  
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

—Willis Boyd Allen in December Scribner's Magazine.

An unusually attractive card has been arranged for next week at the Oakland Track. On Monday there will be six races, the principal one being the Racine Handicap for three-year-olds and upward. On Wednesday, December 25th, the San Leandro and the Christmas handicaps will be run. For the latter, the purse is \$3,000, and there are already fifty-eight entries, so there should be a large field.

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VANITY FAIR.

A CHRISTMAS MINUET.

When silver flutes and violins  
In Christmas-land are sighing  
A dreamy waltz that sets the feet  
Of youths and maidens flying  
I see among the plain black coats  
And girlish rosybud faces  
Strange figures of the long ago  
Come out and take their places.  
  
To stomachers and gay brocades  
That Time has stained and faded,  
In buckled shoes and velvet suits  
With gold belaced and braided,  
They tread a stately minuet,  
The courtliest of dances,  
And underneath the mistletoe  
Renew their old romances.  
  
When chimes are rung and carols sung  
And snow the landscape covers,  
The spirit of the olden time  
Around the holly hovers.  
Then every shadow to my gaze  
A powdered head discloses,  
And all the air is faintly sweet  
With lavender and roses.  
  
With lifted skirts of pink and blue,  
They courtsey down the middle,  
I hear, above the stops and strings,  
The spinet and the fiddle,  
The creaking of a coach and four  
Between the pines and laurels,  
And footsteps in the frozen snow  
That vanish with the carols.  
—Minna Irving in the *December Critic*.

The dress reformers in Paris, headed by Dr. Philippe Marechal, will, it is said, shortly introduce a bill in the Chamber of Deputies, to place the manufacture of corsets under state control. Dr. Marechal claims that twenty-five per cent. of the young women wearing corsets die of pulmonary diseases, and his bill is divided into three articles. Article one forbids any woman under thirty to wear a corset of any description. Any woman convicted of doing so shall be punished by three months of imprisonment. If the delinquent should be a minor, her parents or guardians as well shall be condemned to pay a fine of from five to fifty dollars. Article two permits any woman over thirty to wear any corset she wishes. Article three provides for the most rigorous formalities surrounding the manufacture and sale of corsets. Every one licensed to sell corsets shall be obliged to take the name, address, and age of every buyer, and shall be subject to fine and confiscation of business in case of an illegal sale. Although Dr. Marechal asks that legislation shall only take cognizance of the evils of corsets at present, he is by no means to stop there in his desire for dress reform (says the Paris correspondent of the *New York Tribune*). He has a good deal to say on the subject of high heels and pointed toes, of tight gloves and long skirts. In short, he claims that women's dress has caused a frightful physical deterioration in the human species. While the cranium of the Merovingian woman had a capacity of 1,883 cubic centimetres, that of the modern French woman has a capacity of only 1,337 cubic centimetres, and this loss, the doctor declares, is due to the habit of wearing heavy head-dresses. He tacitly admits that the vanity of the average woman will not allow her to give up these coquettish, and that she must be brought to do so through the intervention of her old-time "lord and master," the man and husband.

To a recent letter from Berlin, William E. Curtis relates a good story on Kaiser William, which is new and could not be published in Germany without sending somebody to jail, as it relates to an incident which caused his majesty much mortification. As every one knows, the Kaiser has a large number and variety of costumes. "He is the hoooray-commander of a dozen different regiments to his own army, and as many more in the other armies of Europe," writes Mr. Curtis. "He holds several actual and honorary commissions in different fleets; belongs to numerous orders of military and civil distinction, and to other organizations which have regalias that must be worn on ceremonial occasions. Hence, when the 'War Lord' visits a foreign country, or is traveling about his own domains, he ever knows what uniforms and regalias he may need, and therefore must carry a large amount of baggage. He has two complete outfits of everything, one of which is usually kept on the imperial yacht *Hohenallern* and the other in a baggage or wardrobe car, built especially for the purpose, and a part of his private railway train. This train was built after his own designs, and is very conveniently arranged for a man of his habits. It is always kept ready for his use, because he never knows when he is going to start on a journey. Sometimes the railway officials have only a few moments' notice. They will receive notice by messenger or by telephone from the palace that the emperor will leave at once for a certain place, and are expected to have things ready by the time he reaches the station. As his majesty becomes very impatient when delayed, the railway officials always hustle, and seldom disappoint him. The master of robes, assisted by several valets, has charge of the emperor's wardrobe, and when the train is in motion, he produces at an instant's notice any uniform or regalia in which he may desire to appear at the next station. If he happens to be passing through

a garrison town, where one of his favorite regiments is stationed, it pleases them and it pleases him to greet the officers and men from the platform of his car in the same uniform they are wearing. If he crosses the border of another country, it is considered a compliment for him to dress in the uniform of the army or navy of that country. Hence it is important to have his wardrobe car with him on all his journeys. Not long ago, however, while making a trip around the German boundaries, something happened to the trucks, which made it necessary to cut the wardrobe car out of the train. There was no time to make a change, and the master of the robes and the valets were commanded to transfer its contents to the most convenient car they could find, and follow by the next train. By some complications, which have never been explained, much to the anxiety and anguish of the master of the robes and his assistants, the car in which the emperor's clothing had been placed was shunted off to a side-track during the night, and, when they arrived at their destination, they were horrified to find it missing. Nor could they get any trace of it. Messengers and telegrams were sent in every direction; the railroad system of Europe was turned bottom side up, but the car could not be found. The emperor had to wear borrowed plumage and make the best of it. Some days later, the collector of customs at the boundary reported to his superior officer that a car containing a lot of unmarked and unclaimed theatrical properties had arrived at the place, and asked for instructions. This solved the mystery. The Kaiser was glad to recover his fine garments, but did not enjoy having it described as theatrical properties, particularly when his intimate friends teased him about it."

The demand for telephones in Chicago is beyond the resources of the telephone company, and it has withdrawn its canvassers. This increase is the result of the company's campaign of education, in connection with the experimental installation of party lines in residences and small stores. Of the 10,000 new subscribers secured during the past six months, 9,000 are persons who had never before used the telephone. It is hoped to increase the present number of instruments in the city (40,000) to 100,000 in two years, giving the city a larger number of telephone subscribers for its population than any other city in the world. President Jobo I. Sabin, of the Chicago Telephone Company, has made a popular hit by installing movable 'phones in fashionable restaurants. You do not have to leave the table to enjoy this luxury. "Waiter, bring me a telephone," is the only order necessary to have a fully equipped long-distance 'phone at your elbow. By simply ordering a telephone a guest may be placed in communication with New York or Denver, or any other city served by the Chicago Telephone Company, without moving from the table at which dinner or luncheon is being served. The new service is very simple. What is termed a "telephone spring jack" is adjusted to the wall over the table, and when the telephone is ordered the waiter brings the instrument, inserting a plug in the "spring-jack," perfecting direct connection with the main telephone exchange.

Apropos of the report that some American modistes clothe fashionable patrons gratis in return for the advertisements of their wares, the *London Chronicle* declares that D'Orsay, "the last of the dandies," was much sought after to advertise the goods of the London tailors of his day. Mrs. Pitt Byrce also says in her somewhat malicious "Gossip of the Century": "Such was the count's prestige that tailor to the Comte d'Orsay was a far more privileged title than tailor to his majesty. It was said, moreover, that the client whose custom was so profitable did not disdain to share its advantages. By a delicate arrangement, each time the intemperance of the exquisite were sent home, he was to find a back-oot of a certain amount in the pockets. One day the tailor sent to a suit *pure et simple*, with nothing but its own merits to recommend it. D'Orsay's surprise was extreme on discovering this departure from the established custom; but he was equal to the occasion. Calling his valet, he told him to have Mr. Stultz's parcel returned to him for alteration, with a message to the effect that 'he had forgotten to line the pockets.'"

As an American sojourner in the Philippines says to a recent letter to friends at home: "I am anxious to get home to have some washing done. To show you how bad they do things here in the Philippines, I send you under separate cover a handkerchief and collar just back from the laundry. Take the handkerchief out and bury it, and save the collar as a souvenir. They don't pretend to get the dirt out of your clothes here. They take them down to the river, hard water and partly salt, soak them in, take them out, lay them on boards, and with stones beat them full of holes, and pound the buttocks off. Then they smooth them out with a plank."

According to the *New York Sun*, the Norfolk jacket for men is working back into popular favor by way of the golf links, and as fashions move in cycles, possibly another year or two may restore this style of coat to the general use and abuse of it which marked its introduction more than fifteen years ago. As a modified form of the shooting coat it has long been popular in England, and it

was taken up here when tennis first began to boom and the players wore knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets. The coat was a novelty, and within two or three years men who follow the fashions in these matters, and who did not wear a Norfolk jacket, either with trousers or knickerbockers, were rare. It was even constructed of goods suitable only for more formal dress, and it was worn on all sorts of occasions until it became so common that it lost favor. It was simply worn to a finish, and in recent years very few such coats have been worn even with bicycle suits. Some of the crack golf players have been wearing Norfolk jackets, and during this past summer an occasional man would appear in one in the down-town district. These "occasional" men are usually the forerunners of the crowd, and we are likely to have another season or two of Norfolk jackets, without regard to their particular use.

Made an impression: *City girl*—"Lord Nabob must have made quite an impression in this section, didn't he?" *Country girl*—"Yes, indeed. We took him to a picnic and he sat on a pie."—*Ex.*

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 18, 1901, were as follows:

|                       | BONDS.            |                 | Closed. |         |
|-----------------------|-------------------|-----------------|---------|---------|
|                       | Shares.           |                 | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Bay Co. Power 5%.     | 14,000            | @ 108 3/4       | 108     | 108 3/4 |
| Market St. Ry. 6%.    | 1,000             | @ 128           | 127 3/4 |         |
| Market St. Ry. 5%.    | 11,000            | @ 122           |         | 123     |
| Northern Cal. Ry. 5%. | 5,000             | @ 113           | 112 3/4 |         |
| Oakland Transit 6%.   | 5,000             | @ 124 1/2       | 124 1/2 | 125 1/2 |
| Oakland Transit 5%.   | 25,000            | @ 110 3/4-111   |         | 111 1/2 |
| Oceanic S. Co. 5%.    | 1,000             | @ 104           |         | 105     |
| S. P. of Cal. 5%.     | 3,000             | @ 110           | 110     |         |
| S. V. Water 6%.       | 3,000             | @ 112           | 112 1/2 | 112 3/4 |
| S. V. Water 4% 3d.    | 10,000            | @ 101 1/2       |         | 101 3/4 |
|                       | STOCKS.           |                 | Closed. |         |
|                       | Shares.           |                 | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra Costa Water.   | 120               | @ 73 1/2-75 1/2 | 74 1/2  | 75 1/2  |
| Spring Valley Water.  | 580               | @ 87 1/4-87 1/2 | 87 1/4  | 88      |
|                       | BANKS.            |                 |         |         |
|                       | Shares.           |                 | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Anglo-Cal.            | 20                | @ 80            | 79 1/2  |         |
| Cal. S. D. & T. Co.   | 10                | @ 110           | 110     |         |
|                       | Gas and Electric. |                 |         |         |
|                       | Shares.           |                 | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Pacific Gas.          | 165               | @ 39 1/2-40     | 39 1/2  | 40      |
| Pacific Lighting Co.  | 50                | @ 45            | 45      |         |
| S. F. Gas & Electric. | 640               | @ 44-45 1/2     | 44 1/2  |         |
| S. F. Gaslight Co.    | 219               | @ 5 1/4         | 5 1/4   | 5 1/2   |
|                       | Street R. R.      |                 |         |         |
|                       | Shares.           |                 | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| California St.        | 150               | @ 150           | 147     | 150     |
| Market St.            | 110               | @ 87-87 1/2     | 85 1/2  | 88      |
|                       | Flour.            |                 |         |         |
|                       | Shares.           |                 | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Giant Co.             | 65                | @ 83 1/2-84     | 83 1/2  | 85      |
|                       | Sugars.           |                 |         |         |
|                       | Shares.           |                 | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Hawaiian C. & S.      | 30                | @ 34            | 34      | 40      |
| Honolulu S. Co.       | 120               | @ 10 1/2-10 3/4 | 10 1/2  | 10 3/4  |
| Hutchinson            | 45                | @ 14-14 1/4     | 14      | 15      |
| Makaweli S. Co.       | 225               | @ 25-25 1/4     | 24 1/2  | 25 1/4  |
| Quomea S. Co.         | 375               | @ 22-22 1/2     | 22      | 22 1/2  |
| Paauhau S. Co.        | 102               | @ 10 1/2        | 10      | 10 1/2  |
|                       | Miscellaneous.    |                 |         |         |
|                       | Shares.           |                 | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Alaska Packers        | 65                | @ 162-166       | 162     |         |
| Cal. Fruit C. Assn.   | 10                | @ 98 1/2        | 98      |         |
| Cal. Wine Assn.       | 110               | @ 87-88         | 87 1/2  | 90      |
| Pac. C. Borax         | 85                | @ 165           | 165     | 166 1/2 |

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UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 2,851,860.11

October 1, 1901.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier  
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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901.

ASSETS.  
Loans.....\$10,642,400.61  
Rents, Stocks, and Warrants 2,191,727.10  
Real Estate..... 1,665,030.77  
Miscellaneous Assets..... 12,415.53  
Due from Banks and Bankers 1,104,308.12  
Cash..... 3,973,876.04  
\$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up.....\$ 500,000.00  
Surplus..... 5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits..... 3,311,280.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers 1,124,168.27  
" Individual..... 8,904,102.62  
\$19,589,558.17

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CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,092,661.01.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bill Nye, the humorist, once told Deao Hole that when he met Richard Wagner he said to him: "Your music is beyond my comprehension, but I always feel sure when I hear it that it is really much better than it sounds."

A Scottish member of Parliament, in an address to his constituents, assured his hearers that he was not an idle member of the House, and that during the last two years he had put no less than one hundred and eighty-two questions to the speaker and the members of the government. "What an ignorant auld beggar ye must be!" cried a voice from the crowd.

The other day, in South Africa, a subaltern drew a caricature of Lord Kitchener as Rip Van Winkle leading a canteen soldier up a kopje. A staff officer is said to have showed it to Kitchener, and the chief gave one of his grim smiles, and said: "It is an ugly prophecy, but, if necessary, we will hang on here until we are that age. Our duty is to win, and we will." The subaltern was paralyzed with terror until assured that Kitchener had not asked for the artist's name.

In an Ohio town this fall, the African Methodist Episcopal Church of that district held a conference, and for a week the town was filled with colored pulpit orators. A few days after the conference closed its sessions, one of the leading colored women of the town drove out to Pea Ridge to purchase chickens of an old mammy who had supplied the family for years. Aut Hanna, coming to the gate, said: "I'm sorry, Miss Allie. I ain't got a chicken left. Dey all dooe eoter de mioistry."

Toward the latter part of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's life, he rarely left his house and garden, and preferred to see his friends and acquaintances by appointment. One betide the too intrusive stranger. It is said that one day an enterprising man called, duly armed with a letter of introduction, and the servant was nearly yielding to the impulsive stranger, whereupon the painter of "Dante's Dream" leaped over the banister and said, in a firm, mellifluous voice: "Tell the gentleman that I am not at home."

A story once went the rounds in Paris that an enterprising visitor to M. Constans proposed to pick a quarrel with M. Rochefort and kill him. "Many thanks," said Constans, "but I do my own murders." The retort found its way to Coostatoupe, and when M. Coostas arrived there as French ambassador he was struck by the exaggerated deference of the Turkish officials from Armenia. A mao who did his murders himself was a remarkable figure to administrators who employed the Kurds for that necessary business.

The revivalist, "Sam" Jones, was once taking women to task for speeding more time in prinking than in praying. "If there's a woman here," he screamed, finally, "who prays more than she prinks, let her stand up." One poor old, faded specimen of femioidity, in the poorest, shabbiest of clothes, arose. "You spend more time praying than prinking?" asked the preacher, taking her all in. The poor old creature said she did—prayed all the time. pricked not at all. "You go straight home," admonished Jones, "and put a little time on your prinking."

According to the *Figaro*, autograph letters of Wagner have been discovered to use as jam-pot covers. A German journalist found them at the house of two maiden ladies, sisters of a musician long since deceased, who had formerly been in intimate correspondence with the author of "Parsifal." The ladies were exhibiting to him with much pride their cupboard full of jam, when the journalist saw some writing on the covers which he recognized as that of Wagner. The superior thickness of the paper, which almost resembles parchment, had supplied the reason for its application to this domestic use.

A Boston teacher recently read to her young pupils an account of a mao "who had lived for some years upon the frontier." When the story was reproduced by one of the children, to her surprise it read that he had lived for some years "on his front ear." Another teacher read that a gentleman "had occupied for some time a fine country seat." Upon asking the children what was meant by a "country seat," a dead silence reigned till one little fellow said he thought he knew, and to the inquiry of the teacher replied: "A milk-stool!" Still another had been reading to her pupils about the rain. One, being asked to write a little story about the rain, after declaring his inability to do so, produced the following: "What does the rain say to the dust? 'I am on to you, and your name is mud!'"

While passing Cherbourg, en route from South Africa to Loodoo, Cecil Rhodes observed several vessels of the French Channel Squadron draw up to him to salute the ex-Empress Eugénie's yacht. The Frenchmen, who were spread out on the yards of their vessels, shouted "Vive l'Impératrice!" They captain of the vessel on which Rhodes was a pas-

senger, wishing to show his respect to the empress, got his men ready to salute, but in the short time at his disposal he could not school his crew to repeat the French words. "Tell them to say 'beef, lemons, and cheese,'" suggested Rhodes, playfully, and, to his utter amazement, the yacht was greeted with a deafening yell of "beef, lemons, and cheese!" which entirely drowned the voices of the French sailors. The ex-empress is stated to have expressed great pleasure at the compliment afterward.

In her childhood, Harriet Beecher Stowe was firmly convinced that the most daring, reckless, and frightful thing she could do would be to say "darn." She became so possessed and haunted with the dread of the unknown terrors that would overwhelm a little girl who dared to utter that awful word, that at last she could endure the fascination of the terror no longer, and she went to her room, locked herself in, climbed into the middle of the feather bed, lay still, shut her eyes, opened her mouth, and said the wicked word. Theo, according to her own account, she lay and waited in an agony of terror for what was to befall her. Her least expectation was that the ceiling would fall down. She waited and waited and waited. Nothing happened, and at last the monotony of the situation tired her and she got off the bed a very disappointed little madcap girl.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The American Girl's Appeal.  
Am I "Priscilla," of the bard,  
For "Miles" pursued?  
Or apple-paring "Huldah," who  
By "Zeke" was wooed?  
Or the intrepid warrior maid,  
With fire-arms  
More thoroughly acquainted, than  
With hymns and psalms?  
Am I the poor and petty thing  
That Howells makes me,  
The stone that sharpens up the wit  
Of him that takes me?  
Or am I Mary Wilkins' kiod,  
Bilious, ioeave,  
All cooscooe and self-cooscoosoe,  
Never quite sane?  
Am I the Aogio-Yaukee prig  
Of Mrs. Ward?  
Does she or does she not portray  
Quite by the card?  
Tell me I'm each or all of these;  
My faults wufurl  
To every breeze; but am I, pray,  
The Gibson girl?  
Am I the worldling he depicts,  
The "up-to-date,"  
Self-seeking, mercenary, shrewd,  
A thio to hate?  
My sweet girl cousins 'cross the sea  
Du Maurier drew,  
And every ooe adores, while I—  
What can I do?  
'Tis *Punch's* dowager gets off  
The naughtiness,  
But I am made to voice it. Oh,  
Have I redress?  
What knight will to the rescue, who  
Will speak me fair,  
And on his heart and pencil my  
True colors wear?  
—C. Leech in the *December Critic*.

## My Caddie.

Who is it sees beoeth my sham,  
And reads me as I truly am?  
Who is it hears my duffer's "Pshaw"?  
My caddie!

Who is the zealous chaperoo  
That hangs about with heart of stone  
Wheo Nell and I would be alooe?  
My caddie!

Who is it dogs my zigzag way,  
And says which club I ought to play—  
A hint I fear to disobey?  
My caddie!

Who is it, wheo I would defy  
And my own mode of playiof try,  
Oft proves he's wiser, far, than I?  
My caddie!

Who is it, when I call out, "Fore I!"  
And theo proceed to fozze sore,  
But smiles as I "bad luck" deplore?  
My caddie!

Who is it wheo I make a shot  
Which very nearly hits the spot,  
Lays that to luck, as like as not?  
My caddie!

Who knows I caw oot putt or drive,  
Or go in less than oioety-five,  
Except with Satao I cooiove?  
My caddie!

Aod while I plow around, with grit,  
Aod exercise my strength aod wit,  
Whom doth my golf most benefit?  
My caddie!  
—Edwin L. Sabin in *Puck*.

## Baby's Diary.

A unique and handsome publication wherein to record the important events of baby's life has just been issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., 77 Hudson St., New York. It is not given away, but is sent on receipt of 10 cents.

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A Positive Relief  
For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING,  
and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.  
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## Legal Notices.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Henry Alexander Scott, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of Henry Alexander Scott, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of Henry Alexander Scott, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Dominick A. Carvin, also known as Domeico A. Carvin, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of Dominick A. Carvin, also known as Domeico A. Carvin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of Dominick A. Carvin, also known as Domeico A. Carvin, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Joseph Sayle, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of Joseph Sayle, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of Joseph Sayle, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John H. Coleman, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of John H. Coleman, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of John H. Coleman, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of A. L. Beckman, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of A. L. Beckman, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of A. L. Beckman, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

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NEW MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.  
Boston to Gibraltar, Naples, and Genoa.  
S. S. Commonwealth (twin-screw, 13,000 tons), January 4th, February 12th.  
S. S. Cambrian, January 15th, February 26th.  
To Alexandria, Egypt.  
S. S. Commonwealth, Saturday, January 4th, February 12th.  
This new twin-screw steamer is one of the largest afloat; has splendid accommodations for passengers.  
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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
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YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Yogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1901  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)...Saturday, December 28  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)...Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902  
Doric. (Via Honolulu)...Saturday, February 15  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)...Thursday, March 13  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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America Maru...Saturday, January 4  
Hongkong Maru...Thursday, January 30  
Nippon Maru...Tuesday, February 25  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
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Sierra, 6200 Tons  
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S. S. Sonoma for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, December 26, noon, at 10 A. M.  
S. S. Australia, sails for Papeete, Tahiti, Saturday, January 4, 1902.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, January 4, 1901, at 2 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 27, 12, 17, 22, 27, January 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 27, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1.  
For Europe (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., Dec. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Jan. 2.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles); Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Caycos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport.  
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 A. M.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., Seventh of each month.  
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Philadelphia...December 25

## RED STAR LINE.

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## BOUND VOLUMES

— OF —

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## SOCIETY.

## The Ames-Preston Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Norma Preston, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, and Mr. Worthington Ames, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, took place at Grace Episcopal Church on Monday afternoon, December 16th. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by the Right Rev. William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. R. C. Foute. Mrs. B. Frank Cheatham was the matron of honor, and Miss Elizabeth Ames and Miss Edith Preston acted as bridesmaids. The best man was Mr. Leonard Chenery, and Mr. Benjamin C. Latrop, Mr. Burbank Somers, Mr. Willard N. Brown, and Mr. William Denman served as ushers.

The church ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast in the apartments of the bride's parents at the Palace Hotel, to which about two hundred guests were invited. Those seated at the bride's table, besides the members of the bridal party, were Mrs. L. D. Owens, Mrs. Benjamin G. Latrop, Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Miss Bernie Brown, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Ruth McNutt, Mr. Frank Hooper, and Mr. E. Talbot.

Upon their return from their wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Ames will occupy the residence at 1652 Broadway.

## The Macfarlane-Duno Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Polly Dunn, sister of Mrs. Henry C. Dutton, and Mr. Henry Richard Macfarlane, Jr., took place at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Macfarlane, at Honolulu on Wednesday evening, December 4th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Alexander Mackintosh, rector of the Second Congregation of St. Andrew's Cathedral, and the bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother-in-law, Mr. Henry C. Dutton. Miss Maye Colburn was the maid of honor; Miss Macfarlane, Miss Irmgard Macfarlane, and Miss Helen Macfarlane were the bridesmaids; Mr. Mana Widemann acted as best man, and Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Tarn McGrew, Mr. Walter Dillingham, and Mr. Robert Atkinson acted as ushers.

The wedding ceremony was followed by a supper served in a marquee, and the following day Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane departed for Ahuimanu on their wedding journey. They expect soon to make a short visit to San Francisco.

## The Brigham Ball.

On Friday evening, December 13th, Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Brigham gave a reception at their home on Broadway to introduce their daughter, Miss Kate Brigham. The guests were mostly from the younger set and young married set of San Francisco society, and dancing was the order of the evening. Around the walls of the balls and reception-room had been placed a large number of Chinese teak-wood tabourets in place of chairs for those of the guests who did not care for dancing, while the library, which had been converted into a bower of flowers, and the conservatory (a recent addition to the house) were ideal retreats for dancers between the numbers. The entire lower part of the house is ceiled in hard woods, and in the reception-room is a massive open fire-place holding foot logs. The new conservatory opens into the latter room by large sliding-doors on either side of the broad fire-place. It is filled with rare orchids and beautiful ferns, for which Dr. Brigham's bot-houses have long been famous. In this unique and beautiful home the ball was an artistic as well as a social success. Supper was served at about midnight, but dancing was continued until a much later hour.

## The Martin Luncheon.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a luncheon on Thursday afternoon, December 19th, at the University Club complimentary to Miss Georgina Hopkins. The guests were seated at five round tables, all decorated in scarlet blossoms. Those invited to meet the guest of honor were:

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester, Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. William B. Bourne, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Alexander Williamson, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Latham

McMullin, Mrs. George Martin, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Princess Poniatowski, Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Reginald K. Smith, Mrs. Seward McNear, Miss Frances Hopkins, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Nadine Nuttall, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Kittle, Miss Lucie King, Miss Alice Klein, Miss Florence Whittell, Miss McNear, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Elizabeth Center, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Fannie Longborough, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Genevieve Carolan, and Miss Ruth McNutt.

## The Towne-Worden Reception.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden gave a reception on Saturday afternoon, December 14th, at the Towne residence on California Street, which was largely attended. The ladies were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Margaret Irvine, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Arthur A. Smith, Mrs. Edward B. Pond, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. W. W. Worden, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee, and Miss McNeil.

## The Walker Luncheon.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker gave a luncheon in the conservatory of the Palace Hotel on Friday afternoon, December 13th. The forty-seven guests were seated at three round tables, each differently and beautifully decorated. Mrs. Walker's guests were:

Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Gale, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Otis, Mrs. William McAfee, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. Henry Dodge, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Cutler, Mrs. George H. Boardman, Mrs. Rosenstock, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Jr., Mrs. Tubbs, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mrs. Jessie Dietrick, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Horace Hill, Miss Oxnard, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Pierce, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Marie Voorhies, and Miss Kittle.

## Notes and Gossip.

Miss Roberta Nuttall, the youngest daughter of the late Dr. Robert Kennedy Nuttall and a granddaughter of the late John Parrott, was married to Baron von Rigel-Grunland at the home of her brother, Dr. Nuttall, in Cambridge, England, on Thursday, December 12th. The baron is the head of the Rhenish Prussian family of that name, and is a page to the Empress of Germany.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Hortense A. Volkman, daughter of Mr. C. M. Volkman, to Mr. Peter R. Lund.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Kinsey have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Kinsey, to Mr. Melville Dozier, Jr., which will be celebrated at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, January 1st, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Oakland.

Miss Georgina Hopkins gave a luncheon on Tuesday afternoon, December 17th, in honor of Miss Pearl Landers, at which she entertained Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Nadine Nuttall, Miss Marian Coffin, Miss Abbie Church, Miss Gladys Merrill, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Jacqueline Moore, and Miss Frances Hopkins.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a luncheon at her Broadway home on Wednesday, December 18th, complimentary to the patronesses of La Jeunesse Cotillion Club. Those at table were Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mrs. William H. Mills,

Mrs. Arthur W. Foster, Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Barclay Henley, Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Richard Ivers, Miss Grace Spreckels, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis gave a reception on Thursday afternoon, December 19th, from four to six o'clock, at their residence, 2522 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. Henry Page and Miss Ruby Page, of Valparaiso.

Mrs. Ira Pierce and Miss Sophia Pierce have sent out cards for two days "at home" in January, the tenth and seventeenth.

Miss Lucie King gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon, December 17th, at her home on Jones Street. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Clare Goodman, and Miss Leontine Blakeman.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Friday, December 20th, in honor of Miss Pearl Landers.

Mrs. George Crocker will give a dinner-party at her Fifth Avenue home, New York, in honor of her daughter, Miss Rutberford, on Thursday, January 9th. It is to be followed by a cotillion.

Mrs. William Willis and Miss Scott will be at home on the first and second Tuesdays in January.

Mr. Joseph C. Campbell gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening in honor of Judge E. H. Geary. Others at table were Justice W. H. Beatty, Justice T. J. McFarland, Justice F. W. Henshaw, Judge John Hunt, Judge J. M. Seawell, Judge James V. Coffey, Judge J. C. B. Hebbard, Judge F. J. Murasky, Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury, Mr. F. W. Hall, Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd, Mr. W. H. Campbell, Mr. Arthur G. Towne, Mr. J. A. Fillmore, Colonel F. E. Beck, Mr. Frank P. Deering, Mr. Alexander F. Morrison, Mr. S. M. Shortridge, Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, Mr. Edward R. Swain, Mr. W. N. Thornton, Mr. Lewis E. Hancett, and Mr. Horace G. Platt.

Mrs. Joseph C. Campbell, Mrs. Robert Campbell, and Miss Gertrude Campbell have issued invitations for a tea to be given this (Saturday) afternoon in their apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Mable Cluff gave a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue on Thursday afternoon, December 19th, in honor of Miss Gertrude Jack, at which she entertained Mrs. Charles Perkins, Miss Rowena Burns, Miss Gertrude Campbell, Miss Stella Fortmann, Miss Florence Denigan, Mrs. Robert W. Campbell, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, and Mrs. William Cluff.

Mr. Thomas Jefferson, son of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the venerable stage favorite, was the guest of honor Monday evening, December 16th, at a supper given by Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, at the University Club. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Miss Bessie McNear, Miss Kate Clement, Mr. Burbank G. Somers, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. George A. Newball, and Mr. Webster Jones.

Mrs. Eugene Lent will be at home on the second and fourth Wednesdays in January.

Miss Harriet Currier gave a tea at her home, 1804 Broadway, on Thursday afternoon, December 19th, from four to six o'clock, complimentary to Miss Nichols.

Mrs. J. C. Hiden Edwards (*nee* Wimple) will receive on Wednesdays in January at her home, "El Nido," in Mill Valley.

Mrs. Linda H. Bryan gave a tea in honor of Miss Gertrude Jack, on Friday afternoon, December 13th. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Leta Gallatin, the Misses May and Lillie Reis, Miss Elsa Cook, Miss Rowena Burns, Miss Maud Cluff, Miss Ida Callaghan, Mrs. E. G. Rodolph, and Mrs. William Stinson.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg gave a breakfast in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Tuesday, December 16th, at which she entertained the Philomath Club and members of the Laurel Hall and other clubs.

## Wills and Successions.

The will of Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker has been filed for probate in New York. The estate is valued in the petition at \$100,000 in realty and \$100,000 in personal property. It is left in equal parts to her daughters, Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett and Mrs. Jackson Gouraud, of New York. Gladys Amy Crocker, the adopted daughter, is not mentioned in the will.

Mr. George Whittell has filed an answer to the complaint of Mrs. Ellen A. Fife, his sister-in-law, who claims that \$1,400,000 is her share of the estate of her father, Nicholas Luning. The answer sets forth that at the time of Luning's death the estate was worth only \$4,100,000, and that when it was distributed in September, 1894, its value had declined to \$3,693,190. The amount turned over to Mrs. Fife, therefore, it is alleged, was her full share.

Mr. Frank Norris, the novelist, has brought suit in Chicago to set aside the will of his father, B. F. Norris, formerly a prominent business man of this city. It is alleged that the will, which disinherits the two sons, was made under duress and when the testator's mind had been weakened by the use of drugs. The estate is valued at \$300,000.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Major and Mrs. Joho A. Darliog, have taken up their residence in New Loodoo, Cono., having leased the house belonging to Frederick Farnsworth, 10 Federal Street, for a long period. Major Darliog was an officer of artillery, stationed in charge of the garrison at Fort Trumbull, twenty years ago, and at that time was well and favorably known by all the citizens of New Loodoo. Major and Mrs. Darliog are expected here after the holidays, and will be accompanied by their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clifton Catherwood. Hereafter they will spend the winters in California and the summers in New London.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell are again spending the winter in New York.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey will spend the holidays with their daughters in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin have returned from their trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington and the Misses Marian and Elizabeth Huntington returned to this city Tuesday, after an extended absence abroad. Miss Clara Huntington and Mr. Huntington are expected home next week.

Miss Marie Binney Lansdale, of Philadelphia, is to be the guest of Mrs. Sidney M. Smith for the coming winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott were in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dieckmann (née Chabot) were in London when last heard from.

Mrs. James A. Black departed on Wednesday for the East, where she will remain several weeks.

Miss Ethel Dean, who has been attending school in the East, has returned to San Francisco for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young sailed from New York for Europe on Thursday, December 12th.

Mr. Truxton Beale departs this week for the East, where he expects to remain until after the holidays. Miss Medora Cheatham and Miss Alice Cheatham expect to leave this week for their home in Tennessee.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mrs. B. Chandler Howard arrived from Japan on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Coptic* on Tuesday, accompanied by her young daughter, whom she intends placing in school here.

Miss Gertrude Jack, of San Louis Obispo, will be the guest of Mrs. Linda H. Bryan until the middle of January.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Kohlberg and family have moved to 1449 Green Street, where Mrs. Kohlberg will be at home on the first Wednesday of each month.

Mr. Dixwell Davenport will spend the next few weeks with his mother at her home, 2519 Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore and the Misses Moore, who have been at the Hotel Richelieu for the past two months, will return to their home in Oakland at the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss and family are in New York.

Mrs. William H. Gibbons has returned from Denver, where she has been visiting for some months.

Mrs. Hephurn Wilkins and Miss Wilkins, of San Rafael, have taken apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the winter.

Mrs. C. G. Lyman and Mr. Edmood Lyman were at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Miss Kate Stow and Miss Ethel Jack, after a five weeks' visit with Miss Carrie Havens, of Oakland,

and Mrs. W. W. Stow, of this city, left on Wednesday for their home in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Macfarlane and family, of Honolulu, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hale, of Sacramento, were guests at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. William Giselman visited the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Yerrington came down from Carson City, Nev., early in the week, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. W. H. Beonett, of Philadelphia, Mr. V. H. Dewey, of Victoria, B. C., Mr. John E. Beale, of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Mills, Miss Sadie Fitch, Miss A. Byrne, Miss M. Borke, the Misses Glyno, Mr. J. W. Brown, Mr. F. G. Waterhouse, Mr. H. L. Cook, Mr. L. H. Bartlett, Mr. H. A. Ballance, and Mr. H. L. Crabtree.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Miss Grace McKinley, of Caaton, O., Miss E. H. Henshaw, of Brooklyn, Miss Leila Aobery, of Chicago, Mr. John B. Brittain, of Pittsburgh, Mr. R. A. Grigshy, of Mexico, Mr. C. B. Harris, of Nagasaki, Mr. Charles L. Arnold, of Oakland, Mr. Bert L. Davis, of Ross Valley, and Mr. J. G. Maleck, of Philadelphia.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Post, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hammond, of Visalia, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wellman, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Asay, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Robinson, and Mr. H. J. Clark, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. James Carnegie, of Toronto, Canada, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Merritt, of Santa Rosa, Mrs. C. L. Kahn and Miss Bertha Kahn, of Oakland, Mr. P. C. Drescher and Mr. H. S. Kirk, of Sacramento, Mr. George E. Church, of Fresno, Mr. W. T. Summers, of Santa Barbara, Mr. H. S. Jackson, of Spokane, Mr. R. E. Worthington, of Racine, Wis., Mr. W. S. Wiog, of Denver, Mrs. G. K. Young, of Dayton, O., Dr. M. J. Murray, of San Rafael, Mr. S. Foster, of Honolulu, and Mr. C. T. Rodgers, of Detroit.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., and General William A. Kohbe will return to-day (Saturday) after a month's absence in Washington, D. C.

Major B. H. Randolph, U. S. A., and Major William E. Birkhimer, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., leave on Monday for San Diego, where they will inspect the artillery at that post.

Captain B. F. Tilley, U. S. N., former governor of Tutuila, arrived from Pago-Pago on the Oceanic steamship *Senoma* on Monday, en route to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant J. W. Barnes, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., son of General W. H. L. Barnes, who has been in the Philippines almost continuously for the past three years and comes home on a furlough, was a passenger on the transport *Thomas* which arrived here on Wednesday.

Lieutenant Ralph Mitchell, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who was detailed to bring prisoners from Vancouver Barracks to Angel Island, arrived here a few days ago.

Mrs. H. R. Belknap, widow of the late Paymaster Belknap, who passed away at Manila on November 12th, after undergoing an operation for appendicitis, arrived from the Philippines on Wednesday on the transport *Thomas*, and was met by her father, Congressman George W. Steele.

Captain S. A. Clomao, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., arrived in New York from Europe on Tuesday.

Mrs. Joseph C. Castner, wife of Captain Castner, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the transport *Thomas* on Wednesday.

Captain John Howard, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Howard were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Lieutenant A. L. Key, U. S. N., and Mrs. Key, Lieutenant Beaton C. Decker, U. S. N., and Dr. I. W. Kite, U. S. N., arrived from the Orient on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Coptic* on Tuesday.

Those who have not yet received invitations for the charity ball to be given in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, January 8th, for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage for Boys, can procure them by applying to the patroesses, who were named in last week's *Argonaut*. Already a large number of invitations have been sent out and accepted, and the ball promises to be a brilliant affair.

The little ones of the Adler, Silver Star, and Mail Dock Schools will hold their annual Christmas-tree at Golden Gate Hall, Sutter Street, near Taylor, on Monday, December 23d, at two o'clock. The songs, exercises, and Christmas-tree will be exceedingly interesting, and those who attend will contribute to a noble charity, an admission fee of twenty-five cents being charged.

This is the time of the year for brilliant sunsets and sunrises, and at no place can they be seen to such advantage as from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais. It will more than repay all lovers of nature to stay overnight at the Tavern of Tamalpais to witness these grand sights.

CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN AND WOMEN. Ladies should not fail to visit Wolfe & Hawley's. They carry a line of exclusive novelties that can not be found outside of New York.

Art Notes.

As a result of the exhibition of twenty-two of his pictures at the Uoioo League Association in New York last month, Amadee Joulin has received a commission to paint a panel in the new State capitol at Helena, Moot., for which he is to receive twenty-five hundred dollars. Commenting on his New York exhibit one critic said: "He can paint nature as she is described by the true poet, and not as the faking faddist would make you believe she is. Nearly all his pictures are extraordinary. When they are impressions, they do not slur over the tale they are intended to tell; when they are more highly finished, the work does not stultify the truth. The color is gorgeous, and it is the gorgeous color that oamre treats you to in the Far West, and especially on the plains. Joulio loves the plains, and has discovered in them a poetry that a plainsman can never find in mountains. The art committee of the Uoioo Club is to be congratulated for having introduced him to the East, where ere loog he will be appreciated at his true value."

Fifty odd water-colors and colored priots of Miss Helen Hyde, exhibited at Macheth's, have also attracted the favorable ootice of the New York critics. "Two kakemoos, one of which was awarded a prize at an exhibitioo held last year in Japan, are dooe so entirely in the spirit of the best workers in Japan that few hnt specialists would probably detect their origin," says ooe writer, who adds: "It would be a pity should all our artists forsake their life-loog instinct and training, and fall to painting Japanese pictures, but for once in a way it is more than simply amusing to see what an artist can do in another than his usual line of work. Miss Hyde brings seemiogly a genuine enthusiasm, and certainly much taste and knowledge to bear upoo her painting, and the result is both pleasing and valuable."

Thomas Hill, the well-known artist, and party left on Wednesday, December 18th, for Mexico, where they will spend the holidays.

It is to be hoped that no true lover of art missed the second exhibitioo of Paul de Loogpre's forty water-color flower pieces at Kennedy's art rooms, for, in his particular field, this artist stands without a rival. Doring his two years' residence in California, he has devoted himself almost entirely to the study and painting of California's beautiful and varied flowers. Perhaps the most striking of his recent water-colors is a splendid study in scarlet of the "Glory of Rosemane's Roses," "Red Eucalyptus Blossoms," and a gorgeous panel, "California Poppies and Lilacs," in a realistic fodian basket. He will exhibit next in New York and throughout the East.

The annual donation days of the Children's Hospital are at hand, and a committee consisting of Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. G. F. Grant, Mrs. I. N. Walter, Mrs. Rolla V. Watt, Miss Kohl, Mrs. James W. Kerr, and Mrs. A. C. Rulofson will be in attendance on December 21st, 23d, and 24th, at 227 Sutter Street, where donations of mooney, clothing, fuel, and supplies of all kinds will be received.

Art Notes.

William Morris's holiday exhibitioo is now open. Mr. Morris has just received a very beautiful collection of oil paintings, water-colors, and black-and-whites, by both American and Europeo artists, suitable for holiday gifts. Admission free. Framing a specialty. 248 Sutter Street.

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A peculiar phase of the Cuban presidential campaign was reached when the representatives of Candidate Bartolomeo Maso requested the United States to interfere and postpone the time for balloting, so that the composition of the election board might be changed, embracing more of the friends of Maso. Maso's party is the radical Cuban party, whose

slogan is "Cuha for the Cubans," whose platform demands absolute independence, and who deprecate any interference from the United States in Cuban affairs. Secretary Root has done well in denying the request, with the curt conclusion that the petition asks the interference which the Maso party condemns, and which it is the duty and purpose of this country to avoid. Maso has since withdrawn as a candidate, and the election will take place in February, with no well-defined opposition to Thomas Estrada Palma.

The question of trade relations with the future Cuban republic is still widely discussed. From the Cuban standpoint the matter is simple. "The resources of the island have been dissipated by war. They can only be replaced from the sale of the two productions—sugar and tobacco. A crop is now being harvested for the market. The natural market is in this country. But at present tariff rates they can not enter here at an advantage. All of which means financial ruin and stagnation in Cuba unless she gets relief before next summer. That is the cause which has brought a commission of Cubans to Washington with a petition to Congress, accompanied by a proposition that Congress pass a law admitting Cuban molasses and raw sugar free, and other Cuban products at half-rates of duties, provided that the Cuban people shall consent to admit all American products at one-half rates of Cuban duties. There is relief that the majority sentiment in Congress is inclined to reply to Cuba that if she wants the American market, there is only one road to it—annexation. At the same time there are outside of Congress vigorous supporters of the proposition to cut the duties. Eastern papers are just now full of their arguments. Two of the strongest points made are briefly these: "We consume 2,130,670 tons of sugar annually. We produce 75,963 tons of beet, and 149,372 tons of cane sugar in this country. We receive 260,000 tons from Hawaii and 35,000 tons from Porto Rico—a total production of 520,335 tons. We must, therefore, import 1,610,335 tons. Shall we get it from Cuha or Europe?" Again: "We are losing Cuban trade. In 1899 we sold her \$36,773,657 worth of goods. In 1900, \$4,576,638 less. British and German sales increased in the same time at the rate of \$2,300,000 a year, and in 1900 were three times what they were in 1895. We can monopolize this trade by reciprocal concessions."

It is the same old question of sacrificing protected interests to the expansion of foreign trade. Free-traders are willing. Exporting manufactures are agreeable. Some protectionists argue that a partial concession would be better than full competition through the wide-open door of annexation. But the sugar-growers of both kinds, and the tobacco planters from Florida to Connecticut, will have to be reckoned with before Congress concludes to place the whole burden of assisting Cuha on the shoulders of these two interests alone.

The result of the Schley inquiry proves, as we intimated it would, a source of increased bitterness rather than a settlement of the unfortunate controversy. Immediately upon the announcement of the findings of the court, everybody interested, and some who were not, attempted to interject themselves into the case, the effect of which would have been to continue the wrangle indefinitely. The President has shown, with his characteristic promptness, an intention to close the whole matter, and at once. Secretary Long gave out in due time his approval of the majority findings of the court, accompanied by a ruling that the question of who commanded at Santiago was not pertinent to the issue. Thereupon Admiral Schley filed a protest, demanding a re-opening of the case, which Secretary Long has denied on the ground that no good could result from a rehearing. The court itself has been formally dissolved. Admiral Sampson has also appealed from Dewey's finding that Schley was in command at the battle, and has been informed that the court had no business with the question, and that the case is closed. General Miles injected himself into the matter by granting an interview at Cincinnati, in which he criticised the findings

which were against Schley. For this General Miles received the personal censure of the President and a written reprimand through Secretary Root, in which he was informed that he had transgressed the discipline of the service in expressing opinions derogatory to officers of a co-ordinate branch; that he had no business in the controversy; and that his conduct was a violation of regulations and of official propriety. The President has, through the Secretary of the Navy, called for the resignation of Maclay, the historian who originated the squabble, from his position in the navy-yard. These actions may be considered to have dealt finally with all the elements to the dispute, and there it will be well for the credit of the country, the service, and all individuals concerned, if the matter is allowed to rest.

A serious condition is prevailing in Germany just now, which is interesting here owing to the volume of discussion over trade relations between that country and the United States. Two years ago, Germany was booming along the highway of commercial prosperity at a rate which was the wonder and envy of other nations. Germany was colonizing wider, building ships faster, absorbing more of the great world-wide trade of England, and making more rapid strides in manufacture than any other country in Europe. Now there are complaints and cries of alarm. The banks are shaky, the newly founded industries are shutting down, labor is scarce, and working-men are idle in large numbers, and extensive emigration is springing up again. One who has studied the case attributes the change to wild rage for speculation in the shares of electric companies. Staid old Germany was carried away with the electric idea, and neglected everything else. Electric companies multiplied like oil companies in California. Their securities were popular with the people, and were perforce accepted in the banks. The building of plants boomed the prices of many articles required, including the price of labor. It was overdone, and, for the present at least, the bottom has dropped out.

In the face of consequent hard times the workingmen, who depend on industries and commerce for a living, are confronted with the tariff question forced on them by the agriculturists. A tariff bill is now before the Reichstag which, if passed, will materially increase the cost of living, by levying a duty on grain and other food stuffs from abroad in order that the farming element in Germany, which has dwindled from 43 cent. of the population in 1882 to 33 per cent. in 1900, may be protected and encouraged. It is making a bitter fight in the Reichstag. As a government measure the new tariff is said to have been designed to place Germany in a better position to deal with possible reciprocity propositions from other countries, when commercial treaties will have to be made to replace the agreements with Germany, which expire in considerable number in 1903. They will put on a tariff now in order to have something to concede then.

The constitutionality of the primary election law is to be contested in this State. When the earlier law was declared to be invalid, Justice Garoute, in presenting the opinion of the court, intimated that no law prescribing a party test would be held to be valid. Such a test is an essential part of any primary law, and, therefore, it is of interest to consider what the courts of other States hold in regard to this proposition. The question of the validity of the primary law has recently been before the supreme court of Oregon. The party test in the Oregon law is the same in principle, though somewhat different in detail, from that of the law of this State. It provides that any person desiring to vote at a primary election shall state to the election clerk his name and residence, and demand an official ballot of the political party he desires to affiliate with. The test prescribed is that the elector voted for a majority of the candidates of such party at the last election or intends to do so at the next election. In its decision the court, after examining the tests prescribed in the laws of other States, holds that the test is a proper one.



the law is valid. In Oregon the constitution does not authorize the legislature to prescribe a party test for primary elections. A constitutional amendment conferring this power upon the legislature has been adopted in this State. Should the same reasoning be followed, therefore, there is reason to expect that the validity of the primary law in this State will be upheld.

Notwithstanding President Roosevelt's expressed determination to continue not only the policies but the SOME CABINET CHANGES IN PROGRESS. Cabinet of McKinley unbroken, the latter is showing signs of rapid disintegration. Rumors of changes have been plenty since September, but the first movement was the resignation of Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith, who returns to Philadelphia and resumes the editorship of the *Press* of that city. His successor is Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin, who is credited with a purpose to bring about one-cent postage. Mr. Payne has been a most active Republican on State and national committees for over twenty years, but with the exception of occupying the postmastership of Milwaukee for ten years, he has uniformly declined public office.

Secretary Gage is probably the next whose resignation will follow as soon as the President has fixed upon his successor. A rumor that the place had been offered to W. Murray Crane, the governor of Massachusetts, was soon followed by the statement that he had declined for family and business reasons. At this time it seems probable that Governor Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa, has finally been selected, and his acceptance of the office announced. He is a New Englander who settled in Iowa in early life, and became prominent when he ably supported the cause of sound money in 1896. His term as governor expires this month. The retirement of Secretary Hitchcock from the Department of the Interior is expected soon, and the quidnuncs have already selected ex-Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, for the vacancy.

The retirement of Secretary Hay has been a fruitful topic of news for some time, but the latest indications point to his purpose to remain with the administration indefinitely. Despite rumors of dissention, there is no reliable evidence that the changes occurring disclose any lack of harmony in Republican circles. All of the Cabinet officials mentioned expressed a desire to retire at the end of McKinley's first term. They remained from a sense of loyalty to him, and again for a time with Roosevelt for the same reasons. They are men of large affairs and ample means, whose continuance in office is more of a sacrifice than a gratification. In cases like those of the retiring officials, it is not difficult to understand that the desire for high public place may be satisfied by a single term, and that the demands of other interests may be strong enough to impel a return to more lucrative private affairs, without attributing the changes to political dissensions eagerly urged as motives by partisans who would welcome a fracture of Republican harmony.

The board of supervisors in this city has been considering the proposition of levying a tax on telephone machines. The proposition has been considered in other States, and the legality of such a tax was recently before the supreme court of Montana for decision. In this litigation, the treasurer of Lewis and Clark County sought to recover arrears of taxes for two years on all telephones used in the county. The defense of the telephone company was that the instruments were used in interstate commerce, and, therefore not subject to local taxation. The court held that the telephones used exclusively for local business can not be separated from those used for interstate communications. The law itself does not attempt to discriminate, but levies the tax on all instruments; but under the decision of the court, this would not be material. The validity of the ordinance in this city is before the superior court for decision. The ruling of the Montana court is not binding upon the courts of this State, but it is probable that it will be followed; and, should it be, the supervisors will be compelled to follow some other method to secure revenue from the telephone company.

The hope that war between Chile and Argentina might be avoided by diplomatic agreement is somewhat fainter than a week ago. It is reported that the Argentine Republic will positively decline at least a portion of the proposition in the Chilean note, and that the Argentine minister has been recalled from Chile although negotiations are not yet completely broken off. A proposition of Chilean origin is still unanswered, which proposes arbitration of the immediate and all future differences, and the limitation of armament in both countries. On the Argentine side a decidedly warlike spirit is noticeable among the people. Demonstrations in Buenos Ayres show a popular desire for war with Chile rather than settlement on the terms proposed, and the feeling seems to be as ardent enough to have a powerful influence on the govern-

ment. Military measures are being taken. Wealthy men are offering to contribute money for war purposes. Regiments are being organized and uniforms are being prepared, while a general inspection of the condition of the army takes place in January. The Chileans exhibit less excitement, but they are recalling some of their warships, and it is said have discontinued the sailings of Chilean vessels to San Francisco in order that they may be at hand for use as transports.

Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia are all expecting involvement if hostilities begin, and are quietly getting ready for it. Colombian rebels are still keeping affairs lively on the Isthmus, and a revolt in Venezuela against the rule of the usurping President Castro is imminent. On the whole, all of South America seems on the eve of a general convulsion.

The warm controversy between California senators, over the appointment of a collector of internal revenue at San Francisco, has been settled, in so far as a selection is concerned, by the re-appointment of John C. Lynch by the President. The affair has stirred up considerable ill-feeling between Senator Perkins, who favored Lynch, and Senator Bard, who demanded his removal. Both senators made personal appeals to President Roosevelt last week, and both were met with the insistence that they should get together on the subject. The alleged grounds for the removal of the collector were stated to be "pernicious activity in politics," but appeared to have little weight with the President. The appointment was finally made upon the appeal of Senator Perkins as chairman of the Senate Committee on Civil Service, that no sustained charges had been brought, and Lynch's removal would be contrary to civil service customs. The settlement has widened the breach between the camp followers of the two senators. It is openly stated that Senator Perkins sought his position on the civil service committee for the purpose of using it in the Lynch matter as he did. Senator Bard's friends are accusing Lynch of being "notoriously unfit" for public office, and demand his removal for "the good of the service," and the appointment of "a man who is free from the taint of ring politics." That the matter still rankles is seen in the undisguised threats that the affair will be a factor before the legislature next winter, when a successor to Senator Perkins is to be elected.

The annual meeting of the California Water and Forest Association was held December 20th in San Francisco. The attendance and interest exhibited a laudable purpose on the part of the members to continue the agitation for the preservation of the forests and the conservation of water until something definite has been accomplished. Addresses and stereopticon views impressed upon the association the serious menace to the forests of the State at the hands of lumbermen, who destroy the young trees with the ripened timber and take no steps to replace them. The report of the president explained the inaction of the last year as caused by the failure of the appropriation in the last legislature, which, though passed, was vetoed by the governor. The plans adopted by the convention follow closely the suggestions of President Roosevelt's message on the subject, which was heartily approved, particularly those paragraphs which urge coöperation between Federal and State authorities, and the placing of the scientific bureaus in control of the Department of Agriculture.

The objects aimed at will be the increase of forest reservations at the head waters of principal streams, and the conservation of flood waters for irrigation in storage reservoirs. This work embraces the study of the best methods, at home and abroad, of preserving forests by removal of only the older trees, and the care of the younger growths, as well as the methods of replanting denuded areas for the protection of water-sheds. A wide field of inquiry remains open also in irrigation questions. What portion of the work shall be within a proper policy of the Federal government, and what is the province of the State? How far will private rights be invaded? What part of the expense will fall upon the land reclaimed? And on what terms shall the water rights be made a perpetual appurtenance to the lands improved? The convention decided to create a commission to consider the subjects, and prepare a bill to be presented to the State legislature next year covering a thorough reformation of the water laws of California.

The executive committee of the State League of Republican Clubs have met, and named April 14th next as the date of the next biennial convention, and San José as the place. An early date was chosen in order to avoid conflict with the State convention, and precede the opening of active work in harvesting, which might interfere with attendance. The San José delegation expects its city to make a record for hospitality, and

bespeaks a large attendance to share it. There were 1,600 delegates at the Los Angeles convention of 1900. There are now 275 clubs enrolled, with an aggregate membership of about 55,000. The basis of representation in the convention in April will be one delegate for every twenty-five club members.

Christmas Day was marked by a scene of lawlessness and rioting in the neighborhood of the Presidio. The holiday season was observed by many of the casuals in the saloons, with the result that hawling became the order of the day. The trouble started in the morning. William Ross, a private, who devotes his spare time to serving as an assistant in a saloon, saw a corporal heating a man, and interfering, administered a thrashing to the corporal. In the afternoon the corporal and some of his friends, being under the influence of liquor, visited the saloon, for the purpose of wreaking vengeance upon the harkeeper. Ross was stabbed in the back, and from the resulting disturbance word was spread through the Presidio camp to the effect that a soldier had been killed in the saloon. Immediately fully two thousand men rushed on the saloon. A squad of police was called out, and a free fight followed. Bottles and stones were hurled about, and every policeman in the squad was injured to a greater or less extent. The disturbance continued for nearly five hours, and finally three military companies were called out to suppress the rioting. Sixteen soldiers were placed under arrest. The *Argonaut* has repeatedly urged that the "casuals" should not be stationed so near the city as is the Presidio. There have been several disturbances in the neighborhood of the camp, but this is more serious than any of the previous ones, and emphasizes the necessity for some remedy.

Strife among the leaders is the prominent feature in the Union Labor party, which has elected a mayor for San Francisco, and the distribution of patronage is said to be the cause of the trouble. The hattle commenced over the officers of the party committee, when J. S. Parry, who is suspected of designs on the congressional election in the fourth district, and G. W. Aubertin, who had been chosen chairman and secretary, respectively, were deposed by an opposing faction. Ostensibly the purpose was to secure control of the party, and hold it as a club over the head of Mayor-elect Schmitz, when he came to make appointments to office. Mr. Schmitz attended a subsequent meeting, which broke up in a row, the mayor-elect walking out with his friends and holding a separate meeting, at which the deposed officers were re-installed in their places. The party now consists of a Parry faction and an anti-Parry faction, with Mr. Schmitz and a majority supporting the former. The latter depends for its regularity on the minutes of the meeting at which the change of officers took place, and the struggle for the minute-book is consequently ardent. Secretary Aubertin failed to have it present at the meeting which divided, and has since refused to produce it upon the demand of his opponents. The law has therefore been invoked by a complaint and request for an injunction to restrain the secretary from "mutilating, destroying, or expunging the entries in the minute-book." At a preliminary hearing, at which the court ordered the minutes produced, they were not forthcoming, the respondents averring that they were not in their possession.

At the time that the lynchers of Modoc County were about to be brought to trial, the *Argonaut* urged that the case should be transferred to another county because it was impossible for the accused to secure a fair trial in Modoc County. It was pointed out that the public was so emphatically favorable to the lynchers that it would be impossible to secure an impartial jury, and that the district attorney was more active in defending the accused than he was in performing his duty. These predictions have been more than fulfilled. Each day of the trial has been marked by scandals that are a disgrace to the State, and the bitterness of feeling has become so pronounced that a tragedy is daily looked for. The climax was reached when the judge announced from the bench that he looked for assassination at the hands of the attorneys for the defense, and with a pitiful lack of dignity gave the lie direct to one of those attorneys in a personal altercation that interrupted the court proceedings. On the heels of this, one of the attorneys for the defense got into a dispute with a woman who was a witness for the prosecution, and after he had insulted her she slapped his face twice. His response to this was an attack with a knife, which, fortunately, through the interference of bystanders, had no serious results. It is alleged that the attorney was intoxicated at the time, but this is no excuse for his so far forgetting himself. The sympathy of the community is with the lynchers. There is a sentiment there that unusual



emergencies may justify the setting aside of ordinary legal procedure, and the conduct of this trial goes far to excuse, if it does not justify, such a feeling.

An important work is about to be begun by the federal government along the Columbia River, where the Umatilla empties into it. This section has long been laid waste by immense fields of shifting sand. It is not far from the extremely fertile Walla Walla district, and nothing but the sand prevents its being very productive. William L. Hall, chief tree-planter of the Department of Forestry, proposes to establish wind-breaks of poplars, cottonwoods, and locust trees, planting willows and shrubs between the trees for further protection. Once the shifting of the sand can be prevented, the reclaiming of the sand-dunes is a comparatively simple matter. This is proved by what has been done in Golden Gate Park in this city. Here, however, the reclamation was accomplished by a steady but tedious advance, step by step. Mr. Hall's plan proposes a flank movement which should be much more rapid in its effects. On both sides of the park in this city, but particularly on the south side, there are extensive tracts of land whose progress has been seriously retarded by similar shifting sands, carried on by the prevailing ocean winds. The system of wind-breaks could be adopted here with most beneficial results. The ocean boulevard offers particularly favorable conditions for such an undertaking. The boulevard itself was built to prevent the beach sands being carried over these tracts, but it has been only mildly successful. A line of shade-trees on the east side would greatly beautify the driveway, while it would not impede the unobstructed view of the ocean.

The Union League Club is moving actively in the accumulation of a fund to erect a memorial to President Lincoln in this city. A meeting of the executive committee was held this week, and new plans for raising money were discussed. The fund now amounts to thirty-three hundred dollars. A theatrical entertainment was given by the pupils of a dramatic school, and added considerably to the fund.

## QUARRELING WARRIORS.

Civil War Controversies—Butler's Virulent Language—Charges Against Grant—Replies to the Grant and Sherman Memoirs—The Fitz-John Porter Case.

By reason of its proximity, and the unique place it holds in the history of the Spanish-American War, the present triangular controversy of Schley, Sampson, and MacLay, looms large on the public horizon. But even the most casual comparison of this affair with the jealousies, rancors, and downright feuds of the generals and commanders in the Civil War, reduces it to a very ordinary rank in the annals of such matters. The forty years that have elapsed since the rebellion would have almost erased from the public mind all memory of these personal animosities were it not for the memoirs. The historian gives them rather scant attention, but the various memoirs that have appeared during the past two decades have galvanized them into life and made them matters of record.

Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Smith, Butler, Cox, Porter, and numerous lesser lights have all written reminiscent books, and, with perhaps the exception of Grant's and Sherman's, a fitting title-page couplet would be:

"Then he shouldered his crutch, and he shouldered his grudge,  
And showed how fields were lost."

MacLay's "catiff conduct" becomes a tame and innocuous phrase, when we compare it with some of the expressions of opinion to be found in "Butler's Book" or "McClellan's Own Story." For instance, where Butler discusses his removal by Halleck, we find the following summing up of Halleck's character:

"I have since learned his character, which, as I always speak plainly, I find to be that of a lying, treacherous, hypocritical scoundrel, with no moral sense."

And McClellan backs up this redundantly vigorous opinion with one scarcely less strong. In "McClellan's Own Story," his ideas of Halleck are thus stated:

"Of all men whom I have encountered in high positions, Halleck was the most hopelessly stupid. It was more difficult to get an idea through his head than can be conceived by any one who never made the attempt. I do not think he ever had a correct military idea from beginning to end."

What Halleck's opinion regarding Butler would have been, had he lived to express it after reaching private life, may, perhaps, be faintly inferred from a passage in a rather jocular letter written to Grant in 1864:

"It was foreseen from the first that you would eventually find it necessary to relieve General Butler on account of his total unfitness to command in the field, and his generally quarrelsome character. What shall be done with him, has, therefore, already been, as I am informed, a matter of consultation. To send him to Kentucky would probably cause an insurrection in that State, and an immediate call for large reinforcements. Moreover, he would probably greatly embarrass Sherman, if he did not attempt to supersede him, by using against him all his talent at political intrigue, and his facilities for newspaper abuse. If you send him to Missouri, nearly the same thing will occur there. Although it might not be objectionable to have a free fight between him and Rosecrans, the government would be seriously embarrassed by the local difficulties and calls for reinforcements likely to follow. To veterans as is Rosecrans's habit of continually calling for more troops, Butler differs only in demanding instead of calling. As things now stand in the West, I think we can keep the peace, but if Butler be thrown in as a disturbing element, I anticipate very serious results."

Butler was, perhaps, the most rabid of any general in his

dislikes. Both General W. F. Smith and Admiral Porter come in for candid remarks. Of Smith he says:

"Does not Smith show himself to be, though of human form, an animal of the lowest class, found only in America, the generic name of the whole species being *Mephitis Americana*."

And he has the following to say of Admiral Porter's conduct:

"I think a proper ending for this chapter, for the purpose of showing exactly how untruthfully and villainously Captain David D. Porter behaved through the whole transaction of the capture and surrender of the forts at New Orleans, will be an extract from my official report written to the Secretary of War on the first day of June, the truth of no word of which for twenty-eight years was ever disputed, and then only by Porter in an interview in a newspaper, the authenticity of which he afterward denied, and after I had put it before him as a statement of fact he never replied to it."

In the annexed report, he continues:

"I have read Commander Porter's official report of the surrender of the forts, and here permit me, for the sake of my brave and enduring soldiers . . . to put the truth of history right before the War Department and the country by the simple enumeration of the facts that it was due to their efforts and that of their comrades, and to those alone, that Forts Jackson and St. Philip surrendered when they did. No naval vessel or one of the mortar fleet had fired a shot at the forts for three days before the surrender, and not one of the mortar-boats was within twenty-five miles at that time, they having sailed out of the river from 'prudent' consideration of the prowess of the ram *Louisiana*, which was supposed to be 'lively' near the forts."

Both Porter and Smith wrote books on the war. Smith's is nothing more or less than a refutation of the charges contained in "Butler's Book," and he variously refers to Butler as vain, incompetent, irritable, false, and hypocritical. Admiral Porter's book is written in a milder tone, and though his opinion of Butler is quite apparent, he does not crystallize his ideas into a phrase. He tells some rather unquotable stories of Butler's *regime* in New Orleans, which perhaps serve his purpose quite as well.

Sheridan and Warren are two more generals who fell out during the war, and whose differences ended only with their deaths. In his "Personal Memoirs," Sheridan says of Warren:

"In my report of the Battle of Five Forks there were four imputations concerning General Warren. The first implied that Warren failed to reach me on the first of April, when I had reason to expect him; the second, that the tactical handling of his corps was unskillful; the third, that he did not exert himself to get his corps up to Gravelly Run Church; and the fourth, that when portions of his line gave way, he did not exert himself to restore confidence to his troops."

On account of these charges Warren was at the time removed from his command. Fifteen years after the war he obtained a court of inquiry, which found against him on the first and second counts mentioned by Sheridan, and for him on the third and fourth. General Sherman reviewed the proceedings of this court, and closed with this paragraph:

"My conclusion is that General Sheridan was perfectly justified in his action in this case, and he must be fully and entirely sustained if the United States expects great victories by her arms in the future."

The relations between Burnside and Hooker were also somewhat strained after the Battle of South Mountain. In fact, Burnside's supplementary report of the engagement is rather vigorous. He writes:

"General Hooker says that, as he came up to the front, Cox's corps was retiring from the contest. This is untrue. General Cox did not command a corps, but a division; and that division was in action, fighting most gallantly, long before General Hooker came up, and remained in action all day, never leaving the field for one moment. He also says that he discovered that the attack by General Reno's corps was without sequence. This is also untrue, and when said of an officer who so nobly fought and died on that same field, it partakes of something worse than untruthfulness. Every officer present who knew anything of the battle knows that Reno performed a most important part in the battle, his corps driving the enemy from the heights on one side of the main pike, whilst that of General Hooker drove them from the heights on the other side."

The two great generals of the war, Grant and Sherman, by their unquestionable successes, disarmed later virulent criticism. But Grant was certainly sufficiently criticised during the early part of his career as general. For instance, after the capture of Fort Donelson, Halleck writes to McClellan:

"I have had no communication with General Grant for more than a week. He left his command without my authority, and went to Nashville. His army seems as much demoralized by the victory of Fort Donelson as was that of the Potomac by the defeat of Bull Run. It is hard to censure a successful general immediately after a victory, but I think he richly deserves it. I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind from him. Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it without any regard to the future. I am worn out and tired with this neglect and inefficiency."

The charge, "drunk and disorderly," was so often made against Grant during the war that it finally lost its force. Much of the foundation for the accusations was contained in a letter of General W. F. Smith written shortly after he was relieved by Butler, in which he said:

"After the lapse of an hour or less, the general asked for another drink, which he took. Shortly after, his voice showed plainly that the liquor had affected him, and after a little time he left. I went to see him upon his horse, and as soon as I returned to my tent, I said to a staff officer of mine who had witnessed his departure: 'General Grant has gone away drunk.'"

Grant, in his "Memoirs," does not, of course, refer to these charges, but of his supersession by Smith, he says:

"Thus in less than two weeks after the victory at Donelson, the two leading generals in the army were in correspondence as to what disposition should be made of me, and in less than three weeks I was virtually in arrest and without a command."

Further, on the same subject, he writes:

"But this did not justify the dispatches which General Halleck sent to Washington, or his subsequent concealment of them from me when pretending to explain the action of my superiors."

And again he remarks:

"The Battle of Shiloh has been more persistently misunderstood than any other engagement during the entire rebellion. A few days afterward, General Halleck moved his headquarters to Pittsburg Landing, and assumed command of the troops in the field. Although next to him in rank and nominally in command of my old district and army, I was ignored as much as if I had been at the most distant point of territory within my jurisdiction. . . . and was not permitted to see the reports of General Buell or his subordinates in that battle, until they were published by the War Department long after the event."

Despite the seeming fairness and freedom from personalities of Sherman's and Grant's books, both aroused vigorous opposition. The same year that Sherman's memoirs were published, appeared a volume entitled "Sherman's Historical Raid: The Memoirs in the Light of the Record,"

the preface of which recites that "the object of the present compilation is to show wherein the memoirs of General Sherman fall far short of presenting . . . correct history, and to furnish the future historian with facts which will guard him against perpetuating the error and injustice which pervades both volumes of the work."

Grant's memoirs met a similar fate, a volume being published in 1887 with the title "Grant versus the Record," in the introductory chapters of which the author says, grandiloquently:

"It is no grateful task to stand before the tomb at Riverside and bring evidence against the words of him whose form lies there. But there are voices calling from other graves; there are memories shrining other names precious to comrades and countrymen, and it were craven to stand in acquiescent silence while bias strives anew to mar the record of manly effort with detraction."

Throughout all records of the rebellion there are countless references to jealousies and bickerings—Grant's allusion to the "torpor of Thomas," McClellan's reference to Burnside's "weak-mind," and the differences of Rosecrans and Burnside, etc. Of McClellan it may be said that no one was neutral. The entire army of the Potomac, together with all the officials at Washington, were ranged on one side or the other.

The one court-martial which stands out prominently in the history of the Civil War, and which figured at every session of Congress for twenty years and more, is the Fitz-John Porter case.

Fitz-John Porter was a graduate of West Point, and considered a man of great military ability. At the Battle of Chickahominy, in 1862, he was brevetted brigadier-general for gallant and meritorious conduct, but at the second Battle of Bull Run, later in the same year, while subordinate to General Pope, he was accused of disobedience of orders and misbehavior before the enemy, tried by court-martial, dismissed from the service, and forbidden "to hold any office of trust or profit under the government of the United States forever." It was claimed by the enemies of Porter that he entertained a violent dislike of his commander, Pope, and that rather than see Pope win a victory, he purposely refrained from supporting him, and this in disobedience of orders. On the other hand, it was claimed by Porter and his friends that the orders were such that it was impossible to literally obey them, but that the best possible was done.

In a letter to the President, written in 1882, Porter says:

"Conscious of my absolute and entire innocence I have not ceased, from the hour of the promulgation of the sentence of the court-martial, persistently to protest against the terrible injustice done me, and have striven in every proper mode to secure my vindication."

This was literally true. But it was twenty-four years before he accomplished his end. In 1878 a board of inquiry was appointed by the President, consisting of three members—Generals Schofield, Terry, and Colonel Getty. Their finding was favorable to Porter, and after a long delay a bill passed both houses of Congress to reinstate him in his position. This bill, however, was vetoed by the President in 1884. About this time, at Porter's urgent request, General Grant consented to review the evidence in the case. Up to this time he had held that the finding of the court-martial was correct. His investigation of the evidence completely reversed his opinion, and he became Porter's most powerful champion. With his aid, substantially the same bill that had passed through Congress in 1884 was again passed, and this bill was signed by the President, July, 1885. By its terms Porter regained the title of brigadier-general, but without back pay, and was retired by the President a few months later.

At the time of his death, some months ago, steps were being taken toward the presentation of a bill to Congress, re-imbursing General Porter for the expense of prosecuting his case for nearly thirty years.

The latter part of last week was marked by two serious disasters that have a local interest. On Wednesday the Pacific Mail steamer *San Blas* ran ashore five miles north of La Libertad, Salvador. All the passengers and the crew were saved. The baggage and the deck cargo were saved; the other cargo and the steamer were a total wreck. The cargo was valued at one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. On Thursday morning two Southern Pacific overland trains came into collision on the Coast road in the southern part of Monterey County. The engineer of the north-bound train claims that he was busy with a defective part of the machinery of his engine, and passed the switch, where he was to meet the south-bound train, without seeing it. Five lives were lost—the fireman of the south-bound train, the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s messenger's helper, two section-hands, and an unknown man supposed to be a tramp. The coroner's jury lays the blame for the collision on the engineer of the north-bound train.

It is a curious fact that the present session of Congress contains no negro member. With the exception of a brief period from 1887 to 1889, this is the first session in thirty-two years when this has been the case. The first colored man to be sent to Congress was J. Willis Menard, of New Orleans, who was elected to fill a vacancy in 1868. In 1870 Hiram R. Revels took his seat in the Senate, the first negro to be seated in that body. Blanche K. Bruce was the only other negro to enter the Senate. The Forty-Fourth Congress, which sat from 1875 to 1877, may be called the black Congress, since there were eight members in both branches.

Fifteen of the candidates of the Labor Union party who were defeated for the office of supervisor, the defeated candidate of that party for treasurer, and the candidate for tax collector, have filed contests and ask for a recount of the votes.

It is announced that the Danish Government has reached a final decision regarding the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States. The price fixed upon is between four and five millions of dollars.



## PIUTE PINGLE'S LAST SUN-DANCE.

A Comedy of Two One-Legged Men.

Through sheer carelessness on the shift boss' part, Sherman Thrupes's right leg was frightfully mangled beneath the cage in the Yellow Jacket Mine. In consequence of the accident, the boss lost his position and Thrupes his leg. Since the mere discharging of the shift boss did not in any way reconcile Thrupes to the awful prospect of hobbling through life on one leg, he commenced suit against the company as soon as he recovered from the effects of the operation. He demanded fifty thousand dollars damages; the Yellow Jacket people sent a representative to consult Mr. Thrupes, and the affair was amicably settled after a long discussion and an exchange of twelve thousand dollars.

About the first thing Sherman Thrupes did, upon receiving this sum of money—which exceeded by many thousands any sum he had ever before possessed—was to order an artificial limb. He spared neither money nor pains in the selection of the very latest and most improved pattern of cork legs. The one especially made for him was a specimen of modern perfection, tinted to match his own skin, with wonderful joints, and toes that moved quite as freely as his own natural ones. Sherman certainly got his money's worth, and he became so proficient in handling his brand new leg that one could scarce detect any limp or halt in his gait. Not being an old man, and claiming his share of good looks, Thrupes was inclined to be rather careful of his personal appearance. Many Comstockers had termed him a dandy before he met with his bad accident. When he strode forth from his hotel with the splendid new limb, and ten thousand dollars in his pocket, C Street hehelled a right swagger individual in the person of Sherman Thrupes, ex-wielder of pick and shovel in the deep drifts of the Yellow Jacket Mine.

To use the business end of a pick or shovel does not necessarily lower one's social standing in the estimation of a free and easy-going mining camp's population; but Thrupes had peculiar ideas. He wished to move in circles where none knew him as a common miner—in other words, that ten-thousand-dollar fortune turned his head. He made up his mind to leave Virginia City, and, hounded by no ties, he straightway gratified his desire.

While stopping over at Reno, Sherman Thrupes, Esq., heard about some wonderful hot springs conveniently near, whose mineral waters were remarkable tonics for physical wrecks. Very weak as yet from the results of his recent operation, Thrupes wisely concluded to rusticate for a fortnight at the Red Ant Tavern and Springs, in order to regain some of his former ruggedness, ere departing for San Francisco—the only spot in the Far West for a man of fortune.

James Applide presided at the Red Ant Tavern and the adjacent hot springs. Mr. Applide was a fat, comfortable old landlord, and welcomed Thrupes right cordially; he also paid his guest all due respect, after deciphering the fresh entry upon the tavern's book as "Sherman Thrupes, capitalist." To be paid two weeks in advance was likewise very captivating, and altogether this stylish young gentleman won the heart of his landlord from the very first. But while Mr. Applide admired him, and approved of him, his motherless daughter, Polly, conceived a pronounced dislike for him.

Miss Polly was known to be a rebellious young thing; her escapades and willful ways were wafted up and down the Truckee River—from the Sierra saw-mill camps to the mining districts far in the Nevada deserts. James Applide had placed Polly in a seminary for girls in the quiet little burg of Reno, but after his flaxen-haired daughter had tortured the teachers and preceptress for one turbulent month, and instilled scandalous ideas into many heretofore demure heads, she was sent home in disgrace. The prim lady principal informed the grieved inn-keeper that the reputation of the seminary would suffer if such irrepressible girls attended. Mr. Applide knew full well that she was in the right, so he sorrowfully reprimanded little Polly, and forgot all about the humiliating affair by the time two pipesful of tobacco went up in smoke. Polly wept bitterly; for she had seen no end of good times at the seminary, and resented being uncereemoniously huddled back to the Red Ant Tavern.

Sherman Thrupes arrived but a few days later, so perhaps Polly's recent trouble tended to distort the spruce Thrupes into a veritable villain. His elegant manner hored her; his caressing attentions were snubbed; but she had to admit to herself that his stately stride, the slight but distinguished limp, and his splendid general appearance, put in the shade anything masculine she had ever seen.

Be it known that Sherman Thrupes's most guarded secrets were his artificial limb and the fact that he formerly ran a pick and shovel in underground Virginia City. In a confidential chat with the inn-keeper one evening, he spoke somewhat as follows: "No, I never run against much hard luck—was always awake to my opportunities, and when I seen stock on the jump I invests, and at its top-notch mark, I sells; results: a proper, neat hank account. No, I don't call that gambling in stocks. You see I knew those as had the inside tips, and simply speculated on what was a sure thing. My limp? Oh, a horse kicked me on the knee years ago. Quack doctor, hanging job; results: a proper stiff knee, that's all. Poor health? Just a little run down; too much office work. Nice place this. Have a few thousands laying idle, might like to invest. Ahem, are you in—ahem!—need of ready cash? Now, Miss Polly, I—well I am a single man, well fixed, and—"

James Applide could never get it through his head that Sherman Thrupes, capitalist, was in love with his daughter; for to him Polly was still a child, although a very troublesome one; and Thrupes, not at all certain about Polly's official treatment of himself, couldn't muster up sufficient courage to openly ask for her hand. So willful Polly, enamored Thrupes, and thick-headed Applide—even though sitting under one roof—were not a trio with perfectly harmonizing thoughts.

Polly occasionally drove out to Reno, which lay about six

miles distant, to attend to the minor errands of marketing, getting the mail, etc. One day Thrupes stated that he had business in town, and asked permission to ride with Polly. Before that young lady could decide to assent or refuse, Sherman climbed up on the seat beside her.

The conversation was a very one-sided affair going out; but Miss Polly chanced to meet several of her seminary friends in Reno; they hehelled her escort, and straightway fell in love with him. Polly listened in utter amazement to their gushing remarks, and, slightly piqued, refused to introduce Mr. Thrupes to a single girl. Strange enough, all this flurry of compliments, from girls who attended a school forbidden to boys, served to open Miss Applide's eyes to her companion's exceptionally fine qualities; the conversation on the return trip did not lag in the least. After that trip Polly's mind—and alas! it was naught but the mind of a very young girl—began to run to things sentimental. Sherman Thrupes no longer hored or disgusted her; Miss Applide thought him an ideal cavalier; and Sherman, *ay de mi!*—Sherman, being a man and conceited, prided himself upon the conquest of Miss Polly Applide, and really imagined the girl just couldn't resist falling in love with him.

Thus did matters stand at the end of a fortnight, and Sherman Thrupes paid into the coffers of the Red Ant Tavern another two weeks' board and lodging bill. He then invited Miss Polly to accompany him up the river on a fishing trip. Polly coyly refused, stating that she was expecting a party of friends up from Reno, and consequently must remain at home to receive them. She gave Sherman explicit directions to the best fishing holes, however, and this piquant girl was actually glad that her cavalier would not be at the tavern when all those seminary girls arrived, for Miss Applide had but recently discovered a twinge of jealousy in her make-up.

The day was excessively warm; Sherman Thrupes, after walking a mile or so along the banks of the murmuring Truckee, became fatigued and hot. A limpid pool, willow-fringed and secluded, tempted him, and having been an expert swimmer in his boyish days, he disrobed and plunged into the cooling water, where he found it so comfortable that he disported himself upward of an hour.

Sherman Thrupes wasn't the only person fishing along the Truckee River that summer's day; nor could he claim the distinction of being the only game-legged man in the vicinity. No, indeed; for Pingle, the Piute, stumped along the trail by the river this sweltering day. Pingle was in an ugly mood, and his troubles took on gigantic proportions as he strode further and further away from the summer village of his triehesmen, situated on a sandy plateau a mile back of the Red Ant Tavern. There, in the village, all the braves were eagerly preparing for the annual sun-dance which was scheduled for that very afternoon. Poor Pingle—he recalled the big dance of last year. Was he not the prize performer of the young hucks? Did he not dance longer, stronger, and more expertly than all of the hundred contestants? To be sure he did. Now behold him! His right leg cut off near the thigh, and a brass-tipped peg in place of the muscular limb of a year ago.

Pingle felt almost driven to tear up the near-by railroad track and wreck a train or two as a partial revenge for the accident which separated him from his goodly right leg. Free rides on the Southern Pacific Company's blind baggage-cars proved his undoing. And being hut a measly Piute, who had taken advantage of innumerable, gratis transportations hither and yon, the Southern Pacific Company ignored his carelessness in getting run over, and instead of sympathizing with him in his sore distress, warned him to heware in the future of the "iron horse."

Never did Piute Pingle bemoan his fate so bitterly as upon this day of the heap big powwow and sun-dance. What a figure he would cut in breech-cloth, war-paint and feathers—nothing else—dancing about on one sturdy leg and a spindling, contemptible, brass-tipped peg! "Ugh!" There was more surprise in this grunt than animosity. Pingle stood stock still; his eyes fastened upon a flesh-pink object laying upon a neat pile of garments. Save color, the thing resembled, for all the world, his lost limb! It was a marvel of beauty; an object no sooner seen than coveted by this Piute Indian, whose mood was vicious, and whose desire for a good right leg was great on this particular day. Temptation is not easily overcome by an Indian—Pingle had a natural propensity for annexing articles that struck his fancy, and he, above all Indians, could not be expected to keep the Eighth Commandment in this trying instance.

As Sherman Thrupes drew himself over the mossy bank of the river, he espied the hack of an Indian vanishing among the thick willows. He hopped hastily over to his clothes—his garments were intact; but, oh, what an anguished cry rang out! Sherman's left leg collapsed, and he sank to the ground. The mental shock sustained in losing his made-to-order limb was greater than the physical pain suffered at the time of the Yellow Jacket disaster. Thrupes was simply stunned; he tried to yell "Stop thief!" but the words stuck in his throat. Not until five long minutes did he regain self-control; then he dressed himself, sought out a heavy willow, and laboriously followed the trail of the dastardly redskin who had filched his priceless cork leg.

In the meantime, Polly's company had taken possession of the Red Ant Tavern and picnic-grounds. The entire feminine corps of professors, instructors, and gushing pupils from the seminary swarmed about the premises. Not merely on pleasure bent were they, for a vast amount of interest had recently been aroused in this institution anent the Indian question. Rumors of the elaborate sun-dance reached the lady principal's ears, and she immediately planned to give her heavy of girls an opportunity to behold the barbaric festivities of a genuine Indian powwow and dance.

Polly, though not deigning to notice the faculty, rapturously welcomed her seminary chums. They, in turn, inquired after the lovely gentleman friend, and Miss Applide blushing stammered that he had gone fishing. Well-laid plans of decorous flirtations being shattered, the girls turned their attention to the coming Indian fandango.

The Episcopal minister and a staid friend of his accompanied the timid but enthusiastic womenfolk as a body-guard. A half-hour jaunt brought the party within the limits of the Piutes' wickiup village. The sun glared down fiercely on the flimsy campodies pitched on the arid, sage-brush plateau. A plot of ground had been cleared of brush and stones, sprinkled, and hard-packed for the dancers. Gaudily garbed squaws, pudgy, bronzed papooses, and yelping dogs enlivened the scene, and gave it a decidedly barbaric coloring. Concealed tom-toms beat a monotonous measure, and the braves who were not to participate in the function formed a dignified circle about the prepared ground.

Six grotesquely attired medicine-men issued from a wickiup, stared wisely at the sun for a few minutes, then stalked toward the centre of the circle and went through the strange and impressive preliminary rituals. A signal was given, the tom-toms rattled loudly, a patter of bare feet, and from the nearest wickiups dashed a half-hundred braves; breech-cloths and head-feathers comprised their only garb, save the lavish coat of oil, that made their bodies as glistening copper, and the paint which splotted their faces.

Voices, feet, and gesturing were in perfect rhythm to the beat of the tom-toms. The medicine-men sent up invocations to the sun, passed in among the dancing braves, and chanted a weird song. Suddenly the squaws began to wail; quicker played the musicians, faster moved the dancers, and the spectacle became wild, barbaric, madly fascinating. Sweat trickled from every pore of the reddish-brown bodies, their muscles quivered and distended, but more eagerly they leaped and hounded in fantastic evolutions, and more furious waxed the uproar of chant and wail and tom-tom.

The pale-faced squaws were thrilled through and through; frightened yet irresistibly drawn forward; awed into silence by this display of savage abandon. Even vivacious Polly had no apt remark to utter—her emotions were beyond words.

A helated brave broke through the ring of excited spectators. An Indian of splendid proportions, with a glowing, coppery body, eagle-feathered top-knot and—what was most striking—a pale, pink right leg that contrasted vividly with his reddish skin. His movements betokened an accomplished and vigorous dancer; he entered into a maze of gyrations that out-rivaled the performance of any Piute in the galaxy of skilled sun-worshippers.

A murmur of astonishment ran through the assemblage; five braves fell, either from exhaustion or fear, when they beheld this fresh, pink-legged redskin. The medicine-men were so bewildered that they neglected to drag the unfortunates off the field, and first one, then another, and another of the Piutes stumbled over the prostrate bodies. Over half the fifty dancers were piled in confused masses about the ring. He of the pink leg heeded not the growing rumble of superstitious wrath and indignation. Not an Indian there but recognized Pingle in this latest participant of the sun-dance; but how came he with two sound legs, albeit one was off color? Pingle, the peg-leg cripple of that morning, now dancing with marvelous precision and agility upon two sound legs—one of a reddish-brown tint, the other a pale pink! What would not the sun god do to wreak his vengeance for such an insult? It proved too much of an affront to the native spectators, the properly anointed dancers, the medicine-men, and the sun-deity.

The six grotesque old Piutes signed one to the other, six high-keyed howls rent the air, and the six medicine-men made a rush for this offensive Pingle, who had danced himself into a frenzy and was supremely unconscious of what was about to happen. Down went Pingle of the pink leg, bowled completely over by the righteous onslaught. Instead of following up their advantage the medicine men snorted alarmingly and backed away from the fallen Piute; he had come to pieces—that suspicious right leg lay in a heap by itself fully five yards from the copper-hued Pingle.

There was a moment's pause, and just as the infuriated savages were preparing to charge poor Pingle again, a hubbub occurred among the outer ring of squaws and papooses. Pushing and crowding his way through them, straight on to the magic circle, poling himself by means of a long, thick willow, came Sherman Thrupes. Being of the West he had a Westerner's contempt for thieving Indians, and he used his willow cane to good effect—whacking and helaying every redskin who stood in his path.

Sherman cut a dramatic figure—he had lost his hat; his hair was yet damp from his river bath and profuse perspiring; awful rage distorted his features; and flapping limply with every movement, hung the right leg of his trousers. Gone were his elegant manners; sadly lacking the captivating poise and gentlemanly appearance; and what was infinitely more scandalizing, he was minus a leg!

As you may well imagine, the loadstone which drew him so fearlessly onward was that pink-tinted limb lying among the prostrate sun-dancers. Sherman promptly rescued his rightful property, there being no need of spoken proofs, since the empty trouser leg explained things more clearly than words. Grasping the cork leg close to his hosom, and hopping along by aid of the willow wand, Mr. Thrupes presented a ludicrous picture.

The Piutes stared at him stupidly, the exhausted performers turned over to watch the second disturbing feature of their worshipful powwow. And Pingle, not one whit abashed, cast covetous glances toward the vanishing of his leg of one brief, exhilarating hour.

Recovering her equilibrium, the lady principal summoned her amazed pupils and ushered them with polite haste across the alkali and sage-brush. She quite comprehended that the big Piute sun-dance was ignominiously terminated; but she did not realize how badly shattered was the pedestaled hero of more than one fluttering heart in those feminine ranks.

Sherman Thrupes girded on his priceless artificial limb, and with never a farewell bided him away to Frisco; Pingle, being a miserable, poor Piute, re-strapped his hideous, brass-tipped peg, and stumped about forever afterward as a disgraced outcast of the Piute tribe.

JOHN HAROLD HAMLIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1901.



## SCIENCE VERSUS CORSET AGAIN.

Is the Corset Really an Instrument of Destruction?

There is a rumor going the rounds that one Dr. Philippe Marechal, a French scientist, wants to pass laws restricting the wearing of corsets by the women of his native land. Dr. Marechal is a bold man, and he has the courage of his convictions. Paris is the stronghold of the corset; all the good ones come from there. Women cross mountain chains and perilous seas to get them, arriving, as it were, sacks, and leaving, as it were, sylphs. They are the choice products of the city by the Seine, that one buys as one buys a mackintosh in London, corals in Naples, and cuckoo-clocks in Switzerland. Yet from the inner walls of the citadel Dr. Marechal has lifted up his voice and denounced the corset and all who barter it in the market-place.

The world is so used to this denunciation that it goes by without even pricking its ears. No one pays any more attention to the warning note than they did in Nineveh to Jonah sitting under his gourd, dismally prophesying general ruin. But Dr. Marechal does not simply satisfy himself by saying that all womenkind are deteriorating because they persist in wearing a garment injurious to health. He evidently knows there is no good in that. What he wants done is a law passed forbidding the wearing of a corset by any woman under thirty. His idea is that the industry should be taken under the supervision of the government, and, when the victim goes to the *corsetière*, she shall not only have to give her measurements, but her age as well. How it will be ascertained that she is telling the truth, Dr. Marechal will have to decide. When you're thirty in Paris, you look eighteen, and when you look thirty, heaven knows what age you are, but Methuselah would be a boy beside you. When a Frenchwoman has got to choose between giving up her corset or owning to the three decades, she is certainly between the devil and the deep sea. Dr. Marechal is not as *naïf* as he sounds. He evidently intends to keep his countrywomen from wearing the deleterious garment until they are at least fifty.

His crusade includes other things—high heels, pointed toes, long skirts, and tight collars. He does not seem to think that women can be reasoned with on these matters. They can only be restrained in their folly by the passing of laws. The Hindoo widows had to be forcibly checked from burning themselves on their husbands' fires. So the modern women of all civilized countries, having been shown the iniquity of their manner of dress in many and devious ways, and still persisting in their errors, can only be deflected from their pernicious course by the interference of the law. Dr. Marechal has arrived at the conclusion that there is no use telling them that a corset is an unnecessary evil. They have been told that for centuries in books, on the stage, from the pulpit, by doctors, by dress-reformers, by the inventors of patent health-waists, by elderly ladies whose figures are past repair, and it has been of no avail. They have gone on down the ringing grooves of changes wearing all forms of it, from the cast-iron cages, which were the mode in Queen Elizabeth's day, to the ribbon girdles of modern Paris, and have suffered and been strong with the courage of martyrs.

Scientists hold that this weird and eccentric pleasure taken by women in wearing uncomfortable and unsightly articles of apparel, like tight belts or shoes with very high heels; their love of brilliant and sparkling articles of adornment, such as jewels and heads; and their inexplicable affection for head-dresses adorned with feathers and which never accurately fit their heads, are proofs of the woman's close affiliation with the savage. Men, it is argued, do not delight in uncomfortable clothes; they show no desire to be adorned with beads; and they not only do not clamor for feathers in their hats, but they prefer them severely untrimmed and of a size and shape to set firmly upon their heads. Man is thus much further from the savage state than woman. There is a close relation between the aborigine—who is proudly uplifted when he can wear an old silk hat several sizes too small, for him, and which has to be held in place by a pair of shoe-laces tied under his chin—and the fashionable lady in her new bonnet, which is daintily perched on the top of her head and held on by means of ornamental pins and strings of ribbon. And who can deny that the same zest for a barbaric form of adornment does not actuate the native chief with a ring in his nose, and the society queen with diamonds thrust through holes in her ears?

This is evidently Dr. Marechal's point of view. There is no use arguing or appealing to the intelligence of the simple, primitive female of the species. She must be restrained by law. In India she must be prevented from burning herself alive on her husband's funeral pyre, and in the more enlightened West, she must not wear a corset till she is thirty—or till she says she is thirty, which is not exactly the same thing, but hears enough resemblance to it to pass. Dr. Marechal has not carelessly chosen this age. His accusation against the corset is that it induces to pulmonary diseases, which generally develop before thirty. It is not that a woman is supposed to have more sense after that. I fear that Dr. Marechal is of the opinion that a woman—in the matter of personal adornment—is without sense at any period of her career.

It is not odd, however, that this gifted Frenchman should be skeptical of reforming his countrywomen in this particular. American appear to be the only women who have seriously tried to combine the rational and the beautiful in dress. This is the only country in which the short skirt is really an institution. It is the only country in which women wear properly wide, low-heeled shoes. And it is certainly the only country where one sees a reasonable number of normally large waists. The French scientist might well despair of his countrywomen with their tiny, high-heeled, pointed walking-boots, their trailing dresses in the rain and mud of winter, and their amazingly slender figures. In England it is just as bad. For many years I was regaled with fairy-tales of the rational and sensible dressing of Englishwomen.

Then, when I saw it, I realized another illusion was dead. They are even more frivolously and less hygienically attired than the French. Their heels are quite as high, their skirts are quite as trailing, and their belts are only a little bit larger than their collars.

But after all is said and done, is the corset such an instrument of death and destruction? Can any one lay any very serious charges at its door? We hear a great deal of talk about it, but when it comes to actual facts and figures, we don't seem to have much proof. Women have been wearing something of the sort, according to the variations of fashion, time, and the mechanical arts, since apparel of any sort came into vogue. Of course there is no knowing what they might have been had they gone corsetless since the beginning of things. We might have been a race of giants by this time, with "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." We might have got even past that stage to the purely intellectual ones to which pessimistic people say we are tending, when we shall be nothing but brains, from which every unnecessary organ and attribute has disappeared, as they say our little toes and our wisdom teeth are already beginning to do.

There is one other curious fact to notice, and that is that the diatribe against the corset always comes from men. Now that so many women are explorers into scientific mysteries, it is odd that more of them do not hold out the arresting hand to stay their ignorant sisters' flight down hill. But even the women doctors are reticent on the subject. Some, I hear, have been heard to admit that a well-made corset was not such a deadly thing after all. Others of them don't say much, but they wear the article under discussion, and their clothes always fit. Is it that vanity is so deeply grafted in the feminine mind nothing will root it out, or is it that men are talking of something of which their knowledge is small? If the latter supposition is the case, one can only tell them the story of the traveler and the Scotch farm servant. The traveler noticed that the servant was harefooted, and said to her: "My good girl, do all the Scotch farm servants go harefooted?" To which she replied: "Fairly they do, and partly they mind their own business."

GERALDINE BONNER.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Youth and Art.

It once might have been, once only:

We lodged in the street together,  
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,  
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,  
You thumbed, thrust, patted, and polished,  
Then laughed, "They will see some day  
Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song;  
I chirped, cheeped, trilled, and twittered,  
"Kate Brown's on the boards are long,  
And Grisi's existence embittered!"

I earned no more by a warble  
Than you by a sketch in plaster;  
You wanted a piece of marble,  
I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,  
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,  
For air, looked out on the tiles,  
For fun, watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,  
Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard, too;  
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth  
With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I—soon managed to find  
Weak points in the flower-fence facing,  
Was forced to put up a blind  
And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm! It was not my fault  
If you never turned your eyes' tail up  
As I shook upon E *in all*,  
Or ran the chromatic scale up:

For spring bade the sparrows pair,  
And the boys and girls gave guesses,  
And stabs in our street looked rare  
With bulrush and water-cresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower  
In a pellet of clay and fling it?  
Why did not I put a power  
Or thanks in a look, or sing it?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,  
(And yet the memory rankles),  
When models arrived, some minx  
Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good!  
"That foreign fellow—who can know  
How she pays, in a playful mood,  
For his tuning her that piano?"

Could you say so, and never say,  
"Suppose we join hands and fortunes,  
And I fetch her, from over the way,  
Her piano, and long tunes and short tunes?"

No, no; you would not be rash,  
Nor I rasher and something over:  
You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,  
And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,  
I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,  
I've married a rich old lord,  
And you're dubbed knight and an R. A.

Each life unfulfilled, you see;  
It hangs still, patchy, and scrappy:  
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,  
Starved, feasted, despaired—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,  
And people suppose me clever:  
This could but have happened once,  
And we missed it, lost it forever.

—Robert Browning.

A man in Maryland, who caused the drowning of a young woman by rocking the boat, is about to be tried on a charge of manslaughter.

## INNOVATIONS OF KING EDWARD.

His Fondness for Pomp and Ceremonial—Renovation of Palaces  
—Reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall  
and York—The Coming Coronation.

People used to say, whenever the long reign of Queen Victoria was spoken of: "How I dread its coming to an end! The prince has had such a long time as heir-apparent that he'll make things lively when he gets on the throne. He'll make up for lost time."

And people who said that were right, for things are beginning to hum. All the regal grandeur, the royal pomp, the high ceremonial, and kingly magnificence, which were so conspicuously absent from the life and reign of his mother, are now being reinstated, and alterations ordered at Windsor Castle, outside and in, at Buckingham Palace, and at Balmoral, indicate the lavish spirit with which the new broom is being wielded. Renovations and changes, that would have made Queen Victoria stand aghast with dismay, gratify every passing whim of the king to be up and doing something or other.

Not the least of the "novelties," or one more peculiarly heart-rending in its sullen disregard for the wishes of her who is gone, is to be found in the removal from Balmoral of the statue of the late John Brown (the queen's favorite and famous gillie) to the home of Brown's brother. Then the journeys here and there—from Windsor and to Windsor, from London to Sandringham, and back again, almost every day, and always by special train, announced beforehand and described afterward, and generally, carried out in state with "cheering" crowds looking on—seem bewildering after the queen's two or three journeys a year.

The reception home of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York was another big flare of costly grandeur. The round-the-world, blood-cementing tour had already cost seven hundred thousand pounds, so that the popular joy on the return of the *Ophir* might be attributed chiefly to the thought that this national expense was over. But, what with tons of gunpowder expended in salutes, the wear and tear of the fleet in doing escort duty, the illuminations, the banquets, the wine, the special trains, and all that, the tax-payers somehow felt that they hadn't got done with it yet.

"I'll tell you what," I heard one man in the crowd say, as the procession turned down St. James Street out of Piccadilly; "it's this sort of thing which makes you remember you've got a royal family. You'd forget it otherwise."

What really seems to stagger people most, however, is the seeming indifference to the present state of the Boer war, which all the ceremonials and journeys and processions and grand displays show. Men are dying of enteric, and young officers are shot down in battle and ambush every day. You never take up a paper that a long list of "casualties" don't stare you in the face. People can't help wondering if a royal censor does not cancel these figures ere they reach the court breakfast tables.

Then, again, there is the coronation next year. There is hardly anything else talked about just now. It is to be a grand sight, and heaps of children are to be given space in the House of Lords to see it, to enable them in future years to write to the papers and hore people with their names as having witnessed the coronation of Edward the Seventh. The king is also to have a brand new coach; it has just been ordered to be built, and there will be no end of pageants such as one used to read of in fairy-tales. Fancy these well-known men doing nothing else but this: The Duke of Norfolk will be "Earl Marshal"; the Duke of Hamilton, "Lord High Steward"; the Duke of Sutherland, "Second Sword-Bearer"; the Duke of Westminster, "Third Sword-Bearer"; the Duke of Roxburghe (Mr. Astor's prospective son-in-law), "St. Edward's Staff"; the Duke of Somerset, "Orb-Bearer"; the Duke of Richmond, "Sceptre and Dove"; Lord Byron, "Golden Spurs"; Duke of Devonshire, "First Sword"; Earl Roberts, "Lord High Constable"; the Earl of Rosebery, "Sceptre and Cross." The court of claims has yet many remarkable claims to decide, but it is to be hoped that the war may be over before all these great men go masquerading like this. The Duke of Connaught, too, might have to go to the front with his Third Army Corps, which would rather spoil the sport.

LONDON, December 4, 1901.

COCKAIGNE.

The development of the beet-sugar industry in this country gives an interest to the methods in use in Europe for utilizing the residue of the beets after the sugar has been extracted. In the factories from twelve to fifteen per cent. is extracted from the weight of the beets. This residue is known as "melasse." The nourishing qualities of this melasse for animals has been known, but on account of its slimy condition it could not be properly utilized. At the patent office in Berlin an application is pending providing for the utilization of sawdust in combination with melasse as a food for animals. It will surprise the average reader to know that sawdust is really more nutritious than straw, but tables are presented showing that this is the case. Birch, poplar, alder, acacia, heech, pine, and walnut have albumen, nitrogen, and fatty substances in varying proportions, but all of them to a greater degree than straw.

An enterprising baker is about to invade New York, selling bread at two and one-half cents a loaf. He figures that, after paying all expenses of material, baking, and delivery, there is a profit of one-tenth of a cent a loaf, and he looks for a comfortable income from the great number of loaves that will be sold in so large a city.

The invasion of France by the American circus poster and the street parade is causing unusual excitement and a natural intensity of protest. Artistic France finds this example of "hustling" peculiarly irritating. M. Detaille, the painter, has made a positive protest.



## MUNICIPAL REFORM IN NEW YORK.

Wonders that Seth Low is Expected to Accomplish—The Attack of Goodness that has Already Set In—Improvements Planned for the Metropolis.

Most of us who have, at one time or another, been possessed of the ambition to stand well in our schools can recall that, having arrived after long good behavior and self-abnegation at the rank of monitor—admitted and official "best boy"—we have found the obligations of virtue not less exacting than those of nobility are said to be. And, remembering how wearying these obligations sometimes became, until we all hut envied the had hoy—who was kept in after school perhaps, but got some fun out of life, nevertheless—we may well spare a little sympathy for the successful candidates of the recent election here.

It is really quite pitiable how they are looked up to and what a tremendous deal is expected of them. They must feel painfully responsible now that the excitement of the Fusion-Tammany fight is past, and they are about to undertake setting in order the double havoc wrought by long years of neglect, and by the conflict just done. Magazines and newspapers remind them once and again that the eyes of the world are upon them, and never was such obligation as is theirs. They are preached about from the pulpit, and are assured that all good citizens of Greater New York—ay, and bad ones, too—are expecting them to bring about a period of years of which the fame in time to come will be like unto that of Rome in Numa's day—Columbia College to have been the Egeria who has added to Seth Low's store of civic wisdom.

Already the attack of goodness has set in. The very police are discovering that—like the married couple in the old child's song—they "must obey." To a certain extent it detracts from the excitement of the sight-seer. The Bowery is so excessively virtuous that one might as well walk upon Fifth Avenue for all the flaunting, patent wickedness there is to be seen. The only patently bold, had man there still lingers about is some puller-in before a clothing-shop, slinking among the dummies with all his daring gone. And all because the captain of police has been taking nightly walks upon that thoroughfare "ahlahz with lights," and has been enforcing the law—that, and because policemen are being fined and discharged who were never fined and discharged before.

One can not hut feel some sympathy, too, with all these luckless malefactors who are suddenly and unexpectedly being disciplined, and are showing an almost *naïve* kind of pained surprise, as well as for the Tammany office-holders who are losing their jobs, and have no means of gaining a livelihood, and not even that good reputation which is of definite commercial value when one is looking for a job.

There is one of the Tammany officials, however, who expresses himself as glad to be rid of his work in accents which have the ring of true sincerity, and he is the poor unfortunate upon whom devolves the attempt to clean this Augean stable of a town. He is deserving of charity when one considers the area to be kept swept and garnished, and the poor means of keeping it so which are put at his disposal. If one remains in the down-town districts, anywhere south of, say, Sixtieth Street, one wonders what on earth all the newspaper fuss over dirty streets and overflowing garbage-cans is about, for that part of New York is in quite as good condition as London, or even Paris, usually is. But from the sixties up to—oh! anywhere you may please—the state of affairs really is shocking. Garbage-cans are lined and piled up beside apartment-houses, running over and festering; area-ways are choked with bundles of rubbish of appearance most unclean; and the gutters and streets are vile. The slums around Stanton Street—which have the uncomfortable distinction of being the most crowded district in the world, to-day—are tidier by far. Yet, really, the unhappy official aforementioned seems to have been doing his best with the inadequate force at his disposal. The citizens of the neglected regions are jumping on him for his worthlessness. The garbage collectors are abusing him because they are worked 'steen hours a day; and then the humane society remonstrates with him—and the humane society's remonstrances are a thing to be heeded here—because his horses are being overloaded and abused. One could almost hear the tears in his voice as the much-harrassed man declared that he knew that three-fourths of his animals ought to be condemned—you can guess at the condition of them when you are told that one sold at public auction the other day for a dollar and a half—and that he longs for the first of the year, when he will be a free man once more.

The new administration will be expected to keep the streets clean—that will be one of the conqueror's joys. Also it will be expected to enforce the Sunday closing laws. That is being very much agitated once again. The conservative press wants the question put to popular vote—as has been tried farther north. The clergy—not the on-the-rampage-for-virtue clergy either—is telling its congregations that Sunday closing is a decent and seemly thing. And the New York clergy is listened to—witness the place of the young hut reverend Paddock in the late campaign. One whose word is of especial weight puts no faith in the declarations of those doubters who hold that a closing law can not be enforced; and he cites the example—New York is so proud of it, and well may he—of a certain public official, who, some five years ago, began his career in office with the declaration that whatever was law *should* be enforced whether it could be or no. The experienced politician laughed him to scorn, likewise his future chances in politics. "To-day," finished the clergyman, "that civic official is the first citizen of the land."

With a model like that being held up to them, and with so many high hopes centred in them, the men of the new administration will perforce be good; but they won't have—and can't be having now—much fun.

Truly, though, grand things are planning for New York. Her outward garb is to symbolize her beauty inwardly. For

instance, she is going to have a lovely new set of artistic street-signs, if the Municipal Arts Society has its way, and it probably will. Certainly the thing is needed much. If you "want to know the time," you do not "have to ask a policeman"; but if you want to know, even approximately, where you are, you do. Street-corner after street-corner is passed, without a sign giving number or name. There is only the hattered iron pole of a lamp, with no lamp atop of it, and consequently no sign. Once in a way, some public-spirited soul has had the street number cut or painted on the side of his building, high up in air, where, if you are gifted with the vision of an eagle and the neck of a giraffe you can discover it—and your whereabouts. Otherwise you wander on until that ever-civil, protecting, urbane (not to say handsome) individual, the much-maligned New York policeman, tells you everything you want to know.

Also we are to have, not only the very badly needed public library building (never in enlightened land was such a system, or non-system, of public libraries as here), but a fine arts building, which is to be called the "United States Arts Exhibition," which is to cover an acre of ground and to cost a half a million at the very least. It is only decided upon so far, but the chances are it will be carried out—and not die unhorn, like the permanent Dewey Arch—since the scheme meets with the approval of the public, and is being gone about, too, in precisely the opposite way from that in which the matter of the arch was approached. This time the whole country is not being coolly requested to contribute to the beautifying of its metropolis—to be repaid by its metropolis' calm disdain—but the metropolis is going to put up its own home for the fine arts and to offer the products of the nation a shelter there. Which is rather more as the thing should be.

In the meantime, the art treasures of the city are in dark dens and auction halls, and in shops, where, to be sure, you may look and not buy, if you are bold. The exhibit of De Longpre's California flowers, set down for the now flowerless East to see, is in one small gallery. Remington's pictures (which a public that worships Christy's and Gilbert's and Gibson's mild ladies finds greswome and terrible) are stowed away in another nook, and the wonderful Abbey paintings, the artistic event of a number of years, perhaps, are disposed of in the little American Gallery so that half their majesty is gone.

Beyond doubt there is need in Gotham for other than municipal reform. GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

NEW YORK, December 19, 1901.

## IN THE ORCHARD.

Does Love remember yet the little house  
We builded ere the Summer's sun was set,  
To shelter him forever 'neath green boughs,  
That he might dream and all the world forget?  
The world beyond the orchard, where men fret,  
Serving strange gods, remembering not Love's vows  
Until the lonely afterdays that rouse  
Within their hearts the serpent of regret,  
And turn to lead the gold upon their brows,  
Where once of old Love's circling roses met.  
Does Love remember yet the little house?  
If we forget not, how should Love forget?

Does Love remember how the apples bung  
From drooping boughs above us, dewy wet?  
And how all golden in the dusk they swung  
Among thick branches, that in leafy net  
Held the first stars—those stars that shall not set  
While Love remembers? How the blackbird sung,  
As in a bower, when Love himself was young,  
He sang for Aucassin and Nicolette,  
As still he sings in Love's clear silver tongue  
For hearts that worship in green places yet?  
Remember Love bow bright the apples hung?  
If we forget not, how should Love forget?

Does Love remember yet when boughs are bare  
And moaning winds the naked branches fret?  
When Winter tempest troubles all the air,  
When ruin hath the orchard overset?  
When he must go through windy ways and wet,  
Nor find him shield nor shelter anywhere?  
When, cold on brow, and white among his hair,  
December snow falls, where green leaves have met?  
Does Love remember flower and fruit that were?  
Or dream how Spring shall stir to blossom yet  
The boughs that Winter winds have stricken bare?  
If we remember, how should Love forget?  
—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson in the Cornhill.

The temporary weakness of the authorized legal authorities, when opposed to reckless lawlessness, was curiously illustrated recently at Pentonville Prison, in England. A convict who managed to elude the warders established himself on the roof of the prison, and for thirty hours baffled all attempts to dislodge him. Thousands of spectators showed their sympathy for what was in the end the under dog by giving him timely warning of the movements of his would-be captors. Ladders placed against the wall were promptly thrown down by the occupant of the roof. He collected a large pile of slates and hurled them at the heads of the officers who attempted to scale the ladders. The lame and impotent conclusion was that he surrendered for a mess of pottage. Hunger accomplished more than the representatives of organized society were able to accomplish.

A French journal relates that when the late Li Hung Chang was at Lyons, he went to see, among other things, the Crédit Lyonnais. After he had inspected the upper floors of the bank he was taken down stairs to the vaults, where the securities were kept. Picking out two hands marked five thousand francs, he put them in his pocket with the words "Joli! Souvenir de Paris!" The government afterward indemnified the bank.

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin showing the distribution of Chinese and Japanese in the Western States and Territories. There are in California 45,753 Chinese and 10,151 Japanese, as against 72,472 Chinese and 1,147 Japanese in 1890.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

A grandson of Alexander Hamilton has died in Florida, and a grandson of Henry Clay has been appointed a Federal judge in Virginia.

Adelaide Ristori will be eighty years of age at the end of January, when the actors of Rome will give a performance in her honor. Eleonora Duse, Novelli, and Zaccaroni will take part, and Goldoni's "La Locandiera," in which Ristori was famous in the title part, will be performed.

Dr. Joseph Zemp, the newly elected president of the Swiss republic, is a leader in the Conservative party, although he is known to hold tolerant and even liberal views in matters of great weight. He is sixty-seven years old, and is a native of Entlebuch, Lucerne. One year ago he was elected vice-president, and he comes into his present office by virtue of the unwritten law that the vice-president shall succeed to the highest office, provided his services in the subordinate position have been satisfactory to the people.

Yvette Guilbert, who has just caused a great stir in literary Paris by coming out as the author of a novel dealing with life in music-halls, has won fame as the most high-priced music-hall singer in the French metropolis. A few years ago she visited this country, and won much applause with her clever French songs and her quaint attitudes and gestures. Paul Bourget, who has read her hook in the proof, declares that it is literary art of the highest order—that he has read no such graphic fiction since the death of De Maupassant. Several scenes in the hook are laid in the United States.

Herbert Pierce, recently appointed Third Assistant Secretary of State, is the youngest son of the late Benjamin Pierce, professor of mathematics at Harvard. He was appointed secretary of the American embassy at St. Petersburg in 1894, serving continuously, and frequently acting as *chargé d'affaires* until 1898. Latterly, Mr. Pierce has been employed as counsel for the United States, and special counsel for the claimants in the arbitration of the claims for the seizure of United States vessels by the Russian Government in the North Pacific Ocean, which post he relinquished to accept his present billet.

Adelina Patti recently gave her annual concert at the Albert Hall, in London, and was greeted with a crowded house. Although in her fifty-seventh year, according to the critics she did not look a day older than she did ten years ago, and was in really splendid voice. Says one writer: "Few who heard her for the first time could have imagined that it is now more than forty years since this wonderful singer made her *début* at Covent Garden. Her rendering, indeed, of the 'Jewel Song' from 'Faust' was almost as perfect in its way as in the days when her singing of the part of Marguerite to the Faust of Mario, in Gounod's opera, used to draw overflowing audiences to Covent Garden."

The sensational trial of the would-be murderer of Mlle. Kolb, a Parisian professional beauty, who resides in the Avenue Henri Martin, in the heart of the "American quarter" of the capital, has attracted attention to a young advocate, Maître Frederic Allain, whose defense of the assassin, a blood-thirsty wretch named Gilmour, sentenced to imprisonment for life, is highly commended by his professional colleagues. Maître Allain is an American, having been born at New Orleans in 1859. After completing his studies with a well-known law firm in New York, he went to Paris, where he was admitted to the bar in 1886, and in 1890 was elected secretary of the Bar Association. M. Allain is the advocate usually employed by the British embassy.

Emile Zola has lately written and published some recollections of his early years while he was living in a squalid Bohemia, and when he thought a place at Hachette's, with a salary of twenty dollars a month, was magnificent. When he wrote his "Contes à Ninon," Hachette refused to publish it, and it was taken by Lacroix; but not for years did it bring the author a single cent. Zola's first regularly paid literary work was done for a newspaper, which gave him one hundred dollars a month for conducting a column of literary gossip. For the manuscript of "Thérèse Raquin," a tale of great power, he received one hundred and twenty dollars. It was not until 1869, when he was nearly thirty, that he won real success with the first of his Rougon-Macquart series.

Secretary Long has discharged Edgar Staunton MacLay from his position as a skilled laborer in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, MacLay having refused to resign when requested to do so, declaring that he could not be removed or compelled to resign without definite charges being made against him, and without having an opportunity to answer those charges. Although the civil service rules give employees of the service the opportunity of answering charges that may be preferred against them, President Roosevelt exercised his prerogative in the present instance and directed MacLay's removal, it being held that the latter was aware unofficially, if not officially, of the reasons which actuated the executive in taking the course determined upon. Secretary Long says that this action will dispose of the case finally.

Ralph Hall Caine, son of the famous novelist, who is barely seventeen and a half years old, is editing *Household Words*, the weekly paper founded and for some time edited by Charles Dickens. Mr. Caine was till a few months ago at King William's College in the Isle of Man, and his father intended that he should go to Oxford, and afterward enter the diplomatic service. However, to some extent against his father's will, young Caine left school and went to London, and, after a week or two, wrote home to Greba Castle, saying that *Household Words* was on the market, and would his father buy it for him. Not only did Hall Caine accede to the request, but he also went to London to give his assistance and advice. He has written an interesting article on the Pope for the Christmas number, and has arranged that "The Eternal City" shall be published as a serial in his son's paper.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Mrs. Harrison's Absorbing Novel.

To begin "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," by Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, who writes under the pseudonym of Lucas Malet, is to fall at once under a spell which continues unabated all through the long volume. For this latest book of the daughter of Charles Kingsley goes almost beyond the old three-volume length of Dickens's and Thackeray's day.

It is a powerful work, a romance of absorbing interest. The story turns on the sufferings of a deformed man, the anguish of despair he endures, the pit of despondency his soul dwells in at the sight of normal men and women about him living natural lives, tasting the happiness of love and marriage, of father and motherhood, of daily human intercourse on equal terms—all the joys of life from which he is cut off. He is a man born to all the prestige of high position, great wealth, and an ancient name. He has beauty of face, charm of manner, a keen intellect, a character capable of great nobility, an abnormal capacity for suffering.

The theme is a strange one—often a revolting one. The author with absolute daring goes into subjects not often handled. She stops at no threshold. She pushes open with resolute hand the door of the most secret places. She is so utterly sincere that we can not but respect her honesty of purpose even while her cast of mind repels.

The book gives the impression of being written at white heat, under the inspiration of overmastering impulse. Her thoughts flow forth in a torrent. It is not the gift of an apt word, a terse phrase that she possesses. She is diffuse, redundant almost in style. Every picture that flits across her vision—and her mind is stored with them—must be brought out to the minutest touch. Every phase of thought, every glimpse of character, every happening that may help to throw a light on the course of the story is told to the uttermost syllable. It is this amazing deliberateness that makes the book so luxuriously long.

She is not broad with a general human interest, but is keenly aristocratic in her sympathies. To her, because Sir Richard belongs to the highest rank of the English aristocracy, his misfortune entitles him to a boundless pity.

This narrowness, and an over emphasis of the sensual side of things, form her limitations. For, cultivated woman as she is, with a brain keen to receive and retain every impression, with the gift of characterization—was ever devil in beautiful woman's shape more strikingly painted than is Helen de Vallorbes?—with a rich vocabulary of pure and unforced English at her command, the things of the flesh limit her vision too closely. Her creed, it is plain, allows her to write as she will and what she will, so long as she is sincere. But this is not as it should be. Life is not wholly bonded as she believes. If she could look higher, if she had more of sweetness and light, she might reach greatness. As it is, she falls short of it, and her feet may never climb the highest rungs of the ladder.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Anthony Hope's "Tristram of Blent."

One takes up a novel by Anthony Hope with a feeling of keen anticipation. He knows so well the world of which he writes, and has sketched its follies and frivolities with a skillful and not unkindly touch. He has given us tales of daring exploit that keep his readers breathlessly absorbed through midnight hours, and in "Tristram of Blent," his latest book, he tells in entertaining fashion the story of a man struggling for his title to name and lands.

The plot is an interesting one. It turns on the legitimacy of an heir to a large estate. His mother, shortly before his birth, hearing of the death of her husband, from whom she had eloped some years before, is married hurriedly to her lover in order to legitimize the child whose birth she expects. As it happens, the first report of his death, which occurs in Russia is false, and when the accurate date is received later, no allowance is made for the difference in the English and Russian calendars. As the Russians still use the Julian calendar, they are twelve days behind the rest of the civilized world. Consequently, she is really married while her husband still lives, and the child, born a few days later, is illegitimate.

The character of Harry Tristram, the heir, is well drawn. Endowed with the fiercest pride of birth and ancestry, he changes from a boy to a man when, at the age of fifteen, he learns his mother's guilty secret and knows that he is a nobody. Thereafter he is on guard, ready to fight for what he considers his own "by right of blood." The romantic side to the tale is furnished by the two claimants to the estate falling in love, and this makes a very pretty love-story.

Cecily Gainsborough, the heiress, aristocratic by nature and birth, making a most interesting figure in the ancestral home of which she takes possession, is beautiful and romantic enough to satisfy the most exacting novel-reader. After the climax is reached—the surrender by Tristram of Blent of the house and lands that have been in his family for six hundred years—the story hangs fire for a few pages, and threatens to become dull. But another complication arises that keeps up the interest unbroken to the end.

Altogether, it is a very entertaining story, and one of the best the author has written.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Powerful Tragedy of France.

"The Secret Orchard," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, deals with an intensely dramatic situation, which is handled with their usual clever touch. The young Duke of Cluny—who has the blood of the Pretender in his veins, and some of the Stuart weakness for stolen kisses—is young, rich, handsome, generous, and lovable, and is married to a beautiful American, who adores him. Nevertheless, he leaves the "open garden of his life for the secret orchard at the back." Retribution follows swift and sure. A young girl whom he has betrayed, the daughter of the notorious Cora Pearl, is by a remarkable chance adopted by the childless duchess. The duke returns after an absence from home, and finds the companion of his pleasure established there as the adopted daughter of his wife. It is an ugly situation, but strangely enough the reader has little sympathy for the young girl, who is remarkably sophisticated, with an appearance of child-like innocence, but with "the devil in her eyes," which are generally lowered. From this point the plot develops with tragic swiftness, until the truth is revealed and Cluny crushed.

The events last but a week, and during that time a minister of France, a young American girl married to a spendthrift Spaniard, a lovable old canon and his friend, the local doctor, with two or three others, make up the party at the *château*. The dialogue is bright and interesting, turning upon such recent events as the Dreyfus case, the foundering of the *Bourgoigne*, and the fatal fire at the Bazar de la Charité. Each subject, by some fatality, seems to lead to the wretched Cluny's secret. He is a man of honor, according to his code; so, feeling that his own deed has brought him to the point where there is nothing but further infamy or death, he chooses the latter alternative. "The Secret Orchard" is a tragic story skillfully told.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Tales of the Sea.

"Shipmates," by Morgan Robertson, is a collection of eleven short stories, dealing, as the name implies, with life on ship-board. While all of them are readable, many are spoiled by too free a treatment of the worst aspects of sea-life. There are brutal officers who bully and beat mutineers, cursing crews, cracked skulls, faces kicked, stomachs walked on, and murders and attempted murders *ad nauseam*. But there are some stories in the book that have a more wholesome treatment, and a much happier effect on the reader. Of these, "The Nuisance," "The Devil and His Due," and "Polarity: A Tale of Two Brunettes," are the best. In them the interest is well sustained, the characters clearly drawn, and the situations, seldom strained to the point of improbability, are often irresistible in their humor.

"The Nuisance," which will probably be given preference over the others, is the story of a boy whose best qualities have been warped and weakened by too much coddling. He takes to the sea, and after ten years returns, a handsome, strapping first mate. His ignorance of social conventionalities and of women keeps him in hot water, and prevents his winning the love of a sympathetic, kind-hearted girl. Disappointed, embittered, he wanders away in search of forgetfulness, but again meets the girl on board a yacht he has just been invited to command. In a storm that follows, he displays great courage and seamanship, his selfishness and manly traits winning the girl who had once rejected him.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Interesting Indian Stories.

There are few men alive to-day who know so much about the Indian as George Bird Grinnell. His books of Indian stories are contributions not only to literature, but also to ethnology and folk-lore. In Blackfoot skin lodge, or Pawnee sod house, or in the sea-shore dwellings of the North-West Coast, he has sat and listened to old men telling stories of the olden times, when buffalo and beaver were plenty, and when men understood the language of the beasts, and could talk with them.

In Mr. Grinnell's last book, "The Punishment of the Stingy," there are fifteen tales, and not one hut has the flavor of the days when the red man's life was to hunt and fight, rather than painfully to till the soil at the instigation of the "Great Father" at Washington. To those who want something unhackneyed and fresh as sea-wind, we commend this book.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.15 net.

## New Publications.

"The Ministry of Comfort," by the Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D., has been published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"Andrea Mantegna," by Maud Gruttwell, is the latest issue of the series of Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture. The text gives a sketch of the life of the artist and a description of his works. The illustrations are numerous and present admirably, in black and white, the spirit of the original pictures.

Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

"Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd" and "Companions of My Solitude," are a collection of short moral reflections by Sir Arthur Helps. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

The latest issue of the series of translations of French novels of the nineteenth century is Henry Murger's "Scenes de la Vie de Bohème," published under the title of "The Latin Quarter." Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Romance of Religion," by Olive Vivian and Herbert Vivian, takes up the subject matter not from the theological but from the picturesque point of view. The bambino in the church of Santa Maria in Ara Coeli, Rome, and its miraculous cures, the *Marches Militaires* of the Sambré et Meuse country, the Hermits of the Sierra Morena, and other of the traditional church observances that have survived from the Middle Ages, are described. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

The problem of the control of trusts is a difficult one. In a majority of the States, laws have been enacted forbidding such industrial combinations, but one after another they have been declared by the courts to be invalid. What is demanded is a more definite knowledge of this form of commercial activity, and the necessary information is given in "Commercial Trusts," by John R. Dos Passos, the latest issue in the series of Questions of the Day. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

In "Music and Its Masters," by O. B. Boise, master of composition at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, is embodied the author's matured and thoughtful convictions concerning the nature and evolution of music, and the proper conditions essential to its true development. In addition, the author gives brief but succinct opinions on the natural abilities and collective achievements of the great masters of music. For a work of such scope and purpose, the book is necessarily condensed, but the writer speaks with authority and even at times with eloquence, and his judgment inspires respect. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

To the sportsman there is something thrilling in the tales of hunting adventure experienced by W. A. Baillie-Grohman, covering a period of fifteen years in British Columbia and on the Pacific Slope. The lapse of time and the ravages of the enthusiastic sportsman have made "Sport and Life" appear more like history than contemporaneous narrative. The big game is passing away, but the author gives descriptions and records that prove what has been. The addition by the author's wife on "The Yellow and White Agony: A Chapter on Western Servants," describes a species of animal that unfortunately has not become so scarce as some of the others of the book. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

To blaze out a new and untrodden path in the field of European guide-books is the difficult task that Grant Allen has set for himself. He does not attempt to clash with the better-known books of this class, but to supplement rather than supplant them. "Florence," in two volumes, aims to supply to the tourist who wishes to use his travel as a means of culture, such historical and antiquarian knowledge as will enable him to enjoy and understand the architecture, sculpture, painting, and minor arts of the towns he visits. In other words, the book is for those who study Europe, and not for those who "do" Europe. As such, it is heartily to be welcomed. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, two volumes, \$3.00.

In these days when the masterpieces of Shakespeare are presented on the stage at such rare intervals, there is a peculiar interest attaching to Charles E. L. Wingate's "Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage." Othello, Iago, Lear, Shylock, Coriolanus, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Richard the Third are the characters selected, and there is descriptive and critical text as well as interesting illustrations, not only of the more modern actors but of those whose performances have become traditional, such as Edmund Kean, Richard Burbage, E. L. Davenport, David Garrick, Edwin Forrest, and, if the juxtaposition may be permitted at this day, W. C. Macready. The book is handsomely gotten up in two volumes. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$2.75.

The edition for 1901-2 of "Who's Who in America" comes to hand considerably enlarged and greatly improved. The enlargement may be seen from a few figures of comparison. In the first edition of 1899 the biographical pages numbered 827; in this issue the number is 1,280. The number of names has increased from 8,602 to 11,551. Of the 8,602 names in the earlier edition, 752 have been omitted, 498 being known to have died, and the others having been omitted because of the unimportance of the subject. The book is one whose utility has come to be recognized by every person who has used it, and it is becoming a necessity, not only in the newspaper office but in the home as well. Published by A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago; price, \$2.75.

## New Editions.

A handy edition of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, in the Fitzgerald version, has been published by John Lane, New York; price, 75 cents.

"Doctor Thorne," by Anthony Trollope, with an introduction by Alger Thorold, has been issued in a compact and convenient edition. Published by John Lane, New York; price, 75 cents.

In spite of the number of competitors that spring up from time to time, Cushing's Manual still maintains its position. A new edition has been issued, with many additions and notes by Albert S. Bolles. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, 75 cents.

One of the beautifully printed books of the year is a new edition of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translation of Dante's "Vita Nuova." And, indeed, no man's work so lends itself to beautiful printing as Rossetti's. Whatever he wrote—poems, essays, translation—by virtue of their serene apartness from the hurrying world, seem to compel exquisite and beautiful settings. The pictures, of which there are many, are also from Rossetti's hand. A pleasing and adequate introduction has been written by Fitz-Roy Carrington, and the book also contains a prefatory note by W. M. Rossetti. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$3.75.

One of the books of the past few years which more than deserves the place the public have accorded it, is "Bob, Son of Battle," by Alfred Ollivant, now in its fifty-fifth thousand. A new edition has recently come out with a series of admirable illustrations entirely in sympathy with the text. That the illustrations are photographs does not detract in the least from their artistic value. A Radclyffe Dugmore, who was sent by the publishers to the scene of the story, in Northern England, during two successive summers, has done work entitled to rank with the best. Of the pictures there are twenty-four, and, as might be expected, of shepherds and dogs with their flocks, of quaint gray stone cottages, and of the wild scenery of Northumberland. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

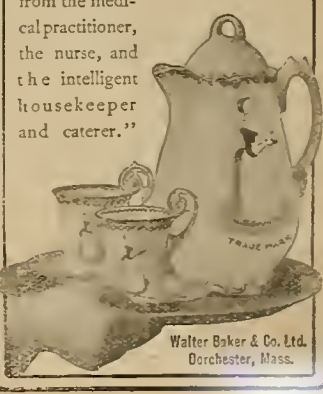
## An Important Appleton Announcement.

A new history of the world is a great undertaking, and D. Appleton & Co. pondered it long before announcing a "World Series," divided into twelve volumes, according to the modern grouping of geography. The work has been under way for some time, with H. J. Mackinder, of the University of Oxford, as editor-in-chief. The first volume, "The Nearer East," by D. G. Hogarth, will be published early in January. It will be followed shortly by "Britain and the North Atlantic," by the editor, Dr. Joseph Partsch, professor of geography in the University of Breslau, will write on Central Europe; Sir T. Hungerford Holdich, superintendent of the Indian frontier surveys, on India; Sir Clements R. Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, on Scandinavia and the Arctic Ocean. The volume on North America is being prepared by Professor Israel Cook Russell, of the University of Michigan, and South America will be treated by Professor John Carter Branner, of Stanford University. Each volume will be descriptive of the natural region, its marked physical features, and the life of the people. The works are intended for general reading rather than for reference.

Harry Furniss's "Confessions of a Caricaturist" have been brought out in two volumes, illustrated with over three hundred illustrations. Some of the chapter-headings are "Authors I Have Illustrated," "Editors I Have Known," "Studio Life," "Models, etc.," "Curious Facts and Incidents," "Journalists," and "Actors."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Mary E. Wilkins's Latest Volume.

"The Portion of Labor" is the best thing Mary E. Wilkins has yet done, and Ellen Brewster is one of the sweetest, purest, most lovable characters that can be found in literature anywhere. A factory town is the scene of the story, and the feeble struggles of discouraged workers against their lot, the never ceasing battle against poverty, the contest between love and duty, are the great forces which occupy the field. Miss Wilkins holds no brief against capital. None realizes better than she how stern a struggle is the life of a factory worker, and yet her description of Ellen's first day at the shop is full of exultation in the nobility of toil. She writes:

"All at once she entered a vast room in which eager men were already at the machines with frantic zeal, as if they were driving labor herself. When she felt the vibration of the floor under her feet, when she saw people spring to their stations of toil, as if springing to guns in a battle, she realized the might and grandeur of it all. Suddenly, it seemed to her that the greatest thing in the whole world was work, and that this was one of the greatest forms of work—to cover the feet of progress of the travelers of the earth from the cradle to the grave. She saw that these great factories, and the strength of this army of the sons and daughters of toil, made possible the advance of civilization itself, which can not go barefoot. She never again felt that she was too good for her labor, for labor had revealed itself to her like a goddess behind a sordid veil.

The criticism that must be made of this book is that the author was not brave enough to end it logically. Throughout the whole volume, up to the final chapter, effect follows cause in proper sequence, and every character is consistent and harmonious. But at the very last, beguiled by the blandishments of a happy ending, the smooth current of events is broken, and the story distorted. It is a pity that the public so persistently demands of the novelist that the hero and heroine, and as many minor characters as are eligible shall "get married and live happily ever after."

As we compare "A Humble Romance" with this book, nothing is more marked than the development of Miss Wilkins's style. Not that the woman seems more clearly into the life she draws than did the girl, but she has learned how to say things gracefully, as well as truly. It is the difference between the grim nakedness of a winter tree and one in leaf and blossom.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

## An American Garden Like "Elizabeth's."

"The Garden of a Commuter's Wife: Recorded by the Gardener," is obviously inspired by "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and it suffers by the comparison which must inevitably be made, for it has not a tithe of the charm of the other delightful book.

Barbara's is an American garden in a country suburb, while Elizabeth's on the shores of the far-away Baltic is an overpowering rival to it, in the novelty of its setting. Then Barbara is a prosaic and every-day person, while Elizabeth is original and piquant. The one is sentimental where the other is whimsically humorous.

Gardening and fiction go excellently in harness when well handled. Charles Dudley Warner's "Summer in a Garden," and James Lane Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal" proved that, long before Elizabeth took up the theme. But with each of these the garden forms a picturesque background. When it is pushed forward to fill the whole foreground it ceases to be diverting.

Barbara's garden is doubtless pretty, and she has plenty of enthusiasm, though it is not of an infectious order. She has a fund of knowledge concerning plants and flowers, seeds and bulbs; but in originality and humor she is not up to the requirements of her theme.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Precocious Madcap.

The dry and dreary rules of the old English law relating to entailed estates and hundred-year leases are made the instruments for uniting two loving young hearts, the last remnants of two old families, in "Princess Puck," by Una L. Silberrad. The princess herself is a madcap young girl, who rejoices in the name of "Bill," and who displays a fund of philosophic insight and a knowledge of the recondite rules of law, such as is sometimes vouchsafed to young women who pass their lives between the covers of a book. Surrounded by a very prosaic and conventional family, she is misunderstood and repressed until fate removes her to a broader field. Here she develops, until one after another all the characters come to, refer to, and rely upon her.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Mary Devereux's New Novel.

"Up and Down the Sands of Gold," from the pen of Mary Devereux, contains a striking mixture of tragedy and comedy. The scene of the story is laid in a seashore town, presumably in New England, and the local color is strongly insisted on. The homeliest of the plain and simple seamen is faithfully reproduced, and their sea-going talk with refer-

ence to domestic affairs is often witty and amusing. The principal scenes and actors are strongly drawn, but too often is the plot weakened or obscured by the author's elaboration of minor details.

The two leading feminine characters are strongly contrasted—the one ever with a happy smile and a kind word, however dark the surroundings; the other (the heroine), cold, sad, and reserved. Misfortune befalls the latter, and, selling her home, she goes to parts unknown. A young doctor, who has come to love her despite his knowledge of her unhappy past, is informed that she has taken refuge in a nunnery, that she is dangerously ill, and has asked for him. Here the climax of the story is reached. He visits her, and, kneeling beside the pale form on the couch, learns for the first time that she has secretly loved him from the first. Joy, mingled with hope and despair covers his face, and with the assurance that "death was defeated," the story ends, leaving the reader to imagine for himself the scenes that follow.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## A Story of the Other Half.

The lives of those who inhabit the slums have been made the subject of study by two classes of people. The one approaches the subject from the sentimental side, and derives a feeling of exaltation from a contemplation of its own broad sympathies; the other assumes a more critical attitude, and regards the slum-dwellers as problems to be calmly studied and solved. Annie Wakeman seems to belong to the former class, and her "Gentlewoman of the Slums" is marked by the utmost sympathy of treatment. Betty Dobbs is by no means an unusual character to be found amid these surroundings. The appropriateness of the title "gentlewoman," in fact, is not very apparent. She is gentle in having a sympathy for helpless things, and a dislike for the things in her own life that were unlovely—a dislike, however, that never strengthened into a rule of action. Her gentleness was not such as might be developed by training into gentility. The story is a realistic picture of life in the slums, but the subject is not one to hold the interest of the average reader.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## J. A. Mitchell's "Amos Judd."

The popular success of "Amos Judd" is evidenced by the new edition of the book. It is a story that is full of a mingled charm of romance and humor. J. A. Mitchell, the author, well known as one of the editors of *Life*, is delightfully unique in his literary personality. The fresh, sweet, pure atmosphere of his books is like the "Spirit of Old-Fashioned Roses," which, in Amos Judd's mind, was so sweetly typical of the girl he loved. The tale in its unfolding develops a psychical element, for Amos Judd, the hero, in spite of his plain, old-fashioned New England name, which he has acquired from an adopted father, is the descendant of a Hindoo prince who was a popular hero in India, and famous for the gift of prophecy. This attribute, which is shared by Amos Judd, is the means of introducing an element of wild romance in the tale which, woven alongside the sober New England hue, gives a pleasantly unconventional coloring to the whole book. The author has a playful fancy as well, and a fount of gay yet tender sentiment. The volume is handsomely bound, and contains a number of drawings in color.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mary Johnson's new story, "Audrey," now running as a serial, will be brought out in book-form late in February by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. As the story approaches its climax, many critics are of the opinion that in construction, plot, movement, and in delineation of character it is a decided advance over "To Have and To Hold," although differing widely in motif.

Maurice Maeterlinck is about to be married—and to be married in England, though his bride-to-be, Mlle. Georgette Leblanc, is a Frenchwoman.

After many years, the autobiography of Gabrielle Rossetti is about to make its appearance. As the progenitor of the Rossetti's of English art and literature, he was an interesting figure; but he was more than that, being a patriot and a poet as well. Many letters to and from Mazzini and other celebrities are to be included in the volume.

The Omar Khayyam cult has reached Paris, and the prospectus of a translation of "Les Quatrains" has been issued by a Paris bookseller. The translation was made from the manuscript preserved at the Bodleian, with introduction and notes by M. Charles Grolleau.

"Outdoorland," Robert Chambers's book for children, has been postponed until 1902, owing to the length of time required to prepare properly the many colored plates of Mr. Birch's illustrations.

Henry Van Dyke's "The Ruling Passion" is about to be issued in an *édition de luxe*. Dr. Van Dyke will sign each of the five hundred copies to which the edition is limited, and the frontispiece will be a strong and original portrait of him, drawn for the book by Walter Appleton Clark. The prayer that precedes the stories, "A Writer's Request of

his Master," is reproduced in autograph fac-simile, and, in addition, Mr. Clark has added three illustrations, which, with the portrait, makes a total of twelve drawings in color.

Furniture books seem to be particularly in demand at the present moment. A new Goupil volume will be entitled "French Royal Furniture," and will give the history of the art furniture associated in particular with the households of Louis the Fourteenth, Louis the Fifteenth, and Louis the Sixteenth. M. Moliner, their conservator, has written of them, and the work will appear in ten parts.

Mrs. E. W. Latimer writes us that through an error of her publishers her age was mentioned as ninety, whereas in reality she was born in July, 1822, a difference of twenty years.

A second edition of Alice Morse Earle's new book on "Old Time Gardens" was called for on the day following its publication.

George Brandes, the Danish literary critic and historian, is to receive from the University of Copenhagen for the rest of his life an annual pension of about twelve hundred and fifty dollars. This is generally regarded as a sort of indemnity for the many disappointments that Brandes has experienced from the Danish Government in the past.

A Swedish historical novel, entitled "Monsieur Martin," by C. Grant Robertson, is to be published early in January. It deals with one of the many Swedish wars, and is said to be full of strenuous incidents.

F. Berkeley Smith, author of "The Real Latin Quarter of Paris," is a Princeton man, class of '91. He is an amateur musician, an architect of considerable ability, has designed many book-covers, and has achieved some distinction as an illustrator and decorator.

A complete edition of all the writings of Fitzgerald is to be brought out soon. It is to be known as "The Variorum and Definitive Edition of the Poetical and Prose Writings of Edward Fitzgerald," and will include a bibliography and notes. The whole will make seven volumes, is under the editorship of George Beotham, and will have a preface by Edmund Gosse.

George Barr McCutcheon, author of "Graustark," is at work on a new novel which will be ready in the spring.

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor is finishing his romance of the Franco-Prussian War.

Björnstjerne Björnson's publisher in Copenhagen, Herr Hegel, recently asked the poet to write him a short autobiography. The result was this: "I was born in 1832, and have been done to death in Christianity many times, the last time in November, 1901; but not quite completely."

George Alfred Heoty, who has been writing boys' stories for many years, has eighty stories to his credit now. Mr. Heoty had an adventurous younger life, and he has worked his experiences into most of his stories.

"The Rights of Man," Dr. Lyman Abbott's new book on twentieth-century problems, is being read with much interest by many classes of readers, and the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have received letters from many noted men, all of whom speak in appreciative terms of the value and interest of the book.

H. G. Wells does not know which is his best book. "It is like asking which I think my best garment," he says, "my hat, my collar, or my left boot. My biggest thing, my most intimate thing, my first line-of-battle ship, is 'Anticipations'; my best piece of significant story writing, 'The Invisible Man.' I think 'The Wonderful Visit' manages to be pretty, and that 'Love and Mr. Lewis-ham' is as near beauty as I am ever likely to get; and I am fond of 'The War of the Worlds,' because of its destruction of property. I do not like 'The First Men in the Moon,' but I think it contains some of the best descriptive writing I have ever done, and I have a great tenderness for 'The Island of Dr. Moreau,' because I think it is the only book of mine which has been treated unfairly. But in places I must admit, in spite of my affection, it is not good."

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When Jerome Hart's "Argonaut Letters" was issued by us earlier in the year, we notified the trade that the edition would be a limited one, printed from type forms. The cloth-bound edition was exhausted some months ago. Now the high-priced sets in fine leather bindings are also gone. We know of no copies in trade channels. We can fill no further orders. The book is out of print.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Recent Volumes of Verse.

"Heart Songs," by Gertrude Theresa Clark, contains many verses on a diversity of subjects, but there is the same saneness and sweet wholesomeness of view in every one. The singer pipes a humble lay enough, that steals into the heart more surely than it stirs the fancy. "Heart Songs" is the kind of book that should be on the family shelf low enough down for childish hands to reach, so that childish minds might come over the simple, true-hearted verses; "A Valentine to My Father," from which the following extract is taken, offers a characteristic specimen of the writer's style and sentiment:

"Loyal was my childish heart,  
My woman's heart remains the same,  
As long as I have you to love  
What wish have I to change my name?  
I lay my own dark hair against  
The snow on that dear head of thine,  
And of all men within the world  
I choose you for my valentine!"

Published by the J. B. Clark Company, Toledo, O.

"From the Hills of Dream" is the appropriate title of Fiona MacLeod's latest collection of verses. There is a curious, dream-like quality, a misty obscurity, in many of these poems, which bear upon the curious traditions of her cold northern isle. But they open out great spaces to the fancy—which roams unfettered through lengths of chill, twilight sands; over leagues of gray, heaving sea; beneath arches of star-stown sky; hearing always through the odd, irregular measures the wash of the tides, the song of the winds, the cry of the sea-birds, and the beat of fierce breakers. But when that strange, arresting individuality deals with the sorrowful problems of life, it is with a naked unconventionality of style which seizes upon the imagination with a vital grasp. This is the kind of matter, taken from "The Prayer of Women," which even the confirmed prose reader is not quite able to pass by unheeding:

"Ah, hour of the hours,  
When he looks at our hair and sees it is gray;  
And at our eyes and sees they are dim;  
And at our lips straightened out with long pain;  
And at our breasts, fallen and seared as a barren hill;  
And at our hands, worn with toil!  
Ah, hour of the hours,  
When, seeing, he seeth all the bitter ruin and wreck of us—  
All save the violated womb that curses him—  
All save the heart that forbeareth . . . for pity—  
All save the living brain that condemneth him—  
All save the spirit that shall not mate with him—  
All save the soul he shall never see  
Till he be one with it and equal;  
He who hath the bridal, but guideth not;  
He who hath the whip yet is driven;  
He who as a shepherd calleth upon us,  
But is himself a lost sheep crying among the hills!  
O Spirit and the Nine Angels who watch us,  
And Thou white Christ, and Mary Mother of Sor-row,  
Heal us of the wrong of man:  
We whose breasts are weary with milk,  
Cry, cry to Thee, O Compassionate."

Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, \$1.00.

"And Britain's Blest with Righteousness," and "The Fate of Roddy" are two long and very windy utterances by John Roddy, the strength of whose feelings on the Boer question have impelled him to rush into verse when he would have done much better to stick to plain, unmitigated prose. The two poems aim to make a direct, stern arraignment of the British, but the author, who is no versifier, gets woefully tangled up in his own eloquence, and fails to make his point with a dignity in keeping with his sincerity. As witness the following lines, addressed to the Boers, in which the elision is employed with startling infelicity:

"Your piety and your reverence  
Need not the sanction of hell's 'gents.'"

Published by the Grafton Press, New York; price, \$-75.

In "The Outer Parallel," the author, one Peter Strieletski, narrates, in somewhat halting and crippled verse, the martial doings of Nathaniel Green during the Revolutionary War. The book is divided into cantos, leads off with an author's argument, and has a number of symbolic full-page illustrations, but it is greatly to be doubted if its amiable fustian will be taken seriously by any other than the author himself.

Published by the Saalfeld Publishing Company, Akron, O.; price, \$1.00.

## Reward of Merit.

"The Making of a Marchioness," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, should have been entitled "The Rewards of Virtue." In it the lovable, simple, poor, and good are duly rewarded, just as in all proper Sunday-school books and fairy tales. Mrs. Burnett's style is nothing if not graceful. She is always sure of herself, and certain of what she wants to say, and the reading of every page is a genuine pleasure. There are no soggy spots or perilous altitudes. From page one to *finis* it glides along as smoothly and charmingly as a book can. Nevertheless, Mrs.

Burnett's hero—a widower of fifty-four (albeit a lord), with his three estates and diamond tiara, about whom the feminine world revolves—is a bit disgusting to the healthy-minded American.

The book contains some dainty character portraits by C. D. Williams, and is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.10 net.

## A Story of Old Kentucky.

The picturesque people of old Kentucky are depicted with a sure and photographic touch by Lucy Cleaver McElroy in her latest novel, "Julety," although the plot is an old one—that of a detective falling in love with the criminal whom he is seeking. A United States marshal, on the lookout for illicit distilleries, tells the story himself. Wounded by an enemy, he goes to recuperate at his grandfather's home in the Pennyridge district, where he meets and falls in love with Julety Linque. He gets the scent of an illicit distillery, ferrets it out, and finds that the guilty one is his sweetheart.

The quaint Kentucky folk and their doings form the chief charm of the book. The grandfather, unique and grand, stands out above the rest. His attempts to cover with brusqueness his kindly heart are ludicrous and touching. With the father of Julety, he embodies the best qualities of the old Kentucky gentleman. His son represents another class well known in the Blue Grass State—the talented but impractical dreamer.

Julety is the only important feminine character. She is educated better than her neighbors, and is supposed to be a literary woman, winning the money she spends so freely by her contributions to the papers. The real source of her revenues is not disclosed until the last of the story, when she confesses her guilt to her lover. Then even the experienced marshal is compelled to admit the cleverness with which she has conducted and concealed the illicit still.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## New Publications.

"The Screen," by Paul Bourget, has been published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A slender thread of fact serves as a basis for "Lincoln's First Love," a short story written by Carrie Douglas Wright. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

To the series of tales from foreign lands, a translation of Holger Drachmann's "Nanna," a tale of Danish love, has been added. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

Recent issues in the Cozy Corner Series are "Peggy's Trial," by Mary Knight Potter, and "A Little Puritan Pioneer," by Edith Robinson. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents each.

An attractive calendar for the year 1902, with an illuminated cover and spaces for daily memoranda, has been issued in this city. Published by the Channing Auxiliary, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

Timid readers will be somewhat startled by the title of "A Book of Bible Conundrums," by Fred A. Wilson. The conundrums are somewhat flip-pant in tone, but make entertaining reading, nevertheless. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

The "Perfect Letter Writer" of half a century ago seems to have given place to the manual on how to be beautiful. "Beauty's Aids," by the Countess of C—, is a book of this class which advises common sense and healthful living—prescriptions that will at least do no harm. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

There are at least ten thousand Americans in the British metropolis, and the great majority of them are named and their addresses given in the "Directory of Americans Resident in London, American Firms, and Agencies." The volume is well arranged, measurably complete, and of value to all who have social or business connections in England. Published by the American Directory Publishing Company, London and New York; price, \$3.00.

In many of the political writings of the day, there is a tendency to lay too much stress on the mechanism of government and of industry, and too little stress on the force by which this mechanism is kept at work. Such is the thesis of Arthur Twining Hadley, the president of Yale University, and he seeks to emphasize the more neglected sides of these questions by selections from his public addresses and magazine articles of the past few years, collected under the title "The Education of the American Citizen." Published by Charles Scribner's Son's, New York; price, \$1.50.

A series of personal descriptions and interviews, entitled "American Authors and Their Homes," first published in the New York Times, makes an attractive volume in its new form and with the added fine illustrations. It has been edited by Francis Whiting Halsey, the literary editor of the Times, and the sketches are from several pens, notably those of George Hamlin Fitch, Ernest Ingersoll, and William Wallace Whitelock. Among the authors visited and described are Joaquin Miller, R. H.

Stoddard, Frank R. Stockton, W. D. Howells, Paul Leicester Ford, George W. Cable, E. C. Stedman, Brander Matthews, and Ernest Seton-Thompson. The volume is printed and bound in excellent taste. Published by the James Pott Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A handsome edition of a famous novel appears in Nathan Haskell Dole's translation of "Anna Karenina," by Lyof N. Tolstoy. Many critics have praised this, the greatest work of the Russian realist, and W. D. Howells said of it: "It is a world, and you live in it while you read and long afterward, but at no step have you been betrayed, not because your guide has warned or exalted you, but because he has been true, and has shown you all things as they are." Mr. Dole's translation is faithful, though he has used good judgment in cutting out the interjections that could not be given in literal terms without making necessary the use of a glossary. The work is well printed and handsomely bound. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, three volumes, \$3.00.

## INTAGLIOS.

## Baby Stars: A Child's Song.

The souls of little girls who die  
God sets up shining in the sky,  
But what becomes of little boys?  
I ask of nurse, and she replies  
That little boys are born without—  
Just born to scuffle and to shout,  
To play rough games, hit hard, and die.  
I'm glad I'm not a little boy.  
I think I'd like to be a star,  
If God would set me not too far  
Away from Daddy—so that I  
Might send him kisses from the sky,  
And shine upon his bed at night  
With such a lovely little light;  
And if he felt too lonely there,  
I'd unwind all my golden hair,  
And make a little shining stair,  
For him to climb and sit by me—  
Oh, Dad, how lovely that would be!  
And perhaps, if I asked God for you,  
He'd change you to a star, dear, too.

—Richard Le Gallienne in Harper's Magazine.

## The Prayer.

Thou fool, to seek companions in a crowd!  
Into thy room I and there, upon thy knees,  
Before thy book-shelves, humbly thank thy God  
That thou hast friends like these!

—Curtis Wager-Smith in the Era.

## Ashes of Roses.

All my dead roses! Now I lay them here  
Shrined in a beryl cup. The mysteries  
Of their sweet hauntings and their witcheries  
Are not more subtle than this jewel clear—  
Are not more cold and dead. The winter's spear  
Has fallen on their petals, once so wise  
With beauty; yet their joyous secret lies  
Still in their perfumed heart, supremely dear.

Roses of Love! Time killed you one by one,  
And mocked my pains as sad I gathered up  
All the fair petals banished from the sun,  
Yet have I conquered! See the dead loves bliss  
Life from my heart, which is their beryl cup,  
Warning the winter of my loneliness.

—Helen Hay in December Harper's Magazine.

## Life's Answer.

"O Life, give me your richest gift!" she cried;  
Then grew afraid, for Love stood by her side,  
But hand-in-hand with Sorrow. Yet no word  
Had she of plaint;—she knew her prayer was heard.

—Mary E. Stickney in December Lippincott's.

## Sea-Fog.

There is a ghost that walks the sea to-night!  
I marked him in the twilight, hovering  
Beyond the marshes; a gray, misshapen Thing  
To chill the very soul with nameless fright.  
And as a flock of startled birds takes wing  
Before the fowler, so, in sudden flight,  
I saw the fisher-boats from left and right  
Hurrying to harbor; and I heard the ring  
Of warning bells, and then the beacon hurled  
Its javelin of fire into the dark  
And made a space of refuge for who saw.  
Whereon, my own being safe, the outer world  
Passed from my thought. Alas, the narrow arc  
On Life's full round that tightened heartstrings  
draw!

—December Scribner's Magazine.

William Le Queux, in speaking of the trade of Mr. Heinemann, the well-known English publisher, against the literary agent, says:

"As an author, I can not agree with Mr. Heinemann when he says 'the authors' agent fosters in authors the greed for an immediate money return at the cost of all dignity and artistic repose.' My own experience of the literary agent—a firm of father and son who are too well known in the literary world to need any advertisement—is entirely opposed to this contention. Twelve years ago, after I had written my first book, I placed my affairs in the hands of the agent in question, and I freely acknowledge that they have sold my work to the best pecuniary advantage. Nevertheless, so far from fostering 'greed' within me, my agent has, in frequent cases, urged me to ask lower terms than I believed due to myself, and has in various ways shown himself equally the friend of the publisher as well as the author. To myself, in common with most busy authors, the agent is absolutely indispensable."

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One half the world disapproves of what the other half reads, and I hereby hasten to enroll myself as an enthusiastic member of the half that disapprove of Paul Leicester Ford's milk-and-watery literature. I once struggled through "The Honorable Peter Stirling," by that author, and, after having yawned over the tootsy-wootsy love-scenes, I was convinced I had had enough. But there is no end to the gullibility of the public, and when a "Janice Meredith" wave swept over the land, I was caught up with the rest, and made a short and disastrous plunge through a couple of chapters. Since then I have consistently cut Mr. Ford's literary acquaintance.

I thought that the Janice of my brief acquaintance in the book was a vain, frivolous, empty-headed, meddlesome, rattle-brained, self-absorbed, and insignificant chit. No doubt true enough to life, but the thought of cultivating her society through an entire book was one to appal the stoutest heart. It was an experience that I was happily spared, but I have had another almost as bad, for I have known her as the heroine of a play. And what a play! An empty barrel rolling endlessly up hill and down dale, with an accompaniment of inarticulate shouts from its propellers, comes near to giving an idea of the general effect of the foolish, meaningless noise which goes far toward making up the play of "Janice Meredith."

The players, too, are all suffering from the deadening effects of a long run. They are like so many puppets, moving automatically to certain set places on the stage, uttering with mechanical precision lines whose original triviality has become absolute vacancy by frequent repetition, and falling into pose during the frequent stage tableaux with the same suggestion of a machine-like click, with which the little colored-glass fragments in a kaleidoscope adjust themselves to their new position, with each recurring revolution of the toy.

How much more fortunate in comparison, in spite of the greater labor entailed, are those players whose position is a fixed stock company necessitates the weekly study of a new rôle. Go to the Grand Opera House, and notice the zest and gaiety with which the players fling themselves into the merry-making at the ion in the second act of "Carmen." There is one of that suggestion of fixity and pre-arrangement about the grouping, which mars the stage pictures in "Janice Meredith," but a happy effect of spontaneity that flows from the players' sense of fresh enjoyment.

They are a colorless and uninteresting group of players at the Columbia, where the conversational ball flies from one to the other like a shuttlecock. Nobody ever pauses to allow a remark to sink in. Everybody looks as if he knew by heart what he was going to say before he said it. Each facial expression is prepared before the remark that is supposed to inspire it is uttered. Even Miss Maonering was a disappointment. Pretty, yes, and graceful, and light of foot, but the artificiality of the rôle has so perverted her sense of true values that she is fatiguingly untrue to nature. She gives one the impression of being a mirror actress; one who poses and attitudeizes, practices curl-tossings and eye-rollings, until the real woman is buried beneath a mass of mannerisms, and there is no illumining light from within. There is, of course, a degree of justification, for Janice in the book is all surface, airs, graces, giggles, triviality, self-consciousness, affectation, and vanity. And Janice, in the play, is a too faithful copy of Mr. Ford's fatiguing creation.

There is much sheer silliness in the play, as, for instance, the long-drawn-out grins of Janice's guard, and out one ray of real brightness in the lines. "Where will you go to when you die?" is a familiar irony that was reproduced. I am aware that my views are iconoclastic, and that one should extend unquestioning reverence toward a New York success, but really, on remembering the vogue of "Naughty Anthoony," which was coarse, "Ben Hur," which was dull, and "Janice Meredith," which is silly, one feels a good-natured contempt for the collective New York verdict.

I saw a man at the Columbia the night that I was there, who had sunk into peaceful slumber. Occasionally he awoke, and heard fragments of Revolutionary history shouted at him. He doubtless observed that Janice Meredith was successfully running the American Revolution, and feeling that all was well on our side, relapsed anew into sweet oblivion. I respected that man, for I felt that of all the people assembled in front, he alone had the sense to turn a profitless evening to profitable account.

Miss Seligman's work at the Grand Opera House is deserving of more public attention than it

has received. Not only has her engagement been the means of reviving a number of exceedingly clever plays, but so far they have been of the kind that contain such vitality of motive, pithiness of dialogue, and play of action as to markedly appeal to the ambition and acting intelligence of the group of young players surrounding her.

The material of which "Diplomacy" is made seems to fade and shrink but little with the years. There is an intangible something in the style which stamps it as not of to-day, but in plot and purpose it might have been written yesterday. Its important scenes still hold an audience hushed and almost breathless. These intervals of stilly attention, when every rustle ceases, are the moments that actors love. They are the stimulants which nerve and incite them to their best efforts. This was noticeably the case with Messrs. Waldron, Mayall, Bernard, and Butler, during the two famous scenes in "Diplomacy" in which the petticoat is conspicuous by its absence. These scenes even exceed in interest those in which the star appeared—for Miss Seligman strangely and unaccountably omitted to light up with the expected volcanic fire-flashes the tortuous windings of Zicka's hatred and revenge. In spite of the actress's gift for emotional expression, she showed us a crushed and tamed Zicka, so beaten down by jealous misery that the whirlwind of passion for which we waited over came.

In consequence of this employment of more subdued methods, her conception made the character of Zicka immensely subsidiary to that of Dora, in spite of the novice's heaviness of touch with which Miss Hall treated the part. In her hands Dora became a frank, direct, American girl, with some natural charm, but with a substratum of *gaucherie* not to be looked for in a young lady who had passed her life posing gracefully on an elegantly draped pedestal, submitting to the appraising stare of the most polished worldlings of Europe. Miss Hall's dramatic energy, like her voice, is too uncontrolled as yet to permit her to introduce those finer shadings which go far in a play toward establishing the attractiveness of a fascinating woman. She misses chances, too, of which a shrewd actress would be quick to avail herself. Where, for instance, was the thrilling white *négligée* in which Dora, the bride, faces her accusing husband, and by her unconscious beauty tempts him to depart from the fixity of his stern purpose?

Mr. Waldron is a promising young actor, who is equal to the portrayal of strong emotion, while retaining his air of manliness and self-respect. An actor of this type, if he continues to study and develop, has a career opening before him, for the successful stage lover, like the tenor, is sufficiently rare to be a high-priced exotic. I particularly liked Mr. Bernard's Count Orloff, whom the actor succeeded in endowing with the Continental manner of vivacity tempered with good breeding.

Mr. Mayall is always prone to too much unctious and *empressment*, a fault which made of his "Little Minister" an awful prig, but in "Diplomacy" he was a guide, a warning, a finger-post to the diplomatic fledgelings around him, and his manner had the quality of appropriateness.

Altogether, allowing for an occasional crudeness of speech, manner, and method, inseparable from the best of low-priced performances, they give at the Grand Opera House surprisingly spirited and interesting representations.

"Carmen," so far, has given Miss Seligman her best chance. The part suits her. In Carmen's glittering, showy costumes, with red roses in her rich hair; with the ripeness of her figure partly disguised by jewel-sown, Spanish jackets; with the oar curves of ankle, wrist, and arms revealed and part concealed by short satin skirts and full white sleeves, Miss Seligman looks several degrees sleeker, ten years younger, and fifty per cent. handsomer. Her Carmeo was given with the same broad unconventionality of treatment which marked her portrayal of the adventuress in "The Crust of Society." Her outbursts of realistically loud and lingering sobs, her startlingly vigorous kicks at the soldiers who bound her, her curious little whining giggle, her passionate embraces of José at the ion when she tempts him to desert—are all given with an effect of tossing tradition contemptuously aside. Realism is what the actress aims for, even if some degree of grace and charm must be sacrificed to gain it.

The play follows so closely on the lines of the opera that there was, at first, a threat of fatal familiarity about it. When José seated himself in the traditional attitude in front of the guard-house, and

began weaving the same old familiar cords with the well-known air of indifference, I resolved to flee at the end of an act or so. But after all, opera is but musical pantomime, and I found the dialogue to be full of unexpected novelty and interest. "Carmen," the play, is a relentless study of lawless types and conditions working out toward the fulfillment of inevitable destiny. Such natures—hot with primitive passions, stained with the soil in which they are so deeply rooted, swift and sultry in love as in hate, giving unfettered freedom to each wild appetite and impulse, and red-blooded with vigorous humanity—exercise a curious fascination over alien temperaments. It is not merely the depicting of unfamiliar phases of human nature which attracts, but the fascination that a safe contemplation of lawless liberty sometimes has for consistent adherents to conventionality.

Carmen's sway over the imagination is similar to the charm which the ruthless brigand's career has for the two-year-old urchin, who is beginning to find life a complicated harness of dull duties. Carmeo had the courage to look death in the face, and meet it fearlessly, rather than give up her jealously prized freedom. José was that unlucky creature, a weakling in vice. He tasted of the delectable fruit of wickedness, but with many a remorseful, backward look toward the peaceful purlieus of virtue.

They are unquestionably a bad lot in "Carmeo," while an atmosphere of strict respectability surrounds the puppets in "Janice Meredith," but I dare swear that to the true lover of drama there is too times the pleasure to be found in witnessing the former play. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

A calendar of artistic beauty and real usefulness is that issued for 1902 by Messrs. N. W. Ayer & Son, the Philadelphia promoters of advertising. The background and main sheet is an art-work, enhanced in beauty by the tasteful colors of the printer. The twelve sheets containing the dates of the months have a restful dark-green background, the large figures in white catching the eye at a great distance. In each sheet are epigrammatic sentences bearing on the possibilities of business during year. The demand for these calendars is always great, and whoever would have a copy should send twenty-five cents before the edition runs low. This is a merely nominal price to cover the cost of printing, handling, and postage. Address N. W. Ayer & Son, Chestnut and Eighth Streets, Philadelphia.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## "A Lady of Quality" at the Grand.

The last week but one of Minnie Seligman's engagement at the Grand Opera House will be devoted to a production of "A Lady of Quality," which Frances Hodgson Burnett dramatized from her popular novel in collaboration with Stephen Townsend. This play was the means of introducing Julia Arthur to a New York audience as a star, and was presented here several seasons ago by Eugene Blair, Miss Seligman will have an excellent opportunity in the rôle of Clorinda, and the balance of the characters will be portrayed by the very efficient Grand Opera House stock company. The action of the play is in the period of 1700, and, unlike the book, discovers Clorinda Wildairs in the first beauty of young womanhood, avoiding those portions of the novel which dwell somewhat disagreeably upon Clorinda's girlhood days, when she was more at home in the stable than in the parlor, and more at ease in the company of lackeys than of gentlemen. Such a youth is simply suggested by mere hints, and the play begins with a gay night in Wildairs Hall, where Clorinda, in the dress of a young cavalier, is celebrating her sixteenth birthday. The play then follows the story in the book very closely. It is full of dramatic interest, and calls for several picturesque stage pictures.

## Mary Mannering as Camille.

During the second week of her engagement at the Columbia Theatre, Mary Mannering will continue to present "Janice Meredith." A special matinee has been arranged for Thursday afternoon when the star will make her first appearance as "Camille." The cast will be selected from among the members of her company, and will include, among others, Robert Drouet, H. S. Northrup, Carle Ahrendt, Charles Cherry, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, and Amy Ricard. We have recently had several powerful Camilles—Sarah Bernhardt, Nance O'Neil, and Florence Roberts—and it will be interesting to compare Miss Mannering's impersonation of Dumas's celebrated heroine with that of her predecessors, for it is certain to be full of original touches, and will afford a striking contrast to the rôle of Janice, in which she is now appearing.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be Modjeska and James, in a magnificent revival of Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII."

## The Tivoli's Holiday Spectacle.

"Little Red Riding Hood" has settled down to a prosperous run at the Tivoli Opera House. It is a charming holiday entertainment, abounding in humorous situations, catchy songs, sparkling dialogue, pretty girls, and gorgeous scenery. It has been materially improved since the first night's performance, several new dances and songs having been added. Arthur Cunningham has a new comical ditty called "How the Irish Beat the Band," and this, with his "Mermaid," are encored again and again. Hartman's "I'm Tired" and "When Mr. Shakespeare Comes to Town," Annie Myers's "My Ebony Belle," and Harry Cashman's song with the children, "Baby Mine," are among the other popular ballads. It will be some weeks before the public tires of "Red Riding Hood," and, in the meantime, several new operas are in active rehearsal.

## Second Week of "Charley's Aunt."

Brandon Thomas's ever-popular farce-comedy, "Charley's Aunt," has been so well received at the Alcazar Theatre that the management has wisely decided to continue it another week. It is just the kind of an attraction which theatre-goers want during the holidays—something to drive away dull care and send one home in a happy frame of mind. Frank Bacon's impersonation of Lord Babberly, who disguises himself as Aunt Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez, "from distant Brazil, where the nuts grow," keeps the audience in a roar of laughter from beginning to end. M. L. Alsop as Jack Chesney, Henry Shumer as Charley Wykeham, Marie Howe as the real Aunt Donna, Marion Converse as Margaret Wycherly, and Oza Waldrop as the orphan, are all deserving of special mention, and the rest of the cast act with a vim and a sparkle which is refreshing.

## At the Orpheum.

Several new specialties will be added to the programme of the Orpheum Road Show, which is attracting large audiences at every performance at the Orpheum. Piccolo's Liliputians will make their first appearance in San Francisco. They are four clever little men, whose ages range from twenty to twenty-six, and who look like children. They give a Salvation characterization, which is very droll, and later, in silver and purple tights, do all kinds of remarkable acrobatic feats. Otto Lindner, the star, lifts objects twice as heavy as his own weight, which is thirty-nine pounds, and, in a triangular pyramid, supports the other three little performers, a combined weight of more than one hundred pounds. Ritter's trained dogs will also be new here. Ritter is a gigantic fellow, whose excessive good humor is said to be as amusing as the comedy tricks of his canine pets.

Those retained from this week's bill are Joe Welch, the most original monologist heard here in a long time, in a new assortment of Hebrew experi-

ences; McIntyre and Heath, who will continue their clever negro sketch; Elizabeth Murray in new songs, including "Gracie," which, it is predicted, will become very popular; the Union Gating Guards, who will continue their realistic battle scene; and the Aglos Trio of equilibrists.

## DRAMATIC STOCK COMPANIES.

There are thirty-six repertoire stock companies of the better class in this country. New York has two; Brooklyn, four; Chicago, four; Philadelphia, three; Nashville, New Orleans, Boston, San Francisco, and Newark, two apiece; and Toledo, Louisville, Memphis, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Washington, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, and Milwaukee, one, besides Keith's in Providence, which alternates with vaudeville. The prices range from one dollar to fifteen cents, although some stock houses go as low as thirty to ten cents.

Miss Kausser, who acts as an agent between dramatic authors and theatrical managers, declares that the first of the new repertoire stock companies was in Pittsburgh, and the second at the Castle Square, in Boston. Then, almost simultaneously, came those at the Pike in Cincinnati and the Dearborn in Chicago. Now the larger cities have two or more, of which, usually, one appeals to the more refined taste and the other, or others, to the love of sensational melodrama or amusing farces. In San Francisco we have the Grand Opera House and Alcazar Theatre, with occasional visits from companies led by T. Daniel Fawley and James Neill. It was at the Grand Opera House that the system of visiting stars, in vogue prior to thirty years ago, was lately revived. However, there are only a few stock companies that can be called first class—that is, companies where careful consideration is given to the selection of plays and actors, to stage management as well as business management, and where a dignified appeal is made. Says Miss Kausser: "In this class I would put the Grand in Pittsburgh, the Pike in Cincinnati, the Dearborn in Chicago, the Castle Square in Boston, and the Bellows in Washington, the Percy Haswell in Baltimore, the Thanhouser in Milwaukee, and the Woodward & Burgess in Kansas City. All of these houses charge first-class stock prices. Among the cheaper and very prosperous houses, Mrs. John A. Forepaugh's, in Philadelphia, is longest established in America. Corse Payton, in Brooklyn, also must be rated as a particularly able manager and a comedian of talent. These stock companies have a large and solid clientele."

The plays most in demand by the best stock houses are dramas that have been successfully produced in Broadway, New York. The prime requisite is that they shall be free from immorality, and preferably that they be American in scene and subject. As these theatres appeal to women, largely because of numerous matinees, the plays must be clean and wholesome, the actors of good behavior, and the arrangement unsensational. The play is the thing with the stocks just the same as it is with the first-class companies and stars.

San Francisco and Chicago seem to be the cities where questionable farces are most successful. In some cities they are absolutely refused. When "The Sporting Duchess" was acted at the Boston Castle Square, the scandalous midnight scene in a hotel-room was all but omitted, and "The Idler" had to have a passage taken out before its use by a Kansas City company. Even "damns" had to be removed from the dialogue. An audience in Pittsburgh also left the theatre before "Lady Windermere's Fan" was more than half over.

Charles Frohman is to-day the most important factor in the leasing of stock plays. Miss Kausser says: "Every year when he returns from Europe he notifies me what plays are released for stock use. Among those that have been in greatest demand in recent years 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' and 'Too Much Johnson' lead. Then come 'Sowing the Wind' and 'Under the Red Robe.' Before this year is out, however, I think 'The Little Minister' will be in advance. 'The Liars' and 'Lord and Lady Algy' appeal to the more fastidious, but 'Miss Hobbs' finds general favor. Next in demand, up to this year, have been the 'Belasco-DeMille plays, 'The Charity Ball,' 'The Wife,' and 'Men and Women.' 'The Moth and the Flame' has found stock company favor. 'A Bachelor's Romance' and 'Peaceful Valley,' in which Sol Smith Russell used to act, are liked, and so are Augustus Thomas's 'In Mizoura' and 'Alabama,' particularly the latter. William Gillette's 'Secret Service' has been in demand, and just before the Spanish-American War his 'Held by the Enemy' was used so much that ten copies of the manuscript and parts were kept in circulation. Daniel Frohman has some splendid stock plays. 'The Prisoner of Zenda' is a favorite, but he has decided to sell the rights for a tour of it.

"Certain cities vary in their tastes. In Cincinnati they do not want farces, but high-class society plays with 'heart interest,' and they detest melodramas. In Boston they like the best of the melodramas. 'The Prodigal Daughter' had a run of six weeks there, and 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' broke the record." Around the holidays is a bad time for business. The stock companies generally revive plays for which they do not have to pay royalties—in many cases a Shakespearean production fills in the fortnight.

## A Novel Lecture by Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

At the Alhambra Theatre on Monday evening, December 30th, Mrs. Booth-Tucker will deliver a lecture on "Love and Sorrow," so that the public may be made better acquainted with the practical working of the Salvation Army in the haunts of sin and sorrow. There are few not aware of the work that the Salvation Army is doing, not only in this country but in all parts of the world in which it is operating; but it is said that one and all will admit, after hearing Mrs. Booth-Tucker's lecture, that they have had but a faint idea of the magnitude of the work accomplished.

Living tableaux, original stereopticon pictures, illustrated stories, characteristic anecdotes, and appropriate songs, are utilized to illustrate the kaleidoscopic methods of the army's work. Admission is fixed at fifty cents each.

Maud Miller, the daughter of Joaquin Miller, died at Oakland on Tuesday, December 24th. The immediate cause of death was heart trouble. Two weeks ago her health became such that she was compelled to disband her theatrical company, which was then touring through the southern part of the State, and return to Oakland for medical treatment. She was born in Oregon thirty-nine years ago. Some years ago she married a man by the name of McCormick. Her father did not approve of the marriage and an estrangement resulted, but they were reconciled later. She was well known as an actress throughout the Pacific Coast States.

The fiftieth day of the fall meeting of the New California Jockey Club opens the last week of the holiday season. On Monday, December 30th, the Encinal Handicap will be the most important race. On Wednesday, the New-Year Handicap, for a purse of \$2,000, will be run, and there is an entry list of nearly one hundred horses. The Consolation Handicap, open to all ages that have started in two or more handicaps and have not won, will be run on Thursday.

Among the operas which the Grau Opera Company will produce in New York this winter, which were not given in San Francisco, will be "Manru," by Padewski, and "Messaline," by Isadore de Lara (both new), and revivals of "La Gioconda," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Otello," "Ernani," "L'Elesire d'Amore," "La Navarraise," "Il Flauto Magico," and "Ero e Leandro."

Viola Allen, in her great success, "In the Palace of the King," will be here in a few weeks.

—DR. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET. SPECIALTY, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

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RUINART pere et fils, RHEIMS, France  
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We offer our entire line of beautiful Oriental Carpets, Rugs and Curtains at 25 per cent. Discount from regular prices.  
Chas. M. Plum & Co.  
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WM. PIERCE JOHNSON, Vice-President.

LEWIS I. COWGILL, Cashier.

F. W. WOLFE, Assistant-Cashier.

Capital, - - - - - \$500,000  
Surplus and Undivided Profits, - 145,000

DIRECTORS—JAMES K. WILSON, WM. J. DUTTON, WM. PIERCE JOHNSON, GEO. A. POPE, HENRY PIERCE, H. E. HUNTINGTON, C. S. BENEDICT.

This bank does a general banking business. Deals in foreign and domestic exchange, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available in all parts of the world. Accounts of banks and bankers, mercantile firms, corporations, and individuals will receive careful attention.

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Standard Typewriter  
211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

## Legal Notices.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Henry Alexander Scott, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of Henry Alexander Scott, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of Henry Alexander Scott, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Dominick A. Carvin, also known as Domenico A. Carvin, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of Dominick A. Carvin, also known as Domenico A. Carvin, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of Dominick A. Carvin, also known as Domenico A. Carvin, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Joseph Sayle, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of Joseph Sayle, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of Joseph Sayle, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John H. Coleman, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of John H. Coleman, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of John H. Coleman, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of A. L. Beckman, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, administrator of the estate of A. L. Beckman, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
P. BOLAND,  
Administrator of the estate of A. L. Beckman, deceased.  
Dated at San Francisco, December 14, 1901.  
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator, 308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.



VANITY FAIR.

In an article on "Our Foolish Virgins," in which he discusses the life and education of the modern American girl, Eliot Gregory thus describes the existence one of his young friends has arranged for herself, and the ingenious methods by which she enjoys freedom from all cares, and gets a taste of life, without exceeding her meagre allowance. "The girl, who is of spotless respectability," he writes, "lives with a widowed aunt in a tiny apartment somewhere in the upper part of the town, from which altitude she descends, arrayed in dazzling garb, on most fair mornings, in pursuit of her day's sport. After a little shopping, or an hour's inspection of Twenty-Third Street windows, she arrives toward one o'clock at the Waldorf, or a kindred bostelry, where she trips about as though looking for some one. As soon as she spots a group of her acquaintances preparing to order luncheon, she floats up to them, and asks if they 'have seen Aunt Maria,' which lady, strangely enough, does not materialize. As the girl lingers about their table, or asks—with one of her winning smiles—permission to sit by them until her relative appears, it is an even chance that she achieves her object, and is invited to lunch. The little comedy of confusion and annoyance at Aunt Maria's defection is duly played, but the invitation is accepted. As she has always 'forgotten her purse,' a candid offer to share expenses does not count for much. The girl is, however, so gay and entertaining that this little trick, played with variations, provides her with most of her season's luncheons. On leaving her hosts, Una does a picture-gallery or two; or, if she meets a friend of her own ilk, they visit some bachelor painter in his studio. She never does this alone, being careful that no bad marks shall sully the white pages of her class-book. Another favorite amusement is being photographed—when it does not cost anything. In consequence, the walls of half the amateur studios in town are graced with presentments of her dainty figure. This and kindred pastimes fill the hours until five o'clock, when she 'teas' with a woman friend, or drops in at a reception. Thus a day has been cheerfully and economically passed. By seven, when it is quite dark, and there is no further excuse for remaining out, the fair tramp reluctantly mounts an elevated train (her first extravagance), and returns to the society of the uncompensated relative, who has passed her day in cutting, turning, and re-arranging the girl's fine clothes, or darning the meagre household linen."

According to a recent announcement of the Census Bureau, the enumeration of 1900 shows that there are more men and boys than women and girls in this country, and that the difference exceeds 1,800,000 in a population of 76,303,387. The excess appears more distinctly, perhaps, when it is said that there are 512 males and only 488 females in every thousand people in the United States. This state of affairs appears the more striking when compared with that existing in Europe. Both in the United Kingdom and on the Continent the women are more numerous than the men. One of the principal forces which appears to be chiefly concerned in upsetting the equilibrium is immigration, which works in two ways. The majority of immigrants are men (points out the *Chicago Tribune*). The departures from one country, therefore, leave the other sex in excess in one part of the world, while they promote the preponderance of their own in another. Thus, in some European countries the proportion of males to females is about 485 to 575. Now, inasmuch as three out of every five immigrants who come to the United States are men and ten out of every seventy-five people here are of foreign birth, it is easy to see how important is this factor in establishing the ratio between the sexes. But people migrate not only from one country to another, but also from one part of a country to another. This is peculiarly true in the United States. As might be expected, the greatest excess of men is to be found in the Far West, in the great agricultural and mining districts. In Minnesota and Nebraska there were at least 54 men out of every 100 people for a long time, from 55 to 58 in the Dakotas, and from 60 to 68 in most of the regions to the west and southwest. The ratio in Montana was once as great as 84 out of 100, and even in 1890 was 66 1/2 to 33 1/2. A slow, steady tendency toward equality has been observable, however, except in Utah, where the excess of men kept below the national average until 1880, and then increased only slightly. The connection between this fact and polygamy is too obvious to need pointing out.

A writer in the *New York Tribune* doubts the stories imputing to Prince Henry of the Netherlands the enormous debts which are said to be the principal cause of dissension between Queen Wilhelmina and himself. "The reigning house of Mecklenberg-Schwerin," he writes, "is one of the richest in Europe. The prince has never been known as a gambler, nor has he ever manifested much interest in the turf. Indeed, there were never any stories current prior to his marriage charging him with extravagance. Neither has he given any evidence since he became Prince Consort of the Netherlands of being in the least degree pressed for money. In fact, it was only in July last that he purchased in Mecklenberg-Schwerin the great sporting estate of

Dobben for nearly five hundred thousand dollars, for which he paid cash, without being obliged to avail himself of any of the Dutch money coming to him under his marriage settlement. That is to say, he purchased the estate with the fortune which belonged to him in his own right, and by inheritance, prior to his union with the Queen of Holland. This, it seems, is sufficient to demonstrate the falsity of the stories according to which he was overwhelmed with pecuniary liabilities at the time of his wedding, and that describe him as having been quarreling ever since with his wife in consequence of her alleged refusal to settle with his creditors." The writer points out that the prince consorts of queens regnant are always unpopular in the land of their adoption, and cites, among other cases, that of Prince Albert of Coburg, the husband of Queen Victoria, who has been an object of kindly feeling and appreciation only since his death. "Although a man of blameless character, and of the most perfect tact and chivalry, he was made the subject of every conceivable attack by the press, especially in the first ten or fifteen years of his marriage. The London newspapers were never tired of abusing him in the coarsest manner. His impeachment was suggested, and even intrigues of an unsavory character, and for which there was not a shadow of foundation, were laid at his door. Prince Henry of the Netherlands is merely undergoing the same experience that falls to the share of every prince consort. Perhaps he lacks the judgment and the diplomacy which enabled Prince Albert to weather the storm of unpopularity. At any rate, he is deserving of fairer treatment than he has been receiving in the last few weeks by the newspapers, and it will be well in future if the latter receive with a grain of salt the stories which come to this country concerning him, bearing in mind that the very fact of his being a German by birth is sufficient to render him an object of suspicion and ill-will to the people of the Netherlands."

Commenting on the decadence of London tailors, in the *Independent*, Poultney Bigelow says: "You go to a first-rate tailor and are elaborately measured and cross-measured. The cloth is excellent, the price moderate, as compared with New York. You are requested to call and try them on in three days. You come to be tried on, and find that the clothes are basted together, and that the fit is merely a preliminary one; the basting is all ripped open, and you are pinned up again. The tailor expresses no surprise that his work is badly done; he does not know that it is a wretched job. You call, after a long interval, and try them on again. The sleeves are an inch too long, the collar fits as though it were made for a horse, the jacket is tight across the chest and obviously intended for a fat man around the belt. You ask if he did really take measurements in the first instance. The tailor complacently rips up all his seams again, and once more proceeds to make chalk marks all over you, and insert a number of pins. You are inclined to use profane language, but curiosity masters your other feelings, and you wonder how any establishment can succeed when so much time can be wasted over one suit of clothes."

"To be fashionable in Dawson City," says a correspondent of the *Indianapolis Journal*, "one must have his dog team. It is no uncommon sight to see a Dawson belle or a wealthy matron enveloped in her costly furs, skimming along behind a team of dashing dogs. These dogs are urged to greater speed by the call of 'mush on,' which means in English 'get up' or 'go ahead.' The men in Dawson City are by no means deprived of club-life. The fashionable organization of this kind in Dawson is known as the Zero Club. In summer the men play tennis, lacrosse, cricket, and base-ball. The women play tennis and serve tea. In winter they have the curling club and the skating rinks. It costs money to live in the Klondike, but one can buy anything from an automobile down if one has the price. A gown that a woman in Indianapolis would pay \$25 for, she could not expect to get in Dawson for less than \$100. However, if one has the money one can get the most fashionable gown there. A very good meal, accompanied by music, is now served in the best hotels in Dawson for \$1. Wood is worth \$20 a cord. Good apples were 50 cents apiece last winter, and beefsteak brings from 75 cents to \$1.50 a pound during the winter. Christmas turkeys were \$1 a pound last winter."

Justin Huntly McCarthy, in commenting on the alarming rumors that King Edward is suffering from cancer of the throat, says: "The report is going about everywhere, and it finds some sanction in the fact that the king has lost within a comparatively short space of time a brother and a sister from the fell disease. An interesting article which I have just been reading in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, the leading newspaper of Ireland, insists that one main cause of the illnesses which at present affect so many royal houses in Europe is to be found in the fact that 'the sovereigns of Europe have disregarded that great law of nature which discountenances the marriages of near blood relatives.' The article goes on to tell us that while 'there are in Europe over a score of emperors, kings, and minor reigning sovereigns, . . . all but two are the descendants of James the First of England, the only child of the marriage of Darnley and Mary, Queen of Scots.' The King

of Sweden, who, as everybody knows, is the descendant of Marshal Bernadotte, one of the soldiers whom the great Napoleon raised from the ranks and set upon a throne, and the Prince of Montenegro, who became a sovereign ruler within the recollection of us all, are almost the only exceptions. The result of this condition of things naturally is that European princes and princesses are compelled to marry 'in and in,' if I may use that colloquial expression when dealing with such a subject—in other words, have to find their marriage consorts in families more or less nearly related to their own. At present there is hardly a European imperial or royal family which is not oppressed by serious and bodily illness of some kind, and it is only reasonable to say that some explanation of this fact may be found in this system of intermarriage. It is certainly a curious historical fact that the dynasty of the Stuarts, in many ways the worst dynasty that ever ruled over England, should have left so many descendants among the reigning houses of Europe."

"I finds you," said Brother Dickey, as he entered the house of the lay member on Christmas Day—"I say, I finds you settin' down befo' one er de biggest roast turkeys I ever seen, en I wants ter ax you, plain en simple, did you, or did you not, come by it honest? Speak up, suhl!" "Br'er Dickey," said the lay member, "dis is one time in my life dat I am too full fer utterance."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Smartest Train of All.

Sunset Limited for New Orleans and New York resumes tri-weekly service from San Francisco on December 6th. Equipment will be the very best obtainable; the service of the snappiest order, while the route affords the most interesting winter journey across the continent.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Tuesday, December 24, 1901, were as follows:

|                                |             | BONDS.            |  | Closed. |         |
|--------------------------------|-------------|-------------------|--|---------|---------|
|                                |             | Shares.           |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| U. S. Comp. 3 1/2              | 100         | @ 108 1/2         |  | 108 1/2 |         |
| Bay Co. Power 5 1/2            | 10,000      | @ 108 1/2         |  | 108 1/2 |         |
| Market St. Ry. 5 1/2           | 4,000       | @ 122             |  |         | 123 1/2 |
| N. R. of Cal. 6 1/2            | 10,000      | @ 113             |  |         | 112 1/2 |
| N. R. of Cal. 5 1/2            | 3,000       | @ 121 1/2         |  |         | 121 1/2 |
| Oakland Transit 5 1/2          | 2,000       | @ 111 1/2         |  |         | 112     |
| Pacific Gas 4 1/2              | 5,000       | @ 95              |  |         |         |
| S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5 1/2 | 12,000      | @ 123             |  |         | 124     |
| S. P. of Ariz. 6 1/2           | 1909 11,000 | @ 113 1/2         |  |         | 114     |
| S. P. of Cal. 6 1/2            | 5,000       | @ 108             |  |         |         |
| 1905, Series A                 | 10,000      | @ 110             |  |         |         |
| S. P. of Cal. 5 1/2            | 19,000      | @ 112             |  |         |         |
| S. V. Water 6 1/2              | 19,000      | @ 102 1/2         |  |         | 102 1/2 |
| S. V. Water 4 1/2              | 6,000       | @ 102 1/2         |  |         | 102 1/2 |
|                                |             | STOCKS.           |  | Closed. |         |
|                                |             | Shares.           |  | Bid.    | Asked.  |
| Contra Costa Water.            | 15          | @ 75              |  | 73 1/2  | 76      |
| Spring Valley Water.           | 250         | @ 86-87 1/2       |  | 86      | 86 1/2  |
|                                |             | Gas and Electric. |  |         |         |
| S. F. Gas & Electric.          | 455         | @ 41 3/4-45 1/2   |  | 41      | 42 1/2  |
|                                |             | Street R. R.      |  |         |         |
| California St.                 | 130         | @ 150             |  | 148     |         |
| Market St.                     | 30          | @ 86              |  | 86      |         |
|                                |             | Powers.           |  |         |         |
| Giant Con.                     | 90          | @ 82-83 1/2       |  | 81      | 84      |
|                                |             | Sugars.           |  |         |         |
| Honokaa S. Co.                 | 10          | @ 10 1/2          |  | 10      | 10 1/2  |
| Paaunha S. Co.                 | 20          | @ 10 1/2          |  | 10 1/2  | 10 1/2  |
|                                |             | Miscellaneous.    |  |         |         |
| Alaska Packers                 | 190         | @ 165-170         |  | 167 1/2 | 170     |
| Cal. Wine Assn.                | 100         | @ 87 1/2-88 1/2   |  | 89      | 91      |
| Oceanic S. Co.                 | 50          | @ 40              |  |         | 45      |
| Pacific A. F. Alarm.           | 100         | @ 3               |  |         | 2 1/2   |

The market has the usual holiday lack of business, and on very small sales shaded off from one-quarter to three and three-quarters points, the latter in San Francisco Gas and Electric, which was offered down in small lots, on a dull market, without supporting orders.

Giant Powder shaded off one and one-half points on small sales, but we look for better prices for this stock in the near future.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
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A. W. BLOW & CO.  
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GORDON & FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

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Assets - - - - - \$2,500,000.00

And Resident Agents

Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society,

OF NORWICH, ENGLAND

Assets - - - - - \$6,553,403

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Telephone Main 5710

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- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,290,159.05  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 29, 1901.....21,886,288.11  
OFFICERS—President, E. A. BRCKER; Vice-President, JOHN LLOYD; Cashier, DANIEL MEYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Rans, N. Ohlandt, and I. N. Walter.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....\$28,973,540  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve Fund.....226,994  
Contingent Fund.....445,617

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Security Savings Bank

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$300,000  
RESERVE AND SURPLUS.....150,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WINFIELD S. JONES.....President  
WILLIAM BARCOCK.....Vice-President  
S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Winfield S. Jones, H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

Germania Trust Company

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....390,000  
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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....2,851,860.11  
October 1, 1901.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier  
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier  
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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901:

ASSETS.  
Loans.....\$10,642,400.61  
Bonds, Stocks, and Warrants.....2,191,727.10  
Real Estate.....1,665,030.77  
Miscellaneous Assets.....12,415.53  
Due from Banks and Bankers.....1,104,308.12  
Cash.....3,973,676.04  
\$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES.  
Capital, paid up.....\$ 500,000.00  
Surplus.....5,750,000.00  
Undivided Profits.....3,311,290.28  
Deposits, Banks and Bankers.....1,124,165.27  
Individual.....8,904,102.63  
\$19,589,558.17

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OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$4,081,895.13; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$3,092,661.01.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In taking out a ten-thousand-dollar policy with a Milwaukee insurance company, William J. Bryan had to state if he had ever suffered any from fever, and if so, what kind. He is said to have written: "Yes, had two severe attacks of Presidential fever, followed by severe chills, but I have fully recovered from both."

It is said that at certain seasons in Scotland, when the fishing is not very brisk, the fishermen act as caddies, and are easily recognized by their costume, a woolen jersey and trousers braced up to the armpits. One of these was asked his name by the gentleman for whom he was carrying, and the reply was: "Weel, sir, hereabouts they maistley ca' me 'Breeks' but ma' maiden' name is 'Broom'."

After preaching a sermon on the fate of the wicked, an English clergyman met an old woman well known for her gossiping propensities, and he said: "I hope my sermon has borne fruit. You heard what I said about the place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?" "Well, as to that," answered the dame, "if I 'as anything to say, it be this: Let them gnash their teeth as has 'em—I ain't!"

An English treasury official was once sent over to Dublin to inquire into the expenditure of fuel in the courts. He was received politely by the late Lord Morris, the famous Irish law lord and wit, who said he would put him in communication with the proper person, and rang the bell. When the elderly female who acted as court-keeper appeared, he remarked, as he left the room: "Mary, this is the young man that's come about the coals."

Lord Coleridge was driving toward his court one morning in his brougham, when an accident happened to it at Grosvenor Square. Fearing he would be belated, he called a cab from the street rank, and bade the Jehu drive him as rapidly as possible to the courts of justice. "And where he they?" "What! A London cabby, and don't know where the law courts are at old Temple Bar?" "Oh! the law courts, is it? But you said courts of justice."

Sir Adam Ferguson describes a shooting ramble he had one day on the high grounds near Galashiels with Sir Walter Scott. It was an exceedingly windy day, and coming to a lonely farm-house in an exposed situation, they went up to it, but could get no admission. At length a female voice was heard within, and Ferguson called out: "What's come of the men?" "Oh, they're awa' o'er to Windydoors" (a real place so named). "I think they might have been content wi' their ain doors," said Scott, in his droll, dry way, as he turned his pony's head.

A new volume of reminiscences by Dean Hole quotes the following extraordinary prayer as offered by a loyal but certainly ijudicious English clergyman on behalf of Queen Adelaide, the wife of William the Fourth: "Oh Lord, save Thy servant, our sovereign lady, the queen; grant that as she grows an old woman she may become a new man; strengthen her with Thy blessing that she may live a pure virgin, bringing forth sons and daughters to the glory of God, and give her grace that she may go forth before her people like a he goat on the mountains."

On a recent visit to St. Louis, Archbishop Ryan, a noted Philadelphia prelate, rode in a carriage to the parochial residence with Bishop Glennon, who is rather diminutive in size and of slight build, especially in the stomachic regions, while Archbishop Ryan is tall and very robust. As they alighted from the carriage, Archbishop Ryan said to his companion: "Bishop Glennon, I once was asked to explain the difference between a bishop and an archbishop. I answered 'and the archbishop extended his arms in a semicircle from his own healthy body, at the same time glancing rather sharply at Bishop Glennon,' 'The difference is all in the arch.'"

A man was once condemned, in Afghanistan, to have his ears sliced off as a minor punishment. He had a powerful friend, however, who was much attached to him. This friend begged the late Ameer, in duly submissive tones, to allow him to perform the operation, a favor which was granted. However, the amateur begged the Ameer to show him what portion of each ear he wished to be removed. The Ameer accordingly touched them lightly. Whereupon the iogecious—and courageous—person proceeded to quote a passage in the Koran which said that anything touched by the representative of the Almighty became sacred. The despot smiled grimly and forgave them both.

In the great campaign of 1860, one of the arguments used against Lincoln was that he had served but a single term in Congress, while Senator Douglas had for many years enjoyed a national reputation. This point was urged in a heated discussion, overheard, between an ardent supporter of Senator Douglas and a German voter, who favored Mr. Lincoln. The former finally thought to overwhelm his

opponent by saying: "Who is this Lincoln, anyhow? Nobody ever heard of him until Senator Douglas brought him into ootice by holding joint debates with him. Senator Douglas, on the other hand, is a great statesman. Why, he has had his eye on the Presidential chair for the last ten years." "Vot is dot you say?" was the reply; "you say Meester Douglas have had his eye on the President chair for the last ten years." "Yes, that is just what I said." "Vell, you shoost tell Meester Douglas eef he keep hees eye on dot chair shoost a leedle vile looger, he will see Old Abe Lincoln sittin' down in it." That closed the debate, amid a roar of laughter from the hystaaders.

According to a story that is going the rounds of the Italian papers, the tenor, Tamagno, gave a large supper in his sumptuous villa at Varese, the other day, to which he invited all the local authorities and many of his personal friends. In the invitation it was intimated that "while waiting the hour of supper, which is fixed for 11 P. M., there will be music to begin at 9." One of the authorities replied thanking him, adding, however, that he would come at eleven punctually. Tamagno, justly indignant at such a slight to his voice in favor of his supper, answered: "As the supper is only offered as a reward to those who have the patience to hear me sing, and who want to be indulgent to me, I pray you to renounce the supper, and come to dinner with me to-morrow at noon, assuring you that I will not sing."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Language.

Laoguage is the vehicle  
Of thought, and in the name  
Of all the gods, how few of us  
Know how to tool the same!

—Smart Set.

A Word for the Worm.

The early bird may catch the worm,  
And start triumphantly to trill,  
Which proves, despite its humble squirm,  
The early worm just fills the bill.

—Philadelphia Record.

His Substitute.

"I've a great scheme," said good Deacon Tee.  
"I like to play golf, don't you see?  
But it's naughty to swear,  
So when I fan the air  
The boy pokes the parrot for me!"—Judge.

The Willful Waist.

Oh, thou marvelous feminine waist!  
Thou art greatly a matter of taste,  
And one can not divine  
Where thy movable line  
May within the next season be placed.

In the days of the empire style,  
Very high didst thou soar for awhile;  
When the fair Josephine  
O'er the fashions was queen,  
And anatomy bent to her smile.

Then there followed a time when thou didst  
Disappear from our sight, for thou hid'st  
When the loose Hubbard gowns  
Shocked the wild Western towns,  
Till we wailed: "Oh! return to our midst!"

And to-day, with a new style of squeeze,  
At an angle of fifty degrees,  
Thou descendest so fast  
That we wonder, aghast,  
If thy fall will stop short of the knees!

But the fact is that figures can't lie  
(Even though they so craftily try);  
So thy line shall be found,  
While this world goes around,  
When the arm of a lover is nigh.—Puck.

Contemptible but Trivial.

Verhena, the colored cook, asked permission to bake a cake for the wedding breakfast of one of her friends. The next day her mistress said to her:

"Well, 'Bena, how did the wedding go off?"  
"Law, Mrs. L.," Verheoa replied, "it was a mos' pow'ful fine weddin'. De breckfuss was mos' appettizin', 'specially de cake you done gih me; an' wid all de guests wearin' der hes' clo's, an' behavin' mos' impressive. Ao' de hride suttainly did look beautiful in her white satin gowd, wid de long, white veil an' de oraoze-blossoms."

"Aod how about the bridegroom, 'Bena?"  
"Dar!" exclaimed Verheoa, her eyes flashing, "de low-down, no-count niggah nevah come a nigh!"—Harper's Magazine.

"Who was the Father of His Country?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class in history. "George Washington," promptly replied Tommy Tucker; "but it was Richard Carvel that licked the British."—Chicago Tribune.

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| State National Bank           | Cincinnati   | Ranque de la Suisse Italienne   | Locarno         |
| National Bank of Commerce     | New Orleans  | Niedersaechsische Bank          | Kremen          |
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## SOCIETY.

## Third Cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly.

The Christmas cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly Cotillion Club took place at Cotillion Hall on Friday evening, December 20th, and was an army and navy affair. The guests were received by Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Ira Pierce, and Mrs. Cyrus Walker.

The cotillion was lead by Lieutenant Ralph P. Brower, U. S. A., and Dr. C. C. Collins, U. S. A., and those in the first set were Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Lansdale, Miss Edith Huntington, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Marie Wilson, Miss Kathryn Robinson, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Frances Allen, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Sara Collier, and Miss Cora Smedberg.

## The Herrin Reception.

Mrs. William F. Herrin gave a reception at her new residence at Scott and Broadway on Saturday, December 21st, at which her daughter, Miss Katherine Herrin, made her formal debut. The reception lasted from four to seven o'clock, and was largely attended.

Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. William M. Stewart, of Nevada, Mrs. T. B. Bishop, Mrs. Samuel M. Shortridge, Mrs. A. D. Keyes, Miss Alice Herrin, Miss Maud Taylor, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Pillsbury, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Louise Redington, Miss Hazel Noonan, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Kathryn Robinson, Miss Hilda Van Sicklen, Miss Kelcey Paterson, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss McNeil, and Miss Genevieve King.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Etta Yale, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Yale, of Oakland, and Mr. Milton D. Bailey, son of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Bailey.

The engagement of Miss Helen Wismer, daughter of Mrs. Mathilde Wismer, and Mr. Emil I. Zimmer has been announced.

Miss Mabel Hogg made her formal debut at a reception given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hogg, at their residence, 2226 Sacramento Street, on Saturday afternoon, December 21st, from four until six. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Daniel Callaghan, Mrs. Arthur V. Callaghan, Mrs. Horace Sperry, Miss Gladys Merrill, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Eleanor Eckart, Miss Margery Gibbons, Miss Mabel Toy, and Miss Newell Drown.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner at her Broadway residence on Tuesday evening, December 24th, in honor of Miss Georgina Hopkins. Those at table were Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Frances Hopkins, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. Frederick McNear, General S. M. B. Young, U. S. A., Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. John Lawson, and Mr. Harry Babcock.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen have sent out invitations for a vaudeville show, to be followed by a dance, on Friday evening, January 3d, at their residence, 2016 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William J. Landers and Miss Berenice Landers will be at home on the first and second Fridays at 2400 Broadway.

Mr. Allen Wallace, who has been extensively entertained during his visit to San Francisco, gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening, December 24th, at which he entertained Mr. Frank Deering, Mr. Orrin Peck, Mr. Frank McComas, Mr. Enrique Grau, Judge Ward McAllister, Mr. Josiah Howell, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Thomas McCaleh, Mr. Emile Bruguière, Mr. Charles Dickman, Mr. Edgar Peixotto, Mr. Charles Earl, Mr. Fred Greenwood, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. J. C. Wilson, Mr. George Bromley, and Mr. James Graham.

Miss Pearl Landers was the guest of honor on Friday, December 27th, at a tea given by Miss Louise Howland at her home in Sausalito.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Saturday afternoon, December 21st, complimentary to the patronesses of the Friday Fortnightly Club. Those at table were Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. James Griffin, Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. John B. Babcock, and Mrs. Hunter.

Mrs. E. Shafter Howard will receive on New Year's day and evening at her residence, 1206 Alice Street, Oakland.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean gave a luncheon in the Conservatory of the Palace Hotel on Friday afternoon, December 20th, in honor of Miss Pearl Landers. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Walter L. Dean, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant. Those invited to meet Miss Landers were Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Nadine Nuttall, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Tiny O'Connor, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Mabel Kane, Miss

Edith McBean, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Jean Nokes, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Lansdale, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Edith Huntington, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Lucie King, Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Eleanor Morrow, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Gladys Merrill, Miss Clara Underhill, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Buckbee, and Miss Emily Carolan.

The Christmas jinks of the Bohemian Club will be held in the Jinks Room this (Saturday) evening. Mr. Frank Deering, the president of the club, will act as sire of the big jinks, and Mr. Edgar A. Mizner will be in charge of the low jinks.

Miss Florence Hush gave a luncheon at her home at Fruitvale on Thursday afternoon, December 26th, in honor of Miss Irene Baker, at which she entertained Miss Lida Lieb, of San José, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Florence Hayden, Miss Chrissie Taft, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Carmen Moore, Mrs. Henry Nichols, and Mrs. Harry Baker.

The Pacific Union Club will entertain its members at luncheon on New Year's Day.

## New Year's Day at Burlingame.

President George A. Newhall announces the following programme of the Burlingame Country Club for Wednesday next, New Year's Day:

Members' golf handicap, at 18 holes, medal play (foursomes), for trophies offered by the club, will commence on the club links at 10 A. M. Entries will close on Sunday, December 29th, and should be made singly, as the handicapping will consist, if possible, in the assignment of partners.

A handicap pigeon shoot for a trophy given by the club will commence at 10.30 A. M.

There will also be a "meet" of the San Mateo Hunt Club at 10.30 A. M.

A concert will take place during luncheon. Members are requested to notify the manager of the number of their guests.

The appraisers have filed their report of the appraisal of the estate of the late President McKinley. The report shows that he died possessed of personal property to the value of \$2,055 80; of securities, bank deposits, and life insurance, \$133,205 15; moneys, \$129 15; total personal estate, \$135 890, of which \$60,132.79 was life insurance. The real estate was not appraised, as under the will it goes to Mrs. McKinley for life, and at her death to his family. It is believed to be worth from \$60,000 to \$75,000.

The attractions of California as a winter resort are being exploited by Eastern railway men. Under date of December 18th, it is reported from Chicago that the Michigan Central has issued a new folder on California. The passenger department of the New York Central has devoted an issue of its "Four-Track Series," which is now a monthly publication, to the same subject. It is reported by railway men that California literature, such as is being gotten out, is meeting with a phenomenal demand in the East.

The annual jinks of the Hopkin's Art School was held on Friday evening, December 20th. There were speeches by the curator, Captain Robert Howe Fletcher, and instructors Altman, Chappel Judson, L. P. Latimer, and Robert Aitkin; a travesty on "Pygmalion and Galatea"; a play called "Inspiration," written by one of the ladies of the life class; another play, "La Bohème"; and the "Dorofora Sextet." Specialties and masquerading finished out the evening.

American children in Paris were benefited by the thoughtfulness of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, who gave a *fête* Christmas afternoon in their apartments at the Continental Hotel. An immense Christmas tree, laden with toys, was erected in one of the rooms. United States Embassador Porter and Mrs. Porter, and Consul-General Gowdy and Mrs. Gowdy were present at the distribution of gifts.

Many of the stars this season have been far from successful with their new plays. Mrs. Fiske has fallen back on "Becky Sharp" and "Tess," Charles Dalton has abandoned "The Helmet of Navarre" and resumed "The Sign of the Cross," Bertha Garland has given up her tour with "The Forest Lover," and Blanche Walsh has tried four new works in different cities within as many months.

Clubmen, with athletic tendencies, have taken up the Spanish ball-game—vasco pelota. The game has been played at Central Park for several weeks, and is at length winning its way to popularity. Members of the Olympic and University Clubs have taken the game up in earnest. It combines the elements of several American games, and calls for skill, alertness, agility, and endurance.

The many friends of Miss Mary B. West will be glad to know that she has returned, in excellent health, to San Francisco after several months of travel in Europe. While in the East, Miss West enjoyed visiting many of the prominent private schools of Boston and the vicinity.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

The second of the series of symphony concerts, under the auspices of the San Francisco Symphony Society, will be given at the Grand Opera House on Friday afternoon, January 10th. Director Paul Steindorff, with his orchestra of fifty-five men, established himself as a conductor of marked ability at the inaugural concert, and his coming programme is even more attractive than the first. It includes the Beethoven symphony, No. 5, in C-minor, the prelude to the "Meistersinger," a symphonic poem of Saint-Saëns, the scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and an overture of Lassen's, which will be played for the first time in this city. Seats will be ready at Sberman, Clay & Co.'s on Tuesday morning, January 7th.

Josef Hofman, who fifteen years ago startled the musical world of Europe and America by his remarkable performance on the piano, and has since developed into one of the greatest pianists of the day, will make his first appearance in San Francisco in two piano recitals at the Columbia Theatre, on January 28th and 31st.

## Wills and Successions.

The will of John W. Allyne, formerly of the firm of Allyne & White, has been filed for probate. The estate, which is a valuable one, has not been appraised as yet. The will makes the following bequests: To the sister of decedent, Lucinda N. Allyne, of South Framingham, Mass., \$20,000 in monthly allowances of \$150 until the \$20,000 is received by her, and all of his interest in the estate of their deceased father, Samuel H. Allyne, of Sandwich, Mass.; to his brother, Frank S. Allyne, of New York, \$500, and to this brother's son and daughter, Frank and Florence, \$1,000 each; to his sister, Mrs. Helen M. Stanford, of Oakland, \$2,500, and to her daughter, Gertrude, \$2,500; to his sister-in-law, Lucy B. Holman, \$500; to his cousins, Mrs. Catherine A. Wakefield, of Florida, and Mrs. Sarah N. Paddon, of Massachusetts, \$1,000 each; and the residue of the estate to the testator's wife, Mary N. Allyne, and his daughters, Lucy H. Allyne and Edith W. Allyne.

Several important sales of real property of the Piper estate took place recently, and were as follows: South-east corner of Polk and Bush Streets, to Henry Sahlein, for \$100,500; McAllister near Jones, to T. D. Madison, for \$43,000; south-east corner of Franklin and Bush, to R. G. Hooker, for \$41,000; north-east corner of Sutter and Gough, to A. Aronson, for \$25,200.

The venerable Duchess of Cleveland, who passed away a year ago and was *châteline* for many years of Battle Castle, which was recently sold to the highest bidder, was present at a certain party given by William Waldorf Astor on the completion of his new and palatial offices on the Thames Embankment. The host was pointing out to his distinguished guest the various beauties of the establishment, enlarging especially on the splendor of the grand staircase of alabaster and onyx. "Very fine, indeed, Mr. Astor," at last said the old duchess, a little wearied by these encomiums; "extremely fine. So much finer than my staircases at Raby and Battle. But those, you know, have been sadly damaged by the mailed heels of the Crusaders trampling up and down them!"

Walter Damrosch thinks that San Francisco, for its size, is the most remarkable opera city in America. He says: "The fact that thirty successive performances can be given here to large audiences is astonishing. No other city but New York gets more than half as many performances. New York has its three million people to produce audiences for eleven weeks. San Francisco supports opera for nearly four weeks. Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, and all the larger cities are measured for no more than two weeks of grand opera. San Francisco is naturally and temperamentally a musical city. What it needs is a good local orchestra, and concerts during the winter to develop its musical life."

On Christmas Day, Walter Morosco, the well-known theatrical manager, passed away suddenly at his home in Fruitvale. He had been feeling indisposed or several days, but his ailment was not supposed to be serious. Mr. Morosco was born at Guilford, Conn., fifty-five years ago. His family name was Bishop, but as a young man he joined a troupe of acrobats known as the Morosco Brothers, and for a number of years was connected with circuses in various parts of the country. His connection with theatrical enterprises in this city gave him prominence throughout the United States.

It was reported on Tuesday that Thomas Wallace, the only brother of Edna Wallace Hopper, had relinquished his claim to any share in the estate of his mother, Mrs. Dunsmuir. The mother left a legacy of fifty thousand dollars to the son, to be paid to him upon reaching the age of forty-five years. He has frequently appealed to his sister for assistance, and she now agrees to pay him five hundred dollars in cash and an annuity of one hundred dollars a month during the remainder of his life.

## Pears'

We perspire a pint a day without knowing it; ought to; if not, there's trouble ahead. The obstructed skin becomes sallow or breaks out in pimples. The trouble goes deeper, but this is trouble enough.

If you use Pears' Soap, no matter how often, the skin is clear and soft and open and clear.

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MRS. J. O. LEVY, Proprietor.

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MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee  
San Francisco, Cal.



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy and Miss Adelaide Murphy, after an absence of several months abroad, arrived in New York early in the week.

Miss Katherine Dillon and Miss Patricia Cansgrave will sail for Japan to-day (Saturday) on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Coptic*.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey are in New York for the holidays.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. Charles A. McNulty are at San Diego, where they will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels arrived in Hamburg last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are occupying their new residence at the corner of Broadway and Octavia Street.

Bishop and Mrs. Sidney Partridge (*nee* Simpson) have arrived at Yokohama en route to their future home at Kyoto.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins were in New York early in the week.

Miss Helen Wagner has been the guest of Miss Bertha Dalbe.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Miss Susie Blanding, and Mr. Tevis Blanding, who are in New York, will not return until February.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Griffin expect to leave soon for the East, to be absent several months.

Mr. Henry E. Huntington and Miss Clara Huntington returned from New York on Wednesday.

Mr. J. W. Byrne is in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Finn will leave for the East next week on a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel have moved into the Freeborn house, which they will occupy during the winter.

Mr. Templeton Cracker and Dr. Beverly MacMonagle leave for the East this week.

Mr. Lansing Kellogg and Mr. W. A. Bissell have returned from a trip to Southern California in the latter's private car.

Mrs. Newton Bunn and Mrs. Julia Dunn, of Sacramento, have taken apartments at 100 Pine Street for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plum and family, who have recently returned to San Francisco, are at 308 Page Street, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Kate Clement expects to leave soon for Monterey, where she will spend the month of January.

Mr. P. M. Lansdale sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Sonoma* on Thursday, December 26th.

The Duke of Newcastle passed through San Francisco on Monday, en route to Los Angeles, where he will spend several weeks.

Mrs. J. J. Moore and her son, Mr. J. F. Monre, have been in San Diego during the week.

Mr. George A. Knight was in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stone, of Oakland, left for the East last week, to spend the holidays with Mrs. Stone's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer, at their country place in Riverside, near Chicago.

Miss Maud Mullins visited the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Silberstein have returned from Europe, and are at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the winter.

Mr. W. H. H. Hart was in New York early in the week.

Professor T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Rosenbaum and son, who have been spending the past few months in Munich, expect to visit Nice and Monte Carlo during the month of January.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Robinson and family, of Menlo Park, have been spending the holidays at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. W. P. Coleman, of Sacramento, was a guest at the California Hotel during the week.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Baroo and Baroness de Bonlimont, of France, Mr. Orlando Harriman and Mr. J. J. Nestell, of New York, Mr. L. B. Lippman, of Los Angeles, Mr. G. M. Maitland, of Scotland, Mr. E. Dunkels, of London, Mr. Thomas Fisher, of Philadelphia, Mrs. D. N. Friesleben, Miss Friesleben, Dr. E. O. Jellinek, Dr. Julius Rosenstein, and Dr. Earnest Barry.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. L. Lamping and Mr. E. A. Seeley, of Seattle, Mr. S. B. Lippman, Mr. James H. Hill, and Mr. L. F. Vetter, of Los Angeles, Mr. M. M. Lyman, of St. Helena, Mr. T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, Mr. B. L. Perry, of Chicago, Mr. J. G. Scott, of Agnew, Mr. L. G. Russell, of Indianapolis, Mr. G. W. Dickie, of San Mateo, Mr. F. W. Burnham, of Madison, Wis., Mr. J. W. Powell, of Buffalo, Mr. F. H. Humphries, of Honolulu, Mr. C. N. Thompson, of Sacramento, Mr. W. L. Clark, of Benicia, Mr. W. F. Beck, of San Leandro, and Mr. E. J. Stratton, of Bakersfield.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Colonel B. Frank Cheatham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cheatham will sail for Manila on the transport *Sheridan* on Wednesday, January 1st.

Rear-Admiral Rohley D. Evans, U. S. N., who returned from Samoa a few weeks ago, will not hoist his flag as commander of a squadron on the Asiatic station until late next spring, when the two years' tour of duty of Admiral George L. Remy, U. S. N., will expire. The change in the Navy Department's

plans is due to the desire of Admiral Remy to continue with his command until his full term is up, when he will be succeeded by Admiral Frederick Rodgers, U. S. N., who in turn will be succeeded by Admiral Evans. The entire command will be combined under one officer, and Admiral Evans will succeed to it.

Captain Charles J. Bailey, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bailey arrived here on Tuesday evening, and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, at 215 Franklin Street, for a few weeks.

Lieutenant-Commander Lucien Young, U. S. N., captain of the port of Havana, has been relieved of that duty and recalled home.

Major Charles E. Kilbourne, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kilbourne have departed for St. Paul, Minn., to which station Major Kilbourne has been ordered.

Commander Reginald Nicholson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Nicholson will visit San Francisco during the month of June, 1902. On their return to Washington, D. C., they will be accompanied by Miss E. M. Donahue, who will spend the summer with them in Florida.

Lieutenant Clarence S. Kempff, U. S. N., visited his family in Oakland last week.

Lieutenant-Commander A. H. Wood has been detached from the oval training station in this city, and ordered to the Norfolk Navy Yard, for duty in connection with fitting out the *San Francisco*.

Captain Perry L. Miles, U. S. A., has been ordered to join his company at Fort Niagara. He is to be succeeded as quartermaster captain of the transport *Sheridan* by Captain H. G. Young, U. S. A.

Captain Robert P. Fautt le Roy, assistant-quartermaster, U. S. M. C., has been examined by a retiring board, and found physically incapacitated for active duty on account of disability incident to the service. He was accordingly retired December 12, 1901.

## Death of John J. Valentine.

Last week this city and the State at large suffered a distinct loss in the death of John J. Valentine. Mr. Valentine was not only prominent in the commercial development of this Coast, but he was a leader in all movements for the advancement and broadening of the life of the community. As an economic and financial writer, he took high rank, and his writings, unambitious though they were, were of great value and utility.

Mr. Valentine was born in Bowling Green, Ky., November 12, 1841, and had just completed his sixty-first year at the time of his death. He received a good common-school education, and took a position as a clerk at the age of fourteen. The firm for which he worked was the agent for an express line, so that he practically began business in the line that afterward became his life work. In 1865, he came to California and was appointed agent for Wells, Fargo & Co., the Pioneer Stage Company, and the California State Telegraph Company, at Strawberry Hill, El Dorado County. He was soon transferred to the agency at Virginia City, and in 1869 he accepted the position of manager of the company in New York. The business being principally on the Pacific Coast, the headquarters of the company were soon transferred to this city, and here Mr. Valentine has been in control since that time. He leaves a widow, a son, and a daughter surviving him.

The proposed naval arch and water-gate that was to have been erected at the Battery in New York has been temporarily abandoned. The arch was to have cost \$1,300,000, and \$250,000 had been pledged. The feeling that has been aroused by the Schley controversy has rendered the raising of funds increasingly difficult. The committee was told that the time was unfavorable, and that the navy was under a cloud. Nothing they could say seemed to help matters. The proposition may be taken up later, but for the present nothing will be done.

Camille Saint-Saëns's opera, "Les Barbares," with words by M. Victorien Sardou and Pierre Gheusi, deals with the invasion of Italy by barbarians in the first century B. C., interweaving the love of Marcomir, a barbarian chief, for Floria, a vestal virgin, who sacrifices her vows and accepts his hand. Marcomir saves a town from pillage and massacre, the opera closing with a superb march of the departing barbarians and antique dances expressive of the joy of the citizens at being relieved of their presence.

The Southern Pacific Company has just contracted for fourteen dining-cars, and intends to operate a new daily dining-car service between New Orleans and San Francisco. Contracts have also been let for five hundred oil-tank cars of three hundred barrel capacity, equivalent to one thousand of the cars now in use. Contracts have also been closed for sixty new freight engines, ten switch engines, and five passenger engines. This number is in addition to the one hundred and three engines contracted for some time ago.

At the Olympic Club, Christmas was observed by a sacred concert in which a number of well-known musicians participated. The programme was interrupted for a moment to permit General W. H. L. Barnes to present, in the name of the club, a silver column to John D. Spreckels in recognition of his services in providing salt water for the baths.

— IN THE SICK ROOM OR ON YOUR SIDEBOARD Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky is indispensable.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## Convict Labor for the Mines.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 8, 1901.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to a recent article in the *Argonaut*, regarding convict labor, it has often struck me that there is a fine opportunity in this State of working some of the mines with convicts. There are mines and old placer diggings which do not pay to work with labor as high as it is in some of the camps. We must have gold, and every dollar produced is an extra dollar for circulation without having competed with any one. The State and the world are benefited to that extent, even if it costs as much to produce as it is worth. Organized labor could not offer an objection to this, as it would be to their ultimate benefit.  
S. S.

## An Appreciative Subscriber.

SANTA CLARA VALLEY BANK.  
SANTA CLARA, CAL., November 22, 1901.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am reminded by your kind notification that my subscription to the best weekly in the United States is about to expire, and as I would just as lief be without find as your valuable publication, I hasten to renew my subscription.  
Sincerely yours, D. HENDERSON.

## An Eager Subscriber.

BUTTE, MONT., October 28, 1901.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have moved from 521 West Park Street, Butte, Mont., to 512 West Galena, Butte, Mont. Please make the change in address, and oblige an eager subscriber, although raised a Democrat. Respectfully,  
LOUIS W. SHODAIR.

## Christmas in the Forest.

Softer than footfalls cushioned in the deep  
Moss of a dream, far Christmas revels creep  
Into this woodland heart, with chime and cheer  
And season-joy that peopled cities keep.

Silent the yule-tide spirit of the wood:—  
'Tis perfect, though, if only understood,  
For templed oak and sun-aspiring pine  
The Sovereign Giver gave his greatest god.

No brighter burns the Birth-Star of the East  
Where altars blaze, and answer choir and priest,  
Than here, in world-redeeming solitude,  
She guides her Magi—Nature, Man, and Beast.

"Glad will to men!" Ah, shepherds watching here  
Are brothers bred in hunger, thirst, and fear—  
The gold and myrrh and incense offerings  
Souls meet to make when hearts can not be near.

Lead on, O star, from Gnd to his design,  
And light the snowy tapers of the pine!  
Sing out, O angel voices, in the wood,  
And make your happy tidings bers and mine!  
—Aloysius Coll in December Outing.

Henry Miller is drawing crowded houses at the Savoy Theatre, New York, in "D'Arcy of the Guards," which fell flat here.

— HOLIDAY PRESENTS. ORDERS FOR KNOX hats, suitcases, canes, umbrellas, Eugene Korn, the hatter, 726 Market Street.

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## EUROPEAN PLAN



## Children's Eyes

Should be correctly fitted with glasses that rest their little nerves. We make a specialty of fitting the little ones accurately. Mothers should give us a call and profit by our experience.

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OPTICIAN  
201 KEARNY ST.

## Dividend Notices.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONTGOMERY STREET, Mills Building.—Dividends for the half-year ending December 31, 1901, on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3.6) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902.  
S. L. ABBOT, JR., Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 MONTGOMERY STREET, corner of Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1901, at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1/8) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1902. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1902.  
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 CALIFORNIA STREET, corner of Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 31st of December, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and forty-two one hundredths (3.42-100) per cent. on term deposits and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 CALIFORNIA STREET.—For the half-year ending with December 31, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902.  
GEORGE TOURNEY, Secretary.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902.  
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1901, dividends have been declared on deposits in the Savings Department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3.6-10) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902. Dividends not called for are added to the principal and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1902.  
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

## THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco,

Has declared, for the six months ending December 31, 1901, a dividend of eight per cent. per annum on classes "A" and "B" stock, six per cent. on term deposits, and five per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes.  
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

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# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

SOUTHERN PACIFIC.  
Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.  
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

| LEAVE   | From Dec. 6, 1901.  | ARRIVE  |
|---------|---|---------|
| 7:00 A  | Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, and Sacramento.....  | 6:55 P  |
| 7:00 A  | Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....   | 7:55 P  |
| 7:30 A  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....                                  | 6:25 P  |
| 8:00 A  | Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....   | 7:55 P  |
| 8:00 A  | Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....  | 8:25 A  |
| 8:00 A  | Niles, Lathrop, Stockton.....   | 7:25 P  |
| 8:00 A  | Niles, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....  | 4:55 P  |
| 8:30 A  | Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....            | 7:55 P  |
| 8:30 A  | San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....     | 4:25 P  |
| 8:30 A  | Oakdale, Chinese, Sonoma, Taolunne, Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....                           | 11:55 A |
| 9:00 A  | Vallejo.....  | 12:25 P |
| 9:00 A  | Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Los Angeles.....        | 7:55 A  |
| 9:30 A  | Vallejo, Martinez, and East.....  | 7:25 P  |
| 10:00 A | The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....   | 5:25 P  |
| 11:00 P | Sacramento River Steamers.....  | 11:00 P |
| 3:00 P  | Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....                  | 10:55 A |
| 3:30 P  | Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations.....   | 7:55 P  |
| 4:00 P  | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....                                      | 9:55 P  |
| 4:00 P  | Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....   | 12:25 P |
| 4:30 P  | Hayward, Niles, San Jose, Livermore.....  | 18:55 A |
| 4:30 P  | The Owl Limited—Fresno, Turlock, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.....           | 8:55 A  |
| 5:00 P  | Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Fresno.....              | 12:25 P |
| 6:00 P  | Hayward, Niles, and San Jose.....   | 7:55 A  |
| 6:00 P  | Vallejo.....  | 12:25 P |
| 6:00 P  | Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago.....   | 4:25 P  |
| 7:00 P  | Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Astoria, and Seattle..... | 8:55 A  |
| 8:05 P  | San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.....  | 11:25 A |
| 18:05 P | Vallejo.....  | 7:55 P  |

| COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).<br>(Foot of Market Street.) |  |         |
|--|--|---------|
| 8:15 A   | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....                        | 5:50 P  |
| 12:15 P  | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations..... | 10:50 A |
| 4:15 P   | Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....   | 18:50 A |
| 4:30 P   | Hunters' Train—San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 17:20 P |

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.  
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8).  
9:00 A. M. 1:00 A. M. 3:00 P. M. 5:15 P. M.  
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  
18:05 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

| COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).<br>(Third and Townsend Streets.) |   |         |
|--|---|---------|
| 6:10 A   | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 6:40 A  |
| 7:00 A   | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 18:00 P |
| 7:00 A   | New Almaden.....  | 7:40 P  |
| 8:00 A   | Coast Line Limited—San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and Principal intermediate Stations.....             | 10:45 P |
| 9:00 A   | San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, and Principal intermediate Stations.....                             | 4:10 P  |
| 10:10 A  | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 8:35 A  |
| 11:30 A  | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 9:45 A  |
| 12:45 P  | San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....             | 11:05 A |
| 3:30 P   | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 5:30 P  |
| 4:15 P   | San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....  | 5:30 P  |
| 4:50 P   | Sunset Limited—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, for Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, and New York. Arrives Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays..... | 10:15 A |
| 15:00 P  | San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....  | 10:00 A |
| 5:30 P   | San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....  | 6:30 P  |
| 6:30 P   | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 7:30 P  |
| 7:00 P   | New Orleans Express—San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....                                    | 7:30 A  |
| 11:45 P  | San Jose and Way Stations.....  | 7:30 P  |

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.  
† Sunday excepted. † Sunday only.  
‡ Saturday only.  
The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Even so: *Little Elmer*—"Papa, what is it that makes a statesman great?" *Professor Broadhead*—"Death, my son."—*Bazar*.  
Expensive: *Jaggles*—"How did the Christmas present his wife gave him come to cost so much money?" *Waggles*—"It was a boy."—*Judge*.  
He—"It is a pleasure to meet a woman who has a sense of humor." *She*—"But really, one doesn't need a sense of humor to laugh at the things you say."—*Life*.

Uncle—"Yes, Charles; I laid the foundation of my fortune by saving cash cares." *Spendthrift nephew*—"I didn't know you ever drove one, uncle!"—*Punch*.

A practical view: *Struggling pastor*—"The collections have fallen off terribly." *Practical wife*—"It's that new vestryman who passes the plate; he never watches what people put in."—*New York Weekly*.

A humane woman: *The cabman*—"Gimme your hag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab." *Mrs. Oatcake* (as she gets in)—"No; that poor horse of yours has got enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

*Mrs. de Mover*—"Good gracious! This is the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Just hear those children screech!" *Maid*—"They're your own children, mum." *Mrs. de Mover*—"Are they? How the little darlings are enjoying themselves?"—*Tit-Bits*.

How he squared himself: *He* (just introduced)—"What a very homely person that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Black!" *She*—"Isn't he? That is Mr. Black." *He*—"How true it is, Mrs. Black, that the homely men always get the prettiest wives!"—*Tit-Bits*.

An exchange laments that Niagara, one of nature's great spectacles, a wonder of the ages, has become the propeller of base machinery and the exploiter of sensation seekers. It has been noticed for some time that Niagara was going down hill.—*Kansas City Journal*.

His taste uncertain: "Pooh!" said Daisy, scornfully, "the idea of your being afraid of a poor old house-dog! Why he eats out of my hand." "I don't doubt it," replied Burroughs, dubiously, "but what I am afraid of is that he may take a notion to eat out of my leg."—*Smart Set*.

A few years hence: "Anything going on this evening?" "Yes; there's to be a performance at the Athletic Gardens. A fellow will undertake to subdue an automobile that has a record of having killed six men. He's to do it in one hour or forfeit a thousand dollars."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Had taken treatment: "This article," said the magazine editor, handing it back, "will hardly do. Pardon me for saying it, but you don't seem to have any fertility of imagination." "If I haven't," responded the indignant contributor, "it isn't for lack of fertilizing material; I have read all the recent fiction."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Straight tip: "I hear your engagement with young Gotrox has been broken off," said the first fair daughter of Eve. "Well, you are entitled to another hearing," rejoined fair daughter No. 2, as she held up a graceful hand on which a solitaire sparkled; "you can see for yourself that I am still in the ring."—*Chicago News*.

Proof: *The maid* (with paper)—"Here's a piece says that the police of New York are getting more insolent every day." *The cook*—"Bedad! Oi believe that's right. Phwy, lasht noight, phwin Patrolman Danny Foley dropped in, he wanted 'know phwy Oi didn't save him the breast of the turkey instid av the leg."—*Puck*.

A temperance lesson: "I," said the temperance man, "strongly object to the custom of christening ships with champagne." "I don't," replied the other man; "I think there's a temperance lesson in it." "How can that be?" "Well, immediately after the first bottle of wine the ship takes to water, and sticks to it ever after."—*Town Topics*.

In the funeral sermon the colored parson said that the deceased brother was now "safe on Abraham's bosom." After the service a member of the congregation said to him: "How you know dey's room enough for 'im dar? Ain't dat whar Latherus is?" "Well," explained the parson, "hit may be dat Latherus is done waked up, en is gwine round 'takin' exercise!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Mothers and nurses all the world over have given their teething babies and feverish children Suedman's Soothing Powders. Try them.

Marriage not a failure: *Old friend*—"Was your daughter's marriage a success?" *Hostess*—"Oh, a great success. She's traveling in Europe on the alimony."—*New York Weekly*.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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To Alexandria, Egypt.  
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From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1901  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, December 28  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902  
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, February 15  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, March 13  
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America Maru..... Saturday, January 4  
Hongkong Maru..... Thursday, January 30  
Nippon Maru..... Tuesday, February 25  
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For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 1:30 P. M., Dec. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Jan. 2.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles); Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 A. M.  
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro, and Newport.  
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St. Paul..... January 1—Zealand..... January 8  
†Sailing at 12 Noon.

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SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.  
Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.  
WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 p. m. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 p. m.  
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a. m.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 p. m.  
San Rafael to San Francisco.  
WEEK DAYS—6:10, 7:50, 9:20, 11:10 a. m.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:15 p. m.; Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:35 p. m. SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 a. m.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 p. m.

| Leave San Francisco. | In Effect April 28, 1901. | Arrive San Francisco.   |
|----------------------|---------------------------|---|
| Week Days.           | Sun. Days.                | Week Days.  |
| 7:30 a. m.           | 8:00 a. m.                | Novato.   |
| 3:30 p. m.           | 9:30 a. m.                | Petaluma.   |
| 5:10 p. m.           | 5:00 p. m.                | Santa Rosa.   |
|                      |                           | 7:35 p. m.  |
| 7:30 a. m.           | 5:00 p. m.                | Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale. |
| 3:30 p. m.           | 8:00 a. m.                |   |
| 7:30 a. m.           | 5:00 p. m.                | Hopland and Ukiah.  |
| 3:30 p. m.           | 8:00 a. m.                |   |
| 7:30 a. m.           | 8:00 a. m.                | Guerneville.  |
| 3:30 p. m.           | 5:00 p. m.                |   |
| 7:30 a. m.           | 8:00 a. m.                | Sonoma and Glen Ellen.  |
| 5:10 p. m.           | 5:00 p. m.                |   |
| 7:30 a. m.           | 8:00 a. m.                |   |
| 3:30 p. m.           | 5:00 p. m.                | S Sebastopol.   |

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's Sanhedrin Heights, Hunkville, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Willits, Laytonville, Cummins, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Scotia, and Eureka.  
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H. C. WHITING, R. X. RVAN, Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Agt.

## MOUNT TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

| Leave San Fran. | Via Sausalito Ferry Foot of Market St. | Arrive San Fran. |
|-----------------|--|------------------|
| Week Days.      | Sun. Days.                             | Week Days.       |
| 9:30 a. m.      | 8:00 a. m.                             | 1:00 p.          |
| 1:45 p.         | 10:00 a. m.                            | 3:40 p.          |
| 4:15 p.         | 11:30 a. m.                            | 5:55 p.          |
|                 | 1:15 p.                                | 5:55 p.          |

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| Leave Market Street Ferry Depot |             |               |               |             |
|---------------------------------|-------------|---------------|---------------|-------------|
| Lv. San Francisco.              | Local Daily | Limit'd Daily | Overl'd Daily | Local Daily |
| Ar. Stockton.....               | 7:20 a.     | 9:00 a.       | 8:00 p.       | 4:20 p.     |
| " Merced.....                   | 10:18 a.    | 11:45 a.      | 11:10 p.      | 7:18 p.     |
| " Fresno.....                   | 12:25 p.    | 1:17 p.       | 1:30 p.       | 9:11 p.     |
| " Hanford.....                  | 2:05 p.     | 2:35 p.       | 3:15 a.       | 10:50 p.    |
| " Visalia.....                  | 3:42 p.     | 3:27 p.       | 5:05 a.       |             |
| " Bakersfield.....              | 5:30 p.     | 5:00 p.       | 6:50 a.       |             |
| " Kansas City.....              | 6:15 p.     | 5:20 p.       | 7:45 a.       |             |
| " Chicago.....                  | 8:00 p.     | 2:15 p.       | 9:00 p.       |             |

a for morning. p for afternoon.  
9 a. m. train is the California Limited, carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Sleeping Car runs to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 7:05 a. m. daily.  
4:20 p. m. is Stockton and Fresno local. Corresponding train arrives at 12:30 p. m. daily.  
8:00 p. m. is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:00 p. m. daily.  
7:20 a. m. is Bakersfield Local, stopping at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives at 8:40 a. m. daily.  
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